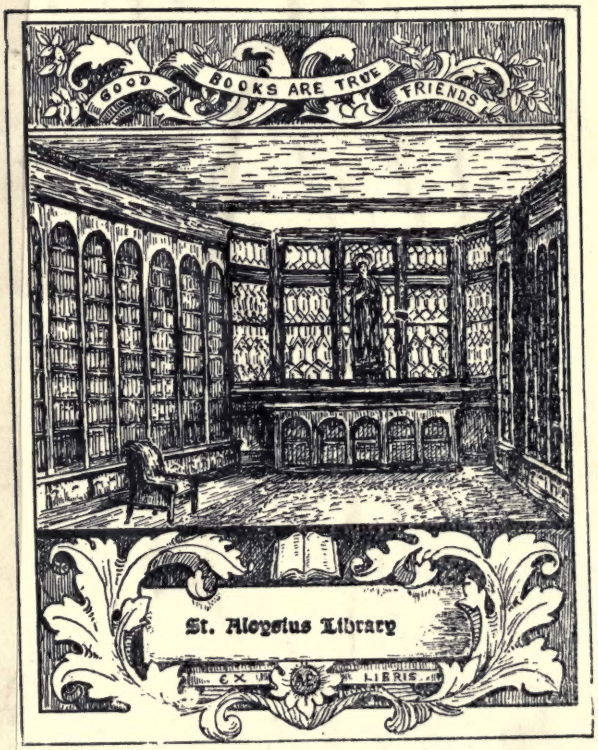


CARSWELL Co., Limited
Bookbinders,
PRINTERS, LAW BOOKS, PUBLISHERS, etc.
TORONTO ONT.

Jan 1904

04, 05, 06



THE HOLY NIGHT.

NIAGARA RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XI. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JANUARY, 1904. No. 1.

Praeterita.

THE old year dies, and as I watch the last
Fond moments ere they number with the past
I fain would hold them in their winging flight
Lest aught escape me of their full delight.
They whisper low: "The year is on the wane,
Its happy moments ne'er will come again.
The pleasures which were thine in bounteous share,
Sweet intercourse with friends that did ensnare
The transient hours; the joys that filled thy heart
With bliss ecstatic, all must now depart."
The deepening twilight casts its shadows wan
In sympathy for days forever gone.
But ere to poignant grief succumbs my heart,
A cheery light appears with subtle art.
The old year's setting star, sweet Memory,
Casts its delightful radiance o'er me!
In happy retrospect, I realize
'Tis mine to live again the year that dies.

DOROTHY B.

Island Reveries.

ALL Souls' Day, with perfect Indian summer weather, brings me to my loved little island for the season's farewell.

I am accompanied by a friend, who enjoyed with me the pleasant walk through the woods to the point where, without the necessity of signalling, we found the Indian girls of the Industrial School with a canoe by which they have brought us to the island, and now apparently silent and regardless as statues they await our readiness for the school.

My congenial companion is a "new friend." Oh! what of "dear old friends?" Must it always be "Off with the old and on with the new?"

Let us turn a search-light on the "dear old friends" and "the dear old times." Would we have them back again—quite as they were? God forbid! We would have our old friends come back "the just made perfect," with every quality worthy of the peculiar quality or qualities for which we prized them most.

As for ourselves? Very gratefully should we be ultra-thoughtful, ultra-charitable, ultra-self-sacrificing, and ultra-devoted!

Let us look to the Better Land for the old times, the old friends, and our true selves—as all should once and forever be!

From my experience—I am not mentioning my age!—I now prefer to share my recreation with companions who appreciate life at its true worth, and understand obligations to God, neighbor, and self.

My new friend is one of these companions. This lady is a regular attendant at the school of the Confessional, whose scathing, searching motto is "Know Thyself!" and where Heaven's inspiration assists us in the detecting and the eradicating of self-love, and vain-glory: the tribunal of Penance that fills the heart with sorrow for sin and love of God and neighbor. Fully refreshed, my "new friend" has come from the table of Him who says, "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me, and I in him."

Hers is the clearness of vision that to-day, while mindful of "all souls," can truly perceive the beauty of God's earth and sky.

I have been reading the "Aulneau Letters," in book form. This magnificent Lake of the Woods and its beautiful islands, possess now for me an interest heightened a hundred-fold by the fact that they have been consecrated in the blood of

a martyr, that of the missionary priest, the Rev. J. P. Aulneau, S. J., who one hundred and sixty-seven years ago was massacred by the Sioux Indians on one of the islands of this Lake.

One hundred and sixty-nine years ago he left his ancestral home—that of the Lords or Seigneurs de la Touche Aulneau, of Vendée, France, for this "Lake of the Woods" and the "Western Sea." Father Aulneau said good-by to his widowed mother in May, 1734, landed at Quebec in August, spent the winter there and left Montreal in June, 1736, for this Lake, intending to winter at the French Fort St. Charles, the site of which has been found, at what is now known as the "North-West Angle." He reached this Lake of the Woods, or Ft. St. Charles, on Oct. 23rd, 1735, spent the winter, and in the May of 1736 started out with twenty companions, including the young Sieur la Verandrye, son of the famous explorer.

They made twenty miles by canoe that first, last day; and stopped for the night at one of the numerous, beautiful islands. Here their journey of life was ended by a war-party of Prairie Sioux. It is supposed that this party—one hundred strong—stole upon them and murdered them in their sleep.

"Massacre Island" was visited a few days afterwards by a contingent from the Fort, who found the bodies of the massacred.

The rocky island, not affording sufficient depth of soil, they buried nineteen bodies under a tumulus of stones, and removed the remains of Father Aulneau and La Verandrye to Fort St. Charles.

The "Aulneau Letters" number twenty-eight, and consist of those written by Father Aulneau to his mother, brothers, and sister, and of several from his brother-missionaries to Lady Aulneau.

Of that saintly mother's five children, three became priests, and her only daughter a nun. One son married and perpetuated the family: for a hundred and fifty years he and his descendants kept these letters as precious heirlooms, until in 1889 they were lent for publication to some Canadian Jesuit priests who were holding a mission in La Vendée, France.

The Aulneau family, under God's providence, is still illustrious. The present representative is "Conseiller Général of La Vendée."

What a sanctity bequeathed to the islands and the Lake by the blood of such a martyr! What pathetic interest attaches here in the thought that not her beautiful France and her stately home, but this far-away Lake of the Woods and her beloved son's grave, held first place in the heart of that martyr's sorrowing, but deeply resigned and eminently Christian mother, who was willing that a second son, also a Jesuit priest, should follow to this Lake and take up the work of his lost brother here and in regions beyond!

Rev. Father Aulneau's ultimate destination was to have been the country of the "Ouant Chippouanes"—perhaps the Province of British Columbia.

Doubtless a few extracts from the "Lettres" would be interesting:

No. 1. (From Father Aulneau to his mother, Quebec, Oct. 10, 1734.) In this letter is told the story of the passage from France to Quebec; but Fr. A. does not mention the fact that he became a prey to the vermin that covered the poor fever-stricken soldiers and "smugglers," and that he nursed the sick and the dying with untiring devotion, performing for them the most menial and loathsome offices. His brother missionaries testified to his worth as a priest of God. He succumbed to the fever immediately upon landing in Canada.

Here are his own words: "Beg the Father of Mercy, my dear mother, to grant me the grace of devoting to His service, my health and my life which He has restored to me, and that I may bring the poor Indians also to serve and to love Him. I have already seen a few of almost all the tribes, and there is no more repulsive sight, but they have been ransomed by the blood of a God. How happy shall I be if He deigns to make use of so unworthy an instrument as myself to bring them to love and adore Him in spirit and in truth.

"I am to spend the winter in Quebec. It is a town perched on the top of a mountain. There are houses pretty enough, but they are built, to some extent at least, as necessity required, without order or symmetry. The Island of Orleans, the environs of Quebec, and either shore, for a stretch of more than a hundred leagues beyond, are under very good cultivation, and with the exception of wine everything that is found in France may be found here.

"Once more, my dear mother, implore our Lord that I may have the grace to draw profit from the grand examples of virtue which I have before my eyes. I am here in a college made up of former missionaries who have sacrificed their health and strength to win for Him the love of souls. Father

Nau, who is in excellent health, sends his compliments.

"I am, dear mother, with the tenderest affection for now and for life,

"Your servant and son,

"AULNEAU, J."

No. 2. (From Father Aulneau to his brother, the Rev. Charles Aulneau, Quebec, Oct. 10, 1734.)

Father Aulneau concludes narrative of the voyage across the Atlantic. He finishes in the words, "I am at last, thank God, once more in the enjoyment of good health. Beg our Lord that I may expend that health and strength He has restored to me in making the poor Indians love and serve Him."

No. 5. (Father Aulneau to his mother, Quebec, Oct. 29, 1734.)

Father Aulneau mentions his acquaintance with "Our Lady of the Snows": "It is now over a month since winter set in here, and at the present writing, the ground is covered with snow. It is cold as it was in France in 1729. This severity of temperature will increase, and we shall not catch a glimpse of the ground until next May. This need not alarm your affectionate heart on my account, for we have every means of protecting ourselves against the rigor of the climate and the season. And after all, were it not so, I would not be a subject of commiseration, since I would have more frequent occasion to suffer something for the love of a God who has suffered so much for us. Persevere, my dear mother, in beseeching Him to render me worthy by His grace to achieve something for His glory and His service.

"Father Nau is on the point of leaving for Montreal or for Sault St. Louis (Caughnawaga), some seventy or seventy-two leagues from here. I have not yet learned if his appointment be for good. As for myself, I shall start only in the spring. I do not know for what place Providence destines me; but wherever it be I shall find the God of goodness there as everywhere, and I am confident that He will bear me up and not abandon me.

"I have often said Mass for you, and I have no greater pleasure than thinking of you. This I do often, and always with feelings of the deepest gratitude.

"I am, my dear mother, with profound respect, your most humble and obedient servant and son,

"J. P. AULNEAU,

"Jesuit Missionary in Canada."

No. 9. (Father Aulneau to Father H. Faye, Quebec, April 25, 1735.)

"I am about to add twelve hundred leagues to the distance which already separates us. Rev. Father de Lauzon sends me off to discover other Indians whom not one of us has yet set eyes on, of whom we have heard only through the 'Assiniboels' and 'Cristinaux,' and who dwell three hundred leagues beyond the two latter nations. It will be among the last mentioned, however, that I shall pass the winter, nine hundred leagues from Quebec (Father Aulneau gives distance by canoe), as it will be impossible before then to push further into the heart of the country.

"To the tribe which is to be the ultimate object of my mission, they have given the name of 'Ouant Chippouanes'—that is, 'those who dwell in holes'; until now, they have remained unknown to the rest of men. Thus, if our good God so wills it, and preserves my life, I shall be the first to bear to them the tidings of the Gospel.

"You can easily imagine that I shall not be in a position to undertake with any success, at the outset, their instruction. I must first set about learning their language, and I have nothing which can be of any assistance to me in that study. It will only be by dint of frequent converse with them, that I shall, with our Lord's help, manage little by little to compile grammars which may be of use to the missionaries who will come after me.

"I have been commissioned to do the same for the language of the Cristinaux (our present-day Indians on Lake of the Woods) and Assiniboels, among whom the French have been but a short time, and who have scarcely ever heard mention made of Jesus Christ, for they have come in contact with but few of the French, and these few have picked up here and there but a word or so of their language.

"I am directed not to remain permanently with these tribes, because they rove about and have no fixed dwelling-place. On the contrary the Ouant Chippouanes, if what is said of them is true, have permanent establishments, and consequently there is a better promise of doing good among them.

"Such, Reverend Father, is the undertaking confided to my care. It is certainly beyond my strength and would call for a degree of virtue far higher than what I possess; for there I will be for at least three or four years without the least spiritual succor, and removed several hundred leagues from any other priest. You will not find

it difficult to comprehend that it is the severest trial I could meet with in my life. I confess that I can only look upon my destination with fear and trembling for my eternity. What reassures me is that it is not through any choice of mine that I find myself thus exposed to so many dangers. I even did what I could to have another missionary accompany me. I succeeded to the extent of having one promised me, if they send one over from France, and some are expected this year.

"Seven or eight of our missions had lately to be suppressed for want of evangelical laborers, and there are others where there is but one missionary, and one is not enough to work with fruit. When an occasion presents itself, plead hard, Reverend Father, in behalf of our missions, for though missionaries here do not find as much comfort and consolation as in many other countries, these are not wholly wanting, while they will find here more numerous occasions than elsewhere of suffering and of becoming more like their model, Jesus Christ crucified.

"So true is this, Reverend Father, that the most of those of whom Providence makes use for the conversion of poor savages are men in whom we see reproduced all that virtue and saintliness which the Jesuit Society admires in the most holy of her children. I have met with them nearly all this winter, and the striking example they have given me of zeal, recollectedness, self-denial and interior union with God has, through our Lord's mercy, awakened in my heart a true and sincere desire to make every effort I can to imitate them. Would that it were possible for me to make known to you all that has edified me in the lives of some of them, for I am sure you would be moved even to tears. I know one among others to whom I have opened my heart, and who honored me also with his confidence. I had occasion to admire all that I had heard and read of in the lives of the most eminent in sanctity in the Society.

"We lost during the winter Father Guesnier, of the Province of France. We still deplore his loss, and if the sanctity of his life did not inspire us with the utmost confidence that he is now engaged praying for us in Heaven, we should give a freer vent to our tears."

No. 10. (Father Aulneau to his mother, Quebec, April 29, 1735.)

"My dearest and most honored mother. . . . I am now on the point of departure, and henceforth I must devote my thoughts to the work of saving the Indian. My joy would be complete had I been able to secure the companionship in my expedition of another Jesuit. But Providence has not seen fit to grant me that consolation. Beseech Him to grant me the grace of never rendering myself unworthy by my sins of His protection and of the effects of His mercy.

"The objective point of my mission is too remote to admit of the possibility of my reaching it this summer. I shall be obliged to pass the winter nine hundred leagues (by canoe) west of here at a post occupied by a few Frenchmen, on the shores of a great lake. It will be from that place that I shall write you next spring. As it might very well happen that my letters will not have reached Quebec before the departure of the ships for France, do not be alarmed, my dear mother, if you receive no news from me. I shall beg Father Nau, who is stationed at an Iroquois mission sixty-four leagues from Quebec, to write to you every year, and to make up for what it will be impossible for me to do myself as often as I would wish.

"The Indians, among whom I am to be sent, have remained until now unknown to the rest of the world, and have never seen either a Frenchman or a missionary; so, if it be God's good pleasure, I shall be the first to announce Jesus Christ to them.

"I shall not be able to labor very effectually in the beginning for their conversion, not being acquainted with their language; at the outset the most I shall be able to do will be to baptize children at the point of death, and thus send them to Heaven to pray for the conversion of their parents, and for the one who, by conferring on them baptism, thus will have procured their happiness. You may be sure that I shall keep you fully informed of any success with which the good God may deign to bless my labors.

"As for what you may think fit to send me, please forward it to Mr. Dupan, merchant, St. Yon Street, La Rochelle, addressed to Brother Boispineau, the elder, Quebec, to send on to Father Aulneau, missionary at Fort St. Charles on Lake of the Woods, Canada.

"Lastly, my dear mother, redouble your prayers for me. It very seldom happens that a day goes by without my recommending you to God at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; so that I hope that our Lord, touched by the prayers that we offer up one for the other in our separation here

on earth, will unite us forever in the abode of His glory; then will we congratulate ourselves for all eternity for having made some sacrifices for so great a Master. Let us love Him always, and love Him alone, for He alone deserves our love. Let us serve Him with ardor, and make every effort to render ourselves like unto His adorable Son dying on the cross, for there is the model for all Christians and more especially of missionaries. Wherefore in our trials we have no other more certain reliance nor other more powerful motive to brace ourselves up to suffer them with joy and resignation. Happy the one who is deemed worthy to die for Him."

Now comes the last published letter of Father Aulneau to his mother.

No. 12. (Father Aulneau to his mother, Montreal, June 12, 1735.)

"My dearest mother. The long stay which I have been obliged to make at Montreal, quite contrary to my expectation, affords me the opportunity of sending you the renewed assurance of my respectful attachment. I start to-morrow, without, thank God, any other sorrow than that of going too far away to be able to write or to receive letters from you as often as I would wish. Perhaps three hundred and forty leagues from here I shall find leisure to write to you again; if so, I shall take advantage of the opportunity with the greatest pleasure.

"You see the career that Providence has opened out before me; pray God, my dear mother, that I may acquit myself in a manner worthy of Him. I trust, that, separated for His sake from all that might afford human consolation, He will not forsake me; and that if in the midst of the forests, whither I go to pass the rest of my life, and in the midst of wild beasts I find nothing to flatter my self-love, I may find at least an opportunity to destroy and annihilate it by my sufferings. Conjure our Lord to send me many sufferings and to give me patience to bear them with resignation conformably to His holy and divine will.

"Nearly every day I pray for you at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and shall continue until death to offer this one only mark which lies in my power of the gratitude I owe you.

"I remain, my dear mother, your most humble and obedient servant and son,

"J. P. AULNEAU,
"Ind. Miss. of the Soc. of Jesus."

"P. S. I beg you to present my respects to my dear uncle, Mr. Pennot, and Madame de la Villedieu. I embrace and send my love to my brothers and sister. My dear mother, please remit to Father Bonin, the allowance you have been kind enough to make in my favor."

No. 13. (Father Aulneau to his sister Theresa, religious of the Christian Union of Fontenay.)

"My dear sister, the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Quite contrary to your expectation and my own, you receive this one more letter from me.

"I leave Montreal to-morrow, where my stay has been longer than I was led to expect. I count upon reaching the first term of my mission towards the end of the month of November. To all appearances it will only be after many hardships. I shall be happy, my dearest of sisters, if I draw that profit from them which God has a right to expect. He should never appear to us more worthy of our love, nor seem to love us more, than when He gives us the opportunity of becoming more like unto His own beloved Son, every phase of whose mortal career was marked by some new suffering.

"It will be three or four years, as I wrote you in my last letter, before I shall have any fixed or permanent abode, and am not likely to do much else than wander about from forest to lake in view of acquiring some knowledge of the country to which Providence sends me. If I had more virtue than I possess, I would congratulate myself much more on being obliged to commence thus to devote myself to missionary life as so many other holy missionaries had begun, who in the early times of French settlements in this desolate country, watered the wilderness with their sweat and with their blood; but my lack of virtue fills me with apprehension.

"Pray, therefore, more and more for me, and beseech the ladies of your community to do the same. Assure them also of my deep gratitude and respect.

"If you can, without drawing upon what is given you for your own needs, procure for me some altar linen and decorations, you would afford me much pleasure. I am in this respect in a pitiable condition of penury.

"Good-bye, my dear sister, and let your love for me in our Lord Jesus Christ be as deep as mine is for you. "J. P. AULNEAU,
"Jes. Ind. Miss.

"MONTREAL, June 12, 1735."

Now comes Father Aulneau's last letter, a letter which possesses a peculiar and thrilling interest for all dwellers in this beautiful Lake of the Woods; because that it was written from here, at Fort St. Charles, on North-West Angle, and tells of his journey from Montreal hither and the winter of 1735 spent at the Fort. It is so long that I shall give only extracts.

No. 18. (Father J. P. Aulneau to Father Bonin.)

"Fort St. Charles, among the Kristinaux, April 30, 1736.

"Reverend Father,—P. C. . . . I reached Fort St. Charles October 23, 1735. I had set out from the Iroquois mission of Sault St. Louis June 21st, the feast of St. Aloysius, under whose protection I believe Providence intended I should place myself. . . . There are, counting from . . . hundred leagues, nearly all by water and canoe. I stopped with Father de St. Pé at Michilimackinac (a few days). I went back fifteen leagues on the distance already covered so as to take the route by Lake Superior. We coasted along the Lake, following, as is customary, the north, sometimes the west and southwest, of Lake Superior. We struck inland into the region which lies to the north of Lake . . . and after having journeyed nearly always on foot for the space of two or three days, we headed sometimes towards the west, sometimes towards the southwest, and sometimes even towards the south, threading our way among a profusion of lakes.

"From the upper extremity of Lake Superior to Fort St. Charles, whence I have the honor of writing to you, the distance is set down as three hundred leagues (by canoe and portages). We journeyed nearly all the way through fire and a thick, stifling smoke, which prevented us even once from catching a glimpse of the sun. It was the Indians who in hunting had set fire to the woods, without imagining, however, that it would result in such a terrible conflagration.

"So long a journey through any other country would have been diversified by a number of interesting features calculated to awaken one's curiosity, but all that was to be met with in this vast region was limited to lakes, rocks, immense forests, Indians, and a few wild animals. . . . I noticed on several occasions, especially while on Lake Huron, grand displays of the aurora borealis; but incapacity, even more than lassitude, did not admit of my taking observations with sufficient accuracy to give you an adequate idea of them. We have witnessed here throughout the winter the same phenomenon, and scarcely a night has passed but the northern skies have been all aglow with the aurora borealis.

"And what, Reverend Father, of Fort St. Charles, where I have passed the winter? It is merely an enclosure made with four rows of posts, from twelve to fifteen feet in height, in the form of an oblong square, within which are a few rough cabins constructed of logs and clay and covered with bark. It is in the southwest side of the Lake of the Woods. . . . As for the Indians who dwell here, I do not believe, unless it be by a miracle, that they can ever be persuaded to embrace the faith; for even not taking into account the fact that they have no fixed abode, and that they wander about the forests in isolated bands, they are superstitious and morally degraded to a degree beyond conception. What is most deplorable is that the devil makes use of the very men who should endeavor to break their bondage to rivet their fetters more firmly. Both English and French by their accursed avarice, have given them a taste for brandy, and thus have been instrumental in adding to their other vices that of drunkenness; so that brandy is their only topic of conversation, and the sole object of their petitions; nor can they ever be counted upon unless they receive enough to get drunk on.

"The good God has already chastised more than one of our fellow-countrymen engaged in this infamous traffic, by visiting them with financial ruin; but neither the loss of temporal goods, nor the fear of the loss of God in eternity, has as yet availed to abolish so shameful a trade.

"This, Reverend Father, constitutes one of the greatest crosses which the missionaries have to endure here; it has brought about the destruction of several missions, and has induced many an Indian to cast aside every semblance of religion. There were a certain number of Mousouis, neighbors of the Kristinaux, and not a few other Indians among those who dwell in the vicinity of the western extremity of Lake Superior, who had received Holy Baptism, and who have been replunged, through drunkenness, into their former superstitions.

"I must, however, say in justice to the French with whom I have journeyed, that they have not mingled in this infamous traffic, and that in spite of all the reiterated demands of the Indians they

have preferred to ignore all offers of barter from the tribes to giving them brandy in exchange.

"Notwithstanding the shameful vices of these poor infidels, God has allowed them still to retain certain notions which, perhaps, might help to determine them to range themselves on the side of religion. They acknowledge the immortality of the soul. . . . I am the first missionary who has yet undertaken to systematize the language of the Kristinaux. I have picked up but little during the winter, as all have been out on a warlike expedition against the Maskontépoels or Prairie Sioux. They destroyed a few lodges, and some have returned with a few scalps, which are prized as the most precious trophies of their victories. This war was the occasion of much suffering for us during the winter, as we had no other nourishment than tainted pike, boiled or dried over the fire.

"The Kristinaux are not nearly so numerous as the Assiniboels, but they are much braver, or rather much more fierce and cruel. They massacre each other on the most trivial pretext. The war and the hunt are their sole occupations. They are averse to teaching their language to others, so that what little I know has been picked up in spite of them. I hope, nevertheless, before my departure for the Koationaks, to announce the Gospel to them. . . . I place all in God's hands. . . . Your Reverence's most humble and obedient servant,

"J. P. Aulneau,
"Jesuit Missionary."

Where is the letter that Father Aulneau must have written to his mother at this time,—for he always wrote to her first, of all correspondents? It is not with the others of the "collection." A mother's instincts will tell you that until her death she carried it near her heart, and it now lies with her in the grave.

The letter we shall next quote from, No. 21, is from one Jesuit priest in Canada to another, summer of 1736; it is the old, old story of breaking the news "gently" to Father Aulneau's nearest and dearest relative, his bereaved mother. Here are the lines: "Another reason for writing you is to beg you to break as gently as possible to Father Aulneau's mother the news of the death of her dear son, who, we have learnt but lately, was massacred last May by a party of wandering Indians, called the Sioux of the Prairies, while he was journeying from his own to another mission, with the intention of going to confession, and of seeking advice on troubles to which his extreme delicacy of conscience had given rise. He is universally regretted by both the members of the Society and by seculars, for he was universally esteemed."

He was surprised with twenty other Frenchmen, but it is not known how they were put to death. No premonitory sign of distrust on the part of the Indians was noticed, nor were the victims tortured, as they are wont to be when prisoners are taken in battle. It is conjectured that they were surprised while asleep, and received their death blow unawares.

From later and fuller particulars I quote: "Among the slain were the young Sieur de la Verandrye, and Father Aulneau the missionary. Their bodies were discovered and identified by a party of Frenchmen who passed by the same place a few days after."

This party buried nineteen on the spot, and took the bodies of Rev. Father Aulneau and Sieur la Verandrye back to Fort St. Charles for interment.

The martyr's calotte or cape, that he wore in death, was sent to his mother.

If Father Aulneau could come back from his bloody grave, willingly would he endure a thousand such deaths, rather than see what is now customary on the Lake of the Woods, viz., his fellow-countrymen selling intoxicants to the Indians, and his co-religionists of all nationalities doing the same. What he said of liquor sellers then, he could say of them now.

How his heart would rejoice at sight of these well-trained, polite Indian girls,—Christian maidens, descendants of his Kristinaux, and adopted daughters of the self-sacrificing Grey Nuns!

Strange to say, the Sister Superior of this Indian Industrial School, whose hospitality we are about to enjoy, is a descendant of the elder Sieur de la Verandrye. The same blood flows in her veins as warmed those of the young Sieur la Verandrye who was massacred with Father Aulneau. This lady, so devoted to her Indian charges, is also descended from the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the last French Governor of Canada. As a De Vaudreuil, as a Verandrye, she is true to the best interests of Canada, and to the responsibilities inherited with those illustrious names.

Some years ago the Jesuit Fathers erected a huge cross which for many a year through summer sunshine and winter snows will show the

spot where Father Aulneau suffered martyrdom. That island is yearly covered with abundance of wild strawberries and raspberries.

A year ago, His Grace Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface, took a party to the old site of Fort St. Charles. Only the foundations of the old Fort remain, but these were satisfactorily defined. The faithful of the Lake of the Woods are happy in the promise of a yearly pilgrimage to Fort and Island; and perhaps some day the "Conseiller Général Aulneau of Vendée, France," will join us!

We see that the French nation explored, and opened up the highways of Canada, and that French missionaries shed their blood like water in order to bring to the poor Indian the saving truths of the Gospel.

Many English-speaking people now resident in Canada, ignorant of our country's history, would like to characterize French-speaking Canadians as interlopers, and quite inferior, "you know!"

They have condescended to "evangelize" Father Aulneau's kith and kin, the long-waiting (?) French-Canadians.

Money is their means and mode—money! money! money! These sleek, kid-gloved perverters, notably those of the Baptist "Grand Ligne" mission field, are sending out in all directions for money. This money may enable them to live on the fat of the land, but it will not buy one Judas out of every twelve French-Canadians. They have been taught the true Gospel of Christ in all its completeness, and not the mutilated Bible which is all that remains to our Baptist separated brethren.

The French-Canadians already know full well that they must take Christ at His word, and that they cannot be saved but through the sacraments of penance (which includes confession), and the life-giving Body and Blood of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist. He has said it. "His word shall not pass away."

These sacraments the Baptists would now take away from them; and with the sacraments goes the interior life.

It was, I think, at a Presbyterian synod held a year or two ago in Toronto that one of the delegates—blessings on the honest man!—protested against the term "to evangelize" the French-Canadians. He said that it was misleading, as they already had the Gospel preached to them. He might have added that it is not an interpret-as-you-wish, go-as-you-please Gospel; because Truth is one, not manifold.

I am reminded of one of the many ludicrous instances in connection with this interpret-as-you-wish gospel.

In a certain Sunday school held by a certain religious sect, and not a thousand miles from Owen Sound, one of the teachers read from the Bible, to his class, "Man liveth not by bread alone," then this "inspired" expounder broke out with, "Why no! he must have meat and potatoes, pie and cake, and other things."

Strange to say, several persons present took exception to his explanation—but only as a backbiting experiment after the services. Their disgust was not logical. According to their every-man-explain-for-himself theory, this hopeful Gospel teacher could claim as much inspiration as any of them, and again why did he impose his enlightenment upon the class? Could they not individually claim inspiration also?

Ah, well! a good quantity of that "pie and cake" will be necessary to turn French-Canadians into good Baptists!

The government of France, made up largely of Freemasons and Jews, is driving out of France the religious orders, and appropriating their school grants and other revenues. Recently, when the bubonic plague visited Marseilles, the hospital nurses—government protégées—refused to serve; but refugee nuns, before quitting their native land, gladly, for the love of Christ crucified, took the place of the hireling nurses. Theirs and only theirs, is true Gospel Christianity!

IDRIS.

Mr. Rummell's Recital of "Hamlet."

CRITICS differ as to which is the greatest of all Shakespeare's dramas. Some accord the distinction to *Macbeth,* others to *King Lear,* and still others to *Hamlet.* However it may be, it is certain that *Hamlet* is the best beloved and the most widely read and studied of them all. We have heard these three tragedies recited by Mr. John Rummell, the well-known Shakespearean interpreter of Buffalo. Profoundly stirred as we were by his presentation of *Macbeth,* which could not fail to impress upon any intelligent hearer the wonderful grandeur and beauty of the drama, we were yet more powerfully moved by the overwhelming tragedy and pathos which he revealed to us in *King Lear.* On



MADONNA AND CHILD. *Defregger.*



THE INFANT JESUS.

Wednesday afternoon, November 11th, he gave us his rendering of *Hamlet*. Whether it be because the most recent impression is the strongest, or because, by reason of its great variety, the tragedy of *Hamlet* offers the best opportunities for the display of the interpreter's powers, the last recital seemed to us Mr. Rummell's most remarkable artistic achievement. For more than two hours and a quarter he held the close attention of his audience. So perfect was his mastery of the lines, so completely did he enter into the spirit of the play, so vivid did he make each scene and so distinctly individual each character, so easy were his transitions from one mood to another, from one emotion to another, from one character to another, so admirably at all times did he "suit the action to the word, the word to the action" that, having once brought us under the spell of the drama, the reciter himself seemed to disappear from view, and in his stead we saw the creatures of the poet's brain, saw them live and move and have their being, and sympathized with them in their sorrows and sufferings, and their blind struggles with relentless Fate. Whether or not *Hamlet* is Shakespeare's greatest work, it is the one in which Mr. Rummell evinced the greatest versatility as an artist, and on the whole gave us the greatest pleasure.

As this is the longest of all the dramas of Shakespeare, it necessarily requires considerable skill to make a satisfactory abridgment of it for presentation on the platform. Mr. Rummell's excisions were so judicious that his auditors missed little or nothing of the text that one would especially desire to hear interpreted, and his occasional comments were so well-timed and so well-worded that the story was unfolded with perfect continuity from beginning to end.

In the opening scene of the drama, which takes place at one o'clock in the morning, on a platform before the royal castle at Elsinore, Mr. Rummell inspired at the very outset a feeling of awe and mystery, and a moment later startled and thrilled his hearers as he announced the appearance of the Ghost in the words of Marcellus,

"Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!"

From this moment the excitement of the scene steadily increased until the Ghost vanished, then gradually subsided during the ensuing speeches, only to be renewed with greater intensity as the "dreaded sight" appeared again. At this point Horatio's speech to the Ghost beginning, "Stay, illusion!" was delivered in earnest, pleading tones, with yet an evident feeling for its metric beauty, its contrasted long and short lines, and the varying meaning expressed by the refrain, "Speak to me; . . Speak to me; . . Oh, speak! . . Speak of it; stay and speak!" Here the reciter reached a fine climax, and immediately after suggested the excitement and confusion of the three soldiers in their attempt to stop the Ghost, as he stalked away and vanished at the crowing of the cock. To one not yet acquainted with Mr. Rummell's work, this brief scene would be a sufficient illustration of his knowledge of the art of impersonation. Here, as always, the attitude and the action of one speaker were made to melt into those of the next in such a manner as to obviate any unnecessary or meaningless movement, and yet the transitions were so perfectly accomplished that each of the three characters stood out distinctly from the other two.

In the next scene, taking place in a room of state in the castle, Mr. Rummell not only gave clearly-conceived and consistent impersonations of the King, the Queen, Laertes and Polonius, but his interpretation of the part of Hamlet was especially noteworthy. The melancholy and the grief with which the young prince is oppressed were beautifully suggested by the reciter's face and bearing, and by the deep and at times tremulous tones of the voice. The very first line that Hamlet speaks, too, was so rendered as to show his suspicions of his uncle and his intense dislike for him, while the next line,

"Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun,"

was given with a flash of the sarcasm of which Hamlet is such a master. The speech to his mother, beginning "Seems, madam!" was uttered with a depth of pathos and a wealth of suggestiveness that betokened the true artist, while in the soliloquy, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" the grief was genuine and could not fail to move any sympathetic listener, or to win the admiration of any discerning critic. The remainder of the scene in which Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo relate to Hamlet their experience of the night before was, as Mr. Rummell rendered it, full of interesting surprises for the mere casual reader of Shakespeare. Only the most careful study could enable anyone to discover so much meaning as Mr. Rummell brought out by means of adroitly placed emphases, changes of voice quality, gesture, attitude and facial expression. In the speech,

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again,"

Mr. Rummell uttered the first four words in such a manner as to exalt the moral qualities of the man above the mere attractiveness or personal dignity of the king; then, after a pause, he proceeded to speak the remaining words in a voice betraying Hamlet's deep grief and utter desolation. In the line "For God's love, let me hear," the voice was choked with emotion, while the words, "Then saw you not his face?" were given more as a soliloquy expressive of sudden disappointment than as a question prompted by natural curiosity. Time and space, however, will not permit the enumeration of all the many interesting points in the presentation of this scene. Suffice it to say that through it all Mr. Rummell showed not only how minutely he scans his author's text to discover its full meaning but how fine, also, is the art which enables him to convey that meaning so effectively to others.

Perhaps one of the best things in the entire recital was Mr. Rummell's treatment of the grief scene in which Hamlet first sees the Ghost of his murdered father. It was a magnificent and thrilling effect which he produced in the speech in which Hamlet breaks away from his friends, Horatio and Marcellus, and cries out his resolve to follow the spirit that had waved him "to a more removed ground." When the Ghost was finally heard to speak, it was with a voice exceptionally rich and deep in quality. Mr. Rummell's rendering of these solemn speeches was something awe-inspiring and sublime. Only an elocutionist whose vocal gifts were naturally great, and had, moreover, been cultivated to the utmost, could hope to render equally well, and each in a manner so entirely different, this scene between Hamlet and the Ghost, and the later one in which Ophelia in her distraction sings her pathetic songs and utters her incoherent speeches. It is only by comparing different parts of this recital that one can realize what opposite effects were accomplished by a single voice; and this is the only apology that need be offered for mentioning at this point a scene that rightly calls for description farther on.

One of Mr. Rummell's most striking impersonations in this play is that of Polonius. The old chamberlain's senility, his officiousness, his would-be shrewdness, his humor, his verbosity were all recognized by the reciter and carefully accentuated, and did much to make Mr. Rummell's presentation of the second act so interesting. The conversation between Hamlet and his old schoolmates, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, was most artistically managed, and special commendation is due to the reading of Hamlet's speech in which occurs the famous passage beginning, "What a piece of work is man!" The rhythmical beauty of this exquisite bit of prose could hardly have been more successfully brought out than it was by the reciter, whose musical voice and fluency of utterance served so well for the majestic sweep of the lines and their rich and varied cadences. The impassioned speech of the first player recounting the woes of Hecuba was delivered with the dignity, the grandeur and the intensity of feeling required in epic narrative; while in the closing lines the reciter rose to a strongly pathetic climax that fully justified the exclamation of Polonius, "Look, whether he has not turned his color and has tears in 's eyes," and proved, moreover, an adequate *motif* for the remarkable soliloquy with which the act concluded. In this great speech of Hamlet's Mr. Rummell did again one of his most effective pieces of work. To hear him render these lines was to look into Hamlet's very soul, to see it torn by conflicting thoughts and emotions, to see it grow calm again by an act of the will, and finally swell triumphant, at the conception of a scheme which would serve to "catch the conscience of the king." Here again Mr. Rummell showed what a master he is of the strong emotions. In these two acts of the drama he had already swept the whole gamut of sentiment and passion. Was it possible for him now to reveal any new power, to create any fresh surprises, or to reach any greater climaxes?

After a brief retirement from the platform Mr. Rummell returned and, with a few preparatory remarks, began the famous soliloquy in the third act. Here it was as if the speaker were simply thinking aloud, not as if he were delivering something "learned and conned by rote." The effect upon the audience was, as it should be, to produce the attitude of close attention and expectation. The verdict could not be other than that the soliloquy was most satisfactorily rendered, and that it formed a fine contrast with the ensuing dialogue between Hamlet and Ophelia. In this the gentle, timid speeches of the lady and the "wild and whirling words" of Hamlet were all uttered with a full appreciation of what was to be their effect on the King and Polonius, who

were eavesdropping behind the arras. Hamlet's concluding speeches were given in a rapid, frenzied manner, and yet with such consciousness of design that the King might well doubt not only Hamlet's love for Ophelia, but his madness as well. Mr. Rummell had already shown what he could do in the interpretation of great mental and emotional excitement, but here the effect was superb and surpassed anything he had yet done.

What may be especially noted in Mr. Rummell's rendering of the scene in which the play is performed before the King and Queen and the assembled courtiers, is, first of all, the charming manner in which he read the rhymed speeches of the players.

Shakespeare's object in writing this part in a style different from that of the remainder of the drama was made apparent at once by the reciter. The contrast was just what the poet intended it to be. Another noteworthy thing in Mr. Rummell's presentation of this scene was the wild, half hysterical manner in which he spoke Hamlet's lines when the King rises, calls for lights, and rushes with the others out of the hall. And lastly, Hamlet's rebuke to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—"Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me!" etc., was given with an incisiveness admirably suited to its purpose.

Perhaps nothing else in the recital was quite so good as Mr. Rummell's presentation of the interview between Hamlet and his mother. At all events, here the emotions of the audience were brought to their highest tension. The climax was reached as the Ghost steals "out at the portal." The startled cry with which the Queen replies to Hamlet's assertion of this fact was thrillingly effective; so, too, were the lines that followed, in which the words rolled from the speaker's lips with a fluency that was remarkable, every word being perfectly formed and given with the true expression in spite of the rapidity with which they were uttered.

Mr. Rummell's exceptional voice has already been commented on. Its remarkable depth and fullness were shown in the speeches of the Ghost in which it descended to the lowest bass notes; what it could do in the upper register appeared in the mad scene in the fourth act, where Mr. Rummell sang Ophelia's songs not only with artistic expression, but also with what was certainly suggestive of a well-trained soprano voice. To undertake these songs after the vigorous and at times severe use to which the voice had been subjected for nearly two hours might seem hazardous, but Mr. Rummell sang with a clear and tender quality, and then immediately after made the change to Laertes' explosions of anger and indignation, pronouncing his speeches with all the energy and fire that they demand.

In the final act of the drama Mr. Rummell had an opportunity, in his impersonations of the grave-diggers, to show what he could do as a low comedian. That he acquitted himself so well here was still another evidence of his versatility. So, too, was the impressive manner in which he gave Hamlet's moralizings over the skull of Yorick. The last scene of all was done in a spirited manner, and ended pathetically with the words of Horatio as he held the dying Hamlet in his arms,—

"Now cracks a noble heart—Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

MARGARET HENRY.

"L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

FOR centuries the world has been so dazzled with the brilliancy of Milton's "Paradise Lost," the grandest epic of our literature, that his minor poems have scarcely received due appreciation, yet, in their way, they lend as much lustre to his genius as his transcendant masterpiece. "Paradise Lost" seems an inspiration, the theme is so vast that the poet loses his identity, he is rather a prophet, a visionary whose mental endowments and exquisite culture have lifted him far beyond the terrestrial, to that "golden clime" in which Tennyson tells us, the "poet is born." But the real Milton, the human being who loved and hated and rejoiced and sorrowed like the rest of us, is more discernible in his sweet poems that treat of the life around us. Among the most charming of these are "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," companion pieces that are well worthy a detailed study. They appeal to us strongly, in as much as they are poems of two moods to which humanity is largely subject—the gay and the grave. "L'Allegro" greets us as a dancing sunbeam, illumining the dawn and dispelling all trace of gloom. No phase of existence could better personate this mood than a blithe youth starting forth in the morning sunlight in quest of pleasure. We experience a thrilling sensation,

which could not fail to stimulate the young and rejuvenate the old at the inviting words:

"Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides
And laughter holding both his sides."

Who could resist such luring mirth? We are all ready "on the light fantastic toe," oblivious of all else but the winsome fascination of the enchanting hour, "in unreproved pleasures free." Nor are we alone in our matin ecstasy, the lark is already high in the heavens, filling the air with rapturous melody, while the lordly cock, after his own peculiar fashion, "With lively din scatters the rear of darkness thin," and the echo comes to us of hounds and horn, telling that the merry-makers have almost forestalled the day. The ploughman cheerily assumes his task, incited by the milk-maid's merry song, and the activity displayed by mower and shepherd. Nature itself presents an inviting aspect of morning freshness —"The russet lawns, and fallows grey," "meadows trim with daisies pied, shallow brooks, and rivers wide." The bewitching charms allure us and we follow our guide throughout the day—a day of inestimable joy. Each successive hour brings its pleasure, the mid-day meal is cheered by the "spicy nut-brown ale," and the moments glide by "With stories told of many a feat." "Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, by whispering winds soon lulled to sleep."

Our sportive youth now feasts his imagination on the never-ending pleasure that literature affords. The sun sets on the happiest day, our dancing beams merge into more subdued lights, the joys that thrilled our nerves become powerless to effect us, our loves, our hopes, our ambitions, are all subject to the influence of evolution, but our dear silent friends are ever the same. Centuries after they have sung their wood-notes, centuries after they have poured forth in enchanting tones the lofty sentiments with which they were imbued, centuries after they had told us in expressive accents the never-varying story of the human heart—they are still "the hidden soul of harmony": their words are still "linked sweetness long drawn out," their thoughts are reanimated in the minds of devoted ones whom they had cheered and strengthened and elevated, changing life's whole aspect by the power of their magic inspirations. The two closing lines of "L'Allegro" leave us in a state of uncertainty:

"These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

Ah! *If* thou canst give—the revelation of what life really is comes to us all some time or another, and it assumes various aspects. Those who find their philosopher's stone at the dawn of their quest, live in the full radiance of its convertible power. Their ideals become realized, and with light hearts they go life's ways in never-ending cheerfulness. They cross our pathway and we look up with pleased surprise to see whence came the unexpected sunshine. We would fain resemble them, but the hankering doubt remains. *"If* thou canst give!" In this at least we can afford to be empirical, for it is only after practical experiment that we may doubt the potency of pleasure. If we search for it early in the delights of nature, in the fascinations of art, in giving the inclinations of our better selves the ascendency over baser proclivities, that lurk in the mind of every child of Adam, in fact, if we search where the Master did when He deigned to take a human form, "going about doing good," then we shall certainly find that happiness, in its most delightful aspect, is adnascent to our mirth. But if we search for it in transitory allurements, if, like the foolish ones of Scriptural renown, we "crown ourselves with roses before they die," then, all too soon, we shall realize how short-lived is the rose's beauty, and the memory of the thorns will be ours for many a day's sad reflection. Mirth can give delights—happy days, blissful, entrancing hours, ecstatic moments, but before we risk the fatal promise, "With thee I mean to live," let us ask ourselves the question: Will it be for better or for worse, in time and in eternity? In our joyful moods the gloomy-looking "Il Penseroso" has no attraction for us, but "The mood of woman who can tell?" A little cloud drifting aimlessly by is sufficient to dim the splendor of the sun at mid-day, and so "Into each life some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary." When our grave temperament asserts itself we succumb to the influence of the opening lines, "Hence, vain deluding joys!" We find the poem an exact counterpart of "L'Allegro," but while our gay youth sauntered forth in the early morning, our pensive personality begins his quest

at sundown, guided by "The cherub Contemplation." We feel awed by the solemnity of the words: "And the mute Silence hist along, 'less Philomel will deign a song." Such is the power of silence that only the nightingale ventures to trespass with her sweet notes. The chirp of the cricket grows gradually faint, the last toll of the curfew dies away on the still air, the moon is riding high in the heavens, and, "If the air will not permit, some still removed place will fit, where glowing embers, through the room teach light to counterfeit a gloom."

Our solemn youth betakes himself to his lonely tower, and here again we find in grave as in gay mood, the all-absorbing power of books. He is soon lost to all but their surpassing fascinations. Whether gorgeous tragedy rehearses "The tale of Troy divine," or "The soul of Orpheus is bid to sing such notes as warbled to the string drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek, and made Hell grant what love did seek."

Whether it is the fabulous productions of great men's minds, or historic truths presented in romantic form, each has its own peculiar enchantment ,and the youth, typical of many book lovers, pays no heed to the sway of "Night, sable goddess." It is in these silent, solemn hours that our dear friends, whose voices have been mute for centuries, speak heart to heart with sympathetic listeners. We people our surroundings with a most incongruous group, regardless of all but their union in our imagination—grave old philosophers, and modern bards, antique historians and up-to-date novelists, the classics of long ago and the sweet lyrics now enjoying the zenith of appreciation. The words: *"Arma virumque cano"* arrest our attention and presently we have covered centuries and the cherub Contemplation murmurs: "Lest we forget." These are the blissful hours, when our imagination holds high court, to which our best beloved ones come, not to *pay,* but to receive homage. No wonder we forget everything else in such a thraldom. Nothing could be more effectual in obliterating the memory of worries, and vexatious trials that beset our path. There is no room for such remembrances when the mind is stored with high ideals. Morning finds our youth, certainly not refreshed and invigorated, but we must remember that Milton is merely describing a mood, not the normal condition of man, nor would the profoundest erudite advocate the expediency of such prolonged nocturnal rhapsodies. In the "wee sma' hours" he saunters forth to "entice the dewy feathered sleep" by murmuring waters. He wakes to the sound of sweet music, "alone, about, or underneath," and, giving his first thoughts to God, he seeks the cloister's pale. The high embowered roof, the antique pillars, the storied windows, "casting a dim, religious light," present a graphic pen-picture, while the pealing organ and full-voiced choir

> "In service high and anthems clear
> As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
> Dissolve me into ecstasies,
> And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

This completes the restful presentation, and we leave our grave youth expressing the wish that "His weary age may find such peaceful hermitage"

> "Till old experience do attain
> To something like prophetic strain,
> These pleasures, Melancholy, give
> And I with thee will choose to live."

There is more persuasive pleading in this last expression than in the doubtful *"IF* thou canst give!" Here we have a flashlight thrown on Milton's own character—the grave, earnest student in whose after life, very few Allegro tones were to mingle with the long, weird Il Penseroso strain. Meloncholy claimed him her coexistent, with his "Light spent ere half his days in this dark world and wide," but blessed by the spirit of resignation, he sweetly expressed acquiescence in that cry that went up from his afflicted heart: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

The marked antithesis in these two poems is very observable. To one, the ideal day begins at dawn, to another at sunset, which is very inspiriting to those who have failed in their early quest. What they saw not in the glitter of noonday they may perceive in the subdued twilight; where the pursuit of adolescence failed, the discovery of maturer years comes with a glad surprise. We realize in many instances that "The fault was not in our stars, but in ourselves"—that the sun shone brightly, but in our tear-suffused eyes, its splendour was dimmed; that chances were ours, but we foolishly neglected them; that love was waiting for us, but we did not render ourselves worthy of it; that nature resounded with sweet melodies, but we heard them not, so strained were our ears to catch transitory sounds; that she held out to us treasures that lived anew with each succes-

sive springtide, but our hands were stretched out to grasp what has since "crumbled into dust;" that infinite pleadings came for our love, but our wayward, foolish hearts so ached for the satisfactions that proved all too fleeting and now—"The tender grace of a day that is dead will never come back," but a far tenderer grace may be found in the living present. In the cultured walks of life there are still pleasures untold for the mind's yearnings, in the love and friendships that come in life's twilight there is a sacredness, a sense of restful security for the heart's longing, "and for the soul there is always God, the same God of our youth, our portion forever."

According to David Masson, M. A., it has been alleged by commentators that the concept of these two poems was not entirely original, that Milton's inspiration came probably after the perusal of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd To His Love," and Sir Walter Raleigh's answer to the same, called "The Nymph's Reply," but even if this is so, it in no way detracts from the sweetness of the poems or the merit of the author. Since the wisest man found nothing new under the sun, we must be content to rehearse and remodel, being necessarily largely influenced by what we read and by our general environment, but to each poet, his view of truths, however ancient, is always new, and presenting them to the world in his own ideal fashion, instead of being a plagiarist, he more resembles the householder who took from his treasures *"Nova et Vetera."*

S. M. D.

"A Memorable Pilgrimage."

By Rev. J. T. Lynch, C. M., Niagara University.

A FITTING close for the lecture season and a most happy selection, as well as a source of pleasant instruction, was the interesting account of "A Memorable Pilgrimage," given on the 6th, by our kind and ever-thoughtful friend.

Since Father Lynch's return from the Eternal City, we had been looking forward to this treat, knowing his appreciation of the beautiful and his ability to interpret it, consequently an eager and expectant assembly awaited his arrival, on the afternoon of the sixth.

His subject was couched in such clear and graceful language that even the youngest child could grasp it, and the earnest attention of the audience was as eloquent as the applause which marked the close of a lecture, valuable from the standpoint of both religion and literature. The following is a summary:

"To have foreseen that our going abroad was to involve the sketch of travel here given would doubtless have added a fresh terror to existence. For the spirit of the tour was to sink the past, ignore the future, and seek to extract from the flying moments only such sweets as we would absorb. Hasty jottings, stricken off in strange company and at queer times and places were all the correspondence we permitted ourselves; just enough to assure the homefolk that we were still on the trail which was to lead back to them at last. But now we are looking through the reversed end of the telescope and the shores of other lands are far away and fast settling into perspective, and if the memories so precious in a gathering are to be imprisoned and preserved as a real benefit to ourselves and others, the scattered threads must be woven into something of coherence and form. The picture of olden hue I would fain paint, imprisons scenes that the pen cannot adequately portray; for it is only after the blessing of ocular demonstration that one fully realizes the other half that can never be told to those who stay at home. How difficult it is to make another full sharer in the vision that has never confronted his own physical retina, needs no foreign trip to verify. Europe, too, but more particularly the Eternal City, has already been described into its uttermost corner with such profusion of detail and from points of view so divergent as fairly to confuse. So that the personal equation is after all the best justification of this attempt to bring an Old World perfume to you, our friends, who have followed the pilgrimage in its wanderings, even though the aroma be somewhat dissipated in the process. As Rome this summer was the scene of a really historic experience on the part of American pilgrimage, I shall deal in my account with the events bearing upon the death of our late beloved Pontiff Leo XIII. and the election of his benign and humble-hearted successor Pius X.

It was precisely at noon of a brilliant summer day, the 12th of July last, we four score pilgrims stood on the deck of the good ship Liguria, waving our salutations to friends in the dense crowd upon the pier, watching the little rift between them and us rapidly widen into the great gulf

that separates the New World from the Old. Expatriation, even when voluntary, produces a choky sensation the first time you try it. I have never been able to read "A Man Without a Country" without a lump in my throat. As the great hull is slowly drawn out of her slip by noisy tugs, as she turns to make her own headway down the glorious harbor of New York, as the majestic Goddess of Liberty sinks in our wake, as Quarantine, the Narrows, and Sandy Hook are passed and the pilot goes over the side of the ship and with the mail pouch slung round his neck heads his vessel for the shore, thereby severing the last tie with home, the feeling is certainly queer. The situation certainly provokes "such shaping fantasies that imagination apprehends more than cool reason ever comprehends." Onward the huge leviathan rushes through the rough, rude waters till at last we begin the "life on the ocean wave"—

"Alas! by some degree of woe
We every joy must gain,
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never knew a pain."

It is surprising how much solid wretchedness is and must be habitually compressed between New York harbor and the European coast. Many are never sea-sick; some are upset by the rolling of the ship; others succumb only to heavy pitching; while the raging tempest is needed to prostrate a few; but the number who are quietly and unostentatiously miserable without any apparent provocation is sufficiently large to awaken pity. Evidently some are born to seasickness, some achieve it and very many have it thrust upon them. With some all interest in the "deep and dark blue ocean" ceases after the first or second day out; it is then but "a weary waste extending to the skies." Yet, now that I have seen the greatest works of man and most of nature's wonders on the shore; now that I have seen Rome's great temple and climbed the mountains "high above the storm's career," and gazed with terror into the deep, unfathomed caves of Vesuvius as it belched forth its lava and sent its flames of fire high into the empyrean, I feel that there is nothing on the land calculated to inspire the sublime conceptions that dilate the soul when we are on the ocean. Four walls and a roof and the ordinary pursuits and pettinesses of life may be had almost anywhere; but not the elemental powers of the globe, the ever-changing cloud-picture, the boundless horizon, the restless, hungry, smiling, placid, white-capped, storm-tossed sea.

As I gazed from morn till night and often far into the night on the imperious surge, the grand images of Shakespeare came before me: "Me thought I saw a thousand dreadful wrecks; a thousand men that fishes gnawed upon; great anchors, wedges of gold, heaps of pearls, inestimable jewels, all scattered upon the bottom of the deep. Some were in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, as 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems that wooed the slimy bottom of the deep and mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by." How little of life is visible in the wide waste of the Atlantic! A white speck of a sail—too distant for identification except by the argus-eyed lookout—caused quite a little flutter. Not even a stray whale added his company to the few flying-fish and the lonely "Mother Carey's chickens,"—only great shoals of fat and jolly porpoises now and then flashed the gleaming spray from their rounded backs as they leaped their length out of the water, apparently excited at the rapid passage of the monster in which we sailed, and fell behind, hopelessly beaten in our wake. And what a glorious wake it was, churned by the swift screw under us that shook the trembling deck, into opalescent curds and cream that trailed off into the sunset.

At noon of every day the ship's position and progress for the past twenty-four hours is set down by the captain, outlined on a chart framed at the head of the stairway; and the ripple of interest we all feel as we preface luncheon by duly writing up our private log becomes a whirlwind of excitement as the voyage draws to a close. The venerable game of ring-toss with hempen rings and shuffle-board with circular flat disks still seems to claim the attention of old as well as young. Through the kindness of our genial captain we made a *"descensus averni"* at the change of watch one evening into the engine room and stood by the brawny, half-naked, panting stokers, as, far down below the water-line, they fed, almost without intermission the fiery monsters that drove the restless screws. In reply to an inquiry which we shouted into the chief engineer's ear as to the poor fellows' welfare, "Well, they don't last long," was all he said.

With Theseus probably you ask: "Say, what abridgment have you for the evening? What masque? What music? How beguile the lazy

time, if not with some delight?" It is as true aboard ship as it was in the groves nearby Athens that as Philostrate announces,

"There is a brief how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your happiness shall see first."

The weary hours are whiled away by amusements of all sorts, many of which would be regarded as puerile if indulged in at home. But the sea-faring mind, freed and unfettered by conventionality, untrammeled by aught of care, is able to enjoy with enthusiasm every sportive prank that the younger members of the party cleverly devise. At any rate, the time and leisure, superabundant as it seems, is all too brief. Religious exercises were a happy feature of our voyage. Each morning the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated on the high seas, quite a unique experience for most of us. In the evening the Rosary was recited and prayers offered up by the Chaplain with special reference to the beloved Leo, who at this time lay upon what later proved to be his bed of death. We had courageously set out upon our pilgrimage to Rome, despite authentic reports to the effect that our eyes should never rest upon the aged Pontiff. Thus our good ship plied her path across the deep, at each forward bound, intensifying our expectancy of the sight of land. On the eighth day after our departure from New York, the ship's captain, a "hale and hearty fellow, well met," drew my attention to a lofty point in the east which retained its towering outlines among the ever-shifting clouds. "That is Pico, the highest mountain of the Azores, almost eight thousand feet above the sea," volunteered the Italian chevalier. We caught a glimmer from some habitation as we passed after night-fall: about eleven we were favored with a superb view of the apparently single-headed monarch of the Azorean mountains. Midnight found us in a light haze, winging our course towards St. Michael, the largest and most important of the islands. Early in the morning the outlines of St. Michael became dimly discernible, and by eight o'clock windmills and settlements of white dwellings could be distinctly seen, nestled on the declivities of undulated hills, teeming with dome-shaped summits all covered with verdure to the top, with evidences of being largely under cultivation. The bay of Ponta Delgada upon which St. Michael is situate, recalled to us Americans the stirring times of the Spanish-American war, for it was within this cove the Spanish fleet stealthily secreted itself, undiscovered for months by the Yankee cruisers bent on its destruction. Apart from this historic incident, Ponta Delgada shall ever be an unforgetable locality to the pilgrims. At this point, at the request of the Chaplain, the captain hove his vessel to, and by use of the semaphore, signalled to the agent on shore, "Potete informarmi dal salute del Papa?" And the reply by flag-code was: "E morte due giorni fa." All hearts were smitten by the sad tidings. Special prayers were offered for the repose of the soul of the Father of the faithful, while the following morning High Mass of Requiem was sung by the Chaplain. Upon receipt of this news, everyone seemed to lose interest in the beauties of land and sky spread before us, and Rome became the watchword of the hour. We listlessly passed in review the highest hills of Portugal and cared not about identifying the coasts of Africa not far distant. Suddenly there loomed up in the distance a black, outline against the sky, which upon closer approach revealed itself as the celebrated rock of Gibraltar, the "crouching lion that faces all Europe, the lock to the Mediterranean of which England holds the key." Of Gibraltar the fortress that bids defiance to the world, one can see but the little that lies open to one along the ramparts. Of the real defensive works of the place you are not allowed to have even a guess. No stranger has really any idea of the real strength of this fortress. Gibraltar is a grand and grim practical joke; it is an armed foe like the army in Macbeth, that came in the semblance of a wood, or like the wooden horse of Troy that held the pick of the enemy's fighting men. What looks like a solid face of rock is a hanging curtain that makes a battery: the blue waters of the bay are treacherous with torpedoes. The rock is undermined and tunneled throughout. As an authority has well said: Gibraltar never will be attacked for the reason that the American people are the only people clever enough to invent a way of taking it, and they are far too clever to attempt an impossible thing. After hurried inspection, the pilgrims impatient of delay, our vessel drew to port and plunged seemingly with delight into the deep blue of the beautiful Mediterranean. This smooth sea of indigo reflecting itself against the Italian sky is a charming sight, a fit prelude to the smiling, sunny peninsula towards which we were heading. At last, the beautiful heights of the suburban

Naples were at our very feet, on which nature has lavished all her beauties and hence inspired the enthusiastic expression of the Neapolitans: "Vide Napoli, e poi mori," "See Naples and die." Naples rises like an amphitheatre from the shores of the sea to the tops of the surrounding hills, forming a panorama whose extreme beauty falls on one. On the east rises Vesuvius in solitary and awful grandeur. The picturesque island of Capri lies in the centre of the gulf, breaking the horizon. One of the chief characteristics of Naples is the incessant movement and life in its streets with its gay, music-loving, gesticulating and loud-voiced population, always in search of amusement, to which the unalterable beauty of the sky, the climate, the smiling nature signally contributes. I should like to pause and describe the great sights in and about this city, the burial-place of the poet Virgil, but I cannot tarry through lack of time and intent of purpose which brings us to the Eternal City, the scene of our greatest and most memorable experience not given to the lot of many mortals ever to enjoy.

The most interesting point towards which the pilgrim can direct his steps, is, without doubt, the city of Rome, usually styled with wealth of significance, the Eternal City. It presents itself a mysterious blend of the ancient and modern worlds, where the monuments of pagan and Christian history are stored for the veneration and enlightenment of ages yet to live. As in the heavens all the planets bend their courses towards the sun, as on the earth all rivers pour their streams towards the ocean, so in the divine and human order all the events of past and present periods meet in Rome as in one common center. If it be useful to study the history of this providential city, it must be indeed more interesting to behold the monuments of its power and to visit those places where the memory of its generals and orators, mighty men who formed and ruled this wondrous empire, is lovingly enshrined; and to tread those battlefields where the victories were gained which were a prelude to the conquest of the world. All these are the realization of the dreams of my boyhood, and produced an impression far deeper and more lasting than can be derived from seeing London, Paris, or New York. In every other country, a ruin is merely a ruin, a simple relic of some special or national event; but in Rome everything is a monument of the first order, an ancient witness of those mighty events from which history weaves its wondrous plot. Rome, after seven centuries of progress, reaches the zenith of her material power. The whole world pays homage of fealty to her its acknowledged Mistress; but her destiny is only partially attained;—a greater glory awaits her, a more extensive empire is reserved for her in the designs of Divine Providence. She in very truth remains the mistress, but changes the sceptre by which she rules. The cross supplants the eagle, the shepherd's crook replaces the consular fasces, and the sword of the Word succeeds to the axe of the lictor. Cæsar retires to Byzantium, Jupiter descends from the capitol, the city of Nero becomes the city of Peter; and Rome, with her throne of earthly domination overturned, ascends the throne of love to continue the mistress of the world and the bright star round which the world revolves. In the midst of such musings as these, such as ever will occupy the mind of the pilgrim as he approaches the object for which he has travelled for days by sea and by land, our faithful band stepped from the train with hearts pulsating and step faltering, seemingly overcome with joy at the realization that we were at last nearing the fulfillment of our life's desire and dream. As the cupola of St. Peter's is espied, we salute with rare reverence the triumphal cross which soars over the most beautiful monument ever raised by the genius of western nations. This spectacle placed before our eyes a summary of the world's history, and the first sentiment aroused in our souls was a desire to pray. I record this first impression felt by us as we walked on holy ground, for it is the keynote to all the joyful attractiveness of Christian Rome, the secret of her wonderful greatness. Arrived at the Anglo-American Hotel, a few hundred paces from the Propaganda and distant from St. Peter's but a few minutes' leisurely jaunt, we trembled nervously as we gradually realized the important epoch in history which we were to witness within a brace of days. The death of Leo had submerged the minds of men in calm grief, from which a quiet dullness resulted, plainly discernible as we tripped along the streets of Rome. The obsequies had been concluded and preparations were making for the Conclave which was to give a new Pope to the world. After considerable sightseeing, our weary pilgrims betook themselves to their various quarters to dream such dreams as we never dreamt before. It was a strange reality that we were to actually sleep in the city of Imperial Cæsar in the Cradle of Christianity.

The next morning, the Italian sky appeared to have put on its deepest blue as our caravan, marshalled forth in brilliant equipages, directed its course to St. Peter's. On my way to the great basilica, I saw nothing, I could hear nothing, my mind was so filled with the pageantry of Saints and Martyrs, of Emperors and Kings, who for more than fifteen centuries had journeyed from all sections of the globe to honor the tomb of the poor fisherman of Galilee, upon which I was also going lovingly to place a wreath of prayerful devotion. I recall the visit of the crowned pilgrim, Constantine the Great, the Conqueror of Maxentius, the first Christian Emperor; then Theodosius, who in 303, going to fight with Eugenius, came, clad in sackcloth and ashes, to solicit victory through the intercession of the Prince of the Apostles; then Belisarius, who in 545 came to offer the laurels gained in his contest with the Goths and the Vandals, and a multitudinous host of others whom posterity has marked for their genius and virtue. All these had performed the same pious pilgrimage. Four times did Charlemagne, the type of Christian royalty and the restorer of the empire in the West, come to worship there. In this mood and under the influence of these reflections I came closer and closer to the gigantic pile, and warmly I congratulated myself on the great privilege of being permitted to tread on the sacred ground of the Vatican, hallowed by the blood of the Chief of the Apostles, and to behold that basilica which defies description. Crossing the bridge of Sant Angelo that spans the yellow Tiber, we are soon standing face to face with the greatest wonder of modern days. The imposing piazza first arrests attention with its superb semi-circular portico with its four rows of columns, surmounted by statues larger than life. We stopped for some moments, completely dazzled at the wondrous sight before us. A brief space and we are ascending the steps leading to the basilica itself. We have at last reached Limina Apostolorum. It is with difficulty we can speak of this immortal temple which has been raised by the genius of Christianity and dedicated to the illustrious Apostle whose name it bears. Notwithstanding its colossal proportions, perfect symmetry of design prevails throughout the matchless structure. The paintings are exquisitely beautiful, the marbles are most precious, the gildings are admirable, the mosaics inimitable in color, richness and design; in a word, as an artistic creation it majestically stands forth an unsurpassed and unrivalled classic of the beautiful in Art. Its great dimensions make it also the largest church in the world. Its length is 696 feet —its breadth through the transepts is 450 feet. The height of the nave is 150 feet, and of the interior of the dome 403 feet. The extreme altitude to the top of the cross surmounting the dome is 435 feet. Truly appalling measurements; it is so vast indeed that the various statues and ornaments which one naturally takes as standards of comparative measurement, are themselves of extraordinary size. We may instance the capital of one of the columns surmounted by an immense painted figure of St. Luke the Evangelist holding the pen in hand. The quill he clutches seems to the beholder on the pavement below to be of ordinary size, whereas it is actually six feet in length. The immensity and grandeur of St. Peter's are simply indescribable. Even when seen one feels unable fully to grasp, familiar though he may be through frequent visits, the unexampled beauty, the unearthly dignity, the splendid majesty of this the most sumptuous church in all Christendom. In the capacity of chaplain it fell to my lot to say Mass at the high altar directly facing that upon which the Pope alone celebrates the Holy Sacrifice. Many times a day during our brief stay in Rome did the happy pilgrims gladly repair to this gorgeous spectacle to feast their eyes upon its myriad beauties and flood their souls with its pious associations.

On Friday evening, July 31st, the Conclave, numbering 62 Cardinals, assembled in the Sistine Chapel for the purpose of electing a successor to the Vicar of Christ just deceased. As the scrutiny or balloting went on quietly, the outside world of Rome waited anxiously on the piazza on the Saturday morning of August 1st., in spite of the torrid heat. All eyes were turned towards the funnel which arose from the roof of the Sistine. The first morning of the traditional Sfumata or smoke was a memorable occasion; for far beyond the limits of the Eternal City, in the greater Rome extending over the Universe, all Catholic hearts were with us that morning, waiting for the decision to come to them on the misty smoke-wreaths. St. Peter's and the great yellow palace lay dormant under the rays of the sun, no sign of life was visible, no outward manifestation of the momentous happening transpiring within, a subdued state of expectancy causing a general hush of ordinary activity. The only change in the outer aspect was that provided by

the wood-screened windows, marking the Cardinals' cells. Each day at eleven, we joined the great gathering massed under the grateful shadow of the colonnades, lest the first faint breath of smoke should escape detection. Sunday evening, the 2nd day of August, witnessed the most magnificent spontaneous assemblage of people ever gathered in modern Rome, as fully 60,000 souls stood beneath the Vatican patiently awaiting the result of the fourth scrutiny. Seen from the steps of St. Peter's, this sight was superb, majestic,—one vast, immovable block of humanity, 60,000 white faces turned up expectantly towards the funnel. In case of election the votes are burned alone, producing almost imperceptible smoke; whereas, in the event of no election they are mixed with straw which produced the thick yellow smoke we watched with such anxiety. During these historic days, at the cafés on the streets sfumata or smoke formed daily topic of conversation. Tuesday, the fourth day of our anxious vigil, dawned clear and cloudless, but as the hours wore on, the blinding heat poured remorselessly on the already blazing pavement. The hours passed slowly by, and every moment the crowds grew more and more. Men, women and children, dignitaries of Church and State, ecclesiastical students from the various national seminaries lending color to the scene, robed as they were in cassocks of red, purple, white and brown, stood closely huddled together, all heads upturned to the burning glare. Eleven, the quarter, the half hour,—chimed monotonously from St. Peter's height. The minutes went on inexorably, twenty minutes to twelve now; no sign of life from the silent palace; no faint shadow about the Sistine funnel. Of a sudden, out on the terraces above the colonnades of the Vatican paraded princes, prelates and soldiers in splendid uniform. Then we knew our waiting was at an end. The interregnum was over. A new Pontiff was elected for a certainty. Whilst we stood out there on the piazza, exultant because the Pope had been chosen, we watched joyfully as the attendants tragically opened the colossal windows leading to the balcony facing the grand basilica, and followed their every movement as they spread out a rich brocade of white and crimson. In a moment, without warning, the loggia high up above was filled with a spendid group, a radiant circle of violet-clad prelates and attendants, a golden cross glittering in the sunlight, and the tall, spare figure of the Cardinal Deacon. At their appearance a shout of enthusiasm burst from the crowd below. In a few seconds it had died to a wordless, breathless murmur, nervously pervading the overstrained multitude. Then the single voice rang out, clear, distinct and measured, as Cardinal Macchi announced to the joyful thousands the beautiful words of the ritual,—"Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Habemus Pontificem, Reverendissimum et eminentissimum Cardinalem Josephus Sarto, qui sibi nomen imposuit Pium Decimum." An unrestrained burst of applause shook the excited spectators, men took off their hats out there in the blazing sun, their patience at last rewarded with the rare privilege of being present to catch the first glimpse of the newly created Pope. Into the vast basilica wave upon wave of humanity surged, in their loving effort to give heartfelt welcome to the Venetian Cardinal from the sea and pay him their homage who was but a moment before exalted by his colleagues to the highest dignity on earth. Almost before we had time to realize it, an involuntary clamor broke forth, as a high, sunlit window over the door was darkened with living figures. Pius X. had come. At this solemn moment, the evivas went up like thunder from the now uproarious crowd and re-echoed and reverberated through tne vaults of the great temple. Catching the inspiration of the moment I vigorously waved the American flag, a fit and acceptable expression of the loyalty of American Catholics, whom I had the distinguished honor to represent on this occasion. No such scene shall ever again greet my eyes, as the strong sweet voice of the Supreme Pontiff rang out clearly and beautifully over the kneeling multitude, speaking the words of his loving benediction. As the people filed out, intense happiness was depicted on every countenance, for all felt the unspeakable favor of being the first of the whole world to see the new Pope, to receive his first paternal blessing. But there fell to the lot of the American pilgrims the privilege at the granting of which all Rome marvelled; the Italians seemed dumbfounded when they learned that an American priest, leading an American cohort of as faithful children as ever bent the knee to Sovereign Ruler of the Church, was to be immediately accorded the first private audience allowed by our gracious Pius the Tenth. The next day, August the fifth, at the appointed hour, the pilgrimage, reinforced by a number of itinerant Americans, and under the guidance of Monsignor Kennedy, the distin-

guished Rector of the American College, and headed by our own beloved Cardinal Gibbons, directed its steps towards the Vatican, there to enjoy the rarest pleasure it is ever in the power of mortal to receive; to speak to and to be spoken to by the august sovereign Pontiff, Christ's Vicar on earth. Seated in handsome broughams, beneath the dazzling sunlight of an Italian August, we made quick passage through the narrow streets with their picturesque groups of people, and changing like the figures in the kaleidoscope. Soon we crossed the bridge of Sant Angelo where Bernini's angels look on the yellow Tiber; then passed the castle with its look of hoary age; then finally we arrived at the piazza of St. Peter's. Descending from our carriages, and passing through the bronzed gate, inside which are stationed the Swiss Guards in their fanciful triple-striped dress of scarlet, yellow and black. After passing through an ante-chamber filled with Papal Chamberlains and other dignitaries, we reached the gallery where the audience was to be held. All the ladies present were in black dress, with long black veils, worn over the head like Spanish mantillas. The gentlemen were garbed in regulation evening dress. Nearly all of us were weighted down with religious articles such as rosaries, medals and holy pictures to be blessed by His Holiness. After a brief pause, at the farther end of the gallery, a brilliant group appeared in the opening. Gradually it came nearer until finally the noble guard, each member of which is a nobleman and wears a tall, crested helmet like an old Roman, fell back and we caught sight of a sturdy figure clad entirely in white. It was impossible to see that slowly-advancing figure, with its imposing surroundings, without being powerfully impressed. Here before our very eyes stood the consecrated head of a hierarchy, which, to quote Lord Macaulay, "can certainly boast of a far longer succession than any dignitary in the world; linking together the two great ages of human civilization." Each one of the pilgrims was then presented to His Holiness, Cardinal Gibbons introducing each one by name. As he approached, his eyes lit up with the fire of charity, his great heart seemed to soften, so gentle, so affectionate was the Pontiff in greeting each pilgrim. Appreciating at a glance the kindliness of his nature and encouraged by his simple demeanor, I petitioned His Holiness for the privilege of exchanging a new zucchetto or small silk skull-cap which I held in my hand for the one he was wearing. In a twinkling and in the sweetest manner possible, he graciously assented and the exchange was there and then made. A rare honor indeed to be put in possession of the first zucchetto worn by Pius X. So thoroughly pleased seemed His Holiness with this the first pilgrimage to Rome to venerate the new Head of the Church, that he passed along, placing his hand on the head of each of the pilgrims and addressing a word or two to them in transit. After again cordially greeting the pilgrims amassed about him, he imposed his special blessing upon his children, as he said, from dear America. Quietly withdrawing between the files of guards, the beloved Pontiff slowly retired to his apartments, followed by the intensest gaze of all present until he had completely disappeared. Doubtless you may now expect that I give you my impression of the Sovereign Pontiff as I saw him. His singularly handsome face seldom loses its accustomed smile. His eyes are singularly expressive, and bespeak now a simplicity bordering on humility, now a pent-up fire and energy. His nature is characterized by a sweetness which compels affection. With such a man as this in the Papal chair the Catholic world may well feel that a good choice has been made. The election, too, redounds to the honor of the Church itself, which once more proves its claim to be the most democratic institution in the world. Here we find the child of humble parents elevated to the highest office within her gift. Let us all join with the rest of the Catholic world in wishing to Pius the Tenth a long pontificate, full of the best fruits to himself, to the world, and to the Church he rules and adorns."

FRANCES RIELLEY.

Xmas on Lake of the Woods: 1735.

(Rev. Father Aulneau, Jesuit Missionary from France, spent the Winter of 1735 at Fort St. Charles, on Lake of the Woods. A memorial cross has been erected on the island where he suffered martyrdom in the Spring of 1736.)

I.

Not in the East but in the West appear'd his star high leading,
And at the sign he quickly rose, and counted not the cost,—
His mother's home, ancestral hall, beheld unmov'd receding;
And name, and fame, and riches all, for Christ's dear sake well lost.

2.

An ocean cross'd—the star led on: he pray'd the Man of Sorrows
To bless his course thro' forest wild, o'er stream, and inland sea:
When long, long months he'd fearless fared, and crav'd no glad to-morrows,
On "Lac du Bois" Fort Charles arose, a house of Bethany!

3.

And midway west as midway east, 'tween ocean deep and ocean,
On Canada's wide bosom gleams—in em'rald woods enshrined—
A diamond rare, whose purest lustre claims our proud devotion,
—Lake of the Woods, from Artist Hand, for artist-eye design'd!

4.

Ah! here, in Autumn's dark'ning blight, he found his pagan brother,
And for that brother's lasting good self-sacrifice he wrought;
But winter's night outliv'd the day, to teach that like that Other,
He came unto his own and they—alas! would know him not.

5.

The year's Sweet Festival drew on; all lone, we see him turning
In thought to home and friends afar, to join once more with them,
Who in the world yet not of it, all gauds and glories spurning,
In spirit with him kept the fast—the feast of Betnlehem.

6.

And here he glad embrac'd the toils, the pains of winter's keeping,
That spring might,—with the fetters cast from Lake, and isle, and tree—
With Gospel light revive and free his Indian brother sleeping;
But spring return'd to consummate his early Calvary.

7.

A Cross triumphant crowns the spot, recalling e'er the story
Of martyrdom whence halo rose—round tree—and isle—and Lake:
While years that go and years that come, increase our Christian glory
In him who liv'd for brother man, and died for Jesu's sake.

IDRIS.

The Shrubberies.

When springtide smiles on sunny earth,
Filling the land with joy and mirth,
A rich profusion feasts my eyes,
Of buds upon the shrubberies.

When summer splendor holds in thrall
Lovers of nature, sweet birds call
On leafy boughs, in ecstasies
Of joy, from verdant shrubberies.

In glorious autumn I behold
A rapturous vision brown and gold!
And warblers wail in threnodies,
As scanter grow the shrubberies.

When all in wintry garb's bedight
With snowy, feathery, flaky white,
In dazzling vista sweetly rise
Before me spotless shrubberies.

Teaching their silent lesson till
We learn that golden gleanings will
Alone, Life's winter, in God's eyes
Make pure as snowy shrubberies.

DOROTHY B.

Years are nothing. They melt silently into the great whole, as a drop in the ocean. It is the sense of continuity we need—the feeling of progression in life and time. If we cannot change tendencies when once established, we can look into ourselves. Introspection is medicinal. We must at times take stock of ourselves and find how our spiritual ledgers balance. The exercise is most wholesome, for, if it does nothing else for us, it will lead us to a great sense of humility. We can gaze back upon the poor accomplishment, the failure, the slip, the loss of moral footing, and the regret that comes from such introspection has a purifying touch.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

ANNA MERLE. JANE GORMAN.

MARY MERLE. MARGARET HENRY.

CAROLINE BABCOCK. MAY HENNESSEY.

FRANCES REILLY.

Subscription price, $1.00 per year, in advance. Address all communications to

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

JANUARY, 1904.

Christmas chimes are pealing, softly pealing; joyous sounds are ringing, ever louder and clearer, ever nearer and nearer, like a sweet-toned benediction falling on the ear. Glad ringers are pulling the ropes, and in one grand swell of melody, Christmas, with its old yet ever new and marvellous mysteries, bursts triumphantly upon the world once more.

Beautiful and right it is that gifts and good wishes should fill the air like snowflakes at Christmas-tide. And beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always "the Year of Our Lord," but the sweetest charm of the gracious Christmas season—one that we could not relinquish without a pang—is the implicit faith of the "little ones" in that wonderful being whose yearly visit brings them so much joy. The magic spell of Santa Claus is dissolved soon enough with the fast fleeting years, the beautiful idol is shattered and trusting hearts lose the glowing charm. The dearest dream of childhood is associated with the morn of the Nativity and it would be an unsympathetic heart that would dispel the illusion. Some day the little, tottering feet, now guarded with so much care, will wander forth into the great work-a-day world, to be lost amid its maze; yet, while memory remains, no matter where they may roam, there loom up, as did the Eastern star of old on the hills of Bethlehem, the childish memories of Christmas shedding their effulgent rays over the wanderer's path, guiding back, if only in thought, to the home of childhood, that is wreathed with the tenderest recollections that the human heart hath ever known. Blessing and blessed is the Christmas Day of our childhood, and blessed that home where the children rejoice, as only innocence can; for the pure of heart and the innocent of hand, are very near to the Babe of Bethlehem.

*

How glorious, how noble and sublime is the devotion that holy Church pays to the Immaculate Mother of God! In the grandest temple of the universe, in presence of the assembled Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops of the world, over the spot where the Prince of the Apostles suffered martyrdom, in the heart of Eternal Rome, surrounded by all the pomp and splendor of the immortal Church of Christ, seated upon the throne of the Popes, gorgeous with the accumulated dignity of ages, with every knee bending, and every eye blessing the prince of one world and the prophet of another, on the eighth day of December, 1854, the majestic figure of the great Pontiff, Pius IX., appeared to the eyes of the world and before the gaze of the generations, past and to come, as he proclaimed *ex cathedra* the consoling, loving, lovable dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Heretofore reason, as well as Faith, taught that the Mother of the Son of God must have been conceived without sin; but henceforth not only "all generations shall call her blessed," but the whole Catholic world must accept the truth of that most beautiful and most rational of all the dogmas of our immortal Faith. The news reverberated among the seven hills and

across the Tiber; the news resounded from the Adriatic eastward to Jordan, from the Pillar of Hercules westward over the Atlantic, around the world; the words flashed back through the ages, forward through the cycles of time; the diapason struck by the Pontiff with the keys of Peter, upon the Rock of Ages, sounded away beyond the starry dome into the region of eternal glory, and the choirs of heaven joined the chorus of the universe.

Turning our gaze to the Immaculate Queen of heaven, may we not picture her Divine Son placing upon her brow the crown of undying glory, and her purity, like a jewel of untold value, glittering, radiating, flashing the scintillations of its perfection and matchless brilliancy upon the chancel of heaven, and, "like the light that left the distant stars ten thousand years ago," stealing through infinite space and lending to frail humanity the less intense but yet wonderful aid of its sheen, to guide the race of man through all the darkness of sin and all the blackness of temptation, safely to God.

Such is the scene that we contemplate upon this golden anniversary, as we join in hymns of jubilation and beg our Immaculate Mother to shed the rays of her maternal love upon our earthly paths and guide us to the home of the blessed that surround her throne in heaven.

*

We rejoice at the success of our sister students at the Institute house in Mauritius, of which our *Correspondent* writes: "Le résultat de nos examens a bien contribué à nous dédommager des peines que nous nous sommes données pour instruire nos enfants, elles ont eu des prix dans toutes les branches. Ce petit succès nous a fait reprendre le travail avec plus d'ardeur à la rentrée du 1er Septembre, après une excellente retraite donnée par un Père Jésuite.

Nous voyons s'accroître le nombre de nos élèves. Le couvent de Curepipe est splendide. Mais qu'est ce en comparaison de votre Academy et des couvents de Lorette dans les autres parties du monde, rien, tout au plus un petit rien, qu'est ce que c'est qu'une petite île, perdue dans un grand océan, visitée par les cyclones, la peste et d'autres maladies. La dernière épidémic était sur les animaux, tous les chevaux, les mules, les boeufs sont morts du Sura; lorsque le moment de faire la coupe est arrivé, il a fallu se servir de tramways pour transporter les cannes aux moulins, et ce n'est pas toujours facile dans une île volcanique et où le sol n'est pas plat. Dieu, qui n'envoie pas la croix sans la faire suivre de la consolation a permis que les cannes fussent magnifiques et que la coupe compensât d'un côté les pertes occasionnées par le Sura."

*

To a wide circle of friends, by whom he was affectionately cherished and esteemed, the death of the Hon. T. V. Welch came with crushing effect and unfeigned sorrow.

The community of which Mr. Welch was so long a part, was richer by his life, and will save itself from being made poorer by his death, only through the cultivation, in its own heart, of the spirit for humanity which moved him from early boyhood when he began to identify himself in manifold ways with the City of the Mighty Cataract, to the hour when nature claimed his tenement for the tomb, that his soul might ascend where suffering and death are forever impossible.

There are deaths that cause little more than a ripple on the vast ocean of life, and there are deaths that stir and trouble it to its very depths. There are some who vanish from the stage of life unwept, unmourned, almost unnoticed. The exits of others leave after them a gloom as deep and hopeless as a breaking heart, were it not for the echoes of their words, which will never die, and their deeds which will never pass away. In the presence of this late bereavement, whilst we lament a loss that cannot be repaired, realizing clearly the Almighty decree, daring not to question the wisdom of Providence, we bow in humble acquiescence to the will of the Sovereign Disposer of events, the Arbiter of life and death.

Peculiarly pathetic, yet beautiful was the coin-

cidence that, at the hour the soul of the dear deceased winged its flight to its Creator, the prayerful strains of the hymn—"Ave Maria Loreto"—the words of which he wrote and dedicated to the students of this Loretto—rose to the Queen of Heaven, as if in last farewell to the "sounding deeps" that now chant his eternal requiem.

Loretto's wreath of immortelles for the memory of her friend—and rest for his soul! If heavenly recompense is the sweet reward of a noble life, with rectitude for its guiding star, to him is given the crown prepared for all who, in singleness of heart, seek to know the path of duty, and walk in it.

*

The Christmas number of Benziger's Magazine contains much that is extremely interesting. Grace Keon contributes a sketch of life in New York City on Christmas Eve, entitled "With My Own People." It is novel and out of the ordinary. "The Nativity in Modern Art," with eight illustrations from paintings by modern artists, makes fine reading, as does also "Logging and Lumbering" and "The City of Good Tidings," both well illustrated. "The Angel of Old Memories," by R. M. Hild, is, as the author calls it, "a pastel in prose," dainty, tender, artistic. "The Courtship of Juliet," by Hillard M. Ross, and "The Buckler of Patience," by Eugénie Uhlrich, are bright Christmas stories. The "Storiettes," too, are exceptionally readable, as the titles will indicate: "A Modern Christmas Miracle," "A Second Daniel Come to Judgment," and "The Christmas Man." The second instalment of Mrs. Sadlier's story, "The Red Inn of St. Lyphar," sustains the interest excited by the opening chapters. "Christmas Brothers," by Dr. J. H. S. Menton, is the long story in this number, full of the Christmas spirit. The double-page picture of the Nativity is beautiful. All the departments are complete as usual, and "The Woman's Realm" is full of interesting hints for Christmas to women readers. The subscription price of Benziger's Magazine is $2.00 a year. It makes a welcome Christmas gift.

We have received from Benziger Bros., New York, "Christian Apologetics," by Rev. W. Devivier, S. J., edited by Rt. Rev. S. G. Messmer, D. D., D. C. L. Bishop Messmer has a keen eye for a good book. The fact that he considers a book worth his time and labor is a sufficient guarantee that it is well worth reading. His edition of "Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine" is a most valuable addition to our slender stock of works on a most important branch of pastoral theology. This time he has selected a work in the field of Apologetics. The French original has received high praise from many bishops in France, and has gained a still stronger recommendation as a popular manual by passing through twelve editions, during the fifteen years since it was first published. It differs from such works in points where its purpose as a popular work makes a change necessary—it avoids most of the questions which are of interest only to trained theologians—the style has more freedom and literary tone; it devotes more space to the development of the goodness and beauty of Christianity, to arguments which affect the will as well as the intellect, and which are consequently of the greatest practical value for apologetic purposes.

Father Devivier displays an intimate knowledge of modern difficulties, and the literature on religio-scientific questions, especially in French, and many points are admirably handled when one considers the brief space in which he had to treat them. But the most satisfactory part of the book is the section which refers to the defense of Christian and Catholic faith. The whole treatise occupies about six hundred pages. Of this one-fourth is given to introductory questions and Old Testament problems, one-fourth to the Gospels and Christian evidences, and about the same space again to Catholic apologetics. The remaining quarter is devoted to defense of the Church against certain accusations that have been brought forward, such as the charge of persecution, the Inquisition, the Galileo affair, bad Popes, &c., and to a brief but effective treatment of the work of the Church in reforming morals, spreading civili-



MADONNA OF THE HARPIES. *Andrea del Sarto*



THE SORROWFUL VIRGIN. *Carlo Dolce.*

zation, and improving the well-being of mankind, especially of the downtrodden and the weak.

But far and away the best thing in the book, as we have it before us, is Bishop Messmer's own contribution to it, in the shape of references to literature in English on the subjects treated. The amount of labor these references must have cost him none but a student can estimate, as none but a student can recognize their value. He gives in introduction eight pages of references to nearly three hundred authors, all accessible in English. And every section of the book is enriched with numerous and very definite references to chapter or page of books, to articles in magazines, authoritative documents, &c. It is a remarkable display of practical erudition and painstaking scholarship. If the work were next to worthless in itself, it would be made of great value to the Catholic student by these references.

*

"The Beginnings of Christianity," by Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D., J. U. L., professor of Church History in the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., is published by the same firm. The studies and discourses that are herein offered to the public, deal with some general conditions of Christian life in the first three centuries of our era. Though already printed, at intervals and amid the pressure of grave academic duties, a certain unity of doctrine, purpose, and interest will not be found wanting to their collection as a series. In one way or another, they illustrate certain phases and circumstances of those wonderful centuries before Constantine the Great, when the constitution and the institutions of the new religious society were developing on all sides within the vast Empire of Rome. The teachings of Jesus Christ were the pure, sweet leaven that permeated the decaying and unhappy society of antiquity, saved from its mass of corruption some germs of goodness and truth, of beauty and justice, and strengthened the State against those shocks that would otherwise have reduced it to primeval barbarism. A perennial charm must therefore attach to any narrative of the problems and vicissitudes of this era. This is particularly true of the sufferings of the infant churches, and the social changes their rapid growth could not fail to work in the Roman society that seemed to contain them, but of which, unknown to it, they were themselves the containing and sustaining soul, according to an admirable saying of the anonymous author of the Letter to Diognetus.

*

"What The Church Teaches," by Rev. Edwin Drury, Missionary Priest, published by Benziger Bros. Father Drury was induced to write this little book by the fact that, during several years, while engaged in preaching to non-Catholics and mixed audiences, he was frequently met with the question, What does the Catholic Church teach? To answer it with any degree of completeness, and sufficient explicitness to give a clear idea to the uninformed or misinformed mind, is scarcely practicable in a lecture or even in a series of lectures. The author hopes that the answer given in these pages may prove more satisfactory and salutary to earnest inquirers.

Father Drury sets forth briefly and clearly what the Church teaches, in such a manner that the Christian doctrines which are still held and believed by many non-Catholics may appear in their proper setting. He aims to show the Church in her relations to the individual soul, and to stimulate and assist conscientious inquiry after the true and only way of salvation established by Jesus Christ.

The Right Rev. John L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, in an Introduction to the book, says: "In writing 'What the Church Teaches,' Father Drury has undertaken an important and useful task, and he has performed it well. He gives his readers the essentials of Catholic doctrine in a clear, direct, and simple style; while, in many instances, he furnishes the ground for belief, and replies to the most obvious objections.

The spirit of piety and zeal breathes through the volume. There is not a word in it which should give offence to even the most sensitive; and no one can study its pages without being im-

pressed by the candid and kindly temper of the author.

We know of no other book in which the doctrines of the Catholic Church are so satisfactorily and, at the same time, so briefly set forth."

*

An art reproduction in colors of a painting of Pope Pius X., made after the original portrait of John F. Kaufman, and for sale at Benziger Bros., will make an appropriate Christmas or New Year's gift.

This reproduction of Mr. Kaufman's painting of the Holy Father, is an exact likeness reproduced to the life in the highest style of art by a new and surprisingly effective process, which preserves all the values of the original.

Mr. Kaufman, the first artist in this country to paint a portrait of Pope Pius X., comes from a family of artists and Catholics, two brothers and an uncle being painters, and two sisters members of a religious community. He has reason to congratulate himself particularly on two events in his art life, for he has had the good fortune to enter the studio of the great Gérôme, and, before he was twenty, to paint a picture that was accepted by the Paris Salon.

*

"Hearts of Gold," by I. Edhor, published by Benziger Bros., is a charming tale that will leave its reader the better for knowing its heroine, her simplicity, her tenderness, and her heart of gold.

Ruth Walden, a young and beautiful girl, is sent by her step-sister to an aunt in the suburbs, in order that she may recover her health, which has been undermined by her winter's work. While here she meets the assessor, Helldar, a young man of good family, who asks her to marry him. Thinking that she cares for him, Ruth consents, rejoicing also that, once she is Helldar's wife, she can help her beloved sister, who has made so many sacrifices for her. Her lover would have heaped gifts upon her, but Ruth's independent spirit could not permit this, and her continued refusal causes their estrangement. The head forester, Lothair von Aldenhofer, loves her very dearly, and though Ruth, mindful of the sanctity of a betrothal promise, tolerates Helldar's almost cruel treatment, she is not sorry to be finally released from her engagement—not alone because she feels that Helldar does not love her, but because of her own repressed affection for the head forester. Before her new engagement is announced, Helldar is accused of murdering his little nephew. When every one deserts him, Ruth, with the consent of Lothair, goes to him, resolved to show him, even though it break her heart, that she will be true, when those to whom he has been far kinder will have no more to do with him. The climax fully carries out the beauty of the plot.

*

"Carroll Dare," by Mary T. Waggaman, is a beautifully-told tale, in which the author combines the finished skill of a master with descriptions truly poetical.

It was on a day in June, in the threatening times of the Revolutionary War in France, that young Carroll Dare, the master of Manor Dare, hears news that his sister Elinor, Countess of Montfort, is in danger from her enemies, and that she is lost if none will go to her succor. Her husband has been murdered, and she and her little son are in the power of those who hate them both. Carroll Dare sets out for France at once, but there are those awaiting his arrival who mean him harm. He is waylaid and almost murdered. But through webs and witcheries and plots and perils he finally finds his way to his sister's side and brings her back in triumph.

It is a truly thrilling story, with the dash of horses and the clash of swords on every page, told so vividly that the blood tingles with the reading. One follows the hero breathlessly, into danger and out again. The book, which is in the writer's best vein, is all too short.

*

From the Hornsby house of the Institute Mother-General writes: This is a beautiful place. I shall begin my description of it with the Sky,

which is a lovely shade of blue—not very dark, as in Spain—becoming gradually paler as it nears the horizon. Around the convent, the bush extends as far as the eye can reach—a dark green color. Its silence and stillness are characteristic. I have taken some very pretty stereoscope pictures, which will give you an idea of what I see every day. Part of the convent grounds is still uncleared, so that a five minutes' walk takes us to the bush. The gullies are most picturesque, and afford the nuns and pupils some practice in climbing. The children have named a few of them, "Loretto Lake,"—in which I saw no water —"St. Patrick's Glen," "Little Gully," &c. There is clear evidence that Australia was once under water, in the sand and various shells that are frequently seen around.

I have not heard voices of birds in the bush, except once. This is not the season for snakes, for which I am not sorry. Near the house I hear many birds singing and chirping. Of course, the sparrow is here, in numbers. One bird sings like our thrush, but it is smaller. The laughing jackasses were laughing away one morning. I have not seen any of the smaller wild animals yet. One of the children asked her father to bring me an *opossum*, he promised, if he can get it, if not, he will bring a kangaroo rat.

There are quantities of wild flowers. In the convent garden roses are always in bloom—and such lovely ones. There is a long bed of violets, I have never seen so many, and they are as sweet as ours, but not so retiring as "Irish Violets." They hold up their heads well—that reminds me that Mrs. Maguo praised the manner in which the girls held their heads at the gymnastic competition. You can realize how delighted I was with the success at the *Feis*, also at the University. But, I wonder, is all this keen competition good for the pupils. Is there danger of merely trying to rival others, and is the attaining of excellence for other reasons lost sight of? It is a matter for reflection. Then, too, at the *Feis*, our pupils had to compete with professionals—a continuance of that kind of competition may be too great a strain on the young people. Emulation is very good, but a very keen competition may not be.

There was a grand Requiem for Pope Leo in the Sydney cathedral. The Archbishop, Dr. Kelly, our kind friend, notified us that he had reserved seats for the nuns. All the religious orders were represented. The church was packed. Thousands of people had to go away for want of room, though the edifice holds seven thousand. Cherubini's Requiem was sung, accompanied by a full orchestra. I assure you, the people of Sydney have artistic taste.

Sydney harbor is very beautiful. Look at it on a good map, and note the "ins" and "outs," if I may thus call the indentations in the coast. It is surprising to see the almost unbroken coast outside the harbor; the very broken coast line inside. There is a fine view from the balcony of the convent in North Sydney. One sees the whole harbor, always so deep that the ships can anchor at the quays. On Saturday, at noon, the "Mail Steamer" leaves, and we get glimpses of those who say farewell and of the passengers on board waving their handkerchiefs in return.

Cardinal Moran meant to come here, but caught cold and was unable to leave his house, so he invited us to pay him a visit. His Eminence lives at Mamy, a beautiful spot, and the Seminary is close by. He showed us all his relics, of which I have already written, then asked us to go through the Seminary, after he had notified Father McDermott to expect us. The kind Father left nothing undone to make the visit pleasant. He took us to the tower, which commands a magnificent view of the bay and of the shores of the Pacific.

His Eminence gave us four photos of the grand procession of the Blessed Sacrament at Marley, in the Seminary grounds. There were thirteen thousand persons present, and the procession was seen and the music heard for miles around.

There is one plant here in the bush—the sarsaparilla—that is beautiful for decoration. It is a climbing plant and may be gathered all the year round. The blossom is insignificant, but the

leaves are pretty. I shall take a photo of some branches of it to show you. All the people here love flowers and have them everywhere. The wild flowers are almost lovelier than the garden ones. A blossom grows through the grass, which makes the ground look as if it were carpeted. The colors are pink, yellow, and blue. It is about the size of the marshmallow. Do I say too much of the flowers? I am very pleased that some of the girls took botany as the subject for their third year science, and am sorry it was not taken by all, but, I think, as we went to much expense for the laboratories, it was well to continue chemistry."

Our Indian *Correspondent* writes of the success of the pupils who went in for "First Arts" and "B. A." "The same children do not go up for examination every year, as in some places. Those who are in the 4th Standard go for the "Primary," those in the 7th Standard for "Middle School," and about two years later for "High School."

Our work in India seems very much the same as elsewhere, except where it is solely among natives and exempt from Government Inspection. Probably next year the mission in the Sunderbunds will be opened. His Grace seems to take special interest in the native missions, and did I know the different dialects spoken. I should like to work among those poor people. Here in Calcutta there is an immense amount to be accomplished, only the immediate good done to souls is not so visible. Boro Bazaae is about the poorest district, and, consequently, the number of children attending the free school is very large. At Darjeeling the nuns have opened a native school. M. M. Teresa has charge of it, so she must be perfectly happy at being able to follow her particular attraction."

*

The *Portsmouth Star* chronicled a charming southern bridal, for which we had received cards, on St. Catharine's Day, as follows:

"One of the most brilliant social events of the season was the wedding of Miss Lucy Murchison Wright and Mr. Reginald Weathersby Hatcher, of Milledgeville, Ga., which took place in St. Paul's Church.

The popularity and prominence of both bride and groom made the occasion one of great interest not only here but in Georgia, and especially Wilmington, N. C., where Miss Wright spent the earlier part of her life.

The sanctuary and altar were elaborately decorated with palms and quantities of southern smilax. Hundreds of lights beamed effectively on the bridal party as they circled around the altar, which was converted into a veritable bower of white chrysanthemums and carnations, lending their loveliness and fragrance to the beauty of the scene."

Fondest memories of dear Lucy's schooldays linger in this Loretto. Her teachers extend, through the columns of the RAINBOW, many heartfelt good wishes, and pray that her path may be as rose-strewn as their dearest wishes would make it.

*

We have learned with profound sorrow the sad affliction that has fallen upon the family of the late Senator Andrew J. O'Connor, of La Salle, Ill., in the death of a devoted and truly Christian mother—the personification of Catholic womanhood.

Mary Isabella Duncan was graduated from this Loretto in 1874. "She was," writes one of her teachers, "a model pupil in every particular. Never did she retire without having her rosary twined around her arm, and, at the first tinkle of the morning bell, the loved beads and scapulars were pressed to her lips. Many thought the faultless young girl, whose progress in virtue kept pace with her advancement in learning, destined for the cloister, but God had other fields of labor for the faithful worker.

After her marriage, Mrs. A. J. O'Connor came direct to the Falls and placed her bridal veil and wreath on the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the oratory of the Children of Mary. Years of married life and household duties did not prevent her from generously remembering the shrine of her early days and keeping up a constant correspondence with her teachers, to whom her love and de-

votion, her loyalty—a loyalty which never faltered—was manifest on many occasions.

The example of Mrs. O'Connor's life will be one of the treasured memories of her Alma Mater."

In Ancient Bethlehem.

The air is bitter from the moor,
The frosty stars are bright,
And there is not a friendly door
In Bethlehem to-night!
Our Lady rides a humble beast,
Our Lady fair and fine,
As if of souls the very least
She, of King David's line.

Her robe and shoon of hyacinth blue
Her veil and tunic white,
May not conceal the beauties true
That shine like stars thro' night;
A being God Himself hath planned,
Where mind with soul agrees;
The richest gem of sea or land,
The Flower of Centuries!

Her teeth are like the dainty pearls
Which ocean caves supply;
Her hair in waving golden curls
She hideth carefully.
Her eyes are like the eyes of doves
By whispering summer streams,
More fair is she than aught that moves,
More sweet than angel dreams!

Her gentle body chill and faint,
Her tongue hath failed to speak,
No whiter can the frost-breath paint
The liles on her cheek.
Her patient eyes are angel calm
Though soft tears drop adown;
For her, is neither food nor balm
To-night in Bethlehem town.

Poor, weary Joseph feels at last
The world has closed its doors.
Where seek them shelter from the blast,
And beasts that prowl the moors?
They reach a cave, in darkness drear!
With gratitude profound,
God's angels with them enter here—
'Tis consecrated ground!

And in the lonely noon of night
The Christ-Child comes to earth,
A glorious star sends jeweled light,
And angels chant His birth!
The purple, 'neath the starry dome,
Their wings are cleaving free,
The host of herald angels come
With song of mystery!

The lonely shepherds on the lea
Behold the gorgeous sight!
They hear the heavenly melody,
And faint in their affright.
Now "Glory be to God on High
And peace on earth to men!"
Resounds beneath the midnight sky
And glides o'er field and fen.

Hosanna's ring! With magic string
They touch their harps of gold,
And strains immortal voices sing
Re-echo o'er the wold.
Then angels bid the shepherds rise
And speed the way afar,
To worship Juda's King who lies
Where leads the blessed star.

They find Him in the manger here,
This Babe of great degree,
And patient kine are standing near
And gazing tenderly;
The straying sheep hath shelter given
Where God's Beloved sleeps,
And Mary looks from Him to heaven
She softly prays and weeps.

The golden tendrils of her hair
Creep forth most lovingly
Upon her brow so saintly fair,
O Mother blest is she!
Now world of vain and empty pride
Forget your treasured hoard;
Creep humbly to the manger side
To greet your Living Lord.

AGNES SHALLOE.

Books are a blessing when used, and a bane when abused. Literature influences our lives in a marked degree, although we may not know just how it is so. Read with discrimination and judgment. If the soul is purified with good books, the life is also enriched.

A Golden Anniversary.

THE Feast of the Immaculate Conception, a day of exultant joy that sets Mary's children singing in their hearts, as Father Faber expresses it, found us rejoicing before her shrine, to which those especially consecrated to her, brought fragrant tribute of love, thus transforming her altar into a veritable bower of rarest blossoms.

The Mass rendered on the occasion was by G. Curto, and sung chorally was most effective. The beautiful and very appropriate "Tota Pulchra," reserved for the Offertory, is an exquisite setting of this well-known hymn, dedicated to the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Loretto Abbey, Toronto, by the composer, the Chevalier Giuseppe Ferrata, Mus. Doc., who is already in the front rank of our most promising young composers, and whose works include several written in the highest musical form. Speaking of *Akrimanae,* a dramatic opera in four acts, Victor Herbert, Director of the Pittsburg Orchestra, says: "The work is full of beautiful themes and scenes, and should certainly score a great success at its forthcoming production in Italy."

One of the first official documents which our Holy Father Pius X. signed was that confirming Cardinal Ferrata, who is an uncle of Dr. Ferrata, in his appointment by Pope Leo XIII., in conjunction with Cardinals Vannutelli, Rampolla and Vives y Tuto, as a Commission to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Immaculate Conception.

This beautiful feast was commemorated in our chapel by the always impressive and inspiring ceremony of First Communion—Cecilia Merle and Eleanor Lilley being the privileged ones whose young hearts were to become the very home and shrine of that Presence whom the angels are not worthy to receive.

Mr. and Mrs. Merle, who had journeyed from Chicago to be present at this loveliest of religious functions, knelt in the midst of their five daughters—four of whom the latter had seen approach the Holy Table for the first time in this little sanctuary—to witness the untold happiness of "baby" Cecilia, as she was called, and crown the joy that only a First Communion day can know. Mr. and Mrs. Lilley were also present.

As the little ones advanced to the sanctuary steps accompanied by their maids of honor, Rita Coffey and Marion Scully, Maud Merle sang the exquisite "O Cor Amoris" in a voice full of pathos and tenderness—another memory to enshrine in this "day of days."

The sermon at once eloquent and instructive, by Rev. A. F. Smits, O. C. C., New Baltimore, Pa., appealed to every heart, and elicited that highest of encomiums from a member of the congregation—"That Father practises what he preaches." What could be added to such praise!

In the evening, before benediction, Cecilia and Eleanor renewed their baptismal vows—fitting close to a glorious feast—one of the brightest flowers that bloom amid winter's snows, and lend a gladdening influence to our lives.

A Child of Mary.

"In the Mart."

THROUGH brake and fen, over mountain and valley, our cheeks fanned by the invigorating sea breezes that in mere playfulness dash the spray on the fair strand of the Emerald Isle, our very *souls* drinking in the grandeur of Ireland's pure atmosphere—it is thus we learn the true beauty of Irish life and character, through the grand productions of Father Sheehan.

As in all his poems is found the essence of true genius, so likewise in his sublime production, "In the Mart," we find the power of the poet to produce in his readers a marvellous elevation.

During our perusal of "In the Mart," we are wrapt as in a dream; living with the poet, thinking his thoughts and seeing God's beauty as he does—reflected in each brooklet and "mirrored" lake. The principle on which the poem is founded is the difference between sensual and mental pleasures and their respective reward. This subject Father Sheehan has developed to the highest possible point of beauty, and, with his wonderful and masterly power, leads his readers up to the Beatific Vision.

He first introduces us into what he chooses as a representative of the world in general, a market place filled with greedy merchants whose only aim and whose only ambition is gold, gold, gold! Amidst the daily clamor for it in the mart a poet stands idly by, watching the "slaves bent low"—the men so horrible in their rapaciousness.

Having discovered a stranger watching them in their toil, they rudely inquire his name. But

the poet repelled by the sickening sight, wearily turns aside, having readily detected "the greed that looked out from every face," and, wondering at the fetters that bound such creatures to such a god; a god of intrinsic value alone, whom they had allowed even to transform their hearts into heavy "lumps" of the yellow metal.

Immediately they require him to show his merchandise, and join the noisy sales, but he quietly tells them he has but songs of birds and Nature. They insist on his singing these, and when finished, he is made the object of their ridicule and scorn, and they drive him from the mart.

But the poet, ah, *he,* as he strolls from the city, his singing answered by the voices of all nature's children, *he* is enveloped in a cloud and his *soul* soars high—yet higher—until he sees before him God's face! And the merchants slept in the dusty street, *their* hearts were "lumps" of earth, and their *souls,* alas, for *what* had they pawned them?

With what characteristic elegance does Father Sheehan develop the splendid moral lesson of "In the Mart!" The power of the words, "greed looked out from every face," and the weight of the poet's sarcasm when he thus addresses the merchants around him,—"I have nought *you* would value," plainly show that these creatures of the world are so enwrapt in their gold that they forget all else and neglect to remember in praise and thanksgiving their Creator—the Mighty Giver of the wealth.

We soon realize that our author is a true lover of nature and well acquainted with the tiniest flowers that blossom. Little wonder he calls forth from us exclamations of purest delight when we read "a melody soft as the soft spring winds, when the lambs do leap and the violets blow,"—only a description of springtime it is true, but in what delicacy of expression has he chosen to clothe it!

He calls chivalry the age when "men were men," not "slaves bent low o'er the dust of the golden alchemy," and in vain may we search for a prettier comparison than that of a "shy and low valley" to "a child that hides the sweets of her face, and the amber glow

Of her hair where the glint of the sunbeam bides."

In what language does he place before us the red and bloody horrors of war, saying: "The red, red rain dripped from the clouds!"

Without doubt the most powerful expression of the whole poem is the one in which he describes the merchants as being left in their lust,—"Their lids were red from the *poppied* gold" and then do we discover the suggestive "lump" into which each heart had been turned.

The sublime passage representing the poet as a chosen one of God, reads thus: "A cloud swooped down and clothed him in the pure white robes of God's elect."

"His tongue was silent; and his eyes grew dim
Tho' he stood 'fore the face of God, erect!"

Well has Father Sheehan succeeded in his object—that which should be the aim of every poet—to enable us to see the spirituality of his poem, guiding us to a real conception of the life in the spiritual atmosphere until we, too, like himself, shall, as a reward, behold the face of our Heavenly Father.

In ecstasy we may read and re-read "In the Mart," ever finding hidden beauties, ever realizing more and more the danger which we encounter in the daily human strife for gold, ever being filled with a greater desire to attain that end for which we are striving. Has it not taught us a priceless lesson? Oh, yes. *Now,* we can discern the soul as it really is—the poet-soul that sees God's image everywhere, and for whom the ideal in everything stands revealed.

Thus may we, with the holy, noble sentiments of Father Sheehan impressed deeply upon our hearts, hope to receive our reward as the poet who sees the ideal in everything in this life on earth will be rewarded with a revelation of the One Highest of All Ideals, His Supreme Maker!

Lola A. Beers.

Erin's Rising Star.

A STAR has arisen in the Emerald Isle and from its bright place in the firmament sheds its soft radiance far over seas, illuminating darkness, and, by its steady light, safely guiding men in the path whose terminus is God. It is thus that Father Sheehan, preëminently placed in the literary world, communicates his wondrous influence. Doubly endowed by the Muse, he soars to the sweetest realms of poesy, stealing his way into the inmost recesses of the human heart, to reawaken there that which is noblest and deepest. Underlying the sweetness and minor strains of these his "threnodies" is a strong undercurrent of healthy, vigorous thought,

which carries with it a power which comes from truth alone. Responsive to Nature's slightest appeal, recognizing her in all her moods, he never forgets the Creator. Even in his wild love for the sea, so evident in his poems, he never loses sight of the Magic Hand that holds in sway its mighty waters. Though keenly alive to nature, it does not eliminate his love and interest for humanity; he seems to have devined all the calms and storms of life, so delicately does he touch on these, the Hidden, treating them, not with sentimentality, but with sound philosophy. In his novels, with marvellous insight, he depicts human nature, creating characters who stand out vividly before us, and at the mention of whose names our hearts bound in recognition of an old friend. But he goes farther, he describes most minutely the inner struggles of the human mind and the human heart. It is here that he excels. In his masterpiece, "The Triumph of Failure," as he recounts the dreadful war waged so unrelentlessly by Geoffrey Austin's pride of intellect against the voices of his soul, his deep love for the classic philosophers, rendering him unresponsive to the greater beauties of the Book of Truth, the deep abyss of darkness and waverings into which his soul was so long plunged before it awakened to the consoling knowledge of its Creator, displays to advantage the great philosophical mind of the writer.

A broad-minded, unprejudiced non-Catholic, after the careful perusal of such a book as "The Triumph of Failure," could scarcely fail to see that after all, there must be something in such a religion about which he has long held such erroneous ideas; while what varied emotions of pride and shame must surge up in the bosom of a Catholic! Pride, to think that such a Faith has been the Divine Giver's bestowal upon him, and shame, deep and remorseful, for the many times he has abused this gift. But apart from these considerations, it is a powerful incentive not to wait for years to bring "the philosophic mind," which teaches the possessor to rise above and triumph over seeming failure. In Father Sheehan's other works, "Geoffrey Austin," which precedes "The Triumph of Failure," and "My New Curate," which follows, we have novels which, from their well-laid plots and keen interest, possess rare literary merit that assures for them undisputed place in the "Literature of all time." His scenes are portrayed with all the feeling of a dramatist, and his descriptions of nature are drawn with artist-like skill. But it is in his literary and philosophical reflections, "Under the Cedars and the Stars," that Father Sheehan reveals himself, as he touches on all the varied vicissitudes of nature. Here, as in his poems, he revels in the grandeur and power of the sea, the waves of which, seem to carry with every undulation a minor strain of "threnodies"—to use again his oft-repeated word. In his poems, and not unfrequently in his reflections, we can detect a faint undertone of sadness, not the melancholy and sadness of the pessimist, which we might far better designate moroseness, but the melancholy which breathes of seriousness and brings with it the "Meditative mind whose saintly visage is too bright to hit the sense of human sight."

As we view with pride those bright ages, before the conqueror's hand had swept from Erin's soil its human monuments, whose mighty intellects soared to the highest realms of knowledge and retained souls unsullied, we are filled with veneration undefinable, which loses none of its fervour as we near the present, and we see looming up before us a Light, which cannot be eclipsed by the world's greatest. With a love of nature more genuine than Shelley's, discrimination in the delineation of character that suggests a Shakespeare, and a religiousness that surpasses the Brownings', Father Sheehan, revealing in his works a personality charming in its essence, may rightly take his place among the Living Great.

So we gladly hail the Star across the sea, which has risen in the firmament of the Emerald Isle.

IRENE NESBITT.

Reflections on "The Dreaded Dawn."

WHAT could be a greater favorite with all lovers of chaste, refined, and sweet poetry than this little acknowledgment of Father Sheehan's literary merit. We gathered from our delightful perusal of it the facts of a sweet little story, the substance of which disclosed the close, confiding companionship of two comrades, one in the white winter of his age, and one in her budding springtime. The story is enacted on the seashore, where the two, the young and the old, pace together in sweet oblivion of the rest of the world. He enjoys her innocence and prays fervently for its lasting duration. He hopes as she artlessly plays with the seashells and exclaims at the billows and the sea roar that it might be



THE HOLY FAMILY.



Ittenbach.

THE DIVINE CHILD CONTEMPLATES HIS SORROWS IN PASSION FLOWER.

thus forever, but as night closes she grows thoughtful and moody and looks *beyond* the dashing waves, and he fears that the young girl's soul is awakened from its sleep of innocence, and, in the hope of hushing it, he bids her notice the charms of night and daring—though fearing—to meet her gaze, he sees the shining lights of the woman's soul in the eyes that were soft and mild as a fawn's, and thus was "face to face with *the dreaded dawn.*"

We infer that the author himself was drawing from experience and his verse echoes the same sentiments and breathes of the piety which animated his life, whilst his prayer for her prolonged innocence is an instance of his truly Christian spirit. The story is written in a simple, unpretentious, yet pleasing style, and the train of elevated thought throughout is the best feature. The stanzas abound in beautiful figures, he terms himself "Winter" and her "May," and their interlocking hands, "The heart of a rose in its withered leaves," her soft pink ears, "shells." He calls the close of night "the hooded eve," and what a lovely line is her troubled glance "O'er the purple wastes of the summer sea." Every sentiment concerning her, so gentle and beautiful, is expressed in terms of greatest elegance and harmony, and in what a happy strain is the first verse written:—

"Ismene! We walked the sands together,
And I was Winter and you were May:
But our love of the sea broke Time asunder,
Made summer for both that happy day."

We imagine her awe and reverence for him, therefore, do not wonder that he did not wish the charming spell of his Ismene's guilelessness to be broken, and he reveals his saintly regard for her innocent childhood by the lines—

"I wonder do angels play with shells,
Do they start at the leap of the sea's long roar."

We imagine he had seen and experienced his share of the strife and dreaded the startled opening of her eyes to the world's vanities, as he tells us that her ears "had heard but the notes that slip from the skies." She did not fade entirely at her death, he seems to hold her memory so tenderly that we almost picture her as his ministering angel.

We can compare her dawn of maturity to the unfolding of a lily, spotless and white, and to that highest emblem of perfect womanhood, the Mother of God, whose unequalled virtues, we know, brougnt her premature womanhood. Although the tendency of the age is to deplore the demise of girlhood, we find a staunch advocate in the person of Ruskin, who calls her influence "queenly power"—and to what an office and dignity has he raised her! So, instead of the adverse theory of the generality of persons to regard such little women as prudish and old-fashioned, we find a learned man stooping to deliver a lecture on the value and demand for sweet, womanly attributes, and regarding her step from girlhood to womanhood as a period open to finest instincts and emotions. But in spite of all this, there is something pathetic in the responsibilities and earnestness which characterize this stage, and we conclude that—

"A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night:
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be."

KATE SHIRLEY.

A Glimpse into One of the Towns Along the Atlantic Coast.

AMONG the many beautiful spots along the Atlantic coast, the nature lover finds considerable interest in the quaint little peninsula of Nahant, in old New England, which was formerly an island with a stretch of sand-bar, about three miles in length, leading into the city of Lynn, and visible only at low tide.

In the time of the Pilgrims, this island was sold by an Indian for a suit of clothes, and now, the sand-bar being elevated, it is changed to a peninsula.

Let us pass around the town on to the cliffs—but first we will wander through the estate of one of our well-known Senators, who has opened it to the public to display the wonders of God's generosity. Stepping inside the great gate of foliage, we meet the "Twelve Apostles," a beautiful tree, every branch of which is in itself as large as a full grown tree, spreading out in various directions. A little farther on are the "Three Disciples," of smaller size, but large, indeed, in its solemn weeping willows.

Continuing our path, we leave the avenue and trace our way to the cliffs. Here we see project-

ing over the waves a huge rock, bearing the lines and colors of age, called the Pulpit—lacking only the preacher—under it the Black Cave, into which the rushing waters dash with such force that they seem angry enough to snatch everything that comes within their reach. Our path to a projecting point of the Cave is about two feet wide, on our left are flower beds and many signs of cultivation, on our right the wild, restless sea, foaming and billowy.

Let us rest awhile opposite the white lighthouse, and watch the sunbeams dancing on the water and playing with the white caps, and the fishing smacks sailing up and down the harbor, with a man in the rigging keenly observing the disturbance of the water, prepared to give the signal for the nets to be drawn up, filled with shoals of fish.

It is becoming warm now, so, wending our way over the rocks, we find ourselves out on a sandy beach where all is still except for the noise of the waves breaking on the sand. Although somewhat fatigued, we ascend forty steps and come out on the road leading to what was once the pretty little home of Longfellow, who was greatly attached to Nahant. It was from the piazza of his cottage that he looked out upon the splendid sunsets across the shining bay and wrote those lines so familiar to us all:

"O curfew of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!
From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted,
Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!
Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!"

Some of his sonnets, too, are full of allusions to the voices and the beauties of the ocean, which we all know and feel, and which the poet has put for us into the words of golden verse:

"The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide
I heard the first wave of the rising tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep;
A voice out of the silence of the deep,
A sound mysteriously multiplied
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep!

O summer day beside the joyous sea!
O summer day so wonderful and white,
So full of gladness and so full of pain!
Forever and forever shalt thou be
To some the gravestone of a dead delight,
To some the landmark of a new domain."

And yet again in the description of a scene as beautiful as it is familiar, although we gaze upon it so often with unthinking eyes:

"I saw the long line of the vacant shore,
The seaweed and the shells upon the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more,
Then heard I, more distinctly than before,
The ocean breathe and its great breast expand,
And hurrying came on the defenceless land,
The insurgent water with tumultuous roar."

But Longfellow was not the only poet to whom Nahant appealed, although he is more identified with it than any other. Dr. Holmes came here occasionally until he fixed his home upon the North Shore, and not only admired the town but regarded it with the affection which all men of his time felt for the place because it was associated with the memories of youth when it was at the height of its glory. Dr. Holmes did not forget Nahant in his verse, for in the poem telling the story of Agnes Surriage, he wrote:

"Nahant thrusts outward through the waves
Her arm of yellow sand,
And breaks the roaring surge that braves
The gauntlet on her hand;
With eddying whirl the waters lock
Yon treeless mound forlorn,
The sharp-winged seafowl's breeding rock,
That fronts the Spouting Horn."

It is to Whittier, however, who loved every corner of the old Puritan county, that we owe some of the best verses written about Nahant.

"Nahant, thy beach is beautful!—
A dim line through the tossing waves,
Along whose verge the spectre gull
Her thin and snowy plumage laves—
What time the summer's greenness lingers
Within thy sunned and sheltered nooks,
And the green vine with twining fingers
Creeps up and down thy hanging rocks!
Around—the blue and level main—
Above—a sunshine rich, as fell,

Bright'ning of old, with golden rain,
The isle Apollo loved so well!—
And far off, dim and beautiful
The snow-white sails and graceful hull,
Slow, lipping to the billow's swell.
Bright spot!—the isles of Greece may share
The flowery earth—the gentle air—
The orange bough may blossom well
In warm Bermuda's sunniest dell—
But fairer shores and brighter waters,
Gazed on by purer, lovelier daughters,
Beneath the light of kindlier skies,
The wanderer to the farthest bound
Of peopled Earth hath never found
Than thine—New England's Paradise!"

MAY HENNESSEY.

St. Catharine's Day.

EXPECTATION had been heightened for weeks by the elaborate preparation made for the celebration of the feast of our glorious patroness, and certainly anticipation was more than justified, for the entertainment was the most pretentious effort that the members of the S. C. L. had yet essayed.

A dramatic reading of "The Merchant of Venice," by Miss Freeman—a former pupil, and loyal member of St. Catharine's Literary Club—who had been sojourning with us for some weeks, was the special feature of the programme.

To know Shakespeare, it has been said, to render his masterpieces in a sincere, consistent, and intelligent manner, and to invest the performance with a true Shakespearean atmosphere, is in itself to have a liberal education. This truth was strikingly exemplified on the evening of Wednesday, the twenty-fifth, and, I may add, renewed enthusiasm and reverence excited for the great master mind in literature, which must unquestionably exert an influence that will be felt in the future lives of the participants. Taste cannot but be elevated by such a Shakespearean representation, to a degree that will greatly help to resist the vulgarizing tendencies of the world outside the convent precincts. The low, the trivial in the drama are not compatible with Shakespearean study.

Miss Freeman was at her best and did most effective work in the rôle of Shylock, in which her strong characterization of the callous, decrepit Jew won enthusiastic approval, and gave unconscious testimony that art is not affectation, but nature developed on its own highest lines. She not only showed complete mastery of the intellectual quality of the subject, but artistically shaded her reading with all the different phases of emotion, feeling, and human nature, which the writer can only picture to the imagination.

Miss Freeman gave several supplementary numbers in response to encores, the varied character of which showed the wide range of her talent, and her ability to interpret artistically selections of a pronounced dramatic type, as well as dainty bits of verse, in which the sentiment, or the amusing note, was given just the right shade of meaning and expression.

The entertainment was one to remember with pleasure mingled with a tinge of regret that the morrow would witness the departure of our dear friend for a southern clime.

Following is the programme:

Vocal Greeting.

Reading from "The Merchant of Venice."
Miss Freeman.

Act I. Scene III.—Venice. A Public Place. Bassanio, Shylock, Antonio.

Piano—"Pièce Dans Le Style Ancien" . . . . . *Chaminade*
Maud Merle.

Violin—Serenade . . . . . *Schubert*
Gertrude Rauber.

Act. III. Scene I.—A Street—Salanio and Salarino.

Vocal Duet—"Tarry With Me, O My Saviour" . . . . . *Nicolai*
Caroline Babcock and Fatanitza Schmidt.

Piano—"Sparkling Joy" . . . . . *Threin*
Mary Merle.

Act IV. Scene I. Court of Justice—Duke, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Portia.

Violin—"Berceuse" . . . . . *Godard*
Gertrude Rauber.

Piano—Fantasia . . . . . *Mozart*
Anna Merle.

Hymn To St. Catharine.

ANNA MERLE.

Your old failures, your old hopes, your old resolutions . . . they cannot be all wasted; they can be wonderfully transformed, but they cannot be thrown away.

What Shall I Ask?

What shall I ask to fill my cup of life
'Till it run o'er,
And I can say, "Enough, my soul;
No more?"

What shall I ask? Ah! surely more than these
Terrestrial years—
So bright, so brief, so sorely marred
With tears.

Ah! surely more. My wish is vast and bold,
Yet cannot bate
Its deathless daring. Here my crave
Of fate.

The fulness of the earth that it be mine;
Then, forth and far,
Into the outer glittering mystery
Of star on star.

Throughout th' illimitable wonderment
That I may go;
Nor rest till, at the centre, by God's throne,
I stand and know,

And see the circling glory—wide and deep,
Perfect and beautiful—around me sweep;
All that jarred here
Sounding at last melodious
And clear.

T. P. Johnston.

Tears and Laughter.

WILSON BARRETT'S famous drama, "The Sign of the Cross," was presented in the assembly hall, on November twenty-second, by the celebrated impersonator, James Francis O'Donnell, who is touring the eastern States under the exclusive management of the Columbian Lyceum Bureau, Lt'd. Mr. O'Donnell has made his own arrangement and adaptation of the play, presenting it in monologue form. During his recital he impersonates eighteen different characters, making each individual one stand out in bold relief from its fellows, by his consummate skill in tone color, facial and physical expression.

His conception of each character is true to the life, and his impersonations so natural and perfect, that one instinctively feels that one is witnessing a play presented by a company of finished artists. The play itself is a most fascinating one, and Mr. O'Donnell held his audience spellbound from start to finish. His rapid transitions from one character to another were marvellous. At one moment he was the besotted Glabrio; another, the flippant Dacia; again, he was the brutal Nero, the noble and majestic Marcus, the sweet, gentle, Christian girl, Mercia, the jealous Berenice, the revengeful and villainous Tigellinus, the brave Christian child, Stephanus, and so on through the entire cast of characters, with as much ease and grace, and as little apparent effort as would be manifested by one of Frohman's all-star companies.

The Christian philosophy throughout the play is beautiful, and exalting to the highest degree. Mr. O'Donnell has certainly made the best of it, and, in his hands, its sterling qualities appeal with irresistible and telling effect to any audience. The spiritual beauty and moral worth of the play is most edifying, while the glorious tribute paid to womanhood is exalting and ennobling to the very acme of all moral excellence.

The climax of the play is the dungeon scene in the last Act, where Marcus pleads with Mercia to renounce her faith and thus save her life. Marcus, whom she loves, has offered her untold wealth, and even the crown of an Empress; but the brave Christian girl prefers death rather than deny her Saviour. The hour at last has come. The brazen doors fly open, and a file of soldiers, accompanied by Tigellinus, enter the cell. Her final answer is demanded: will she renounce Christus and live, or cling to Him and die. Clearly, bravely, and unfalteringly comes the answer: "I cling to Him, and die. Farewell, Marcus!"

For a moment Marcus stands transfixed. The next, he is at her side, her hand in his. Proudly he cries: "Farewell! no, not farewell. I, too, am ready." Together the heroic pair go to their death. Marcus, in his own blood, is baptized a Christian.

During this scene there were many tearful eyes in the audience. But at the close of the play, Mr. O'Donnell, by special request, gave a series of very humorous character impersonations, which fairly convulsed every one with merriment, thus showing his wonderful versatility,—beguiling his audience from tears to laughter.

Caroline Babcock.

"Unwritten Memoirs."

IT is not often that a great writer leaves a daughter to inherit his gifts. Thackeray's daughter—Mrs. Richmond Ritchie—is not only a writer, but she is one of the most delightful writers of her day and generation. In no form of literature is she more thoroughly charming than in that of reminiscence, and nothing that she has written is more fascinating in style or matter than the "Chapters from Unwritten Memoirs."

It is well known that Thackeray objected to having his biography written, but that did not prevent its being done, in a not very satisfactory manner, for the "English Men of Letters" series. We have, however, from time to time, had reminiscences of the great novelist from his cotemporaries, but from none have we learned to love him more than from these memories of his daughter. He must have been almost ideal in his domestic relations. Mrs. Ritchie does not confine her reminiscences to her father, but includes his friends, and gives the best pictures—slight though they be—of Charlotte Brontë and the Carlyles.

The book begins with the author's childhood days in Paris, where her grandparents made their home. In the first chapter, entitled "My Poet," she tells of Jasmin, the famous barber-poet, who left his little shop in the country to recite his own verses in the fashionable salons of Paris, who christened his first poems *Les Papillotes,* in honor of his profession, and whose songs brought a silver streamlet through his shop, upon which he floated to better fortunes than were usual to the Jasmin family. She was only a child when she saw him, and his appearance disillusioned her. She was standing in the salon with another little girl.

"And which is the poet?" said I, eagerly. "There he is, in the middle of the room," said the little girl. "Oh, where?" said I. "Oh, not *that!*" For suddenly, just under the swinging chandelier, I see a head, like the figure-head of a ship—a jolly, red, shiny, weather-beaten face, with large, round, prominent features, ornamented with little pomatumy wisps of hair, and a massive torso, clothed in a magnificent frilled shirt over a pink lining. . . . "*That* the poet? Not that," I falter, gazing at Punchinello, high-shouldered, good-humored! "Yes, of course, it is that," said the little girl, laughing at my dismay; and the crowd seems to form a circle, in the centre of which stands this droll being, who now begins to recite in a monotonous voice.

There were other poets in the room, and many distinguished men, among them Lamartine, Châteaubriand, Girardin, and Mérimée, but little Anne Thackeray only saw the funny red-faced man standing under the chandelier.

The next distinguished person that she met in Paris was a musician. She was taken to his house by an old maiden lady, a Scotchwoman, tall and grim, who carried a basket of tempting viands in the carriage and a bottle of good wine. The musician's apartment was on a side street near the Arc de Triomphe. When they arrived there the old lady alighted, carefully carrying her heavy basket, and told little Anne to follow her up the shiny stairs. They rang the bell and the door was opened almost instantly by a slight, delicate-looking man with long hair, bright eyes, and a thin, hooked nose.

"When Miss X. saw him she hastily put down her basket upon the floor, caught both his hands in hers, began to shake them gently, and to scold him in an affectionate reproving way for having come to the door. He laughed, said he had guessed who it was, and motioned to her to enter, and I followed at her sign with the basket—followed into a narrow little room, with no furniture in it whatever but an upright piano against the wall and a few straw chairs standing on the wooden shiny floor. He made us sit down with some courtesy, and, in reply to her questions, said he was pretty well. Had he slept? He shook his head. Had he eaten? He shrugged his shoulders and then he pointed to the piano. He had been composing something—I remember that he spoke in an abrupt, light sort of way—would Miss X. like to hear it? 'She would like to hear it,' she answered, 'of course, she would dearly like to hear it; but it would tire him to play it; it could not be good for him.' He smiled again, shook back his long hair, and sat down immediately; and then the music began and the room was filled with continuous sound, he looking over his shoulder now and then to see if we were liking it. The lady sat absorbed and listening, and as I looked at her I saw tears in her eyes—great clear tears rolling down her cheeks while the music poured on and on. I can't, alas, recall that music! When he stopped at last and looked round, the lady started up. 'You mustn't play any more,' she said; 'no more, no more, it's

too beautiful' —and she praised him and thanked him in a tender, motherly, pitying sort of way, and then hurriedly said we must go; but as we took leave she added, almost in a whisper with a humble, apologizing look—'I have brought you some of that jelly, and my sister sent some of the wine you fancied the other day; pray, pray try to take a little.' He again shook his head at her, seeming more vexed than grateful. 'It is very wrong; you shouldn't bring me these things,' he said in French. 'I won't play to you if you do' —but she put him back softly, and hurriedly closed the door upon him and the offending basket, and hastened away. As we were coming down-stairs she wiped her eyes again, and as we drove away she said with emotion, 'Never forget that you have heard Chopin play, for soon no one will ever hear him play any more.' "

Is not this a touching picture? The grim old Scotchwoman moved to tears, the awe-stricken little girl, and the dying musician playing his swan-song?

From Paris Mrs. Ritchie takes us back to London, to the house in Kensington where her father and his two little girls lived alone. Thackeray would shut himself up in his study and give orders that he was not to be disturbed, but, alas! they were not always obeyed. Among those who called was Count d'Orsay. "The most splendid person I ever remember seeing," says Mrs. Ritchie. "He had a little pencil sketch in his hand, which he left behind him on the table. It was a very feeble sketch; it seemed scarcely possible that so grand a being should not be a bolder draughtsman. He appeared to us one Sunday morning in the sunshine. When I came down to breakfast I found him sitting beside my father at the table, with an untasted cup of tea before him; he seemed to fill the bow-window with radiance as if he were Apollo; he leaned against his chair with one elbow resting on its back, with shining studs and curls and boots. We could see his horse looking at us over the blind. It was, indeed, a sight for little girls to remember all their lives. I think my father had a certain weakness for dandies, those knights of the broadcloth and shining fronts. Magnificent apparitions used to dawn upon us in the hall sometimes, glorious beings on their way to the study, but this one outshone them all."

Another friend of her father's, a picturesque figure, though far from being a dandy, is thus described:

"We were walking across Kensington Square early one morning when we heard some one hurrying after us and calling, 'Thackeray, Thackeray!' This was also one of Byron's friends—a bright-eyed, active old man, with long, wavy white hair, and a picturesque cloak flung over one shoulder. I can see him still, as he crossed the corner of the square and followed us with a light, rapid step. My father, stopping short, turned back to meet him, greeting him kindly, and bringing him home with us to the old brown house at the corner where we were then living. There was a sort of eagerness and vividness of manner about the stranger, which was very impressive. You could not help watching him and his cloak, which kept slipping from its place, and which he caught at again and again. We wondered at his romantic, foreign looks, and his gayety and bright, eager way. Afterwards we were told that this was Leigh Hunt. We knew his name very well, for on the drawing-room table, in company with various Ruskins and *Punches*, lay a pretty, shining book called *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, from which, in that dilettante, childish fashion which is half play, half impatience, and search for something else, we had contrived to extract our own allowance of honey. It was still an event to see a real author in those days, especially an author with a long cloak flung over his shoulder; though, for the matter of that, it is still and always will be an event to see the faces and hear the voices of those whose thoughts have added something delightful to our lives."

One day the little Anne threw open the dining-room door, and then stopped short, for the room was not empty. "A striking and somewhat alarming-looking person stood alone by the fireplace with folded arms—a dark, impressive-looking man, not tall, but broad and brown and weather-beaten—gazing with a sort of scowl at his own reflection in the glass. As I entered he turned slowly and looked at me over his shoulder. This time it was Trelawny, Byron's biographer and companion, who had come to see my father. He frowned, walked deliberately and slowly from the room, and I saw him no more."

And now we come to the Brontë evening, which gives a most vivid impression of the strange genius who created "Jane Eyre." The chapter records a memorable occasion—Charlotte Brontë's first visit to Thackeray, her discovery,

described by his daughter, herself a distinguished writer and an eye-witness of this scene.

"One of the most notable persons who ever came into our old bow-windowed drawing-room in Young Street is a guest never to be forgotten by me—a tiny, delicate little person, whose small hand nevertheless grasped a mighty lever which set all the literary world of that day vibrating. I can still see the scene quite plainly!—the hot summer evening, the open windows, the carriage driving to the door as we all sat silent and expectant; my father, who rarely waited, waiting with us; our governess and my sister and I all in a row, and prepared for the great event. We saw the carriage stop, and out of it sprang the active well-knit figure of young Mr. George Smith, who was bringing Miss Brontë to see our father. My father, who had been walking up and down the room, goes out into the hall to meet his guests, and then, after a moment's delay, the door opens wide, and the two gentlemen come in, leading a tiny, delicate, serious little lady, pale, with fair, straight hair, and steady eyes. She may be a little over thirty; she is dressed in a little *barège* dress with a pattern of faint green moss. She enters in mittens, in silence, in seriousness; our hearts are beating with wild excitement. This, then, is the authoress, the unknown power whose books have set all London talking, reading, speculating; some people even say our father wrote the books—the wonderful books. To say that we little girls had been given *Jane Eyre* to read scarcely represents the facts of the case; to say that we had taken it without leave, read bits here and read bits there, been carried away by an undreamed-of and hitherto unimagined whirlwind into things, times, places, all utterly absorbing and at the same time absolutely unintelligible to us, would more accurately describe our states of mind on that summer's evening as we look at Jane Eyre—the great Jane Eyre—the tiny little lady. The moment is so breathless that dinner comes as a relief to the solemnity of the occasion, and we all smile as my father stoops to offer his arm, for, genius though she may be, Miss Brontë can barely reach his elbow. My own personal impressions are that she is somewhat grave and stern, especially to forward little girls who wish to chatter. Mr. George Smith has since told me how she afterwards remarked upon my father's wonderful forbearance and gentleness with our uncalled-for incursions into the conversation. She sat gazing at him with kindling eyes of interest, lighting up with a sort of illumination every now and then as she answered him. I can see her bending forward over the table, not eating, but listening to what he said as he carved the dish before him.

I think it must have been on this very occasion that my father invited some of his friends in the evening to meet Miss Brontë, for everybody was interested and anxious to see her. Mrs. Crowe, the reciter of ghost-stories, was there. Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Carlyle—Mr. Carlyle himself was present, so I am told, railing at the appearance of cockneys upon Scotch mountain-sides; there were also too many Americans for his taste. Besides the Carlyles, there were Mrs. Elliott and Miss Perry, Mrs. Proctor and her daughter, most of my father's habitual friends and companions. In the recent life of Lord Houghton, I was amused to see a note quoted in which Lord Houghton was also convened. Would that he had been present!—perhaps the party would have gone off better. It was a gloomy and a silent evening.

Everyone waited for the brilliant conversation, which never began at all. Miss Brontë retired to the sofa in the study, and murmured a low word now and then to our kind governess, Miss Truelock. The room looked very dark; the lamp began to smoke a little; the conversation grew dimmer and more dim; the ladies sat round still expectant; my father was too much perturbed by the gloom and the silence to be able to cope with it at all. Mrs. Brookfield, who was in the doorway by the study, near the corner in which Miss Brontë was sitting, leaned forward with a little commonplace, since brilliance was not to be the order of the evening. 'Do you like London, Miss Brontë?' she said. Another silence, a pause; then Miss Brontë answers, 'Yes' and 'No,' very gravely. My sister and I were much too young to be bored in those days; alarmed, impressed we might be, but not yet bored. A party was a party, a lioness was a lioness; and—shall I confess it?—at that time an extra dish of biscuits was enough to mark the evening. We felt all the importance of the occasion—tea spread in the dining-room, ladies in the drawing-room. We roamed about inconveniently, no doubt, and excitedly; and in one of my excursions, crossing the hall, towards the close of the entertainment, I was surprised to see my father opening the front door with his hat on. He put his fingers to his lips, walked out into the darkness, and shut

the door quietly behind him. When I went back to the drawing-room again, the ladies asked me where he was. I vaguely answered that I thought he was coming back. I was puzzled at the time, nor was it all made clear to me till long years afterwards, when one day Mrs. Proctor asked me if I knew what had happened once when my father had invited a party to meet Jane Eyre at his house. It was one of the dullest evenings she had ever spent in her life, she said And then with a good deal of humor she described the situation—the ladies who had all come expecting so much delightful conversation, and how as the evening went on, the gloom and the constraint increased, and how finally, after the departure of the more important guests, overwhelmed by the situation, my father had quietly left the room, left the house, and gone off to his club."

The summer of 1854 witnessed the birth of "Henry Esmond," just before Thackeray sailed for America.

"It was a long and burning summer; even the shadows seemed burned up, and so were the gardens at the back of the houses and the brown turf and the avenues of Kensington Gardens, those gardens where that strange mist which is not quite fog, nor quite real, nor even a fancy, but which has always seemed to me to be the very spirit of London itself, comes rising along the straight and formal distances. My father was hard at work finishing a book, which some people still say is the best of all his books. People read it then, when it came out, and read it still, and reread it. He used to write in his study, with the vine shading the two windows, and we used to do our lessons or sit sewing or reading in the front room with the bow-window to the street; and one day as we were there with our governess, my father came in, in great excitement. 'There's a young fellow just come,' said he, 'he has brought a thousand pounds in his pocket. He has made me an offer for my book: it's the most spirited, handsome offer; I scarcely like to take him at his word: he's hardly more than a boy; his name is George Smith; he is waiting there now, and I must go back;' and then, after walking once up and down the room, my father went away, and for the first time, a lifetime ago, I heard the name of this good friend-to-be."

Wise George Smith with his one thousand pounds! A high price in those days, but how much more the young publisher would have to carry in his pocket to-day.

JANE GORMAN.

To Rita.

1.

Oh! Friend, I long for you to-night,
Sweet clinging arms, and love despite.
—Our music, and our old-time dreaming,
With brightest hues dark scenes redeeming,
'Till Heaven was near, all else but seeming;
Oh! Friend, I long for you to-night.

2.

Your place, dear Friend, is kept apart,
—A sacred chamber of my heart;
Its myst'ries sweet ourselves but meant for,
Where flow'rs of thought we priz'd have centre,
Where frequent guest may never enter:
Your place, dear Friend, is kept apart.

3.

O! you must come, or I must go:
I've learn'd, dear heart, to miss you so.
The world claims plan of life,—and we all
Unnerv'd surrendered our ideal;
But this the false, and that the real:
O! you must come, or I must go! IDRIS.

Christmas Eve in Gounod's Life.

Translated from the French.

IT was Christmas eve many, many years ago. The cold had been intense all day, but now, toward night, a thick, white fog rose out of the muddy, swollen waters of the Seine and obscured the buildings of the neighboring streets.

The clock on the tower of the Church of Notre Dame struck eight. On the left bank of the river every street was deserted except, perhaps, the principal arteries of trade, and there was scarcely a half dozen people in the long, narrow Rue Mazarin, behind the Institut de France. These few even did not notice a tall, elderly man who dragged himself painfully along, and stopped from time to time to shiver with cold—stopped because he seemed not to have strength enough left to shiver and move on at the same time.

Clothed in thin, shabby garments—an old coat was buttoned up to the neck, perhaps to hide the

absence of what was required to protect him from the icy dampness that moistened his long white beard and hair—he leaned heavily on a thick cane, while his left arm pressed a long object tightly wrapped in a shawl. A soft felt hat was well drawn over his eyes, probably that he might not be recognized, although it would have been much better for him if he had made himself known.

As the old man approached the bank of the Seine he stopped a moment as though in doubt whether to proceed or not. Perhaps the river was a temptation for him to make an end of all his misery. He resisted that temptation, however, and crossed the Pont des Arts, the Place du Carrousel, and the labyrinth of ill-smelling little streets that divided the Tuileries from the Palais Royal at that time; and came at last to the centre of elegant Paris—for the streets that contained the residences of Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin were then considered elegant.

Dazzled by the many lights and half dazed by the noise of the holiday crowd, he walked around the garden repeatedly, with a timid air, as though undecided what to do.

At last he took up his position on a crowded corner, leaned against the wall and proceeded to unwrap the object he had carried under his arm so long. This proved to be a violin and bow.

After examining the strings of the instrument very carefully, he folded the shawl, threw it over his left shoulder, and began to tune the violin. The first sounds of the melancholy and sentimental air drew the attention of a few street gamins, who pitilessly jeered and laughed at him. The poor old man stopped playing, sank down upon a doorstep and, laying the violin on his knee, murmured sadly: "O God! I have forgotten my art!"

Thus he sat for some time when from the other end of the passage three young men, full of life and mirth, came toward him singing a couplet very popular at the time with the students of the Conservatoire. Not seeing the old man, one stumbled over his outstretched limbs, knocking off his hat, his frightened companions standing still, as the old man rose indignantly.

"We are very sorry, sir; we did not see you. We hope you are not injured?"

"No, you did not hurt me," replied the aged musician, stooping to pick up his hat, but the other was quicker than he and handed it to him; at the same time he saw the instrument in his hand.

"You are a musician?" he politely asked.

"I was at one time," the other replied sadly, while two large tears rolled slowly down his poor, emaciated face.

The young men noticed this and drew nearer to him. "What ails you?" they asked. "Are you ill, and can we do anything for you?"

For a moment the old man was silent; then holding his hat toward them with a look that would melt the hardest heart:

"Oh, please, give me a trifle," he murmured. "I can no longer earn anything with my instrument; my fingers have become stiff—and my daughter is dying for want of bread."

The three young men looked confused—for the first time in their lives they felt shame, even anger, at their poverty. They searched their pockets but the result was miserable, for their combined capital was only sixteen sous and a piece of resin—an article which every violinist carries constantly with him.

"Sixteen sous are not enough, my friends, to help our colleague. We must go to work energetically. You, Adolf, take the violin to accompany Gustave, and I will make the rounds with the hat."

The preparations occupied only a few minutes. They turned up their coat collars and drew their hats almost over their eyes to disguise themselves as much as possible. The young man who had originated this good work then gave the signal to begin.

"It is Christmas Eve, Adolf, do your best, for the Almighty may be one of your audience."

And Adolf did his best. After the first sounds of the "Carnival of Venice" all the windows were opened and filled with delighted listeners. The promenaders in the gardens of the Palais Royal stood still; many came toward the music and swelled the crowd that had already gathered there. Enthusiastic applause greeted the last sounds of this number, and when the old man's hat was passed, copper and silver coins dropped plentifully into it.

The three young men did not allow the enthusiasm to abate, the violin was heard again, but this time as an accompaniment to Gustave's grand, melodious voice, in the beautiful Cavatina from the "White Lady," sung so charmingly that the audience was spellbound.

In the meantime the crowd had increased, and

when the young singer ceased, the money was fairly showered upon them, so that the manager of the concert had difficulty to gather it up. But he was determined to increase the sum, and therefore tireless in his efforts.

"One more number," he whispered, "and we will have enough. You, Adolf, chime in with your bass voice and at the same time play the violin. I will sing baritone, and you, Gustave, my brave tenor, must give us one more of your sweet tunes. Let us sing the trio from 'William Tell.' This will be the finale, and do not forget that we are not only singing for charity, but that we must be an honor to the Conservatoire."

This admonition was unnecessary. The artistic spirit had already taken possession of the young men, and in spite of the strange—some would say—humiliating, circumstance in which this concert was given, they sang and played better than in after years before the most critical audiences of Europe. They electrified even the old man, who at first had remained quietly on the doorstep, but now took up his stick and began to direct the trio in a way that showed him to be a musician of experience and talent. There he stood drawn up to his full height, his eyes, that had been so dull a half hour ago, glistening with tearful excitement, like one glorified—the young men felt that they obeyed the hand of a master.

The performance over, the crowd dispersed slowly; some collecting in groups to discuss the episode. "They are not street musicians," said one. "Certainly not, there is probably a wager behind it, or they are students and wish to get the money for their Christmas dinner."

"Well, they have succeeded," said a miserly individual, "I saw a number of gentlemen throwing gold pieces into the hat."

And this was true. The hat contained a large sum of money. The art-loving and wealthy people of the audience did not care for the motive of this *al fresco* performance, but wished to show their appreciation in a substantial manner. When the young men spread out the shawl in which the violin had been wrapped and emptied the money into it, the old musician stood there speechless with surprise and joy.

"Your names? oh, tell me your names, so that I may bless you to my dying day, and that my daughter may pray for you also."

"I am Faith," said the first youth.

"I am Hope," said the second.

"And I am Charity," answered the third, who had arranged the financial part of the concert.

"You do not even know my name," sighed the old man. "I might have been a thief and no object of charity! I am Chepner, the Alsatian, at one time director of the Strasbourg Opera for ten years. I had the honor to conduct the first performance of 'William Tell.' But since I left my home misfortune has followed me. You have saved my life and my daughter's, for, thanks to you, we will be able to return home. My daughter's health will be restored in her native clime, and I will find a place among my compatriots to teach what I can no longer accomplish myself. You will be great some day."

"Amen," answered the young men as they led the veteran musician lovingly to the street, where they bade him an affectionate farewell.

Notwithstanding their efforts to disguise themselves, they had been recognized by one of the audience, who told of the episode.

The name of the young violinist was Adolf Hermann, that of the tenor Gustave Roger, and the arrangeur of the charity concert was Charles Gounod!

The prophecy of the old musician came true.

You know there are black specks on the face of the sun? Well, some people are greatly interested in these specks, for they can tell us so very much about the weather. Once when a speck appeared on the face of the sun, a gentleman called one evening upon an astronomer, who had been all day studying that speck through his telescope. "What a fine day we have had!" said the visitor, "I have seldom seen the sun so bright." "Do you know," said the astronomer, "though I have been looking at the sun all day, I have not noticed whether it was bright or not, I was so interested in the new speck which appeared that I did not see anything else; and, really, until you spoke, my idea of the sun had been that it was rather dark."

This is the way faultfinders get so much to do; they see something that is not just right and they go on thinking about that, and speaking about it, till they cannot see anything else; yet the fault they notice may be only a speck in the midst of a great deal of brightness.

Try to unlearn the art of fault-finding—for it is an art—to discover the brightness that is in people, and then you will scarcely notice the specks.

Letter-Box.

My dear R:

Your mild suggestion that I am evidently enthralled by the fascinations of my brilliant correspondents to the neglect of a lesser light calls for an able defence, and as I fully corroborate the strength of the query, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" I shall, according to you wish, introduce you to my really charming friends of epistolary fame, so that "speaking for themselves," you may judge of their merits. With no small emotion I bring forward my treasure-box. See!

"My letters! All dead paper mute and white!
And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string
And let them drop down on my knee to-night."

You may choose at random, they are nearly all equally interesting, and I love every word of them. They come to me redolent of the charm of sincerity; they are loving communications between congenial minds and affectionate hearts. Well, what think you of your first selection? I see they all bear the dear familiar O. postmark. Are they not sweetly suggestive of childish prattle, interspersed with amusing, elaborate expressions, caught from the "grown up" people? Is not that a pretty thought for a little lad of nine? He had been to the seaside and watched with interest the absorbing mystery of the tides, and his active imagination connected the fact with his own childish existence, thus he expressed his thought: "The waves of the ocean are its little children; they come in on the beach to play a while and then return to their mamma." Does it not equal Ruskin's "Blue hills"? This packet is the fond mother's, my dear "valiant woman." Her letters always remind me of an anecdote told of Kipling. A friend of his remarked on receiving a voluminous epistle from this celebrated writer: "Just think of getting all this valuable MS. for nothing—but I suppose it's all about the baby." But I love to hear of the pranks and progress of the juvenile generation in whom I am so deeply interested. Yes, those bear a foreign postmark, but they belong to the O. contingent,—the doting bachelor uncle must not be separated from the young hopefuls. I see you are mystified—rather a medley is it not? Greek, Latin, French and English, but not beyond the comprehension of an up-to-date student. See, is not this an amusing account of his ocean voyage? Imagine a musty old lawyer indulging in such sport! "When crossing we had the usual concert and a mock trial at which I presided as judge. The action was a civil one, for the price of a programme for which a man did not pay the lady from whom he made the purchase. The jury was a modern one, six ladies and six men. The oath was administered on a candy box. The evidence you shall give in this action between the parties shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so take a chocolate. I dismissed the case against the lady, as the pleadings did not disclose where the contract was made, and the service of the writ was on a Sunday, and condemned the lady's counsel to give a box of chocolate to each lady in the case, and cigars to all the men in the smoking room. The verdict was received with applause. The crier and clerk of the court was perfection. He was a rather reticent individual and did not associate with others in the beginning of the voyage, but the passengers having discovered that after three or four inspiriting glasses he became an excellent convivial, took the best of care to see that he had them every day thereafter."

Ah! You have selected the M. letters next. My dear, big, busy journalist—my "newspaper" woman I call her. Is this mere talk, or does she really live up to such sentiments? you ask. Live up to them! Why she towers far beyond them, physically and every other way. That's my "Perfect woman, nobly planned," whose life is so replenished with good, that no room remains for evil. Whole-souled, generous, soaring above ordinary personalities, yet treating them with the perfection of Christian charity and a sweetness that never fails to captivate. How confiding she is, how affectionate! Yes, the old dear, she tells me everything, from the name of her next book to the style of her latest gown; from the unceasing demands on a literary woman's time to the delicious hours she has stolen for golf-playing and sketching.

I see you are interested in the foreign mail now, and no wonder. These are my *cleverest* letters, stealing into my solitude like a ray of light, with their charming pictures of English life. Is she not delightfully happy? It is enough to revive one's flickering faith in the realization of our ideals, and see the refreshing humour that

never fails, it breaks suddenly into some alluring description, just as I am revelling in a fanciful pen-picture, you would hear the merry laugh that none could suppress at her ludicrous suggestion. See, "I am lobster-pink with a shamefaced sense of my long neglect of you and to add poignancy to my remorse, I have your picture—of all places—on my dressing table, where I see it morning, noon, and night, and thus my sin is always before me." Again—"Your pinch of epistolary salt, or shall I say Attic salt, now that you are a budding Greek scholar?—just caught my vanishing tail, as I was plunging into the chaos of domestic disruption. . . . Don't dare suggest that I snould write again for publication, my right hand has lost that sort of cunning and I am the merest old married housewife now, hardly equal to the mental effort of composing *twenty-one menus* in the week! . . . When this reaches you we shall, I hope, be toasting our toes (there are fifty-six in all, including the cats!) at our ain fireside once more." But read these bits of description, are they not charmingly interesting? "I arrived at Knutsford, bag, baggage, *cats* and all—our ideal summer quarters. The house is not large, but we have a guest-room, if you would like to come to us, and a multitude of books—whole battalions of them, old friends ranged in line in every room, and a Steinway piano, and a view of miles of rural England all the way to Derbyshire hills, out of our front windows, which are large projecting bays, and we have the sweet English garden with its hedge-screen, where I have been enjoying tea in the afternoons, so you can picture me at rest for two delightful months, revelling in our deliverance out of Egypt—for London is not a place to live in if one has nerves—and a soul. We had grown so weary of its squalor and vice and misery, which the glitter and pomp of its great wealth and rank only seem to emphasize all the more intensely, and the degradation is of such a hopeless kind, that we knew we could only be happy in flight! Here in the green, quiet country I forget it all and can enjoy life. Knutsford is a very ancient town (if it really dates from Canute, which they claim it does). It is the original of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," which you might look into for an impression of our entourage, if you are within reach of that worthy lady's works; we find them too dull for anything. . . . My little pussies had a great calamity in the change, and are far from happy yet, I am sure we must perplex and annoy our pet animals cruelly when we uproot them (for no reason that they can possibly see) from the lap of luxury to a wilderness of strange surroundings. For days they *smelled* everything, every one, even the air, and then one of them retired to the shelter of the wine-cellar and is living a hermit life in solitude, coming out only to feed, while the other one, less sensitive, and sociable in spite of grief, sleeps the long days away under the drawing-room window seat. All the cats here are Persian, with long hair and huge brush tails. The *common* cat has no social significance at all! . . . Manchester itself and its immediate outskirts are *impossible*. It is London minus the redeeming features and plus the aggravations of a great manufacturing centre. I feel now that the more I see of large cities the better I should like the North Pole. . . . I went there (Manchester) to tea one afternoon and was more than agreeably surprised to drive up a winding avenue of green and find a sweep of glorious lawn, terraced down to a court and bordered with flowers, but my hostess spoiled it all by saying she dared not bring one of her flowers into the house, as they were covered with a kind of soot which blackened one's hands—and one's nose—if one attempted to smell them. Now is not that sacrilege? *My* flowers will be fresh and full and fragrant and heavy with dew and happy, and I will send a posy to the wee church some day, of the ones I would like to give *you* if you could come into my garden. . . . There is a flourishing kitchen garden at the back, which I think of converting into a lawn, however. I have not yet reached the stage of bucolic mania where "growing cabbages" becomes one's passion. I have been devoting these days to wall paper and having survived the agonies of selection, am slowly recuperating before I attack carpets to match. . . . I am delighted to be able to think of you as a big, strong student. It is high time, I think, that "pale-cast-of-thought-ghost" was laid. I can imagine your thrills of intellectual ecstasy as you explore and discover all these things. I feel, however, as if I had done with *words* and must go straight to the things themselves, for which all languages are only media of revelation, and nature is my best book now. . . . It is delightful to hear your prolonged *Te Deum,* you must give yourself some credit for the happiness you find in your daily tasks. It is by a long process of ploughing and weeding that one gets oneself into the condition you are in now. You probably

are so gratified by the result that you forget the ordeal of self-denials, disenchantments and weary little drudgeries generally, that led up to it. The chances are now, that you would find the "peace which surpasses all understanding" anywhere you were thrown or set. It is "being as little children" I think, to come back after more than thirty years' quest for happiness, in all the roads that are supposed to lead to it, and find it finally in the primitive gifts of the Creator to us—in the sky and sun and fields, the bird's song and the brook's babble, in the health and vigor of the body, and in *doing good* which is the chosen pastime of this second discriminating childhood. I wish I could be as jubilant over our bit of Paradise in winter, but I fear I could not be honest and say I like it at this season, but I am taking heart now at the visible lengthening of the daylight and the "promissory notes" of the early blackbirds and thrushes. We have gay yellow blossoms on a hardy vine, too, which make an outlandish anomaly, I think, but then Dame Nature has her caprices like the rest of her sex. . . . I have been proving, to my deep compunction, and, perhaps, to your just resentment, that one cannot grow *letters* in a garden, any more than figs on thistles. Ever since the frost left us I have been literally on my all-fours, or all-sixes, if you include knees and other joints, possessed by the mania for the only things earthly that Religion does not condemn and forbid! And many a time while I squirted "green-fly" off my rose trees and hunted the insidious slug and the worm i' the bud generally, I felt pricks—keen, swift and oft repeated, for the letters that were going by default, and the dear good people I was perplexing by my silence. . . . We have been up in London for a short holiday. It is a four hours' journey *south* of us, but the unwritten law of the land here is that you always go *up* to the metropolis and the university town, and it is quite fruitless to question any such hoary customs at this side. . . . I have been to the Loretto Convent in Manchester at last. I went a long drive through strange suburban streets, and found myself deposited before a little gate in a solid brick wall, and the bell of which I pulled with much confidence, however. An old lodge woman admitted me and I saw—what struck me most curiously—as a miniature "Abbey" and felt myself on old familiar grounds. The structure is in effect exactly what I remember of the Abbey—a spreading old house, with wide low steps, and a projecting wing on the right, suggesting the school and the chapel. Inside I felt the resemblance still more, as there are the same quaint old staircases everywhere, that used to puzzle me so at the Abbey. It was during the class hours I called, so I could only see Mother A., the Superior, a dear, old, Irish lady, with the sweet face and voice of a holy and happy woman. I got a most cordial reception, and after visiting the house and the beautiful chapel, I came back to find a dainty afternoon Tea Tray awaiting me in a room off the drawing-room, and felt more at home than ever, then. It only wanted a Sister—somewhere about to make the illusion entirely complete. I promised to go again soon and I quite mean to, as it was a delightful visit in every way. They have a boarding and day-school and a row of little music-rooms just as they have at the Abbey. The grounds, too, are pretty and set off by some fine old trees, and they are just as cloistered from the sordid world outside, as if they were on a mountain-top. I saw there a nice picture of the new Bishop of Salford. He is a most wonderful scholar, and papers of all denominations have been paying tribute to his gifts and qualities since his appointment to the Diocese, which was so long the scene of Cardinal Vaughan's Episcopal labours."

That is the last letter, is it not? But the future has many such in store for me, I trust. You have had a glimpse into the life of one happy woman, with whose love and friendship I am singularly blessed.

I see you are looking for a prevailing postmark in the next packet. These letters are from "My Star," and she is not a fixed luminary, you must know. It gives her satellites something to do to keep following her. I see you smiling already, the very suggestion of these effusions is a tax on my gravity. Let me see—"Just now when the modern novelist is going about like a roaring lion, seeking for a subject for his thrilling tale, let him stop off at S., and there he will find one whose constancy outlasts the extreme duplicity by which it is repaid. For when in all the annals of history or fiction was it found that anyone was faithful to another for four whole months? To prove that the said constancy is good for another month, the dupe before referred to is writing this effusion. . . . You see I began with what affected "corda nostra," now let us proceed to lighter topics, but let us proceed gradually, rather by way of the stepladder than

by way of the parachute, for Faber characterizes the latter as dangerous, though I confess a natural penchant for that mode of conveyance. Now gently, let us not leave "corda nostra" too abruptly, it might give us palpitation. . . . I have not settled a question since I've been here, and there's that Venezuela trouble still without a solution (1896) and worse than all the poet-laureateship was decided without my *ipse dixit.* . . . I have been having a bad attack of "Intimations of Immortality" of late,—not that I have been weak-minded enough to indulge in a man who grew lachrymose over a flower and nearly jumped over the moon at the sight of a rainbow in the sky,—no, no, I get my "Intimations" from another quarter. When I think of how little there is to gratify the heart in this world—a word of kindness,—to see one's friends at rare intervals,—to have a certain success in one's work,—these are almost all one can reasonably hope for in this world. All this considered with man's unquenchable desire for happiness seems to point to a state beyond, where alone his desires can be gratified. . . . Perhaps you will find my style à la Browning, this time, but I'm in the subjunctive mood to-day—leave this part till you are in the same and you'll find that we are two souls with but a single thought. . . . Well, in Heaven we shall all meet and there will be no more Geography, nor Grammar, nor French, nor Latin, nor Arithmetic, nor Euclid, nor Astronomy, nor Mythology, nor Logic, nor German, nor History, but there will be—yes, surely, there will be Literature! . . . You know I teach boys now, and I think they are the dearest, big, clumsy, awkward, good-natured beings in the world. I have to laugh at everything they do. I could expatiate for hours on their perfections, if I could get an appreciative audience. You ought to be somewhat careful in the way you tell me startling things, as I drop dead very easily; in fact I've done so very often of late. . . . As you may have perceived, I travel in a hyperbolic path, appearing with meteoric lustre(?) sometimes in one part of the horizon, sometimes in another, but never returning to the same spot, and no created intelligence has yet been able to get my range or compute the time of my revolution, if revolution it be, or the length of my orbit; all that the most learned scientists can say is that it does not exceed infinity. . . . What's this I'm finding out about you? Writing poetry! Whence came the inspiration? That's the point in which I'm interested. The next time you take a trip to Parnassus bring me down a five-gallon jug from the springs of Helicon (I think they're up there some place, aren't they?) for I never can get a second line to rhyme with the first. . . . I think it's about time for me to write and see that my grave is kept green. I see a RAINBOW—I open it—a poem strikes my eye—I read it with avidity, expecting at least to see my *remains* embalmed in hexameters among kindred spirits, but in vain do I search among them. If I needs must die, mayn't I at least have a little epitaph? Writing poetry by the ream and can't spare one iambic to wrap about my dust! And this after all my years of fidelity! Please write soon and say if I can't be a "Memory" anyhow. . . . " Of course she is a memory and always will be, my dear "Galahad," of the days that are dead,—when we lived in the clouds—rose clouds mostly, and we had but vague forebodings of life's trials. Are we Galahads?—rather Percevals, on our way to the spiritual kingdom, through many tribulations, but realizing that such is the only way for ordinary human beings, yet like Galahad, "All armed we ride, whate'er betide, until we find the Holy Grail."

There you have a glimpse into a life of silent prayer, my dear G. P. correspondent, "refreshing coolness in the heat," you might well say,—every line breathes that sweet contentment,—the peace which the world cannot give. Now what are you laughing at? I suppose you think this little package is straight from the "ould sod" itself,—not exactly, that's from my own Bess, and she writes me those delicious effusions since we read "My New Curate" together. We talked in that fashion till I feared I would never recover my English accent. Are they not amusing? What have you now? Do you think you have kept the best for the end? Well, perhaps. Yes, the writing *is* a little odd, but I never think of that, if you can't make it out (and I shouldn't wonder) I'll help you to some of the tid-bits, they are the reflections of a beautiful soul, an exceptionally charming personality who, "On her sweet self sets her own price"—and it's a rare one. Your imagination cannot be as vivid as mine in picturing the merry twinkle of her eyes or the smile that lit her face, as she penned many a line,—but I see you are impatient, or do you fear a prolonged ecstasy on my part? Well, then, to begin with, is not this complimentary? "You tell me you feel as fresh as a lark to sing,—please don't

cast aspersions on the poor lark; its reputation hitherto as a singer, has been undisputed, and I would not like to think of its being ranked with the animal 'that would a-wooing go.'" Is not that cruel? You know, she sings like a nightingale herself,—but here is a flashlight of introspection—"I have not as yet told you of myself or my surroundings; my feelings for the first four or five days were of the ultramontane shade, but now every thing is *couleur de rose*, the air is simply delightful. I think I had to come here to realize that I had a heart. (Imagine, after knowing *me* for thirteen years!) Do you know what first dispelled the clouds? Nothing more nor less than a delightful drive around the Falls in the early morning, and if anything ever brought that inspired meditation of St. Ignatius to my mind, on the Love of God in everything, it was the beauty of that morning. There was a quiet and peace of which the world knows not, and spread before me, was the picture of one of nature's most magnificent scenes: the spray from the cataract dashed itself quite unceremoniously in my face, while I communed with the One who was the cause of all this beauty and, although I never expect to be a St. Teresa, I experienced something of an ecstasy that morning and returned, feeling that I had undergone a spiritual and corporal renovation, so that ever since I am very happy and have grown to love everything around here. . . . Your philosophy is after my own heart, and I, too, am able to drink in plenty of sunshine and enjoy the delightful scenery. Autumn is in her loveliest dress just at present, it would correspond with your tastes, "sunset's glow," etc. The foliage is simply beyond description; the Canadians seem to think that Canada has the monopoly of beautiful foliage, probably like the people who look disdainfully at all aspirants to fame and genius, feeling that they have the latter commodity all to themselves, but then you know I am a cosmopolitan, and, consequently, am perfectly indifferent to the opinion of monopolists! Do you not envy my disposition? . . . Truly the age of miracles has not passed yet when you say I am blossoming at last. It is better to be blossoming merely than to be always blooming (like some people) as we are then further from the end, and, consequently, will not be like the last rose that was left blooming alone."

Well, what have you now? You must be near the end of my treasures. Ah! You want to explore that last little packet, tied up in red, and to know the meaning of that dried-up rose,—well, sometimes I prefer the unexpressed, so I leave you to your own surmises. You don't look very much interested, so few letters you say,—yes, a happy destiny makes our separations brief. Don't try to fathom *this* personality by glancing through a few of her letters; she is not the effusive kind, and only daily contact reveals her immeasurable charms. She "reaches from end to end mightily, disposing all things sweetly." Now are you satisfied that I have not praised inordinately, my cherished correspondents? They are all friends to "grapple to the heart with hooks of steel," and you must surely acknowledge that I am a woman of letters,—delightful letters that emphasize the value of friendship and make me realize, with a grateful sense of satisfaction, the words of Holy Writ: "He who hath found a true friend hath found a treasure." To me they are all "lovely and comely in life" and I trust that "even in death we shall not be divided." Hoping that I have fully compensated for my long silence, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

MARIE.

LORETTO ACADEMY,
SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich.

MY DEAR R——:

Once again in the peaceful precincts of dear Loretto, undisturbed in my reveries and reminiscences, I shall endeavor to relate a few incidents of my vacation, and I trust you will not be too disappointed in not finding a foreign postmark on this much-belated epistle. I date the commencement of my trip from the moment of our departure through the portals, which now so unpityingly shut out the world of railroads, steamers, and tourists from our sight—but not from our memory. It was with much sincere regret that I said farewell to the nuns and girls and realized that one of my happiest school years was indeed ended, but the anticipation of joys undreamed of shortly before is a very efficacious antidote for the pain of good-byes—in fact it was so powerful that, even before I reached the river bank, I was enthusiastically building castles in the air.

On reaching Detroit I was greeted by friends, with whom I remained a couple of days, waiting to be joined by mamma and papa, who came for me on the third of July. On the fourth, we left

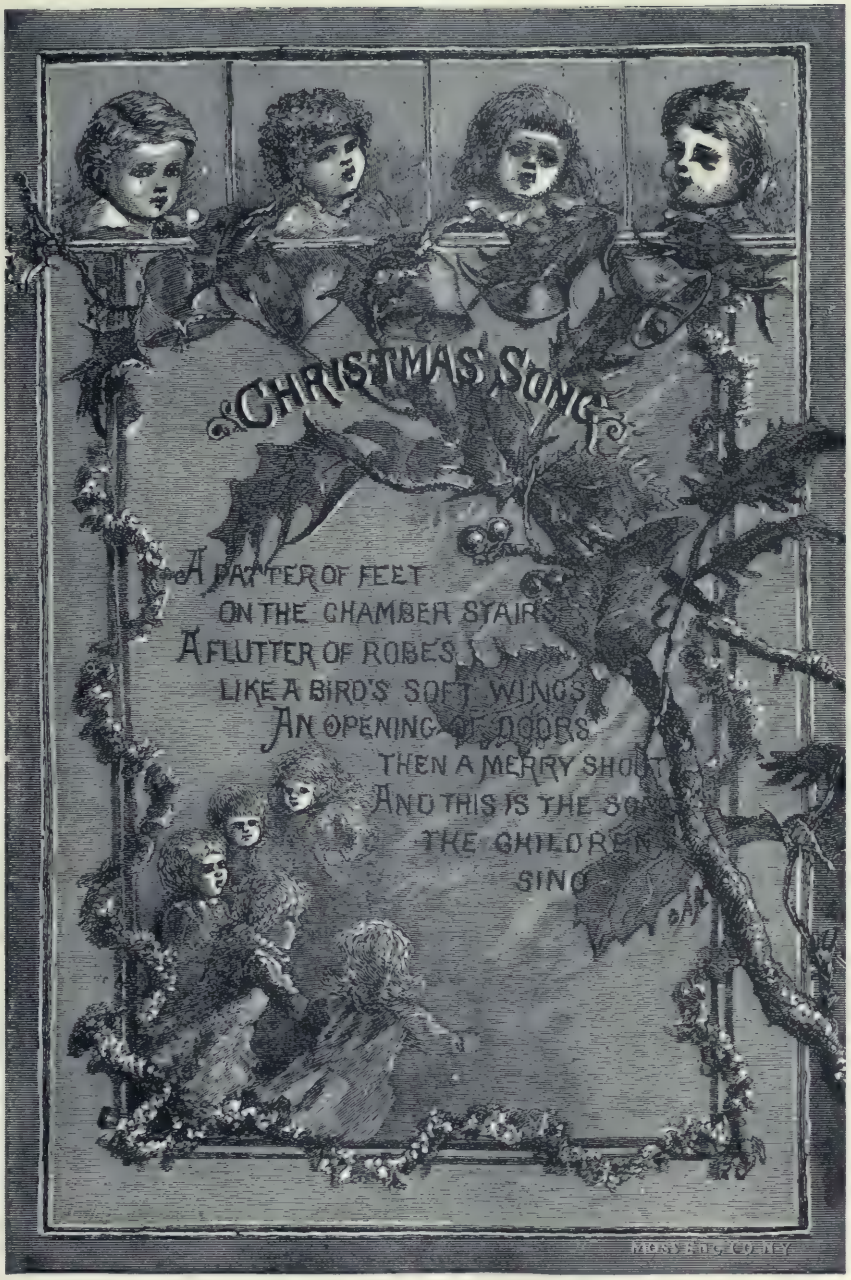
Detroit for Boston, amid such cannonading and illuminations as no distinguished visitor to the City of the Straits was ever honored with. It was a pity we could not experience immense gratification by forgetting that it was the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence!

The ninth was one of the scorchingly hot days with which July favored us, and, it was in delighted anticipation of cool ocean breezes that we boarded the steamer, New England, which soon majestically left the wharf, in which stood hundreds waving adieux to our fellow-passengers. When we could no longer discern the fluttering of handkerchiefs and the tear-stained, as well as the smiling, faces, every one tried to secure the most desirable place for his deck chair, after which, those who had not friends going back on the tug, turned all their attention to the beauties of Boston harbor. We were not more than half an hour out when the tiny tug came up at the side of the boat, and, steps being lowered, those who had remained on board with departing friends, descended and waved us a last farewell.

The voyage of eight days, which seemed very short, was enlivened by various sports, such as carrying potatoes and peas on teaspoons, a walking race, sum and needle races, quoits, and shuffleboard matches, also a lecture, concert, and deck dance. The excitement was unbounded when, about noon, on the sixteenth, a faint line on the horizon announced the presence of land—and that land the Emerald Isle! all who, though claiming the new world as their birthplace, nevertheless, loved and honored the land of their ancestors, flocked to the bow of the boat where an old gentleman, who had left those same shores forty years before, tremulously recited that touching poem "Dawn on the Coast of Ireland!" All day we enjoyed the beauties of the Kerry Cliffs and mountains, the quaint little Irish villages and the coast-guards' stations. The rose-tinted clouds were mirrored in Queenstown harbor when, at last, the tender came to meet us. I am sure it never carried a more jubilant set of passengers. Such cheering as was echoed in the surrounding hills!—cheers for America—cheers for Ireland—and cheers for New England rent the air until it was a marvel that they were not heard in Boston. Our enthusiasm did not quiet down even after we were actually on Irish soil. A large number of us Americans having crowded into one coach for Cork, the natives must have thought us perfectly uncivilized, for song after song was sung—"America" alternating with Moore's melodies. When the train arrived in Cork we had to subdue our hilarity and endeavor not to disgrace our compatriots. The next morning the large party separated into smaller ones at the Imperial Hotel, and we went to Castletown, a typical small place, situated in the midst of wild and picturesque scenery. The sail down Bantry Bay was delightful, the beauties of both sides being so enchanting that it was impossible to decide which was the prettier. The days spent in Castletown in communion with the most charming phases of nature—both human and inanimate—were among the most enjoyable of our vacation.

From Castletown we went to Glengariff, and the drive between these two places was the most comical one imaginable. The morning of our departure threatened to rival the deluge with the addition of a whirlwind, and certainly no one ever mounted a jaunting-car under more unfavorable circumstances—as far as the weather was concerned. The path was a winding one through and over mountains, and when it led us on the summit of a high one, the wind seemed to fly into a rage at our presumption in daring to defy it at so great an elevation, and attacked us furiously. Its indignation amused us, but our umbrellas were alarmed and tried to embrace each other, turning inside out in the attempt. Although this manœuvre deprived us of all protection from the elements, we could not help seeing the ridiculous side of it.

When, after this eventful ride, Glengariff, with its majestic hills, truly Irish green, and its island-dotted harbor, came into view, we almost thought we had discovered fairy-land, and when the time came to leave it, we were disconsolate, but the exquisite panorama which rewarded us for a very winding, windy drive up the mountainside was well worth a sacrifice. Passing through a wonderful tunnel, cut directly through a mountain of rock, we found ourselves in Kerry, and were immediately besieged by the proverbial Irish beggars, in the persons of wee mites who could deservingly rank with Edward Fourth or Henry Seventh on a list of extortioners. Their amusing wiles were as transparent as they were irresistible, but the climax of experiences with this type was reached at Kenmare, where a most decrepit old woman made her way to us and began by subtle flattery to try to wheedle some "souvenir" —as she called it—from one member of the party, descanting on her beauty, generosity, and so


A CHRISTMAS SONG
A PATTER OF FEET
ON THE CHAMBER STAIRS
A FLUTTER OF ROBES
LIKE A BIRD'S SOFT WINGS
AN OPENING OF DOORS
THEN A MERRY SHOUT
AND THIS IS THE SO
THE CHILDREN
SING



VIRGIN AND CHILD. *Luca della Robbia.*

forth, but the highly honored object of her praises was saved from conceited pride by another neglected-looking beggar interposing with the information that the first eulogist was "stone blind" and therefore not as competent a judge as she and "would the lovely, bountiful lady be pleased to give her a shilling to remember her beauty by."

The journey to Killarney was a series of revelations both in its scenery and the unique habitations and inhabitants seen en route; but the greatest surprise was the first glimpse of the far-famed Lakes, which was sufficient to dispel any suspicion that I may have had that this most entrancing spot was over-estimated in the glowing descriptions which are always given by those who have gloried in its beauties. But why expatiate on what so many powerful pens have praised in fitting words? Nothing new can be told about Muckross Abbey, or the ruins of Innisfallen, but not every one enjoys the privilege of seeing the beautiful tints of sunset illumining the Lakes from Loretto Convent, which undoubtedly commands the best view of their glittering waters.

We had neglected taking the sail down the River Lee when in Cork, and so from Killarney we went back there. The moment we alighted from the funny little coach, which was a typical British conveyance, we were greeted with an artistic "Welcome" over the entrance to the depot, and walked through an arch of regal splendor to —not a chariot—but—a side car. We were much astonished—and—I will confess it—I was exceedingly gratified to have the welcome carried to such a royal extent that our vehicle wended its way through an unbroken aisle of brilliantly uniformed soldiers. I had heard much in praise of Irish hospitality, but this certainly surpassed my wildest expectations. Yes, I reasoned, this military display, as well as the abundant and effective decorations, must be in our honor, since no other conveyance is in sight; and, as we drove along, it was obvious that every one was feeling quite an ill-concealed excitement and hurriedly trying to obtain a more advantageous place wherefrom to view us. I was on the point of asking papa where he intended to thank the people for this reception and was really almost overcome with gratitude when a policeman requested our driver to kindly go to one side, as the carriage of the King and Queen was coming presently. Now, although it was a sudden shock to my vanity and although I am a *very* loyal American, I will admit that this information was pleasing to me, and I was not at all disappointed in the appearance of their Most Gracious Majesties.

The morning after the King and Queen's departure, we intended to go down to Queenstown by boat and papa went to get the tickets—a matter of no little annoyance. In answer to his request for them the clerk inquired if he wished to go by Passage. Now papa could think of no other way to go and intimated that opinion, but the inquiry was reiterated and with increasing vehemence, and was again answered by a not very weak demand for the tickets. Papa came back with them not certain whether we were going "by passage" or not. He did not forgive the clerk for the delay caused until, on our return trip, we were told to get off the boat and take the train as our tickets called for a change at Passage—a very small town on the river. Papa resolved then to review his map of Ireland and prevent further needless vexation.

The visit to Blarney Castle, a very antique and picturesque ruin, near Cork, was naturally interesting, and we explored its many secret passages and dungeons and, at last, reached the terrifying height of the Blarney Stone. Unlike most heroic travellers, I will be frank enough to admit that I did *not* kiss the charmed Stone, as I preferred seeing more of Ireland and returning home, to having a sensational fall from that famous place.

While visiting grandfather, in King's County, I discovered a little of the primitiveness of life in the rural districts. Incited by a very tempting fire in the large fireplace, I begged my uncle to take me into the city, or rather the village, of Roscrea, to the confectioner's, so that I could get some marshmallows to toast. He tried to persuade me that I could not procure them, but I was positive that no place was so benighted as to be without such a necessary of life, and he succumbed.

Arriving in the village and convinced that not even a confectionery or "sweetery," as they are called there, was to be found, I asked to be taken to a drug store. There, upon proffering my request, the druggist stared in dumbfounded amazement, and, when I repeated it, a light of comprehension seemed to dawn upon him, and he politely asked if I would "like it in the powder or ointment." Did you ever hear of such stupidity? It was more than my self-control could stand with dignity, and what I murmured is still a mystery. I am afraid my exit was not *all* that etiquette required.

One afternoon while writing letters, my auntie was brought some tea, and she inquired of the young Irish girl how many mails they got a day. Mistaking her American pronunciation for the Irish provincialism, she answered "five," and, interpreting my auntie's expression of surprise, proceeded to explain that they got first breakfast, then lunch, dinner, tea, supper, and frequently tea again.

The change from this very remote and beautiful district to American-like Dublin, was such a very great transition that we could almost fancy ourselves on Columbia's free soil, and, of course, were completely captivated by this city's many beauties, and charmed by its historic associations. A visit to Glasnevin Cemetery could hardly fail to stir up patriotic emotions in a true child or grandchild of Erin, and it was with the deepest reverence that, through a convenient opening in the massive and costly sarcophagus, my hand rested for a brief moment on the coffin of Ireland's pride and patriot, Daniel O'Connell, to whose memory his grateful countrymen have reared the highest monument in this great cemetery, which is the resting-place of so many of Ireland's loyal sons. It is not far from Glasnevin to Phoenix Park, and we enjoyed a delightful drive through that artistic pleasure-ground.

Our visit to Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, was one of the chief pleasures of our sojourn in Dublin, and the memory of the afternoon spent within its hospitable walls will be ever cherished by us. What Loretto pupil could be privileged to visit the place which sent forth the foundress of the American houses and not feel an affection for it?

If Dublin manifests the signs of modern prosperity, it is certainly not on account of early rising, for we were astonished to find the stores just opening when we went down town at 9:30 one morning!

The trip across from Dublin to Holyhead was delightful, and the scenery in Wales sublime. The majestic mountains sloping down to a beach of marvellous smoothness and whiteness, on which the waves frolicked, inviting bathers to join in their play, left nothing to be desired for the ideal summer resort.

What a change from these quiet scenes to the busy whirl of Euston Station! The days spent in the great Metropolis were filled with constant sight-seeing, for months could be spent in visiting Westminster Abbey, while London Tower seems not to have a stone without some historic interest, and the National Gallery and British Museum present fields of inexhaustible resources to lovers of the arts and sciences, of all ages. The Literary department of the latter is priceless in its unparalleled collection of manuscripts. St. Paul's Cathedral, Buckingham Palace, and the Portrait Gallery, too, are of great interest in their different ways. We were privileged to hear a debate in the House of Commons and, while luncheoning on the terrace of the Parliament buildings, saw the Thames glittering with the countless lights on its banks. It was with awed reverence that I stood on the spot marked as that where Charles the First received his death sentence, and later, saw the place in front of Whitehall where he suffered death. But, truly, it is impossible to describe any of the innumerable historic places, or even the "Old Curiosity Shop" or other haunts immortalized by Dickens, and what presumption an attempt would be, when some of our most gifted writers have done so.

The voyage across the Channel was, *in retrospect*, amusing, but as the wind and water were "waging war," as some one has put it, most passengers—especially those who unwillingly took a sea-bath—failed to see the ridiculous side. I must admit, even though I am passionately fond of the ocean, that it is not a very pleasant sensation to hear the waves roaring over one's head and be shut in a close cabin, in which the air cannot be admitted unescorted by salt water. It is a condition to drive one to bury one's head in a pillow, and try not to see one's fellow passengers yielding to the demands of Neptune. But Paris! Who would not defy wind and storm for one hour in the Louvre, that treasure-house of invaluable art! One is tempted to despair of ever comprehending even the number of its masterpieces, but one room, aye—one picture—is sufficient reward for any journey. And the churches of Paris! their widely diversified styles of architecture, from the ancient edifice of Notre Dame to the uncompleted Church of the Sacré Coeur! Oh! into what insignificance our miniature structures pale when compared to the grand temples which have stood the test of ages! Really it seems that every remark about Paris or anything Parisian should be an exclamation. The gardens of Luxembourg and the Tuileries! The Champ Elysées! The Arc de Triomph! The Opera! The Hotel Des Invalides! all defy description. Since my return my French teacher asked if, while in Paris, my verbs were not all in the Subjunctive Mood, for,

judging from my French exercises, she is positive they must all have been expressive of doubt and uncertainty.

Coming home we sailed from Liverpool, and the voyage was as delightful as the one over. The night of our concert, an American celebrity made some very witty remarks at the expense of Europeans and dwelt especially on the Englishmen's inability to see a joke, but a prominent English clergyman made a very humorous reply, which forced all to acknowledge that at least *some* Englishmen had a sense of humor. He also made some rather pointed and funny comments on our American customs, and strongly resented our officials asking *even the ladies* their ages before allowing them to land, and adding insult to injury by actually inquiring if they had ever been insane!

It was with mingled regret and pleasure that we beheld the shores of Massachusetts rise out of the placid deep and saw once more our Native Land, realizing to the fullest that "there is no place like home." As further epistolary elongation would be anything but *"sweetness* long drawn out" I will say *au revoir.*

Yours affectionately,

KATHLEEN M. MARSHALL.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Ont.

DEAR SR. F.:

Rumors of gay preparations for the coming *festa* have reached the "Land of Tall Grass and Timbers."

Would that we might all go trooping into the banquet hall, or bright convent hall, with its floral devices and decorations, as in the dear old days, which we reluctantly number with the past.

May I add my little mite to the feast, and ask you to put one of the favors which I send by this mail, at each place, after choosing one for yourself.

With heartfelt congratulations and loving wishes for success, believe me,

Regretfully absent,

EILEEN.

BERLIN.

DEAR SR. F.:

The tumult of political conflict is hushed, and Berlin is beginning to keep holiday. Every one is engrossed preparing for Christmas and Christmas trees and Christmas gifts, for Germany is eminently the land of Christmas celebrations. Germans claim to be the inventors or discoverers of nearly everything which has come to be inseparably connected with the great Christian festival. Christmas trees, with their burning lights; the use of holly and mistletoe, the kindly offices of Santa Claus, were first heard of in Germany. Once a year, as Christmas comes round, the editors of newspapers, with scarcely an exception, devote learned articles to the patriotic duty of proving that the rest of the world owes its Christmas to those rude forefathers of theirs in prehistoric German forests, who converted ancient heathen rites into the combined festivals of St. Martin, St. Nicholas, and the birth of Christ, and who changed the old Druidical tree into the "tree of Christ," the "tree of light."

For a fortnight before the twenty-fifth, every open space and broad street in Berlin and its suburbs, is densely packed with pine tree tops, brought in from the surrounding plantations. The very poorest families make it a point of honor to possess a tree. They do not cost much. A symmetrical specimen, ten feet high, is sold for about eight marks. Vast pains are expended on their decoration. Only a few years ago, gilded walnuts and apples and oranges, with paper flowers and tags of colored cloth, sufficed. Now we have glistening "Angel's hair" and iridescent glass balls and brightly gleaming "Stars of Bethlehem." Even the wax candles and tapers of olden days are threatened, for rich people, who sometimes set the fashions even in matters connected with the Christmas festival, show a tendency to introduce tiny colored electric lights among the branches of their "Christbäume."

Berlin toy shops are always worth looking at, but their Yule-tide show, this year, is peculiarly interesting and presents some novel features. As Germany is almost the only source of the world's supply of toys, this is a point which should not be overlooked. And, besides, the subject in itself is deeply interesting. I often wonder why no writer of eminence has taken up the philosophy of toys. Here is a subject ready for some contemplative thinker of Weissnichtwo.

It is curious to note the great development in mechanical toys. Locomotives, steam engines, with transmission, steam pumps, electrical surprises, pneumatic contrivances, are seen everywhere. And all these toys are doing something, —dredging, milling, pumping, etc. It is an age of the industrial arts. Tin soldiers are still in

evidence, whole army corps of them, but they are no longer the all-engrossing concern of young Germany. This year one notices that the land soldier is giving place to his brother in arms on the great deep. Torpedo boats, marvellously imitated ironclads, coast defenses, sailors by the thousand, are seen in the windows. No marine enthusiast grudges the price under the present circumstances.

For girls nothing will ever break the rule of the doll. The Thuringian villages have produced more elaborate articles than ever, and it is satisfactory to hear that the language studies of these most fashionably dressed little ladies are advancing. Years ago they were only able to squeak, now they have obtained complete mastery over two most essential words, "papa" and "mamma." Authorities on the subject maintain that a doll's possibilities of speech are not yet exhausted.

At this season, the Kaiser, with his nearest and dearest around him, is wont to throw off all pomp and ceremony, and all the trappings of rank and circumstance, on which he usually sets much store. The family meets on Christmas eve in the "Hall of Shells," where three magnificent "Tannen" glitter and glisten resplendently. They are laden with waxen tapers, and the Empress sees that the "Angel's hair" and the stars and tinsel ornaments are in their proper places. The numerous presents are all ranged on long tables, each child has a table. It is the prettiest sight in the world to watch the Kaiser, free from the cares of state, devoting himself heart and soul to the happiness and mirth of his family.

L. C.

SCOTLAND.

DEAR SR. F.:

Here we are in the "Land o' Cakes." If we wait for sunshine to make dry trips, I fear they will be few

"Moisty was the morning, misty was the weather, O,"

when we took the train for Ayr—

"Auld Ayr, which ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses."

It was pleasant enough in England; but three minutes on the border, and the rain descended, the floods came, and literally beat upon our heads while bargaining with a hard-hearted cabman, disposed to take advantage of us because it rained, as if that were not sufficient misfortune, and the very reason, forsooth, for tender treatment. However, "with Ayr one might as well take a little water," as one of the party remarked, little knowing that it was to drip all the way, through a hole in the roof! But—

"We thought na of the long Scots miles
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles
That lie between us and"—

the birthplace of Robert Burns. The rickety old cab seemed to sing the lines, as if to keep up our spirits, while it rattled over the big cobble-stones of the quaint town, stopping abruptly at a roadside cottage. The house is now used as an inn, and the first object to attract attention was a glowing wood-fire in an immense fire-place, and over it two big iron Kettles, swinging from just such a crane as Longfellow described. Body will sometimes triumph over soul, and never more completely than when it is wet and chilly, and has a cold in its head. The rough-looking, but courteous, young Scotchmen—grouped around the fire, each with his pewter mug of ale—rose at once, and remained standing. "You come from a distance, ladies," said the woman of the house, taking off soaking water-proofs and dripping hats, to arrange them before the blaze. "From America, madam," was the reply. "Ah, many Americans come here," she said, but looked puzzled, as if wondering why the Atlantic left some so much drier than others.

Robert Burns' mother, at some time of her life, probably, remarked: "I won't board, if I keep house in two rooms." So she had her two rooms, roofed with thatch and paved with stones—not paving-stones,—and it is to be hoped that they were whole when first put down, for they are nothing but hole now. The landlady pointed to a wee window of four small panes, "Through that," she said, "came the first daylight that shone on Bobbie Burns." Between the big fire and the little window is a recess, in which stood the bed on which it shone—that loyal sunshine, which comes as readily to the peasant's cottage as the prince's palace; and this was a king's corner of the world, if the world had only known it.

How it makes one's heart ache to think of all the heartaches ached out in this little place—such a little place to hold so much sorrow! But heartaches are too common to possess either interest or novelty, so to turn to a more pleasing subject of romance and reverie:

"Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists an houlets nightly cry,"

only we approached it, not on Tam o' Shanter's mare, at midnight, but through puddles of water, and in most prosaic gray daylight. Wind and weather have had their way for a good many years with this hoary ruin. It looks like a picture—not like anything real—and it is hard to believe that it is not a life-size photograph. "It hasn't any roof on the top of its head, in the place where the roof ought to show," and a little bell, hanging dumb and disconsolate in the peaked gable, seems as if it preferred not to be noticed, "if it's all the same to you." Like Browning's ruin, "the place is silent and aware," and we are not loth to leave it to its solitude and secrets.

A few steps across the road give a sharp transition from ancient to modern architecture. And this white marble ghost, housed so richly, and so forever sheltered from all present and future storms,—what think you of this magnificent Gothic monument? Ah, poor Burns, "dying more of a broken heart than any other sickness," if you could have looked down the century and seen this shrine, to which come pilgrims from across the sea, would it have made the dark day brigther or the loads less heavy? Truly—

"The rank is but the guinea-stamp;
A man's a man for a' that!"

And here it is the man Burns, more than the poet, that we find. The very human man and human lover, and the Bible which he gave to his Highland Mary, her name written inside in his own hand, and a curl of her golden hair fastened to the brown, discolored page. Oh! blazing fire, burning on the old hearth-stone,—oh! pouring rain, falling from a merciful heaven, burn away and wash all remembrance of the sin, the suffering, the sorrow of this gifted plowboy's hard and hungry life, while you purify and preserve for those who love him, the melody of his sweet songs, and the memory of his immortal genius.

There may not be much in a name, Shakespeare himself was rather doubtful about it. But for all that, think of "Clarty Hole"—which is no less than the Scotch for "very dirty" hole—think of that for the name of one's residence, and particularly for a poet! Sir Walter Scott didn't like it—of course he wouldn't—but the property pleased him, and it was easy to change the name to Abbotsford, and without any special act of the Legislature. Hadn't the old abbots from "Fair Melrose," three miles down the river, waded across the "bonny Tweed" at that very spot, for hundreds of years? That is, of course, successive generations of them. So Sir Walter built a magnificent house there—a sort of conglomeration of cathedrals, villas, battlemented castles, manor-houses, and round towers. You can take your choice if you pay your money to the guide who shows you over the building—and you would surely get lost without him. It cost Sir Walter a "pretty penny," and he lived to realize Micawber's definition of the distinction between misery and happiness. "Misery—income, £99 19s. 9d.; outgo, £100. Happiness—income, £100; outgo, £99 19s. 9d." He had "guests fluttering around him, and duns at the door;" or if the dunners could not afford to make constant trips from London and Edinburgh to the banks of the Tweed, they sent frequent reminders by one mail to annoy and distress one another. Lady Scott declared their house to be a hotel, only the guests didn't pay! Quite a significant and comprehensive "only!" The man would have to be very smart, indeed, who could keep such a hotel as that for any length of time. Sir Walter was smart and he tried to do it, but he could not. Poor Sir Walter, with his big, kind heart, his boyish love for trees, dogs, and good company! Only the trees are left, and they seem sorrowful and lonely, though perhaps it was only the raindrops that seemed so much like tears. Certainly, there were enough of them, and they looked near enough together to keep up unlimited social intercourse. Sir Walter planted trees as he wrote poems, for coming generations, who were to visit—

"Caledonia, stern and wild,
Fit nurse for a poetic child."

The Lady of the Lake is the most enjoyable and reliable guide through the romantic regions of the Trossachs, and across the lovely Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and the trees are the truest friends left to watch over and love the beautiful palace of the "Wizard of the North," once the "Great Unknown," but now to be known forever, and forever loved, too, wherever his books are read.

The guide at Abbotsford was a most melancholy man, tall, thin, wheezy, with the face and air of a martyr to a memory. But he strove to mitigate his martyrdom as much as possible by hurrying visitors through the beautiful rooms,

and looking inexpressible things if compelled to wait one minute for some enthusiastic devotee. There are many of these who desire to worship—and not merely wink—before the library table, the chair, the pen, and huge silver ink-stand of the dead poet, all as he left them, and thrilling his lovers with a peculiar significance not easily or hastily disposed of. So the guide, with a face as if he had just returned from the funeral, where he had unwillingly viewed the remains, wheezed along at the head of an awed and wide-eyed procession, which silently followed him into the great drawing-room, whose windows look out upon the Tweed, a swiftly-rushing river which seems trying to escape from the stony glare of the grim guide, as he points at it with his quaint little wand.

The house is full of rich and rare paintings, statuary, bronzes, and ornaments and curiosities of all kinds, gathered from the four quarters of the globe. Kings and Emperors were proud to send costly presents to this man, whom they willingly acknowledged was greater than themselves; and yet Abbotsford was a sadder place than Ayr—or was it only the melancholy guide who made it seem so?

Emerson well says: "We have a debt to every great heart, to every fine genius. 'Tis the fine souls who serve us, and not what is called fine society." To Burns, whose life has been fitly called by Carlyle "a great tragic sincerity;" to Scott, the sun of whose hope set in such heavy clouds, we are proud to acknowledge our indebtedness—for the priceless legacy of cheer and comfort which they have left to those who toil, struggle, and suffer as they did.

I shall write soon again, but not, I hope, through a Scotch mist.

CAROLINE LARUE.

ZALLA, Vascaya, Spain.

DEAR M. E.:

To-day, with all the solemnity suitable to the occasion, the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of our new convent which, under the patronage of Our Lady of Loreto, is about to be constructed, took place. The day, November fourth, was auspicious, being the anniversary of Rev. Mother Teresa Ball's taking possession of Rathfarnham. The Right Rev. Joseph Higgins, D. D., Bishop of Rockhampton, who, en route from Ireland to his diocese in Australia, called to visit his niece, M. M. Evangeline, the Superior, was invited to perform the ceremony. All the Religious, the pupils, and many of their parents and friends, who had accepted a hasty invitation and very short notice, walked in procession to the building ground. On reaching Zalla, they found all the balconies draped and green garlands in abundance. Green flags, in honor of Ireland, were everywhere in evidence. Just as the procession came in sight, all the bells rang out, rockets were fired off, Vivas for the Bishop and the nuns, shouted at every corner, and great enthusiasm displayed. The Alcalde—mayor—and the principal town officials turned out en masse to meet His Lordship.

On reaching the building ground, they found a triumphal arch erected at the entrance, having flags of Spain and Ireland intertwined, and many green flags marked the site of the future convent. The Bishop, vested in his Episcopal robes, entoning prayers according to the rubric, blessed the stone, which was then lowered by means of a crane, under the direction of the architect, Dón Federico Ugalde, into the place appointed for it, the Prelate declaring at the same time, that the ceremony was carried out with all legal formalities. He then addressed the spectators in English—which was translated for the benefit of his hearers by S. M. Angels. "The laying of the corner-stone," he said, "is for me a most pleasing duty, and I feel most grateful to the venerable Bishop of this diocese for granting me the privilege. It increases my satisfaction in this solemn act, that the occasion of my visit to my dear niece and to this beautiful Zalla gives me an opportunity of manifesting my gratitude to the Spanish people for the generous hospitality which they tendered to the exiled Irish, in times of persecution, long centuries ago. I pray heaven that this foundation may, like Jacob's of old, be the house of God and the gate of heaven, that it may become the centre from which may radiate abundant graces and benedictions, spiritual and temporal, for your children and your children's children for generations to come."

Rev. J. Palacio, S. J., replied to the Bishop's address:

"With great pleasure I have accepted the pressing invitation of this esteemed Community, so worthily directed by Your Lordship's niece, to assist at this solemn function. With equal satisfaction I comply with the request of my fellow-countrymen in replying in their name, to the touching words that you have addressed to us. It is for me

an unmerited honor, but one, nevertheless, which I cannot decline. It is an obligation imposed on me, being a native of this town, and thus better fitted to represent the district than any one else. I am a son of Zalla, and to-day more than ever do I glory in my proud distinction, seeing it thus honored by so distinguished a Prelate, and favored by an act so impressive as that which we have just witnessed. In one of those cottages scattered over the mountains opposite, I first saw the light of day, and in this parish of St. Michael I was baptized. With me, My Lord, all who have been born in this picturesque valley, all who have been baptized in this parish, rejoice. In touching language you have told us that you would carry away, engraven on your heart, pleasant memories of this town and its people. Yes, bear them to your far-off home, and with them the conviction that never were hearts more responsive than ours. Never shall we forget that, though only children of the soil, laborers nearly all, poor in the goods of this world, we possess in our hearts the most precious treasure of heaven, true riches—Christian gratitude. I thank you in the name of the venerable clergy, and, in particular, in that of our zealous P. P. who, with exemplary zeal, has ministered to the spiritual welfare of this neighborhood for well-nigh a half a century. I thank you in the name of this Town Council, whose members have distinguished themselves in the performance of their duties. I thank you, also, in the name of this fervent Community and this chosen group of pupils, in whom, I know, solid piety rivals their progress in varied branches of learning. In giving this testimony of gratitude, in the name of all, it is my desire and that of the people of Zalla that the bond of union and mutual relation which to-day unites us with the illustrious Bishop of Rockhampton may be perpetuated."

The words of the Rev. speaker were frequently interrupted by applause and enthusiastic acclamation. His Lordship appeared delighted with his sojourn in Zalla, and expressed his sentiments in eloquent and affectionate words.

Mother Borgia and S. M. Catharine left Pretoria with the Bishop of Zanzibar and founded a mission among the blacks, at Nysobe, Zanzibar. This Loretto is, I hear, four degrees from the equator and ten thousand feet above the level of the sea!

Rev. Mother-General, with some of the Provincials, will spend Christmas in Rome. "Le Dame Inglesi" have had a delightful audience with the Holy Father.

Four postulants have recently been admitted to the Spanish novitiate, in Seville. Miss Humphries (Irish), Miss Scandille (Spanish), Miss Iroll (German) and another Spaniard whose name I do not know. Miss Edwiges Deodato, who belongs to a very distinguished family, is expected. Two cousins of His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val are now at the Seville Loretto.

The RAINBOW has come. Very, very many thanks to the sender. I am always delighted when I hear it has appeared. Everything in it interests me. I have been following with much pleasure "Die Geschichliche Erinnerung des Institutes Sta. Maria in Rumanien."

CACETA.

School Chronicle.

November first—All Saints' Day—and the twenty-fifth anniversary of dear Sister Colette Purcell's entrance into religious life. The Silver Jubilee of one whose life has been consecrated to the service of God, whose years in the vineyard have thus ripened in the fulfillment of His designs, without ostentation or murmur, who has been the recipient of favors beyond the power of kings to bestow, is an occasion of more than ordinary interest and of unspeakable joy.

Rev. T. A. Finlay, S. J., University College, Dublin, Ireland, who had just arrived from New York, celebrated a second Mass for the dear Jubilarian—the sermon at the preceding one was preached by Rev. Dionysius Best, O. C. C., Prior of the Carmelite Monastery, Falls View.

All day we were en fête, rejoicing as perhaps we had never rejoiced before with the saints in heaven—and on earth. In the afternoon, to our great delight, Father Finlay, accompanied by Mr. G. Cockburn, Leeds, England, entered the hall and entertained us for hours with instructive and amusing anecdotes—always pointing a moral—which we are not likely to forget.

A scholar of renown and an authority on Irish social, industrial, and economic affairs, Father Finlay was elected to the Albert Moseley Educational Commission, now in this country, sent and financed by Albert Moseley, the capitalist, formerly connected with Cecil Rhodes in South Africa, for the purpose of investigating matters technological.

November fifteenth—A startling announcement

—"The members of the Freshman and Sophomore class, in the person of G——s W——t, challenge the writer of the *School Chronicle* to answer with her—sword!—for the indignity put upon the aforesaid and contained in the epithet, 'Jays.'

Place of encounter—under the willows by the graveyard. Weapons—croquet mallets and tennis rackets. Seconds—the ghosts. Signed G——s W——t.

November nineteenth—Elocution recital. The following students contributed selections to the programme—Miss Maude Merle, Gladys West, Jane Gorman, Helen Burchill, Maude Maloney, Edna Maloney, Kathryn Lyon, Frances Coffey, and Elsie Dindruff. Mrs. Dunne's three numbers were a pleasing addition, and elicited well-merited applause.

November twenty-fifth—St. Catharine's Day—a gala one for her votaries. Favors sent to the following absent members of the Club, in recognition of their loyalty and many courtesies to the present ones. Miss Berenice Golden, Bangor, Maine; Miss Stella Martin, La Salle, Ill.; Miss McCann, Baltimore, Md.; Miss J. Hallam, Toronto; Miss Lion, Ithaca Conservatory of Music, N. Y.; Miss Eileen O'Connor, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; Miss Fitz-Gerald, New York; Miss Irene Ducey, New York; Miss Durgin, Bangor, Maine; Miss Hefferan, Erie, Pa.; Miss Mabel O'Brien, Welland, Ont.; Miss Anita Formosa, Miss M. Formosa, New York; Miss Day, Guelph, Ont.; Miss Kyle, Colorado Springs, Col.; Miss Freeman, Virginia; Mrs. J. Callahan—née Josephine Hardin, Chicago; Mrs. J. O'Sullivan—née Marion Alanna Marmion—Paris, France, the Misses Smith, Buffalo.

November twenty-sixth — Thanksgiving Day with its epicurean delights. The *Nine Muses* dined at the convent, at a table which was a veritable feast for the eye as well as for the palate, shadowed by a tall palm and exquisitely decorated—the floral queen of November reigning as favorite. Festoons of narrow rainbow ribbon draped from the centre piece, to which were attached appropriate greetings, to mark the place assigned to each *Muse*.

November twenty-sixth—It always affords us peculiar pleasure to welcome former members of the *staff*, and many exclamations of delight and bright welcomes greeted dear Minnie Lion's appearance in the *sanctum* to-day. She had come from the Conservatory to Buffalo to hear the golden-voiced Melba, in whose praise she could not say enough, and then ran down to the Falls "to tell us all about it," and see old friends—if only for a few hours.

November twenty-ninth—A day of unusual merriment, for which we are indebted to the kind courtesy of our esteemed friend, Rev. Edward M. Farrell, C. M., Niagara University, N. Y., who brought his phonograph to add to the enjoyment of the recreation hours, and introduced us to the singers of many lands. We beg to assure dear Father Farrell that of the many treats of this specially delightful month none are associated with happier memories than "the evening with the phonograph."

December fifth—A sage—and former member of the S. C. L.—writes her friend as follows: Dearest, what avails writing to tell you of my surprise and sorrow, upon hearing of your intended trip to the far-off and world-renowned city of Drummondville? I have always had a secret fear lest your love of the beautiful should induce you to take some such rash step. My great heart is breaking. Could you not reconsider this matter and postpone your outing until such time as I would be at liberty to accompany you and shield you from the dangers of travelling alone? Think what a risk you are running, you who have never travelled any distance alone. It is true that there are many wonderful sights to be seen in this paradise of delights, but when you are older and better able to take care of yourself, and to appreciate these wonderful scenes, I will not have the slightest objection to your going.

I did not wonder why you were not anxious to receive the green ribbon—remember that there are no degrees for the "Knights of the Black and White Plaid" save those conferred at "Twylight," in the year 19.., some of which are chronicled in the "Sprightly Romance of Marsac." Ah, dear J——, oft in the chilly night ere music's charm has bound me, fond memory brings to light the *water-carriers* around me.

But don't get mixed in your dates, my ancient mariner, and think that you must take the goods that the gods send you, for I will hover around you in spirit, and, if I find you kneeling at the fourth shrine, I will let you know in the gentlest possible manner that I am studying astronomy!

Now be of good heart, Christmas is coming, and angel hands shall minister unto you, *they*—

not the angels—shall come forth from their hiding place in your cabinet and join you in your lonely rambles through the spacious halls! Merry, Merry Christmas! Vick.

December sixth—To-day we were made the privileged recipients of some lovely pictures of Our Mother of Perpetual Succor, which had touched the miraculous picture in the church of St. Alphonsus in Rome; by our kind friend, Rev. J. T. Lynch, C. M., Niagara University, N. Y., who had so thoughtfully procured them for us during his recent sojourn in the Eternal City. Their miraculous efficacy has already been experienced by some in our midst, and the prayer to Our Lady, under this title, is daily recited.

December eighth—The Children of Mary entertain at their party, as guests of honor, the two First Communicants, Cecilia Merle and Eleanor Lilley, the light of whose bright and happy faces seemed to be reflected upon the countenances of all present. The decorations were in blue and white, looped with clusters of flowers, and surmounted by a jewel-crowned statue of Our Lady, in the midst of gleaming lights.

When ample justice had been done to the many tempting delicacies, the remainder of the evening was spent in music and song.

December tenth—Augustine Dubois was received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary —an honor to which many of those who congratulated her, aspire in the near future.

December fourteenth—An invitation to attend a Musicale, to be given next day by *The Niagara Rapids Musical Club*, found its way into the *sanctum*, with startling effect, as we were wholly ignorant of the existence of such an organization. However, we gladly signified acceptance by our presence in the hall at the stated hour—not without a certain amount of curiosity as to the brilliancy of the *rushing* wonder. What was our amazement on beholding the young débutantes ascending the platform with the composure of finished performers—and introducing themselves as "the distinguished members of this most important of musical associations." The instrumental selections, interspersed with pretty choruses, were well chosen and charmingly executed by the rising generation of musicians, who rendered the following programme—Alice Ridout, "Cabaletta," by Theodore Lack; Kathleen Ridout, "J'y Pense," by Erik Meyer-Helmund; Florence Cannon, "Merry Dancers," by H. Engelmann; Stella Talbot, "Blumenlied," by Gustav Lange; Marjorie Beck, "Chapel March," by J. L. Battemann; Rosina Merle, "Tulpe," by Heinrich Lichner; Marion Scully, "Bärentanz," by Carl Heins; Orrel Harris, "Maienlust," by Heinrich Lichner; Frances Coffey, Sonatina from "Freischütz," by M. Vogel; Rita Coffey, "Wenonah Valse," by Paul Keller; Helen Langmuir, "The Doll's Ball," by H. Lichner; Kathleen Doran, "Song of the Alps," by A. Julius Biedermann.

The first resolution adopted by the members—in order to ensure progress—was to practise *slowly*—this we found rather inconsistent. Their motto is Excelsior!!!

December seventeenth—*Le Cercle Francais*—the members of which are—Beatrice and Marjorie Beck, Gladys West, Caroline Babcock, Jane Gorman, Mary Merle, Augustine Dubois, Louise Baker,—entertained in the library. The first number on the programme was "Une Vente à L'Encan," in which the costumes were quaint and picturesque. Here was a buxom *blanchisseuse* with arms akimbo and broad smile, looking for something that might be useful in shortening the hours of labor, there a young French M. D., who had just obtained his degree and, released from study, had entered the bonds of matrimony with a charming Chicago maiden; here again a sturdy cuisinière, there a curious *officieuse*—in fact, representatives of all stations of life. The blanchisseuse was evidently determined to carry off as many articles as possible, bidding vigorously. The poor little doctor's wife tried hard to outstrip her—she might have done so had M. le docteur been able to afford something more than an expensive and elegant dinner set, and for which Madame, who is not yet fluent, unfortunately thanked the *officieuse* instead of her husband.

The next number was a scene from Molière's *L'Avare*, which was recited in a manner to satisfy even that author—at least we think so. The sympathy of the audience evidently went out to Maitre Jacques, Brindavoine, and especially to La Merluche, so cruelly ordered "de présenter toujours le devant au monde."

The third time, the audience was to listen to the language of la belle France in the society of some young writers, who considered themselves celebrities. The situations were amusing, and throughout pointed a moral. The evening was

thoroughly enjoyed by all, to the great encouragement of the performers,—who had many a hearty laugh during the rehearsals. Miss Beck took the leading parts and was the recipient of the applause and well-merited praise that must have made her work a pleasure.

December twenty-first—And now old Father Christmas with joyous mien, and heralded by much preparation, approaches, bidding us rest for a space from toil and listen to the songs of the angels, proclaiming through all the realms of christendom the joyful tidings of the Saviour's birth. May He find in every heart a home, warm and bright with love, and may every heart find happiness in Him this blessed Christmas morning.

MARY MERLE.

Personals.

The Whig party means a party of Chinese with their wigs on.

Don't mind her, Sister, 'twasn't her brother, 'twas her b-o-w.

Dear mamma, I've a colt in my head.

All the music has come—those trios and quadrupeds, you know.

What are the spiritual works of mercy? Eleanor—"To instruct the English"—

I cannot put the ink around with my back.

Chestnut Hall—ahem!

You are like old women of twenty.

If that isn't the chippiest book I ever read!

They have grand singing at the convent now. There's a Miss Schmidt there who has a fine alcove voice.

Recall me to the souvenir of your sister.

"When's your birthday?" "The 30th of February." "All right, I'll remember."

For the sake of the turkey I'll risk it.

"Sister G—— is a Cliftonite." "She is not a night." "Oh that isn't what she said, she meant a *knight.*"

They are talking Volupuk up there, one doesn't wait to hear what the other is saying.

Is a chronic infectious? They say I have it.

A wizard is a kind of frog.

"I hadent aughth to be fat for I have hardly ate anything."

Very lovely and lovable is the young woman who has cultivated a disposition angelic enough to see the good and not the evil side of human nature, who can be severe with her own feelings and excuse the faults of others. We are told that she is a dull, uninteresting creature, and if we take the trouble to look into the matter, we find that she does not laugh at her neighbor's pet weakness; she does not enjoy hitting out right and left at the world at large, and is always ready with a plea for unseen and unsuspected reasons, which if they could be revealed, would go a long way towards modifying harsh judgment. Our lovable woman may not be witty, she may be a little prosy; but she it is to whom we go, when in trouble, for sympathy, and confide with a feeling that our secret will not be torn to shreds as soon as our back is turned.

It is said that once Mendelssohn came to see the great Freiburg organ. The old custodian refused him permission to play upon the instrument, not knowing who he was. At length, however, he reluctantly granted him leave to play a few notes. Mendelssohn took his seat and soon the most wonderful music was breaking forth from the organ. The custodian was spell-bound. He came up beside the great musician and asked his name. Learning it, he stood humiliated, self-condemned, saying, "And I refused you permission to play upon my organ."

There comes One to us who desires to take our lives and play upon them. But we withhold ourselves from Him and refuse Him permission, when, if we would yield ourselves to Him, He would bring from our souls heavenly music.

There is an overeducation of youth in the sense that they are crammed with the knowledge of the material. The body and its wants are administered to, but the moral qualities, the developing of the attributes of the soul are neglected. It is not overeducation, but undereducation—better no education at all.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.

How long is even the shortest day, filled with its measured and lingering hours, silent and golden! What multiplied intervals there are, amid its varied and even pressing duties, to lift up mind and heart, to refresh ourselves for a moment in the fellowship of great and lofty souls, to recall fair and sacred memories that make the breast beat fuller with fine emotion, or the blood tingle with strong resolve, carrying us forward to a better and higher plane of womanly work.

Conservatory Repertoire,

The Latest and Best Collection of

PIANO MUSIC.

Instructive and Entertaining.

PRICE $1.00.

Published by J. FISCHER & BRO.,

7 and 11 Bible House, New York.

Send for our Catalogues.

To See

all the sights of

Niagara Falls . . .

on both sides of the river

No trip can equal the great

Scenic Belt Line

CARS leave Prospect Park on the American side every fifteen minutes, the trip including:

VICTORIA PARK
WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS
BROCK'S MONUMENT
QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

The Great Gorge Route along the water's edge from Lewiston to Niagara Falls, Fare $1.00

A Trip to Buffalo on the YELLOW CARS

A delightful trolley ride to the heart of the city

Return Fare 50 Cents

Write for beautiful illustrated folder of the International Railway lines to

J. E. STEPHENSON, P. & F. A.,
178 Main Street, Buffalo

H. W. PETRIE'S NEW MACHINERY DEPOT

131 to 145 FRONT STREET W., .. 8 to 10 STATION STREET, .. TORONTO.

Full line of Iron and Wood-Working Machinery, Engines, Boilers, Motors, Dynamos always on hand. Your institution is not complete without a Laundry Plant. Write me for prices and terms on the latest improved Canadian and American Machines.

H. W. PETRIE, Toronto.



THE GREAT GORGE ROUTE PASSING THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

The Only Way to See

NIAGARA FALLS,

RAPIDS, WHIRLPOOL, ETC.,

The Great Gorge Route

.. **American Side.** ..

Every point of interest on the river seen without leaving car seats. Cars pass through the main streets at Niagara, past all hotels and depots. Round trip 75 cents. For rates, information, etc., address

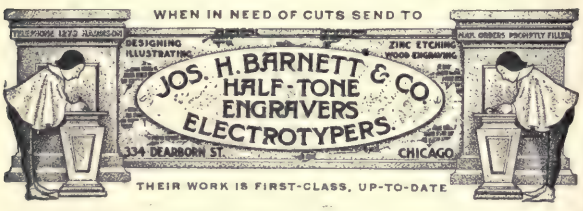
BERT L. JONES,

GENERAL MANAGER, - Niagara Falls, N. Y

G. E. Curtis, Photographer,

Cor Main and Falls Streets,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Views of the Falls, Portraits.
The New Platina Finish a Specialty.



F. W. OLIVER CO.,

Hardware and Kitchen Furnishings,
Contractors', Mill and Electrical Supplies,
Sheet Metal Work.

251 Second Street,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

FRED. C. SCHOTTIN,

BOOK-BINDER,

Books Bound in All Styles
at Moderate Rates

62 EAST HURON ST., : : BUFFALO, N Y.

PIANOS

Note the Address—188 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

RECOMMEND no Piano or Organ of inferior construction. Every instrument they endorse must possess sterling merit.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

OFFER you competition, honest competition, between rival makes of instruments, side by side in one suite of warerooms.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

OFFER for your inspection time-tried Pianos, such as **Knabe, Hardman, Gerhard-Heintzman, Fischer, Karn, Mendelssohn and Dominion,** in elegant casings and in every variety of woods. Artistic instruments in artistic cases.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

SELL AND RENT PIANOS at low prices because of consolidation. One wareroom, one staff of salesmen, one set of expenses distributed over the product of many factories in contrast with prices that cover the cost of many warerooms or selling agencies.

188 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT



Sacred Heart of Jesus.

NIAGARA RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XI. *NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., APRIL, 1904.* *No. 2.*

Printemps.

Awake, heart of mine, with the heart of Nature wake,
And sing, for the hills and the rills have found a voice;
Awake, for the skies their burning banners shake,
And the brake and the lake in the sunny light rejoice!

Oh, sing, heart of me, for the lilacs are in bloom;
Sing, for their redolence is scenting all the air;
Sing, for the rivulets are flashing in the flume,
And down in the valleys the liliums are fair!

Oh, sing, for the freshets are leaping down the rocks,
And school-boys are skipping and tripping o'er the lea;
The catbird's about, and the bobolink he mocks,
And the blossoms of April are pink upon the tree!

The primulas blow, where a month ago was snow
The crocus and jonquil are glinting in the glen;
And the gold, gold daffodils their gypsy faces show
By the hill and the rill that runs gayly to the fen.

Oh, sing, for there's balm and there's vigor in the breeze,
And the blood in a flood through the purple veins is whirled;
And the bird in the heart, like the bird among the trees,
Gives voice to the joy that is felt throughout the world!

Oh, sing, for the lambs o'er the ripple grasses run,
And the brass-backed bees, and the butterflies are here;
Sing, for the robins are a-whistling in the sun,
And the lavrock is lilting a song to his dear!

Oh, sing heart of mine, for the winter-time is past,
And spring with its ling and its lavender is here;
The storm-light is gone, and the warm-light come at last;
And the breezes blow their balm on the calm of the mere!

J. E. Johnstone.

Island Reveries.

HAVING in a spirit of adventure sent out a copy of the January Rainbow, addressed to the Conseiller Général of La Vendée, France,—as an assurance that the "Bow" reached its haven and found ready welcome, I have before me an envelope sealed with the "Aulneau" crest, and enclosing the card of "Paul Aulneau, Conseiller Général de la Vendée," and the highly gratifying, pathetic acknowledgment, in English —"Many thanks for the Niagara Rainbow sent. All my family was very pleased to receive it, and to read your so pretty article about our noble martyr, the Father Aulneau. In a few words you have very well described his generous virtues! Thanks again for your amiable thought! Believe me yours very truly, P. Aulneau."

I contemplate this crest, and all that it meant then and now;—the highest refinement of mind, body and soul: association in the grandeur of marble halls with the most highly cultivated of

this world's favored ones; a birthright to banquet on the daintiest fare known to the epicurean taste; the enjoyment of all the beauties and consolations of holy religion, offered to God by the most magnificent inspiration of saintly genius!

All this was cheerfully sacrificed by the Rev. Father Aulneau, Jesuit missionary, when, at the call of the Master, he obediently accepted his vocation, voyaged to Canada, in 1734, labored during the autumn and winter of 1735 among the Kristinaux on this Lake of the Woods, endeavoring to learn from his unwilling teachers sufficient of their language to announce to them the Gospel ere setting out in the spring for his ultimate destination, the land of the Chipouanes, hundreds of miles farther west. And here at the hands of the Prairie Sioux he suffered martyrdom in the spring of 1736.

Throughout that winter his refined associates were—vermin-covered savages; his mansion, a log hut; his dainty fare, "tainted pike boiled, or dried over the fire!"

How did he keep his Lent? At the question tears come for answer.

What of the loving, anxious mother, far away in his beautiful France, like her son a servant of the Lord—but still a mother! Ah! let us recollect that he was one of the Society of Jesus, an ardent follower of the loving Redeemer, who had not where to rest His head.

What heights of the spiritual life attained by the Martyr's contemplation in the brightness of our northern night, with Orion blazing in the southern sky, and the northern sky all-luminous with the vari-colored, flaming, flying brilliance of the Aurora Borealis!

The "Aulneau Letters" testify to the beauty of our "Northern Lights."

But the winter night passed—forever.

When before did this Aulneau crest dignify a missive directed to the "Lake of the Woods?" Just one hundred and sixty-eight years ago, when for the last time that longed-for greeting, prompted by the mother-heart, came traced in the familiar mother-hand.

The long, long years have buried the tears and the sorrows!

What matters it now that at life's close, for the one was all the sympathy of the near and dear, all the consolations of religion, the last blessing of the Church, the lying in religious state, the tolling of bells, and the Christian laying to rest; while for the other was but the sympathy of the savage's scalping knife, that waiting for the grave through days and nights when the dew, the sun, and the rain fell upon the sightless eyes and the uplifted hands?—that other, whose sacred dust makes holy ground of this region, whose blood has consecrated it for all time, and whom we of this Lake of the Woods—red man and white—can with those of his name claim as "our noble martyr."

Mother and son, in their immortality are together now, we trust; although the mortal remains of the one lie grandly entombed among the generations of their illustrious race, and the grave of the other is merged in the wildness of bramble, bush, and tree.

Thanks to these days of the kodak and the great Canadian Pacific Railway, there are now speeding to La Vendée three photos:—one of "Massacre Island," looking so peaceful in its verdure, and with the gentle wavelets kissing the shore, the spot of martyrdom where is found the tumulus of stones that covers the remains of nineteen of Father Aulneau's party, and marks the spot where they camped for the night. A cross surmounts the highest part of the island.

A second photo shows a group of Jesuit priests at the cross, Massacre Island.

The third photo portrays the present appearance or rather disappearance of Fort St. Charles, where Father Aulneau passed the winter of 1735, and where his body and that of his companion, the younger Sieur La Verandrye, were brought for burial. Within the foundations, or limits of the Fort, stands a group, chief among whom are His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, Manitoba, and several Jesuit and Oblate priests. A cross bears the inscription: "Fort St. Charles. Founded 1732. Visited 1902."

O! how interesting these bits of cardboard would have been to the sorrowing mother of one hundred and sixty-eight years ago! How I should in spirit like to see the present-day Aulneau family, in contemplation of these scenes!—for there are still gentle, eminently Christian hearts, and—tears.

Not to earthly rank, neither to riches nor to the favor of earthly princes, may be accredited the fact that the Aulneau family status has survived the shock of three or four revolutions; but to the boundless charity, the willingness to renounce self in the service of God and fellow-man, which characterized that race, and which won the martyr's crown on this Lake of the Woods.

Thus does the King of Kings, the Lord of Glory, the Prince of Peace, reward those who trust in Him,—those who are willing to fast as to feast with Him, who ever remember that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

In these thoughts are ever associated with Father Aulneau, the other members of that noble army of French Jesuit missionaries, who in dauntlessly bringing Gospel light to the savage, watered this Canadian soil with their blood. The "Aulneau Letters" exhale the very essence of their Christ-like spirit; when we read, we blush for the temerity of the "Parkmans" and the "Gilbert Parkers,"—the fools who rush in where angels fear to tread, and whose representations are too often but shallow misrepresentations.

* * * * * * * *

A case in contrast occurs to my mind, afforded by the unhappy France of to-day,—a second mother as heroic a Christian as Lady Aulneau, has separated from her dear, but erring son, and all for the sake of God and His commandments. This mother is the grand old Madame Loubet; and the son whom she has repudiated is no less a personage than the President of France. To be known among worldlings as one of the great ones of this earth he feels compelled to remain disowned by the Christian mother who bore him! Alas! for the shame heaped upon her whitened head, and the bitter anguish and anxiety of heart that is now her portion. Lady Aulneau cheerfully gave up her son to God, and let him go from her for time; but lived and died in the blessed hope and consolation that, wearing the martyr's crown, he was awaiting her in eternity. Satan has stolen Madame Loubet's son from her; what hope remains for his eternity!

What of the French nation?—the people of St. Louis!—their government usurped by godlessness and plunder; their leader, courted it is true by kings and emperors, but an outcast in the eyes of his own mother!

Sadly in retrospect, rises before our eyes that old, suggestive, eloquent standard—"The Lilies of France." That soaring flag floats no more; long ago was it dishonored.

France's millions, the majority of her people are faithful Christians leading prayerful lives, but the scum has risen to the top by and in diabolical ambition, and to the scandal of the majority, constitutes the governing minority.

The Dreyfus case presents the level of France's political purity.

Capt. Dreyfus as a soldier may be innocent of the faithlessness imputed to him, he may be the best of a bad set; but if public and private faith are one, we cannot but feel distrust of a man, who, when on trial, by his own admissions, is proved guilty of infidelity in private life.

If public and private honesty,—the honesty before God, and Man—is one and identical, why does the one man in the world who could right all —William of Germany—withhold the truth in the Dreyfus case? Would he, by open charity, be guilty of his well-known horror—"lèse majesté?"

When William II. came to the throne, he was so intoxicated by his own eminence as to excite the ridicule not only of the world at large, but of his own people. Germany was the centre of the universe, and Providence had evidently brought him forth in awesome grandeur to place the seal of immortality upon his empire's greatness. Although William has persevered in being picturesque at all times, sixteen years have taught us to respect his earnestness and industry; for surely he has ignored all the uneasiness of the head that wears a crown.

When rumors of physical ailments reach us, our deepest sympathies are elicited by the man who has proved himself worthy of Germany's imperial crown.

The King of Kings, the God of Nations, can and does demonstrate that at any moment He may dispense with the puny power of mortal arm; that in the upbuilding or maintenance of empires, individual man, of whatever degree, is a mere atom finally to be accepted or rejected. What a delusion and a snare, what a mockery is the fading earthly diadem which too often serves but as an obstacle to the gaining of the Heavenly crown!

The present wearer of the empire's crown gave the quietus to Germany's big man, Bismarck, who had poisoned that son's mind against his mother.

The iron-willed statesman spared no pains to mould the Prince after his own heart politically. That he had succeeded but too well, he discovered when William came to his own, and said in substance—"Now, get down and out, old man! The crown will not cover two heads!"

Bismarck's hatred rendered abortive the practical genius of that surpassingly clever woman, the Empress Frederick,—the Princess Royal of whom the British Empire is justly proud.

Queen Victoria's daughter inherited the royal courage and endurance which won for her at the eleventh hour, and restored to her some of the wrested opportunities.

Bismarck essayed to make the Moral Law subject to the civil,—in effect the civil law of the "Bismarck" code.

In this he was ably combated and frustrated by the great parliamentary leader, Doctor Windthorst, whose strength, like that of Sir Thomas More, was from Holy Communion daily received.

The Holy Father, Leo XIII., having in the opposing of Bismarck, shown himself an abler politician, was chosen over his head as arbiter, by the nations!

But the unkindest cut of all, which decapitated Bismarck politically, was administered by Emperor William!

Sic transit gloria mundi!

Taking Germany and France as a general comparison, how much more happy, how much more orderly is the Christian country governed by a constitutional ruler born in the purple, than the country headed by the puppet of scheming cliques! The one man inherits the responsibilities of his princely line, and knows that he is daily judged by the rule of his worthiest forbears; the other man only bids for the favor of the ascendant or ascending party.

* * * * * * * *

There are wars and rumors of war: the eyes of the world are turned towards Russia and Japan.

What fair-minded man or woman is not pro-Jap! Why should not the Christian powers interfere—if necessary—to secure to the spirited, progressive Japs, every inch of territory they justly claim! Surely, Russia has enough,—too much, judging by the barbarian hordes she produces.

Who does not pity the little terror-stricken, peace-loving, powerless Czar? For him is strife abroad and Nihilist conspiracies at home. His little mother having survived the Winter Palace tragedy, the blowing up of her railway train, and all the imperial terrors which shortened her husband's life, is now sending encouraging reminders to the Black Sea fleet, in the pathetic hope of furthering the popularity and safety of her son, by affecting supreme enthusiasm in everything Russian, and in everything that makes for Russian pre-eminence.

* * * * * * * *

What I shall never be able to understand is, how a certain empress-queen, whose memory we cherish, could have favored the wooing of the Czarevitch—the present Czar,—could have consented to give the child of her lost daughter, the beloved Princess Alice, to a life of terror among Russian Nihilists.

It is well that royalty is hedged in by ornamental barriers, from the general gaze; otherwise we might discover among the characteristics of the great—exaggerated selfishness, jealousy and rivalry.

"The penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree" outrivalled other princesses in her fitness for the glories of the Russian throne!

A village maiden would have shuddered at the prospect; a village matron would have welcomed the grave for that daughter, as complacently as the crown of Russia.

Alexander of Servia sued in vain at European courts; but then he had not at his back the barbarous opulence of Russia.

The jewels,—the glittering baubles that in all probability lured poor "Draga" from her fidelity to her husband, and the wearing of which as queen most certainly caused her assassination, have been sold in London, England.

What woman possessing any imagination or feeling could now wear them!

Alas! there are women sufficiently heartless and barbarous as to vie with one another in the rush to purchase those glittering vanities.

Other butterflies, forgetful of life's stern duties, are now fluttering in the gauds of the murdered Draga of Servia.

* * * * * * * *

By press despatch reaches us a story too good not to be true:—

Paderewski—may a merciful God yet deliver poor Poland!—has politely declined the condescension of the Czar; mocked him to his teeth!

So the "Little Father" of Russia would patronize even—Paderewski! How gracious he was "to be proud of the greatest musician in the world, Paderewski, his *'countryman'!"*

How unexpected, and cooling the reply—"Pardon, Your Majesty, I am not a *Russian;* I was born in *Poland!"*

For these words, few but eloquent, the "Little Father" has given to his "countryman" twenty-four hours to leave St. Petersburg, a limited time to shake off the dust of all Russia, and the advice to have done with that soil forevermore!

How the broken heart of Poland will once more swell with pride at the spirit and manliness of her distinguished son!

* * * * * * * *

If I might take the liberty, I would say that the compliments exchanged by the Czar and Paderewski recall the exact words of the Princess Louise, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, and Reverend Mother Teresa Dease, foundress of the Loretto convents in America.

Upon her first visit to Loretto Abbey, Toronto, charmed into enthusiasm by her reception, and fresh from the French-speaking convents of Ottawa, the amiable Princess with much evident admiration said to Rev. Mother—"You are an *English* lady!" "No, Princess," was the reply; "I come from *Dublin!*"

Ah! the two volumes of history that met in those two queenly ladies! One was the descendant of the oppressors of Ireland; the other the descendant of her defenders. The ancestors of the one, had robbed the ancestors of the other!

Very interesting is the history of the Dease family of Ireland. Rather than give up the faith of their fathers for a religion "by law established," they, with others of the Irish nobility, relinquished lands, and chose—a necessary number in every generation—to remain on the continent and, as exiles under alien flags, to win the fame and rank denied them at home. The name won renown on the battlefields of France, Spain and Flanders.

One of this noble family died recently in Dublin. He held a lifelong position in Dublin Castle. By his rare talents, his undeniable integrity, his urbanity and rare tact, he held his position without molestation.

A small portion, comparatively, of their broad Irish acres, now remains to the noble Deases; but their trust and hope is neither in earthly riches nor in earthly princes.

* * * * * * * *

A case of vain trust in the appreciation of this world is afforded by the life and death of the brave Scottish Highlander, the late Hector McDonald, who felt himself driven to suicide when, after having entered the army as a private soldier, he had fought his way upwards from the ranks to the place and title of "Major General Sir Hector McDonald!"

He supplanted no one; he made as it were a place for himself at the top.

Oh, how lonely his social life: his brother officers—his inferiors in army rank, and "de facto" —patronized him or resented his companionship. They bore the "guinea stamp" upon their purchased commissions and their pretensions; he had but his sword, his daring deeds, and his manliness.

He had left his true friends far behind; as he advanced his associates fell to the rear, but they closed in and followed him in a conspiracy of murderous calumny. When life became unbearable Hector McDonald committed suicide.

How puzzling to the majority is the accepted position of the British soldier, the "Tommy Atkins" of the rank and file; and what a grim joke is the fact that in war time, "Tommy" is a public pet, but in time of peace, he is not considered up to the standard of common decency!

The British private soldier has been an odd fish ever since the days of Edward VI., who brought in German troops to establish the Reformation, and to lord it over the consciences and lives of the British people, civilian and military.

These abiding mercenaries were reinforced by the German regiments brought over to place and to keep William of Orange on the throne.

In the Nineteenth Century these hirelings were still necessary to the ruling powers, and were the means of getting the historian Cobbett into trouble. At the instance of a German captain an honest English militia-man was being flogged, when Cobbett vigorously interfered in behalf of his degraded countryman. For his manliness and courage he was introduced to a heavy fine and to a felon's prison for two or three years.

As a co-existent fact, with the low status of the British private soldier, it does not require much of a gentleman to be the superior of the rank and file, who, by the written and unwritten law, may not hope or dare to rise to the rank of commissioned officers.

What are the requirements of the exclusive officers' mess? To wine and dine, and to swear and swagger.

Exceptions to this rule have been furnished by Havelock, Gordon, and some present-day leaders.

We have been accustomed to make a joke of Wellington's profanity: Yes, he, as a British officer, was horribly profane; yet in private, in family life, he was a gentleman mindful of his descent through the Irish Butlers from Gilbert

Becket, father of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and from Edward III. and Egbert the first King of England. In St. Paul's Cathedral, as I literally stood between the coffined remains of Wellington and Gordon, I turned sadly from the man of profanity to the man of prayer, and noticed that while the "Iron Duke" is royally entombed, Gordon's tomb bears all the tributes of—affection.

During the Crimean War, when the British and French were allies and intimate associates in camp life, the social life of the British officer was neither copied nor admired by the French; and the manner of recreation in the French Quarters was a conundrum to the Britishers.

English historians testify that the officers of the French army, led by Prince Jerome Bonaparte, delighted in "musicales" and other evening entertainments of a highly classic and refined character. The presence of ladies seemed all that was wanting.

All this, too, when the French common soldier by personal valor might rise to any rank the highest in his country's service, and, as a matter of course, to the companionship of—princes.

I do not wish to underrate the requirements, the place, or position of the true gentleman; but I would hold him to his responsibilities.

There is nothing more heart-sickening than to find in the office, place, property, or profession of a gentleman,—a boor, or pagan.

Christianity can make of the boor or the pagan, a gentleman in the highest sense of the word; but without true, practical Christianity, the boor or pagan requires his "three generations."

What a sore trial, what a punishment must it be for our gentle families, who have not only their "three," but their twenty or thirty generations, to be "bought," perhaps ousted, by the rich but vulgar parvenu!

Let us examine and find where Hector McDonald might claim to belong independently of army advancement:—

He had been a clerk in a draper's shop; so he must have entered the army a man of intelligence, and of common politeness. He had inherited a name celebrated for loyalty to God, King, and country,—a name never borne by slaves either in or out of the army.

He came fresh from the freedom of mountain, glen, and lake. Last, but not least, he had the soul of the Celt, which breathes in the poetry, and the sublimity of Highland music.

I ask but "MacDonald's Reel," and "McDonald's Lament for a Fallen Chief,"—and all the history of high emprise, of daring deeds, of devotion to God, King and country, and endurance unto death, is unfolded before me!

Hector McDonald walked before men, to the rhythm of these numbers, ever present to him,—his birthright.

But worthless in themselves as were Kipling's "Flanneled fools at the wicket, and the muddied oafs at the goals," their murderous tongues secreted the venom that did Hector McDonald to death.

Why did not our King interpose to save his brave soldier?

A Scotch Presbyterian minister, somewhere "down by the sea" at a "St. Andrew's supper," in words that cut like swords, has taken up the cause of his countryman.

He reminds us that Hector McDonald's is not the only case of this kind,—that once before another brave Scottish soldier, (Sir) Colin Campbell, rose to high position by daring deeds, but being beset by murderous jealousy, he left his command, hastened to England and handed in his resignation. The good sense of Queen Victoria having interposed and saved him to his country, he returned to India, led the British troops to victory, and in after years was known as Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde.

Hector McDonald's apologist and panegyrist says that for this obvious reason "many a brave Scottish and Irish soldier is driven to leave his country, and to fight for a flag other than that under which he was born." He voices his indignation in the words—"We shall bide our time, but we shall raise our cairn to tell that Hector McDonald shall be avenged!"

When reading these manly expressions of Celtic ire, a quotation occurred to me—"The recording angel as he flew upwards to Heaven's judgment seat, dropped a tear upon the words, and blotted them out forever!"

"Man's anger worketh not the justice of God;" and we shudder at thought of Hector McDonald rushing unbidden into his Maker's presence. Ah! it is indeed a sad day for the Celt when his hopes are centered in the creature and not in the Creator; and when he cannot turn from the exterior, to the interior life of religion!

* * * * * * * *

These days of preparation for the coming Easter joy,—that joy, that peace which passeth

all understanding, we are led deeper and deeper into the realization of the truth that if we would, individually and collectively, but invite and entertain interior peace, there would be occasion for no exterior strife.

O! that the prince of this world, the ruler of the wills of nations, were indeed the Prince of Peace!

IDRIS.

Mother Francis Raphael.

THE interest that hovers around different personalities is of a varied nature. Some attract by exterior fascinations, and the spell is brief; some by qualities of mind and heart, some by talents, and some by personal magnetism. In making a compendious study of the character of Augusta Drane, we are forcibly impressed by the fact that she seemed imbued with every charm that usually graces womanhood. Her baby footsteps were guided through life's pleasant paths under the most favorable circumstances, and in the sunshiny atmosphere of a cultured home, she imbibed that love of the beautiful ever apparent in after life. Her father, a wealthy English merchant, was not so wholly absorbed in mundane affairs as to neglect the promotion of domestic harmony; while her mother, a sweet, gentle woman, was, to her household at least, an ideal in every sense of the word.

Augusta's early education was rather the kind suggested by Ruskin in his "Queen's Gardens" than the more practical sort. She grew like a flower in very truth. Nature was her most delightful teacher, and though not versed in scientific lore nor very accurate about facts, her woodland excursions had trained her in ornithology, natural history, zoology and botany, while her extensive reading stored her mind with knowledge in its most enchanting form. When her much-enjoyed freedom was exchanged for the thraldom of school discipline, she was certainly a paradox—far outshining her companions in many ways, and in others blissfully ignorant. One incident of her childish days is worth recording. While at play with her brothers, their vivid imagination led them to believe that Augusta was guilty of some crime deserving severe punishment, which they chose to inflict in the form of suspending her by her long hair from the branch of a tree. Before this realistic game reached their idea of perfection, the sound of footsteps caused the righteous judges to flee from the spot, leaving the poor victim to face the foe, if so the intruder proved. Fortunately it was a friend of the family, who came to the rescue of the suspended maiden none too soon for the supposed delinquent. Having crossed life's bridge that spans the transition point from brook to river, we find her at length "with the hopes and fears of a woman." Deep thought and investigation led her to embrace the Catholic faith which up to this time was for her a hidden treasure. Its whole wealth was revealed to her, and her appreciation of such a gift was shown by her after life of conformity to its beautiful maxims. The pleading words: "My child, give Me thy heart," found a responsive echo, resulting in the renunciation of everything one cherishes most, in order to devote herself more exclusively to the service of God. While yet in doubt which path to follow, she called one day at a convent of Dominican nuns. The door was opened by a novice who ushered her into the drawing-room and then retired to announce her to the Superior, but the eyes of Augusta Drane followed the unconscious portress till she disappeared from view—but she never disappeared from the mind of Augusta. Ian McLaren tells truly that "a hundred thousand faces pass before us, making no impression whatever, we see *one* and it remains in our hearts forever." Augusta Drane eventually joined this order and the youthful novice became in time, her much-loved superior. All through their lives Mother Imelda and Mother Francis Raphael, as we must now call her, enjoyed the blessedness of friendship as it is given to few to enjoy—that perfect union that seems to impart a double existence to each, that ennobling, elevating union which ever stimulates souls to a higher life—that union in which there is strength to combat against mere natural inclinations and which facilitates spiritual flights. Such friendships instead of coming between the soul and God are an energising potency along the path of perfection, revealing, as they do, the innermost selves in which are found resplendent, the gems hidden from ordinary observation. Through life Mother Imelda and Mother Francis Raphael encouraged each other in the practice of virtue which they were called on to prove in a heroic degree. When Mother Imelda's death drew nigh, they were far apart and though her friend hastened to get a last glimpse of her in life, she arrived too late, the soul had winged its flight

and only the cold, impassive form of her loved sister in religion, remained. Instead of bemoaning this as a crushing disappointment, she thanked God for the sacrifice it enabled her to make, thus proving that their friendship, like all worthy of the name, had been no selfish gratification, but wholly subservient to God's pleasure.

The exactions of community life were no hindrance to Mother Raphael's literary career. Her versatile pen found moments to trace the most exquisite sentiments both in prose and verse. "My Fairest Fair" is a revelation of her beautiful soul and gives us a glimpse of that inner sanctuary in which God was enshrined. Her pretty story "Aroer" is a vivid illustration of the vocations of women. She depicts three admirable types; her heroine seeks the cloister to fulfil God's calling. Beatrice is the valiant woman, the sunshine of her home, the joy of her husband, the pride of her children; while Claudia, whose life some would designate without aim, proves what a woman can do, who has no family ties to bind her, and no call to the religious life.

The main interest of Mother Raphael's literary productions, centers around her "Memoirs," which no one can suppose were penned with any view to publication. They reveal a most charming personality which could not fail to captivate even the least impressional of her readers. We feel ourselves in the very presence of the dear writer; with her we penetrate those depths of thought known only to reflective minds, we ascend those heights known only to aspiring souls, we love the beautiful and good as only the pure of heart can love, and as we are instinctively drawn to such a magnetic character, we feel her sweet influence permeate our atmosphere and we gladly submit to be guided by one who walked life's ways in the footsteps of the Master she loved and served so faithfully.

We cannot but rejoice when we encounter such noble types of womanhood as the subject of our sketch presents—the embodiment of all those sweet attractive graces that could adorn a character. The world is better for such women, they are beacon lights to humanity struggling in dim uncertainty, for the contest seems worth while when we look through the troubled waves of life's vicissitudes and contemplate those who have reached the happy, peaceful shore, after battling bravely with the very storms that assail ourselves. We feel convinced that our life-work must be the daily diminishing of defects that have an enervating influence, and the ever accumulating of such virtues as should characterize the ideal Christian woman.

DOROTHY B.

"Much Ado About Nothing."

ON the afternoon of Shrove Tuesday we listened once more to a recital by Mr. John Rummell of Buffalo, and once more we were entertained and instructed by his artistic and scholarly work. Having already given us his interpretation of three of the great Shakespearian tragedies, he now presented the poet's comic masterpiece, *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Mr. Rummell's versatility had been fully demonstrated in his other recitals. We had been prepared, by his handling of the lighter scenes in the tragedies, to expect a brilliant rendering of the witty speeches and humorous situations in the comedy. We had been prepared, by the careful attention to details which he had shown in his other work, to expect the subtle shadings of utterance and the skillful elaboration of action by which he brings out the full meaning of the text and reveals the forward movement of each scene. We had been prepared to expect consistent and well-sustained impersonations of the different characters, effective contrasts in vocalization, clear-cut enunciation, strong climaxes, vivid pictures, and the true atmosphere of the time and place in which the story is enacted. All these things and many more we had been prepared to expect, and in the realization of them all we were happily gratified. Moreover, Mr. Rummell gave still further evidence in this recital that his methods as an artist are never stereotyped, but that he always adapts his means to the end to be attained. In his interpretation of each new drama, therefore, there is the same charm of freshness as in all the others, the same spontaneity, the same fidelity to nature and the same variety of interest.

The principal persons in the drama are nearly all introduced in the first scene. Mr. Rummell's conception of each of these was clearly indicated, and the individual characteristics which he gave them at the outset, they each retained to the end of the comedy even while undergoing the development brought about by the conflict of forces in the plot. Leonato, as Mr. Rummell first presented him, was an elderly gentleman, courteous, hospitable, chivalrous, and noble, and not without



EASTER MORNING.

a keen sense of humor. Never once during the progress of the story did we fail to recognize Leonato the moment he was made to speak. Mr. Rummell's impersonation of him was always consistent with the impression of the character that he gave us at the beginning. Even when Leonato becomes a man with a grievance, when his family pride and honor have been assailed in the wrong done to his daughter, and he hotly challenges a younger man to a duel, it was still an elderly gentleman that Mr. Rummell presented. Leonato's outbursts of grief, anger and indignation, were those of an old man, and in fine contrast to the expression of the same emotions by the young Claudio. An artist of less ability than Mr. Rummell might easily have fallen into the error of using a stereotyped method of expressing these emotions, and so, for the time being at least, have dropped the character whom he was supposed to represent. Mr. Rummell, however, is so fully possessed by the spirit of the characters he impersonates that they seem merely to use his voice and body as a transparent medium through which to reveal themselves to the audience. Whatever emotion, therefore, is to be expressed, one is never made to feel that it simply takes the form that it would naturally have if experienced in real life by the interpreter himself, but that, on the contrary, it is the very emotion of the character whom he interprets, revealing at the same time something of that character's life, his age, education and social position, his personal traits and peculiarities of temper.

Of the others that appear in the first scene of the drama, Beatrice may next claim our consideration. As presented by Mr. Rummell, she is a witty, vivacious lady, interesting and charming in spite of her fondness for satire and raillery. We could recognize her genuine goodness of heart even while she was flashing out her brightest repartees, for the reciter showed that they were prompted not by a desire to wound the feelings of others, but simply by an overflow of good spirits. In this scene her cousin Hero speaks but a single line, and yet that line was so rendered by the reciter as to reveal the sweetness, the gentleness and the refinement of the lady, and to mark the contrast between her and Beatrice. Hero, we know, was a short woman, and in Mr. Rummell's utterances of her first speech we felt her slightness of stature as well as her amiability of disposition. Beatrice, on the other hand, was made to appear tall, forceful, intellectual, a woman who might prove a loyal friend and noble champion in time of need.

The contrasts between the remaining characters in the scene were equally well suggested. Don Pedro was a courtly, generous-hearted prince, while his half-brother, Don John, though he speaks but a line, was shown to be ill-natured, uncivil, and quite capable of the base slander which he afterwards perpetrates out of pure malice and spite. Benedick's jolly, rollicking spirit, as interpreted by Mr. Rummell, had an excellent foil in the sentimentality of his friend, Claudio. We could easily understand that while Benedick called himself a "professed tyrant" to the opposite sex, he was nevertheless a true-hearted gentleman, who might, on occasion, be stirred to fight in defense of a woman's honor, or to prove himself worthy of her love. His gibes aimed at Beatrice were all uttered in a spirit of merriment. There was not tne slightest taint of cynicism in his speeches, and this is undoubtedly the right conception of the character.

The first two acts of the play as Mr. Rummell presents them give little or no hint of the wicked scheming that threatens to turn the comedy into a tragedy. Instead, there are the amusing encounters between Beatrice and Benedick, the animated jesting of Benedick with his friends, Don Pedro and Claudio, Claudio's wooing of Hero by proxy, and the delightful artifice by which Don Pedro, Leonato and Claudio beguile Benedick into thinking that Beatrice is dying for love of him, and his conclusion that her love must be requited. "If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture." Here at the close of the second act Mr. Rummell withdrew from the platform, leaving his audience to enjoy a little longer in retrospect the sparkling humor and merry peals of laughter of the happy gentlefolk with whom he had so pleasantly made us acquainted.

After a few minutes' intermission Mr. Rummell returned and took up the charming scene in Leonato's garden in which Hero and Ursula spread for Beatrice the same net that caught Benedick. This he rendered with a full appreciation of its poetic beauty, developing further the sweet character of Hero as already sketched in the earlier part of the play.

Passing to the next scene where Don Pedro and Claudio are rallying Benedick on his changed demeanor and laughingly conclude that he is in love, the reciter brought out the full humor of the

situation, contrasting it strongly with what follows when Don John enters the room as Benedick and Leonato pass out. The very way in which Mr. Rummell announced the entrance of Don John revealed something of the man's evil disposition. Mr. Rummell, however, proceeded to explain briefly Don John's attitude towards his brother, Don Pedro, his special hatred of Claudio, and his determination to injure both by plotting to prevent Claudio's marriage on the morrow morning with Hero. The first tragic note in Mr. Rummell's version of the play was heard in the conversation with which this scene concludes. Here the character of Don John was painted in all its hideousness, and yet so skilfully was it done that the audience was made to recognize the treachery of the man even while those with whom he was talking were plainly deceived.

It was a striking change to the comic scene in which Dogberry, the constable of Messina, instructs the watchmen as to their duties for the night. Dogberry's good-natured dullness, his pompous self-importance, his amusing malapropisms, were all made the most of by the impersonator, and so were the senility of old Verges and the stupid irresponsibility of the watchmen. That the audience entered into the spirit of the scene along with the reciter was fully attested by frequent ripples of laughter. In the other low comedy scene at the end of the fourth act where these characters appear again and are further elaborated, the effect was deliciously funny, the amusement rising to a climax as Dogberry goes off, exclaiming, "Oh that I had been writ down an ass!"

Between these two scenes there is the almost tragic one in the church, where Claudio, in the presence of the Friar and the assembled guests, refuses to marry Hero, leaves her in a swoon in the arms of her cousin Beatrice, and finally departs with his friend, Don Pedro, and the villain, Don John, who had deceived them both. Here Mr. Rummell brought out the full pathos of the situation. Claudio's fierce accusations, Leonato's overwhelming horror, grief and indignation, the sinister speeches of Don John, the grand eloquence of Friar Francis, the heart-breaking appeal of Hero when she at last recovers from her swoon—all were rendered in the most artistic manner, and held the audience in breathless suspense until the Friar, with words of hope and comfort, leads the grief-stricken Hero and her Father out of the church. The dialogue between Benedick and Beatrice with which the scene concludes was given with the utmost taste. Benedick's wooing of Beatrice was manly and tender, while the lady's denunciations of Claudio were given with such fine spirit and betokened such goodness of heart that it seemed the most natural thing in the world for Benedick to challenge his old friend to a trial of arms, and thus prove his devotion to the lady who felt herself wronged in the wrong done to her cousin. It was the gentleness and tenderness of a strong, brave man that Mr. Rummell suggested as he spoke Benedick's parting words to Beatrice: "Go, comfort your cousin; I must say she is dead: and so, farewell."

After another brief intermission Mr. Rummell gave the concluding act of the drama, and swayed his audience from one mood to another as the plot unfolded and the happy *dénouement* was finally reached. The exciting passage in which Leonato and his brother, Antonio, each in turn, challenge Claudio to a duel, the succeeding one in which Benedick calls Claudio a villain and likewise challenges him to fight, the next succeeding in which Dogberry, Verges and the Watch approach with their prisoners, Conrade and Borachio, where there is humor on the one side, repentance and grief on the other, and finally the passage in which Leonato learns of the treachery of Don John and his follower and proposes a method by which Claudio may repair the wrong he has done to Hero, each was given with that intensity of purpose, that concentration of mind which makes Mr. Rummell's work so compelling to the listener, so absorbingly interesting. In the scene in Leonato's garden where Benedick meets Beatrice again and tells her what has passed between him and Claudio, the reciter suggested the exuberance of spirits of these two happy young people, as well as the tender sympathy that now exists between them. In the final scene where all misunderstandings are cleared away, the humor was pleasantly accentuated at every point, and left the audience in a happy mood, glad that Benedick had won his Beatrice, glad that Claudio and Hero had been reunited, glad that the disturbance caused by the cruel Don John was after all Much Ado About Nothing.

MARGARET HENRY.

Beautiful this thought, and beautiful the language wherewith Sir Philip Sidney gave it expression: "They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts."

A Modern Galatea.

Long was the labour in Life's school of art,
But never an hour was weary,
So ravished each moment with golden dreams
That robbed it of aspect dreary.
Yet stern was the master, Experience,
And rigid his plan of guiding:
How sharp were his comments, how rough his ways!
How taunting was his deriding!
Once merged into glorious womanhood,
With all its attendant power,
No longer enthralled by influence
Fair freedom was now my dower.
The hammer and chisel I wielded firm,
Designing each graceful curving,
I measured each stroke, I studied each line,
To make my life-work deserving.
Time's noon-day passed, and my task incomplete,
I watched the dusk shadows stealing,
Would the sun go down on my life, I asked,
Without my success revealing?
No, no, ere the gloaming silently fell,
Behold, an enraptured vision!
In the golden light of life's afternoon
There came to me joy Elysian,
For before me, sculptured by my own hand,
Completed stood my ideal!
Each line and each curve after my own heart
To me seemed perfection real.
As I gazed on my Galatea fair,
O'er me stole a sense of sorrow.
Oh! had I the power of Pygmalion
The gift of the gods to borrow!
My cherished ideal would then take life,
This marble cold and unfeeling
Would thrill with the joys of existence grand
Thus full perfection revealing.
When, behold! as I gazed my heart beat fast,
With joy every nerve was thrilling,
Before me in life was my ideal,
My every desire fulfilling.
Why heed then the taunts of the mocking ones
That say earth's joys are not real?
If life is but spent in deserving quest,
We find *all* in our ideal.

DOROTHY B.

To improve the golden moments of opportunity and to catch the good that is within our reach is the great art of life.

The Convert.

[From the German.]

SHOUTS of joyous laughter were ringing through the cheerful summer air. It was a bright and balmy day, which seemed made to promote and foster alike love and life. A merry company was seated beside a clear fountain overshadowed by lofty palm trees, immediately outside the walls of an Oriental city. Webs of white tissue were extended from tree to tree to intensify the shade. The laughing maidens had unwound this drapery from their turbaned heads, the youths from their ample shoulders—their finely-formed arms shining as if moulded from molten bronze, their white teeth gleaming like pearls between their rosy lips wreathed with smiles—they were young, merry, and happy.

The handsomest in this joyous group of merry-makers was Mary, whose auburn hair floated around her shoulders in ample, silky undulations. The Tyrian purple drapery in which she was clothed rustled like the scales of the beautiful serpents which the Egyptians adored at Memphis, and the golden beaker from which she sipped, seemed to call up brilliant ideas in her beautiful head. Wherever she turned her gaze, her eyes rested upon brilliant coloring and unwonted splendor.

But what is this that suddenly comes over her? What object rivets her gaze—what fixes her astonished attention—takes the color from her cheek and the light from her lustrous eyes? She sees a group of pedestrians—attired in ash-coloured mantles—whose appearance diverts her at once, in the most extraordinary manner, from the revel in which she had been hitherto joyously absorbed.

At their head appears a man in the prime of life, whose countenance is full of blended majesty and beauty, which fills her with unspeakable awe and trembling astonishment, as he fixes his grave eyes on her paling face and quailing form. She seems to wilt before him, as he apparently turns his steps to where she sits, while a veil of unutterable pity falls like a tissue of aerial silver upon his celestial countenance.

The goblet, containing the red wine of Tarsus, slips from her beautiful hand, and falls unnoticed to the ground, as, with lips apart and straining eyes, she contemplates this extraordinary man.

It falls upon the folds of her rich and costly garments, which it stains with what appears to be streaks of blood. But, lost in contemplation, this vain and lovely woman never heeds it. She is too much absorbed in gazing at that wonderful group. A companion fills her another goblet to the brim—heedless of the one that has fallen—and invites her with a smile to quaff it; but she puts it aside; her heart is now on fire, and it is her soul that is athirst. Awaking from the astonishing reverie into which she was so suddenly plunged, she looks around at her companions, whose faces, wreathed with scornful smiles, seem ugly grimaces rather than human countenances. "Who are these men?" she asks. "Do you know them?"

"Who?" exclaimed several at once. "Why, they are madmen. They openly proclaim that melancholy is better than mirth—fasting preferable to luscious viands. They are men who are industriously qualifying themselves for a lunatic asylum, if there be such a thing, and who ought to be long since thrown to the wild beasts—if, indeed, those noble animals would condescend to eat such scare-crows."

Mary's eyes wandered over the faces of her laughing companions; but she herself was neither laughing nor light-hearted. It seemed as if a light from heaven had suddenly removed the scales from her eyes, as she inaudibly whispered, or rather thought, "Assuredly melancholy is preferable to such mirth as ours."

A strange revolution, a wonderful change, took place that day in the household of this beautiful woman. Her attendants were puzzled, perplexed, and bewildered. She broke her shining mirrors, and beat her breast in sorrow and despair. She tore her priceless necklaces into unnumbered pieces, and the white glittering pearls fell in showers on the floor, and rolled into every corner. She loosed the golden clasps from her auburn tresses, broke them into fragments, and flung them to her attendants. "Take them," she exclaimed; "take them and leave me. Begone! No, no! Do not go; stay here and take these things and share them among you. They are yours. It is I who must quit this mansion. This dwelling is your home; remain here. Your mistress will go forth, and you shall be the mistresses. It is I who must wander a homeless outcast until I find the fountain whose waters can give me life. I here trample wealth and beauty under my feet, and let my slaves, if they will, scuffle for their possession. My only treasure, henceforth, shall be repentance and purity."

A casket caught her eye as she uttered these words. It was of the most costly description, enriched with gems beautifully engraved by the skillful hand of Grecian sculptor, and filled with an ointment fragrant with Arabian perfumes. She took it up and was about to hurl it against the shining floor of polished marble on which she stood, when an idea flashed into her versatile mind. She became thoughtful and silent. She remembered that noble-looking man, with his flowing locks parted on his snowy brow, and his countenance beaming with compassion, and she thought this might be a suitable gift for him. She would not dare to address him in words, but she might serve him. She might pour this precious ointment on his beautiful hair, and stand and wait for his smile. She might at least approach him with that gift—fragrant as adoration—and haply he might accept it.

She took the shining casket in her grasp, wrapped it in her drapery, and left the house with beating heart.

Mary sought him high and low, but could not find him in his usual haunts. Finally she learned that he had gone to visit a friend with whom he promised to dine. Thither she sped. When she reached the house her heart beat violently. She did not dare to enter, but stood upon the threshold terrified at her own temerity, and, trembling like a beautiful rose when a rude hand—applied to its stem—would fain pluck it from its parent tree. She was speechless, breathless, and ready to swoon. What shall she do with this precious ointment, which she clasps to her heart. Could she dare to anoint his face with it as if he were an ordinary man? That face, which flashed through her heart such supernatural light? Or his hair, which shone like rays from the morning sun? Or his beautiful hands, whose every motion was a benediction?

She burst into tears and wept bitterly for an instant; then tremblingly approached, and sank upon one knee, as if about to ask a favor. He did not see her, for he was reclining on a couch, dining in the Roman manner. Availing herself of this circumstance, she rested her tear-stained face on his sanctified feet. She broke the casket, and the perfumed contents flowed over her hands, which she folded on his feet as they lay like snowy lilies on the purple cushion.

As she glanced upward, a sense of felicity—ex-

quisite happiness—which was not unmingled with terror, overflowed her soul. The eyes of the Lord—full of mildness and benediction—rested gently upon her like moonbeams on a silvery expanse of water. As she looked into His face, heaven in all its beauty seemed to reveal itself to her astonished eyes.

* * * * * * * *

Friends and enemies were crowding back from Golgotha to Jerusalem. A rabble-rout of soldiers and executioners, women, Pharisees, and children—whom the bewildered mothers brought unconsciously along with them—came confusedly trooping forward in a mob. They had done their work. The murky night came down upon the torn and distracted earth—mad with tempests, howling as if in pain, roaring as if in anger, and blindly seeking in the wide, mysterious waste some dire but invisible foe, against whom it would fain do battle. Drenched by the rain, scattered by the blasts, bent and blinded by the fury of the howling tempest, terrified beyond expression by shuddering forms and yawning graves, the people came flocking to the massive gates of the fortified city—trembling, amazed, and bewildered. On that terrible night, unequaled in the history of man—if, indeed it was night—the first Adam, the father of the human race, the cause of all our woe, was seen to start from his grave in terror and affright; and beholding on all sides the disasters that filled the earth—the wide waste of universal destruction which his disobedience had caused—the calamities he had brought down upon his descendants, and the crucifixion above all—he beat his heart, groaned with pain, and, throwing himself upon the ground, called upon the earth to cover him.

* * * * * * * *

The last to leave the cross, the last to return to the city, was the true, the faithful Mary. Clasping the blood-stained wood on which her Master was hanging and agonizing, her weary head thrown back, her palid face upturned, her tear-dimmed eyes closed, she was apparently dead. The fury of the upheaving storm which had rent the veil of the Temple, and played havoc with her fluttering hair, threatened to almost pluck it from her head. Upon that head which she raised and rested on the feet of her Lord—icy-cold and pierced with iron nails—she felt one last and holy drop of blood fall from His divine face.

From those blessed feet which she had anointed with the balsam of adoration and repentance a dew descended on her brow more precious than all the odor-breathing unguents of the world—the dewy balsam of mercy, salvation, and forgiveness. Her soul, which was heavy with sorrow, her heart, which was burdened with despair, bounded with new life, like the heart of a prisoner, long darkling in noisome dungeons, from whose limbs the fetters are struck, and who is blessed with the genial light and cheered with the smiling countenance of liberty.

Speaking of this beautiful convert, an Irish poet asks a very apposite question—viz.:

Were not the sinful Mary's tears
  An offering worthy heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
  She wept and was forgiven?
When, bringing every balmy sweet
  Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
  The precious perfumes poured;
And wiped them with that golden hair
  Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of grief were there
  Which shone for God alone.
Were not those sweets so humbly shed,
  That hair, those weeping eyes,
And the sunk heart that inly bled,
  Heaven's noblest sacrifice?
Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
  Oh, wouldst thou wake in heaven!
Like Mary kneel—like Mary weep,
  Love much and be forgiven.

ONE OF THE EDITORS.

Moods.

Life were not life, all winter;
  We're cloyed with sense of spring;
Hate stirs the heats of summer;
  In autumn birds take wing;
  Grief still our following.

Yet, fly, ye fluttering snowflakes!
  April, your birds shall sing!
Rainbows and nests are summer's;
  Sharp frosts the brown nuts fling;
  Heart, choose thy harvesting!

W. J. BAKER.

"An Angel in the House."

LET us bow our heads in grateful acknowledgment to Coventry Patmore for the high and beautiful tribute he pays to Womanhood. He zealously erects a pedestal of simple, noble deeds, on it reverently placing Womanhood, surrounded by those virtues, which are in truth a part of her, and then, without loss to his own high dignity, he kneels and reverences.

In criticising this poem we can scarcely go into rhapsodies over the intricacy of the plot, or the unexpected ending, for unlike the popular romance, there are no wonderful deeds of valor that demand world-wide recognition, no strikingly dramatic scenes such as would cause the ancient tragedians to propose an assault on their modern adversary. It is just a simple love story, possessing nothing that would characterize it among the romantic productions of the day, but so rich is it in its intimations of woman's dignity, that it will always be regarded as a treasure-house, resplendent with the brightest jewels from which all may draw.

The prologue introduces us to husband and wife strolling through the fields on their wedding-day anniversary, enjoying God's best gifts, —the flowers, the sky, the song of birds, and best of all, the innocent prattle of their merry children. Then, suddenly, Vaughan turns to his wife, "who more than he desired his fame," and tells her that at last he has found a theme noble and grand, about which he will weave his poetic fancies. She asks, all delight with his high purpose, "What is it, dear? The life of Arthur, or Jerusalem's Fall?" But not to these does he owe his inspiration, and he gravely answers, "Neither: your gentle self, my wife."

On their next anniversary, he reads the poem, describing his return to Sarum Close, after six years' absence, where Dean Churchill resided in happy possession of three charming daughters. The eldest, Honoria, a slender, graceful Venus, Mary, pale and ailing, holding many theories on Life and Sacrifice, and the frolicsome Mildred, "to herself and all a sweet surprise," formed a fascinating trio that soon captivated Vaughan, who confessed he never went to ball or feat or show but in "pursuit of his predestinated mate." The rest is quickly told. Allured by lovely virtue, not fanciful artifices, his heart and soul go out to the mild Honoria, in whose every grace he reads tne words: "He that's for heaven itself unfit, let him not hope to merit me." The doubts, the waverings, the visiting cousin whose courteous attentions so disconcerted him—though he knew not why—his compassion for the cousin when convinced "hope in his voice and eye was dead," the summer walks with the sisters, the dance in which she seems most fair, her journey which takes from him existence, the book he prizes above all others, but lends her, heartily wishing she would lose it, are all gradations that finally led up to the climax which stilled the waverings and gave him Honoria for his bride. Again, unlike sensational writers, Coventry Patmore does not leave his hero and heroine with some brilliant floral speech on their lips, or in some sentimental pose, but he solemnly describes the wedding, the holiest of ceremonies, and the impressive words of Dean Churchill to the bridegroom:

"Prepare to meet the weak alarms of novel nearness.
Recollect: The eye which magnifies her charms
Is microscopic for defect."

And how truly the old man touched the keynote which finds an echo in every woman's heart—"Beware of finding fault, her will's unnerved, but praise that is not quite deserved with all her noble nature moves to make your utmost wishes true." We are not privileged to view the inner sanctuaries of these two souls till the lapse of ten years and then we are given one short glimpse into their ideal lives. The years have but served to render more holy a love already sanctified, and their happy, innocent children are the ties that bind them more closely to the Common Father.

Those whose literary rambles generally culminate in philosophical reflections will find this poem replete with suggestions, noble in their essence. Here we find idealized woman's rights and woman's duties. Rights and duties, contrary, it is true, to the demands of so-called "Asserters of Woman's Rights," but far superior. Who would sacrifice the sweet but strong influence so beautifully illustrated in this poem, to attain that "Equality with Man," so frequently discussed? Ruskin truthfully tells us that the idea of superiority is an absurd one, as "each gives ~~to~~ the other what the other has not." What accomplishment, what honour, could rival the power that this young girl exerted over this man of the world?

Her mere presence reawakened his inner soul and called forth the noblest and best in his nature, so beautifully portrayed in the writer's words:

"I vowed to love and prayed to wed
The maiden who had grown so dear;
Thanked God who had set her in my path
And promised as I hoped to win
That I would never dim my faith
By the least selfishness or sin.
Whatever in her sight I'd seem
I'd truly be. I'd never blend
With my delight in her, a dream
'Twould change her cheek to comprehend."

How effectively in the above lines has Coventry Patmore revealed the ennobling influence of woman's trust and faith. Who would not nobly and generously respond to the lofty expectations of one whose confidence was unchanging? And man, spurred on by the thought of a woman's undying reliance on his virtue and dignity—never aroused by her doubt and distrust—will be, as the poet expresses it, what in her eyes he seems to be. If each woman, clothed in virtue, with self-sacrifice as her guide—not the martyred, woe-begone self-sacrifice that ingraves itself on every lineament of the face, to the discomfiture of all, but the unselfish sacrifice which obliterates all trace of self—with a total disregard for trifles and a deep and full sympathy in everything that would affect the domestic happiness of husband or children, would but realize the extent of her influence, remembering that the mighty words of the brilliant orator that hold in sway a populace, the elevating or debasing productions of the poets, the religious, or Godless man, will invariably be traced to a mother or a sister or a wife's influence. How sad a picture where this has not been what it should be! The sight of vain, frivolous wives or mothers, deaf to duty's call, heart and soul bent on some trivial triumph, is too pitiful to contemplate. But the horrible results may serve as a warning. Knowing, then, the greatness of the part each woman plays in the formation of a nation, can we doubt her importance? Could such a power be called inferior? We have all met women like Honoria whose mere presence inspired a hatred of all that might offend their angelic purity, and a fervent resolve to be better—women whose presence seemed to fill the atmosphere with the odor of sanctity, and awakened in our hearts, love, happiness and peace. We have no need to startle the world with the brilliancy of our talents, though, indeed, we might drink long and deep from the Pierian Spring—but this, far from disqualifying us from filling the place destined for us by a Divine ordinance should but serve to illuminate the way and dispel all gloom. Woman's office is holy; subjective though she may be, her dignity need lose none of its power; she may sanctify human commands until they become Divine, and daily, countless, tiresome duties blossom into flowers that fill her garden with fragrance. She is the "Valiant Woman" who fights bravely and triumphs over tempestuous storms, who sees through overhanging clouds the silver lining; the thought of to-morrow's sunshine brightens her to-day, and, confiding in the guidance of our Heavenly Queen, she, too, will seem "Half of earth and half of heaven"—a veritable Angel in the House.

IRENE NESBITT.

Personal Pronouns.

OH, ye noble family of personal pronouns, could the world but realize and appreciate your importance, your significance, what an "open sesame" would be put into the possession of students of human nature, and what a revolution would be wrought into speech!

As the most beloved generally and by far the most essential member of society we greet thee first, thou all-important *I*, without whom the sun would fail to rise, the world discontinue to revolve, and the very universe itself cease to exist—for those egotists who place thee on a pedestal outrivalling Jupiter's and unceasingly offer thee their incense, nay more, expect all mankind to do likewise, lamenting the folly and shortsightedness of those unfortunate individuals who worship at the shrine of any other deity. Thou art invariably a favorite with those for whom the rest of the world cares nothing, and art always avoided by those whose "Ego" is of the greatest interest. And yet, despite thy importance, thou must ever live in isolation—the heart where thou art sovereign is indeed one apart from the rest of mankind. So selfish a master art thou that thou shuttest out all human sympathy, all brotherly love, and even deprivest thy votaries of the inexhaustible joy of culture and intercourse with the cultured. But be not alarmed, these facts will not deprive thee of the love and homage of the great majority, thou wilt ever predominate in

their conversations and form the all-absorbing subjects of their meditations. Until "things hidden shall be made known" thou *I* wilt remain the most popular!

And *thou* and *thee,* sweet twin-sisters of the Quaker, and even more ancient, periods, beloved of poets,—not because you obtrude yourselves on our notice, but from motives of genuine admiration, do we now address you both. Yours is a mission infinitely loftier than that of *I* for are you not both employed to express our love, our gratitude, and our adoration to our Heavenly Father? You bring suggestions of deep sincerity and of sweetest simplicity. No wonder you frequent the realms of poesy rather than the ordinary walks of prose, in them you find your kindred spirits, and it would never do to degrade you by common use.

If we have not saluted first thou ever-interesting *He,* it is certainly not because thou art not first in many maidenly or motherly hearts. When thou appearest in a conversation thou sendest some young damsel into a reverie and others are transported into an ecstasy, while even the more composed cannot restrain the tell-tale blushes. Oh! great is thy power wherever there are feminine hearts to feign subjection, while in reality they are not Queen Regents, but the actual rulers of society.

But great as is the influence of *He,* it cannot be compared to thine, all-fair, irresistible *She.* Thou art queen in more hearts than it is possible to estimate, and where thou reignest thou inspirest the noblest deeds and sacrifices of which human nature is capable. Thou art ever in the thoughts of thy loyal subjects, whether they be prince or page, waking or sleeping. Thou art not a favorite of the votaries of the undeniably great *I,* but thou are the kind who value, not popularity, but a few chosen friends.

Now we address the guardian of school-girl's secrets—the mysterious *It.* Thou mayest be classed among the impersonal pronouns, but we must admit thou art frequently used very personally. Thou art unquestionably the salvation of youth, and even our older friends do not disdain to seek thy welcome protection on special occasions. What carest thou if taken as substitute for unmentionable *He* or *She?*—that does not detract from, but rather adds to thy value. We fear that without thee the conversation of some boys and girls would be strictly confined to comments on the weather. Thy ability to create excitement is surpassed only by thy power to arouse curiosity. Thou art unmistakably the most convenient and necessary pronoun in existence. Thou dost even borrow a charm from literature—the charm of a "hidden meaning."

Though in person intimately related to that ever-present "Ego," in spirit, O unselfish "We," you are vastly unlike. Where you are always prominent, *I* is completely eclipsed. You suppose a union, a common interest, or affection. However, your true standing is not due to yourself, but is determined by what you signify, and is quite varying. You are generally just a little proud, often as much as *I.* Whether it be the victorious university foot-ball team, or the newly-wedded-householder who uses you, a tone of pride is usually detectable about you, but it is a pardonable pride, and is universally countenanced, for what would the world do, if *We* were not in it?

You! what volumes of meaning you contain! More significant are you than whole sentences containing pompous nouns and restless verbs. Whether uttered in tones of deepest love and reverence, or the most withering scorn, you are full of significance. Perhaps more depends on your expression than on that of other pronouns, for, if not carefully guarded you are sure to betray one's secret opinion of another. *You* are often dearer than *He* and *She* for you can be either present, and although memory is sweet, the actual living presence is often sweeter.

Of all the pronouns, you, O *They,* are the most extensive in meaning. You represent all the world but just one's self and one's audience. You are representative of all not included in *We,* and suggest not sweet communion but cold indifference. No brotherly love attends you, and the smaller your significance to one, the greater is one's human sympathy for the more can one include in the endearing term *We.*

KATHLEEN M. MARSHALL.

Redemption.

Oft from the depths of some swart, noisome pool,
One royal lily floats to greet the sight,
All garmented in beauty, white and cool,
To the struck gaze a marvel of delight.

Oft to the wreck dismantled of a life,
The lustrous glory of one virtue clings,
And from the mellay of o'erwhelming strife,
Redeeming grace for the fell ruin brings.

W. F. MORRISON.



"He is Risen!"

Reflections on Bishop Spalding's Works.

ALTHOUGH America cannot boast such ancient classic writers as Greece and Rome, she can proudly place her modern writers in comparison with their contemporary European literati.

Among the many authors of the time, is Bishop Spalding, who is generously contributing to America's fast-increasing literary treasures. Bishop Spalding practises his favorite theories of self-activity and introspection, untiringly giving us the charming result.—Truth in its most attractive forms—proving his statement that "As a diver who wearies not will at last bring up a priceless pearl, so the tireless thinker who plunges into the ocean of being will be rewarded at last by glimpses of truth."

His words are full of encouragement to the self-improver, urging continually the necessity of high, noble motives, aiming to inculcate the loftiest sentiments of which the mind is capable, inspiring hope in human capabilities, contempt for human respect, and concern only for how our actions are judged in the decision which will determine our eternal reward or punishment. The principles in all Bishop Spalding's work are the very highest, and are so vigorously expressed that one cannot fail to appreciate their great value. His insight into human nature is simply marvellous; there seems not to be an emotion of the human heart, or phase of the mind, which he does not know. His conciseness renders his maxim-like utterances far more forcible than would a more diffuse style, and makes them easily adaptable as mottoes to comfort in every difficulty. His sweet encouragement inspires faith in his statements and incites to a more generous effort toward self-improvement and benefit to others.

While condemning faults, Bishop Spalding does not drive us to despair, but takes a philosophical view of human frailties. Virtue, he presents most enticingly, and proposes as the surest means to its attainment the pleasure-laden qualities of faith, hope and love, showing that in them only can happiness be found.

Bishop Spalding should be particularly a favorite with young readers since he has a very evident sympathy with youth. Our ideals and illusions which are so frequently a subject of jest with "children of a larger growth," he regards as forming some of the chief charms of life. Yet, he is not prejudiced in our favor, but impartially gives "Experience" its merited amount of praise, but where others would awaken in us a longing for that dread "Experience," he makes us appreciate the blessings attendant on being mere children, showing how, in other years, we will lose that ability of extracting joy from what now gives us intense delight. He does not make us disconsolate over the inevitable, but leads us to anticipate the higher pleasures which maturity brings.

"Glimpses of Truth," one of Bishop Spalding's latest publications, is a collection of such reflections as serve to elevate, ennoble, inspire and encourage his readers, who hope that "America's rising Star" will continue to shine brightly and illumine the path of those who belong to the "self-active, self-improving" ones.

KATHLEEN M. MARSHALL.

Two Careers.

What has she done that men should stay
The jostling hurry of their way
To seek with wonder-eager eyes
The darkened mansion where she lies?
What has she done that, far and wide,
Has flashed the word that she has died—
That folk in distant lands have said
To one another, "She is dead?"
Why should the lips of strangers raise
To her a monument of praise?
Ah, it was hers to conquer fame.
She made a name.

And she who lies so whitely still,
Untouched of joy, unvexed of ill,
Has she done aught? Why, surely, no;
The records of her living show
No laurels won, no glory gained,
No effort crowned, no height attained;
In life she championed no cause;
Why should the passing people pause?
One little household's narrow scope
Held all her heart and all her hope.
Too lowly she for fame's high dome,—
She made a home.

J. B. HARTWICK.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

ANNA MERLE. JANE GORMAN.

MARY MERLE. MARGARET HENRY.

CAROLINE BABCOCK. MAY HENNESSEY.

FRANCES REILLY.

Subscription price, $1.00 per year, in advance. Address all communications to

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

APRIL, 1904.

While Holy Church, during this week of sadness and sanctifying recollections, commemorates the Passion of the Redeemer and His death on the Cross for the redemption of the world, our thoughts turn to the glory and the promise of the Easter morn, which brings the sunlight of God into the human heart. "He is risen—He is not here." May we not go back to that first Easter morn, and share in the feeling of wonder and thrill of joy that filled the hearts of the loving friends and disciples of our dear Lord, when, going early to His tomb to perform their work of love in anointing with sweet spices that Body which they would be glad to look upon once more, the sadness which oppressed them was suddenly dispelled. Going they wept and lamented, but coming they came in exultation, bearing the gladsome tidings of the Resurrection.

May Easter bring to us its joy of a resurrection from death to life—from the death of sin to a life of grace, that those who know us most intimately, by our lives may be attracted to Him who is the fountain of our hope and joy.

How forcibly were we reminded of the solemn words of the liturgy—"dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return"—addressed by Holy Mother Church to all her children, on the opening day of "the days of repentance," when, during the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, on the following Sunday, prayers were asked for the repose of the soul of one who but yesterday walked in our midst as one of us—the lovable and generous-hearted Sr. Othelia Foster.

God calls His laborers at all hours into the vineyard. Sr. Othelia's first call to the service of the Master came in the springtime of life when everything on earth seemed fairest and loveliest. And the summons home came when the laborer was worn out—and, like a tired child, she was lulled to sleep on the bosom of the Eternal.

The novitiate, as well as the greater part of the twenty-six years of religious life of this chosen soul, was passed in Toronto. A few years were spent in branch houses of the Institute, notably Joliet, Belleville, and Hamilton, where she endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact. She will, probably, be best remembered in Hamilton, the scene of the last years of her active life.

During the High Mass of Requiem, celebrated by the Rev. A. Werner, O. C. C., Miss Schmidt's sympathetic rendition of "Rest, Spirit, Rest," touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the tearful mourners, who felt that another pure soul had burst the bonds which held it captive in its frail tenement of clay, and winged its way to the Great White Throne to sing the canticle of those "who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

After Mass the remains were borne to their last resting-place, followed by the religious, bearing lighted tapers and chanting the "Benedictus."

There was no funeral oration, nor indeed was there any necessity for such, the silent figure lying in the casket before us was a mute but eloquent sermon. Even the voice of Nature spoke to us in her most funereal tones, on that bleak wintry day; the winds wailed piteously; and the sound of the rushing waters seemed to us a solemn

dirge, which the mighty Cataract was chanting beside that new-made grave.

*

The announcement of the death of Sr. M. Scholastica Bradley, at the convent of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Scranton, Pa., has served as a reminder of her perfect girlhood, passed within the walls of this Loretto, where her record is one of all that is good and noble.

With the world's brightest prospects before her, at the early age of nineteen, Miss Bradley left all to walk in the footsteps of her crucified Master—whom she served faithfully to the end.

Referring to her many beautiful traits of character, a correspondent says: "Another religious who consecrated her soul to God, and the work of her life to the upbuilding of humanity, has gone from among us—gone to the God in whose care and keeping she entrusted the beautiful life given to her. Sister Scholastica belonged to a noble calling, and those who were privileged to know her, and those who flourished and budded under her spiritual sunshine, found her noble in all things. Her personality was sweet, her influence wholesome and strengthening. She was sunshine and warmth within the walls of the convent, and to the girls entrusted to her care she was an inspiration for good works and good deeds. A woman of many accomplishments and many graces of character—a musician of rare attainments, with a voice of sweetest tone and finest quality—another St. Cecilia—in the art of music she had few equals. Thus highly gifted, both by nature and grace, the good that she did during her short career can hardly be overestimated. The true and sincere sorrow that her early death has evoked in the hearts of all who came in contact with her, is a proof of this. Her memory will be a cherished one, and the example of her holy and self-sacrificing life an incentive to higher things."

*

The Death Angel has visited two far-away Lorettos, removing from Pretoria, Transvaal, Sr. M. Cecilia Ennis, in the flower of her age and religious life; and from the Institute House in Vicenza, Italy, Madre Costanza Leoni, when the harvest was golden, nay, more than golden, for of her venerable eighty-eight years, sixty-four had been passed in the service of the Master. The glow of an endless jubilee now rests upon the garnered sheaves, gathered in with so much toil, adding joy to her feast of heaven.

*

Good news from the Lorettos set in the "Pearl of the Indian Ocean"—Mauritius. The chapel, to the erection of which the Duke of York contributed, during his brief sojourn in the island, two years ago, has been completed, and a third foundation made at Quatre Bornes.

Our *Correspondent* writes: "Notre petite chapelle, bien ornée, illuminée par de nombreux cierges et parfumée par les fleurs, nous semblait, à la messe de minuit, à ce moment où toute la nature était rentrée dans le calme après une journée pluvieuse et venteuse, une commencement, une entrée du paradis, et nous invitait à l'adoration et à la reconnaissance.,

Je vous envoie une photographie de notre humble petit Sanctuaire, que nous venons de faire élever en l'honneur de Notre Dame de Lorette. Vous aurez la preuve que nous ne pourrons jamais rivaliser même avec vos plus modestes grottes. Cependant nous nous contentons de ce *petit peu* que le Seigneur nous donne et espérons qu'un nouvel ouragan ne viendra pas tout détruire.

Une troisième maison se fonde entre Port Louis et Curepipe, dans un nouveau quartier, appelé Quartre Bornes, et qui est très en vogue, il est surtout habité par des Anglais. Tout donne lieu de penser que cette nouvelle fondation sera prospère."

*

In view of the recent Encyclical of the Holy Father, on Church Music, in which he reiterates and emphasizes—as so many of his predecessors, from Pius V. to our late beloved Leo XIII., did—the necessity of a return to Gregorian Chant and also to the later school of classic polyphony, which

expresses itself in such dignity and reverence of style, as exemplified in the works of Pier Luigi, commonly known as Palestrina, from the city of his birth, the Praeneste of the ancients, we recall with pleasure a visit from Bishop Donnelly, coadjutor to the See of Dublin—paid us some years ago. It was on a first Friday, in June, that His Lordship said Mass in our convent chapel—during which we had the customary singing in honor of the Sacred Heart. Afterwards, at an informal reception in the study hall, His Lordship addressed us in words of appreciation and congratulation, to which we take a pardonable pride in referring at the present moment. We were not aware that His Lordship was Vice-President of the Cecilian Society. He referred to the beautiful music—Cecilian—to which he had listened at Mass, of double interest, as it was the Mass in F by his personal friend and Fellow Cecilian, Rev. M. Haller. At the Offertory, the beautiful hymn to the Sacred Heart, which had just been composed by our esteemed chaplain, Rev. A. J. Kreidt, O. C. C., who is also thoroughly imbued with the Cecilian principles of music, was sung.

What surprised us to hear from our Right Reverend guest was that, up to that time, he had not been successful in introducing such music into the convents in his own land. It was a gratifying surprise to find it established with us.

In section II., paragraph 3, of the decree, it says: "This class in polyphony agrees admirably with Gregorian Chant, the supreme model of all sacred music, and hence it has been found worthy of a place side by side with the Gregorian Chant in the more solemn functions of the Church, such as those of the Pontifical Chapel; this too must, therefore, be restored largely in ecclesiastical functions, especially in the more important basilicas, in cathedrals, and in the churches and chapels of seminaries and other ecclesiastical institutions, in which the necessary means are not usually lacking."

*

Among the most treasured of our Christmas gifts, from over the sea, are an exquisite Madonna, from Cologne, and a medal of silver and gold, from the chapel of the Precious Blood, in Bruges; blessed by the Bishop of that city, and brought by our kind and ever-thoughtful friend, Mrs. Ashley Cole, Brooklyn, N. Y., on her return from an extended European trip.

Accompanying the medal was the following history of the sacred relic, kept in the church in Bruges: "The chasse or reliquary pictured on the enclosed card, and outlined on the medal, is of gold, about eight inches long and two inches in diameter. It encloses a glass phial containing the Precious Blood, which is seen through the side of the glass. It is declared to have been preserved by Joseph of Arimathea. In 1185, Thierry, Count of Flanders, was returning from the Holy Land, where he had been as a Crusader, and paid a visit of ceremony to Baldwin II., Emperor of Constantinople. The Emperor, esteeming Thierry very highly as a Christian knight and soldier, gave him the precious relic, and it was brought with great pomp through all the journey to Bruges, the home of Thierry, and the seat of the Counts of Flanders, who were, in fact, most puissant princes. The relic was deposited in an Abbey, temporarily, and a chapel was built especially to receive and house it. It has remained in that identical chapel ever since—over 750 years. The relic is exposed for public veneration on every Friday, at the High Mass, and we had the good fortune to see it and pay our devotions. On the Feast of Corpus Christi, also, it is borne in stately procession from the chapel to the Cathedral of St. Sauveur and back again to the chapel. On this latter occasion the small reliquary is placed within a much larger one, made of silver gilt, in a very ornate Gothic design and richly studded with gems, donated by kings, queens, dukes, duchesses, and other nobles, during the past five hundred years.

This last described chasse is kept in the Treasury of the chapel, with a wonderful collection of antique paintings by Van Dyke, Van Eyck, Peter Pourbus, Jan Jordaens, Hans Memlinc and others identified particularly with Bruges and generally

with Belgium, or Flanders; also numerous rare gems, coronets, etc., and several sacred rèlics."

*

The recent acquisition of "The International Shakespeare"—13 Vols.—containing all the poet's plays, poems, sonnets—everything he wrote—is not only a valuable addition to our library because of its glossary with definition of obsolete words and of every word the meaning of which has changed since Shakespeare's time, but for the explanatory notes and the plan for study, with numerous questions on each act and play, which make the edition an ideal work for every lover of the immortal bard.

The critical estimate of the poet's works and genius is by two of the greatest English Shakespearean scholars—Leslie Stephen and Thomas Spencer Baynes. In addition to the biography and critical estimates there is an interesting history of the early English Drama, including an account of the Old Miracle Plays, by the eminent author and critic—Richard Grant White. In the volume containing the "Life" there is also a reprint of Walter Bagehot's brilliant and interesting "Shakespeare, the Man."

In this edition there are over two hundred illustrations, depicting scenes and characters in the plays. The text is copiously illustrated with rare woodcuts, characteristic of Shakespeare's time, and reproductions of the title-pages of the early editions of the plays. There are also numerous full-page illustrations inserted by hand. The photogravures are printed on Japan vellum paper.

At Shakespeare's death, most of his plays were left in the form of manuscripts, or in imperfectly-printed editions, made for the use of the actors of the Globe Theatre, in the management of which he was a partner. With the carelessness that is sometimes the heritage of genius, he made no effort to preserve the text of his own plays, except so far as to furnish the players with copies. Changes in the texts were made from time to time, and many of the plays bear the marks of merciless revision. Hamlet, when first written, was much longer than it is at the present time. It was probably cut down by Shakespeare in order that it might be produced in the time limited to a theatrical performance. For this reason there are numerous editions of Shakespeare, all more or less correct; many of them containing, however, obscure words and phrases irrelevant to the text, and which are entirely inexplicable even to the editors of the editions themselves.

A committee of world-famous Shakespeare scholars met at Cambridge University, in England, forty years ago, for the purpose of editing a new and accurate edition of the plays that would meet the needs of modern scholarship. At Cambridge there are vast collections of Shakespeare material, furnishing unequalled facilities for comparison and research. It was decided by the editors to use the folio edition of 1623—the first collected edition of the plays—as a basis for their work. Six years were spent in the preparation and revision of manuscripts and commentaries, but when the last volume appeared, in 1866, it was conceded by Shakespearean authorities that the Cambridge edition contained the most accurate and intelligible text of the plays in existence. Although numerous versions of the great poet's works have appeared from time to time, the Cambridge text has for more than a generation held first place as being the edition most nearly reproducing the plays as Shakespeare wrote them. The International Edition is founded on the Cambridge text, and, therefore, rests upon a wider consensus of Shakespearean knowledge than any other edition.

*

We note, with pardonable pride, the favorable comment that Miss Maud McCarthy's triumph, as a remarkable violinist, has elicted from the Boston *Republic:* "The concert and reception given to Miss McCarthy, in Jordan Hall, marked a new stage in the social development of the Catholic population of Boston. More than a thousand of the best people of our city assembled in the beautiful concert room of the new Conservatory building, to honor Irish talent and Irish loveliness in the person of the young guest of the

evening. The audience was a representative one. It included the mayor of the city, bankers, merchants, physicians, educators, lawyers, clergymen, musicians, and leaders in many fields. Practical achievement and culture were happily blended in the assemblage. Though not essentially musical, it was sensitive and responsive to the appeal of good music, whether it was the richly-colored rendering of brilliant overtures by the Municipal Orchestra, or Mr. Dwyer's virile and imaginative singing of Irish songs, or the wonderful violin playing of Miss McCarthy. Her noble and exalted conception and beautifully serious manner, even more than the consummate finish of her execution, were not lost on the keen perceptions of her Celtic hearers, who recalled her with an enthusiasm carefully governed by good taste and a sense of the proprieties of the place and occasion.

Although still in her teens, and contending against physical disadvantages, as compared with robust and long-fingered male violinists, Miss McCarthy is considered enough in her profession to play the best music of the world with the best musicians of the world. Violinists themselves are her greatest admirers. Even when the critics, seduced by the fascinations of the ultra-modern and the bizarre, object to her lofty, spiritual style, —the style of the greatest of all violinists, Joachim,—her fellow-performers do not abate their expressions of admiration for the results already accomplished and their prophecies of still greater achievements in the future.

Incidentally, Irish music received an impetus from the occasion. As the souvenir programme noted, the Irish folk songs enjoy particular esteem among musicians for their human expressiveness and plenitude of melodious invention. Time was when even the instrumental music of the Irish was superior to that of other nations, if old Giraldus Cambrensis is to be believed. It is a pleasant coincidence that a Society for the revival of Irish music has just been formed in London, with the Earl of Shaftesbury as its president."

*

"Kind Hearts and Coronets," by J. Harrison, which won for itself such high praise while running as a serial through the pages of *Benziger's Magazine,* now appears in book form. It is a story of American life of to-day. Hugh Lindsay is summoned by his uncle Eric to the funeral of a cousin, who has been sole heir of that uncle's great possessions in South Carolina. There is much of the Old-World aristocratic despotism about uncle Eric, despite the fact that his American blood can be traced back for generations. He comes in contact for the first time in his life, with a man who, while he is his nephew, is also the son of a woman whom he has despised because of her humble circumstances and her Catholic faith. And in this mother lies the keynote of the whole story. True, she is present in few of the exciting scenes that, chapter after chapter, hold the interest of the readers. But never obtrusive, never insistent, Never—and this with a capital N—prosy—all through the tale runs the golden thread of a mother's love, of a mother's careful training, shown in the actions of her children, their coping with difficulties, etc. It is a delicate and pleasing tribute to Catholic mothers the world over.

Yet, aside from this, it is a story strong in plot and forceful—the dénouement is particularly striking and unexpected. The death of Laurence Lindsay, the softening of Mildred Powell's heart, uncle Eric's bitterness—carried to the verge of the grave—Hugh Lindsay's manliness, the discovery of the will and the dramatic circumstances attending it, the heir's return, and the sublime height to which he rises in his renunciation—all these things have gone to the making of the great success of this Catholic novel. And who will not actually love Gertrude, the faulty, head-strong, impulsive, dainty, tender-hearted little heroine?

It is a refreshing story, very well told, and is sure to have a wide circle of readers.

Happiness, as proved by ages of human experience, is simply the music of a well-ordered life; and every time we break a law of body, mind, or soul, we detract so much from the very possibility of happiness; just as every time we mar an organ we take away from the possibility of its producing music.

An Afternoon of Music and Song.

IT was our rare privilege to assist at a very interesting Musicale, on the afternoon of February the thirteenth. The artists who performed on this occasion had impressed us so favorably in the past that we looked forward to an unusual treat—nor were we disappointed.

Mr. Collier Grounds opened the programme with that well-known Liszt piano solo—"Liebesträume," No. 3, of which a musical writer speaks as being picturesque, melodious, and full of sentiment. Executed by so skillful a musician as Mr. Grounds, we fully realized these characteristic qualities. The fact also of its being already familiar to most of us rendered us all the more appreciative.

Mrs. Collier Grounds chose as her opening selection "For All Eternity," by Mascheroni, in which she was very ably assisted by Miss Evelyn Burns, who accompanied on the violin. Mrs. Grounds is the possessor of a warm mezzo-soprano voice, and her rendition of this song proved that she also possesses that enviable quality without which the most beautiful voice is colorless—sympathy.

Miss Burns' violin solo—"Mélodrame," by Lefort, was new to us. Jacques Thibaud, the celebrated French violinist, is including it in his répertoire.

"Waldstein Sonata," 1st movement, by the immortal Beethoven, was excellently rendered by Mr. Collier Grounds. To listen to such a composition as the above is in itself an untold satisfaction, and cannot fail to leave a marked impression on our musical students. Mr. Dannreuther very aptly portrays our feelings when he says: "Beethoven speaks a language no one has spoken before, and treats of things no one dreamt of before; yet it seems as though he were speaking of matters long familiar in one's mother's tongue; as though he touched upon emotions one had lived through in some former existence. The warmth and depth of his ethical sentiment is now felt all the world over, and it will ere long be universally recognized that he has leavened and widened the sphere of men's emotions in a manner akin to that in which the conceptions of great philosophers and poets have widened the sphere of men's intellectual activity."

We were all familiar with Abt's beautiful song, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," but the new setting by Maud Valérie White quite took us by surprise. The poetical conception which the talented singer brought to bear on the rendition of this number met with such hearty applause that Mrs. Grounds was obliged to respond with a composition of her husband's—"The Brook"—which, like the Tennysonian rivulet, we wished would go on forever.

Miss Burns' second solo, "La Sérénité," by Vieuxtemps, was thoroughly enjoyable. Indeed a very rapt expression was noticeable on the faces of the Paganini enthusiasts, but they were brought back to terra firma by the opening strains of Grieg's "Bridal Procession March." Mr. Grounds is to be congratulated on the good taste displayed on this occasion in selecting Grieg's in preference to Wagner's "Wedding March," as the last named has become so hackneyed of late. And yet Wagner's name would have been very appropriate had it figured on the programme on that day—for was it not the anniversary of his death? However, the master's great compositions all require orchestral accompaniments, and the much-advertised "Parsifal" of Baireuth—now of New York—fame, has been dealt out to us in doses by the press *ad nauseam*, so here, at least, we cannot be accused of Wagnerphobia.

PROGRAMME.

"Liebesträume" . . . . . Liszt
Mr. Collier Grounds.

"For All Eternity" . . . . . Mascheroni
Mrs. Grounds—with violin obligato.

Violin Solo—Mélodrame . . . . . Lefort
Miss Evelyn Burns.

Piano Solo—"Waldstein Sonata"—1st movement . . . . . Beethoven
Mr. Grounds.

Song—"When the Swallows Homeward Fly" . . . . . Miss Maud Valérie White
Mrs. Grounds.

Violin Solo—"La Sérénité" . . . Vieuxtemps
Miss Evelyn Burns.

Piano Solo—"Norwegian Bridal Procession March" . . . . . Grieg

CAROLINE BABCOCK.

The light from above is perhaps never felt more strongly as a divine inspiration, stirring all those inarticulate sensibilities which are our deepest life, than in those moments when it instantaneously awakens the shadows of it.

The Choir Boy of Chartres.

THERE is a legend in the annals of the Cathedral of Chartres, so pure, so precious, so redolent of the glory of God and His Blessed Mother, that it seems to spring like a white lily from the dust and *débris* of the past. You must have heard or read the story. It is of Our Lady's little chorister, more than two hundred years ago; a fair and graceful boy, like him of Nain, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." A golden voice was his. He was the leader of the boy-choir of Chartres: and joyously, and out of the fullness of a clean heart, he sang the grand old chants and anthems of the Church. All the town knew and loved the lad with the wonderful voice. But once, during a solemn function in the old cathedral, when the aisles were densely crowded and the worshippers absorbed in prayer, the little singer was sent hurriedly to the vestry to bring a needed missal.

The child did not return.

After a remarkable delay, a second messenger was despatched, who brought back the missing book; and the grand, pontifical procession went on without further interruption. At its close, the mother of the little singer came to seek her boy. He was nowhere to be found. A vigorous search was made. Every available nook and cranny of cathedral, crypt, and close was scoured—but in vain. The poor widow was frantic. Her little fair-haired boy, her pet boy with the golden voice, had vanished out of sight as completely as if the earth had yawned and swallowed him. The searchers paused after their fruitless hunt, and looked gravely into each other's eyes. In the ominous silence, some one whispered, with trembling lips, "The well behind the grand altar!" That hint was sufficient. Shuddering they followed the wretched mother as she flew to the spot. It was an old, deserted well, of almost fabulous depth. In the dust, by the light of the torches, there was seen the print of little feet leading toward the margin.

There were no prints of little feet leading away from it.

The decayed board upon its mouth was crushed as though with sudden weight. The boy must have made a short cut to reach the procession, and, dashing behind the altar, had either forgotten the well, or been totally ignorant of its existence.

They leaned over the black abyss, and saw far, far below, the flutter of something white. The agonized mother had to be secured. She would have flung herself madly down into the yawning throat of the well. But, calming her as well as he could, the Bishop himself, with the aid of a stout rope, proceeded to make the perilous venture. It seemed an age to those who watched and waited on the brink, but it was really the work of a few seconds. The good Bishop was lowered carefully; the signal was given at the proper moment, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the prelate was safely in their midst again, with the lost one, like a white lamb, in his arms.

The limp, lifeless form of the child lay prone upon his breast.

"Dear boy!" whispered the Bishop, with tears, as he smoothed back the long flaxen curls from the closed eyes and marble brow, "dear boy! he sings to-day in Paradise."

Ah! then the grief of the mother burst all bounds. With one quick movement she caught her darling to her bosom, and before they could check her, she was off to the shrine of Our Lady of Dolors. There she laid her dead boy tenderly down. There she poured forth a torrent of prayer and supplication to God and His Blessed Mother, so vehement, so heart-rending, that the whole multitude, albeit there were some among them careless and faithless enough, fell on their knees and found themselves praying with her, "with a strong cry and tears."

The answer was quick in coming. There went up a sudden shout, "A miracle!" and he that was dead rose up with sparkling eyes and blushing cheeks, and sprang, a living, breathing joy, into the arms of his exultant mother.

All this was very beautiful; full of delicious, nourishing food for faith grown languid in these latter days. But, marvellous as is the legend itself, still more marvellous, to the reflective mind, are these words of the little singer, brought back so strangely from death to life: "As I fell into the pit, Monseigneur," he said, in answer to the Bishop's question, "I distinctly heard you singing on the other side of the altar. You sang the words, 'Pax Vobiscum!' and as I went down, down, down through the darkness, I heard the most ravishing voices singing, 'Et cum spiritu tuo!' I fell unhurt into the arms of the White Lady, as I already told you, and then I saw who the singers were. Monseigneur, they were beautiful angels. The whole well was filled with their



"Behold the Place Where They Laid Him."

light, and they sang so chastely, in tones so gravely sweet, so full of God, that my soul seemed to go out of my body as I listened to them."

The legend closes with these significant words: "And so it came to pass thereafter, in the Cathedral of Chartres, that when the Bishop sang 'Pax Vobiscum,' the choristers were silent; not only to commemorate the miracle of the little singer, but, furthermore, out of reverence for the heavenly chorus chanting then and there the 'Et cum spiritu tuo!' "

E. C. D.

A Batch of Benziger Books from the Viewpoint of Four Loretto Girls.

"THE YOUNG COLOR GUARD," by Mary G. Bonesteel, published by Benziger Bros., is a delightfully-told tale, in which we follow with the author the fortunes of the young hero in "Recruit Tommy Collins," whom we left on the way to Cuba, stowed away on Transport No. 22. Tommy lets his regiment, the Thirty-first, know of his presence by sounding out on his bugle their regimental air, "Arrah, Go On!" and enjoys himself thoroughly during the ten succeeding days. On landing he meets some of his old frontier friends by whom he is taken in charge, and a handsome young sergeant—Schuyler Van Dusen—of whom he hears an interesting story. Six months before Van Dusen had been at St. Joseph's Sanitarium for Consumptives, in the Adirondacks, where he made a life-long friend of the Mother Superior, who became his good angel and prophesied that he would die young—which happened in the first engagement of the Rough Riders. Tommy sees him fall with a prayer to St. Joseph on his lips. Reverently his men lay him beneath a tall palm—the brave, roystering young aristocrat has died with a prayer for mercy.

Our hero is appointed Color Guard, assistant to his brave father. Wandering around one day, he comes upon a lonely Cuban mansion, occupied by a young girl—Mercedes—and her Spanish grandmother. The dreary, uninhabited look of the place strikes a chill to his heart and as he is about to retrace his steps his quick ear catches the words, "Are you sure they are alone?" and he recognizes the vaguely familiar voice of his old-time enemy—Pete Newell, who with his friend, Jose, is plotting murder. He frustrates their design and wins the friendship of the two ladies.

The Thirty-first receives orders to march on, and is attacked on the way by the Spaniards; many soldiers fall, among them their Captain. In the capture of San Juan, Tommy tears down the Spanish flag, and hoists the Stars and Stripes. He keeps on fighting bravely, although he is heart-broken on account of the death of his father, who died leading his troops to victory; is wounded at Santiago together with his friend, Adjutant Brownson. Both are taken to Mercedes' mansion where they soon recover. He tells her of her uncle's death and gives her a medal taken from his body; he also informs Van Dusen's father of his son's brave end. Mr. Van Dusen takes the two ladies, Tommy and Brownson, on his yacht to the United States. President McKinley sees the young Color Guard and, as a reward for his bravery, gives him a West Point cadetship.

And now we leave our hero basking in his mother's smile, as she murmurs a "God bless you, sir," to the President; and with a tender sorrow in his heart for his dead father, knowing full well how proud that brave old soldier would be had he lived to see his boy a cadet at West Point!

BEATRICE BECK.

In "The Great Captain," Katharine Tynan Hinkson vividly portrays the truer and more tender side of the character of Sir Walter Raleigh—which seems, somehow, to have been overlooked in our histories.

The scene is laid in the days known as "the Rebellion of the Desmonds, when that great league was made against the power of Eliza, the English Queen, by the Irish princes, which went down in a red sunset of death and blood;" when famine stalked through the land and babes were left to die by the side of their dead mothers. On one of these days, the "Great Captain," expecting no ambush and being fatigued by his journey, was riding slowly with his troops through the woods to the Ford of the Kine, when a child, a lusty, fearless lad of three, came running from the undergrowth, holding up his tiny hands to the foremost rider. Sir Walter, with a thought perhaps of his own little Wat, by his mother's knee in an English pleasaunce, leaned from his horse, swung the child to his saddle-bow—averting, mayhap, the horrible fate of being spitted on a trooper's sword, and there with arm round the Captain's steel-clad neck, he perched as bold as any robin that is housed in the frost.

The boy was adopted by the conqueror of his people, with whom he passed many happy days at Youghall, beside the far-famed Blackwater, in the shade of the myrtles he had planted and which the kindly Irish soil suited so well. One evening, in the absence of Sir Walter, a white friar came to Wat, revealed his name, which had been concealed from him—Walter Fitzmaurice of the race of Desmond—and bade him return to his own people. But the youth, loath to leave his noble friend, resolved to tell him all, on his return, and ask him to unriddle the secret that kept him nameless.

On their return to England there was a sweet interval of peace. The snowdrop and crocus were up in the garden-beds of the Manor-house, and the blackbirds and thrushes were singing nigh as sweet as they sing in Ireland. Lady Raleigh never tired of hearing of those Irish years. The two young Walters played together and fished and swam to their hearts' content. Innocent and quiet, with the country innocence and quietude, because by reason of the Queen's displeasure he had abode all these years in those sequestered ways, Sir Walter's son was yet skilled in manly and courtly arts, was as good with a sonnet as at sword-play, and could dance the pavane as prettily as he could loose his goshawk. And for all his innocence was not unfit to face a rough world; and for all his quiet kindliness was as brave and as quick to fight as any gallant.

The encounter on board the supposed treasure-ship—"that hung like a great golden bird against the purple of the after-sunset," but which was in reality a floating pest-house—proved fatal to eighty of Sir Walter's men, who died of smallpox —Wat was nursed back to health by Lady Raleigh's ministering hands, grievously disfigured. Later he learned to thank the Hand that wielded that most merciful rod.

The climax is reached when, after the beheading of Sir Walter, the once comely knight of high and generous spirit, grown sick of the world, asks the Fathers of the English College to admit him. And now who cares that Father Walter is pock-pitted and has one blind eye? He had cared only to be the flower of knighthood. Now his dream is to earn that greeting of St. Philip to his forerunners in these gray halls—*Salvete, flos martyrum!*

MAY HENNESSEY.

The opening chapter of "The Haldeman Children," by Mary E. Mannix, brings us to the death-bed of their father—an idealist of too poetic a nature to have been a "success." Hannah, the eldest daughter, had taken the cares of the household on her young shoulders from her earliest years, for her mother had been a pretty, childish, irresponsible person whom Mr. Haldeman married in Italy, where his youth had been passed. The children through many ups and downs, through changes of place and condition, though always struggling against the buffeting waves of poverty and adversity, had been kept united by the love and cheerfulness to which they were born, happy in their home and in one another.

During the hours preceding his death, Mr. Haldeman raved continually of his boyhood, of the mother of whom his children had never heard him speak, of Meriton, "dear old Meriton," with its rocky cliffs, its wondrous caves, its pebbly beach, its shadowy pools, its sunny uplands, its noble pines. Now and then, through the half-open door, a curly head would peer into the shadowy room—the children were waiting for a summons to the bedside of their father. But it never came; gently and peacefully he passed away. By sunset of that long and weary day the Haldemans were orphans, left to battle as best they could with a world which, though it had never been to them hard or bitter, was yet untried.

We are now introduced to the character of all others to whom our hearts go out—dear, faithful Nancy—whose services Father Caroll deems necessary during Hannah's severe illness, who is loath to leave when she has recovered—"Yo' got a heap ob care on yo' shoulders, honey, you's too young fo' it, an' yo' t'inks too much. I hain't axed yo' fo' no wages yit, hab I? I come heah fo' pure kindness an' neighborly love. I don' need money; I've got a plenty. When I goes to work fo' rich folks I gits wages—I spects 'em. I come heah jes' 'blige Fader Caroll, an' cause I allus watched yo' folks in church an' like yo' all. You's de nicest chillun, 'most, I ebber seed. I *enjoy* bein' heah an' takin' care ob yo' all."

Early one June morning we find the Haldeman household—mandolin, violin, guitar and all—on the way to Meriton, led by Nancy, whose dark face, beaming with smiles, is almost entirely hidden by a capacious poke bonnet and black lace veil. As the train slows up, a colored woman carrying a bird-cage climbs ponderously into the car. "Why, dat yo', Miss Tugson? Whar yo' gwine?" "Down to Meriton, Chloe-Ann. Yo' gwine

down?" "Yes'm, I'm gwine right down; Mis' Fane she an' her folks is down dar fo' de summer, an' nuffin won't do 'em but I've got to stay wiv 'em dis yeah."

" 'Pears to me Meriton's losin' all de best part ob its niceness, wiv all kinds ob people goin' down dar an' makin' a common summer place out ob it, Chloe-Ann."

"What yo' mean by all sorts ob people, Nancy Tugson? Mis' Fane an' her fambly—dey're jes' as fine as is made. She's a mouty nice woman to work fo'."

"I don' mean Mis' Fane, specially. I was jes' a-t'inkin' ob de time when *our* fambly ruled de roost altogether down to Meriton, when ole mas'r he wouldn't sell one foot ob his lan' to no one."

"Oh, yes, I remember all dat. But dem days is all past. I'm a free niggah, an' so's you', an' dis am a free country."

"Guess I'm very much out ob date. But I prefer de ole times."

It will be well to revert here to the early history of the owner of Meriton Hall—Miss Cicely, Nancy's mistress—to whose care had been confided a nephew, who was the idol of her proud heart. He had married an Italian girl while abroad, incurred his aunt's displeasure, and been disowned by her for having disgraced the name of Meriton. In Miss Cicely's extensive travels she always avoided Rome, where he was married.

During the children's residence in the old home, many of the villagers trace a resemblance between them and the former owners of Meriton Hall. Nancy had already discovered that Mr. Haldeman was born there, but, with the wariness of her race, she did not wish to awaken suspicion in Hannah's mind until she was sure of her position. Comparing some of the family portraits, she fancied she saw a resemblance to all of the children except Alma, who had her mother's features. The doctor and priest are consulted, both agree with her. Miss Cicely's recognition is alone required—will she acknowledge the children of her disinherited nephew?

Grace had been working in the proud woman's heart, she had returned to the faith of her fathers—impulsively renounced—and was coming to America in search of her nephew, or his children, to make all the reparation possible for her unjust treatment of him.

On the third morning after her mistress's arrival, which Nancy awaited with some trepidation, she repairs to her room to broach the subject nearest her heart. In the course of conversation Miss Cicely remarks that she has returned sooner than she had expected, to make amends before her death to Master Charles; and inquires the ages of the children of whom Nancy has spoken, adding that she might ask one of them to read to her in the afternoon. Nancy goes forth radiant—the rapid march of events had placed everything in her way.

Hannah is pleased at the prospect of being useful to Miss Meriton. No sooner has she entered her room than the old lady remarks: "There is something strangely familiar about your face—it seems like the memory of a dream." Hannah knows in what the resemblance consists—her likeness to that of the old picture in the attic. She respects the Meriton pride and holds her own at its proper value. But when Nancy hears the incident, she chuckles gleefully.

It was part of Nancy's plan to send each of the children in turn to Miss Meriton, still she meant to prolong the situation for some time, only her heart smote her at sight of that deeply-lined, careworn countenance, and she finally discloses their identity. Mistress and dark hand-maiden throw their arms around each other, and weep tears of bitterness, of remembrance, of regret, of grateful joy.

Miss Meriton still resides at Meriton Hall with her faithful Nancy. Hannah has married Dr. Harris. Mary is a novice in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at P———, and John is in Paris studying medicine. Philip and Alma are making reputations at the Conservatory. Miss Meriton is going peacefully down the hill, doing all she can to add to the happiness of the children of him whom she hopes soon to meet in that land where all the wrongs and mistakes that have made life hard below have been long forgotten and forgiven.

JANE GORMAN.

"Two Little Girls," by Lilian Mack, is one of the few, very few, charming books written for children. We first meet our little friends in a convent school, as May is turning over her days like pages in a pretty book. It is Petition Day. The girls have just written their requests to the Blessed Virgin and are singing her Litany as they pass, two by two, into the grounds, where the Petitions are to be burned before her shrine. The birds chirp back, and flowers sweetly perfume the spring sunshine.

Returning to the school, Sr. Ursula, like a kind mother always observant of her children, notices the tears that tremble on Mary's lashes, and after having dismissed her charge, hastens to comfort the child. In heart-broken tones Mary sobs out her grief at the loss of a ring—the Christmas gift of her father—of which she had made a sacrifice. Sr. Ursula soothes the weeping child, assuring her that the Mother of God would be pleased with her gift, and noticing how hot and feverish she is, sends her home in charge of an older girl. When she had gone, the good nun went to the spot where the ashes were buried and bit by bit lifted out the fresh clay, but no trace of Mary's ring was there.

Next morning the seat beside Julia Burns is vacant, Mary has scarlet fever. After a week of unrest, Julia confides to Sr. Ursula that, while burying the ashes, she found Mary's ring, marked with fire and without the pearl, was tempted to keep it, had resisted, and now brought it back. Sr. Ursula calms the dark-haired Julia with the promise to have the ring returned, and later gives the innocent trinket that had cost so much to the parish priest, who had it reset with a diamond for the unconscious little sufferer.

There is a happy secret in the Burns' home—Julia insists on its being kept a secret—she can play the violin. Her mother is poor and she yearns to help her. From her father, who died when she was eight years old, she inherited a violin and his marvellous taste for music. In a week a payment is to be made, there is not a cent in the house towards it—if she could only do something to earn money!

During the night as she dreams and ponders, a cloud of silver moonlight fills the room, her violin is on the chair, she picks it up instinctively, draws the bow across the strings very gently—no danger of the sounds disturbing mother or Joe, for the strains were often the last good night they heard from Julia. Thought comes to her like an inspiration and flushes her cheeks with the hope of childhood. What is she playing? She has never heard it or tried it before, she follows the strain with breathless ecstasy. She has struck a beautiful minor melody. It plays itself, for the little fingers have become such intimate friends with the strings that now the violin is telling them some of its sweetest secrets. How fast her brain works! There is to be an entertainment at the hall next night—could she not ask the manager to let her play?

Next night a tiny figure that might have dropped from some passing cloud is hastening up the stairs of the Town Hall, asking in panting tones for the Manager. Mr. Miller consents to her playing because he is minus a number, knowing that the little gingham-clad child with the big violin would assuredly win applause—or laughter. As Julia stands near the entrance to the platform, repeating "Remember, O most loving Virgin Mary," she feels that her fiddle and "Moonlight" will make her forget the unkind words that are whispered around her. What a crowd! As she stands before the audience, the touch of her bow, which she is now drawing across the strings, brings her back to her room—the spell of her dream is upon her, and the notes sigh and whisper as they did last night.

The big hall fairly thunders with applause. "The child! the child!" roared the voices, as an attempt was made to drop the curtain. "You will not always be poor, Julia," said the Manager, as he drew from his pocket a roll of bills which he placed in her trembling palm.

While Julia is at school next day, Mr. Miller urges her mother to allow her to go to some city to cultivate her wonderful talent, but wise Mrs. Burns resists the temptation of money at the risk of her child's happiness. "No, sir, she is only a baby. It would be like planting a fern in the dry, sunny street, where it would die for lack of shade and moisture."

When School reopens in September, Mary and Julia are together as of old. Mrs. Burns is growing weaker and weaker until at last the angel of death that had been hovering so long about the little home, waiting till she had finished all her tasks, bore away on a calm October night the soul of a good mother. Kind Mrs. Martin—Mary's mother—took Julia and her brother to her home as her adopted children—the beautiful lesson of loving each other was thus taught by "two little girls."

GLADYS WEST.

We all account ourselves sensitive, but how many are as sensitive for others as for themselves? In that lies the secret of good breeding. To show appreciation of an intended kindness, or pleasure in what is meant to give pleasure, to please and to be pleased, and, above all, to look only for what is best in things and people, is an easy task and soon becomes a habit. This is good manners, and springs from the heart, while mannerisms are from the head.

Education Without Christianity.

WE can find no more startling example of this false theory and its awful effects than in the much-agitated country of France, which we know has before lain prostrate under such terrorism and bloodshed as finally tore and dismembered it. Again is the eye of nations turned towards it to watch the results of passing such a measure.

In studying any one subject we know we must have a system, a standard to abide by, and who will deny that the guiding function of our existence is God, the fountain head of all Supreme Intelligence, and that intellectual gifts without Christian faith will propagate erroneous ideas? A learned man with false principles is a dangerous person. Moreover, we know that we should so study as to trace the hand of God in everything, to be lifted "from nature up to nature's God," and not be "bound to earth with flowery bands" and become intoxicated with nature as did many of our unfortunate poets who were otherwise high-minded—just this kind of people introduced the various ethics of to-day, as materialism and positivism.

Thus we see that education or, in fact, the growth of anything without a Godhead to shape its particular development, gives rise to a multitude of complexities.

In the study of the early settlement of a nation we notice what an important paragraph is made of the introduction of Christianity and the civilization of a barbarous country by the building of schools,—the zealous settlers well knowing that these would lift from degradation and be an incentive to civilization—hence the absurdity of attempting to separate two such divine agencies as must work hand in hand.

Upon the moment of some great scientific discovery, what high honor is awarded the human revealer and his wonderful revelation concerning nature's laws! His success is regarded as the merit of long ages of experiments and deep penetration, whereas what appears to man's darkened understanding to be light thrown on discovery and science, we know cannot be truly attributed to human efforts but to God alone, who gives them intellectual strength with which to seek His ways.

We can imagine the substance of Cardinal Wiseman's famous "Lectures on the Connections between Science and Revealed Religion," for who,—and last of all the high-minded scientist—could explore so deeply the wonderful and intricate composition of this earth without experiencing a dreadful awe at the infinite power of the maker to rule the waves and winds and "hold the waters in the hollow of His hand" and feeling the force of that beautiful line, impelling us to murmur, "O Lord, how wonderful are thy works in all the earth!"

And we can vouch for the same Christian influence of literature. What book has served more as a source of inspiration to poets than the Bible, uniting with all the beautiful figures scattered in such profusion through it, the breath of the spirit of God? Paradise Lost is founded on it, Shakespeare quotes continually from it; therefore to separate Christianity from literature would mean the exclusion of all such masterpieces from that ennobling study.

We are told that we do not "consider the lilies of the field" sufficiently—and what study can bring us in closer union with the tender care of God than botany? When we examine the minute seed, what a sacred mystery seems its power of reproduction! Human skill is baffled and we are forced to exclaim with the great archangel, "who is like to God!"

What astronomer could study the glory and sublimity of the heavens without even the passing thought that, that starry realm is the heavenly abode where, to our human conception, Deity sits enthroned; or try to peer into the vast, unfathomed distance and ponder concerning the unknown planets, or endeavor to arrange and classify the myriads of stars in the boundless firmament, without, in the least, acknowledging it to be the work of the Most High?

It would be impossible to separate Christianity and art. Our finest old masterpieces comprise scenes from the life of Christ, Madonnas, and kindred subjects, for is not the artist—

> "To draw the Thing as he sees it,
> For the God of Things as they are?"

And the same point holds good for the study of languages, their very origin being a scriptural fact of startling impressiveness.

Those who have perused the "Triumph of Failure" must have marked the dazzling effect of education that is not allied with God—a youth—dreamy-eyed and forgetful of God, absorbed in the philosophy of pagan writers, imagining that

their deep, stirring eloquence supplied him with the nectar of his existence, when,—the illusion gone and lo!—the Beatific Vision.

So education should be based upon supernatural revelation, for are we not enjoined, "Seek ye, therefore, first the Kingdom of God, and His justice; and all these things shall be added unto you."

KATE SHIRLEY.

In Dickens' Footsteps Round About London.

THE march of modern improvement has swept away many edifices especially identified with the life and work of Charles Dickens in the old city, and it is a well-recognized fact that the greater part of the London of his time has already vanished—the requirements of a vastly increased and more exacting population demand still further and more sweeping changes. In the years that have elapsed since the pen dropped from the hand of the great English novelist forever, there have been many changes and more than one locality as Dickens knew it has been entirely altered. Landmarks have disappeared, especially along the waterside, where the building of the Thames Embankment has forever obliterated more than one riverside slum which Dickens employed as the scene of his dramatic narrative. Hungerford Market and Hungerford Stairs, together with the blacking factory, where Dickens first tasted the miseries of life, have disappeared, the Market disappearing before the Charing Cross Station, which now occupies its site. Furnival's Inn—where *Pickwick* was written—has gone, as well as other of the old habitations of the legal fraternity. Historic and sordid Marshalsea, where the elder Dickens was incarcerated for debt, has vanished. Even Newgate, with its noisome memories, has disappeared. The office of the old *Monthly Magazine*, in Fleet Street, is no more, its very letter-box—"wherein was dropped stealthily one night his first effusion, with fear and trembling, being now in the possession of an ardent Dickens' collector. "We can imagine young Dickens buying "his first copy of the magazine in which this first effusion appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion he walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour because his eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street—and were not fit to be seen there."

The Lover of Dickens will find a new book by Francis Miltoun, entitled "Dickens' London," an attractive companion, as he re-peruses his "David Copperfield," or his "Bleak House." Mr. Miltoun takes up the successive novels of Dickens, and traces the characters and localities through their various abiding places in the great city. Dickens' habit of giving a locale to his fiction, of identifying his characters with known places is one of the characteristic features of his work in fiction, and beyond question it helped the realism of the story. Sometimes the places were thinly disguised under another name, and again some well-known edifice or locality was boldly appropriated. The world is indebted to Dickens himself, to his conversation with his friends, for the identity of many of these scenes. Others have been traced out and identified by corroborative evidence since his death. Mr. Miltoun does not follow any topographical or chronological sequence, but picks them up somewhat at random. He carries the reader through the old streets and quaint nooks and corners, among the old inns and coaching houses, or rather where they were, for most of them known to Dickens have disappeared. It is a rambling journey, but for the Dickens' lover is full of rare interest and charm. "Doctor Johnson's 'walk down Fleet street'—if taken at the present day—would at least be productive of many surprises, whether pleasant ones or not the reader may adduce for himself, though doubtless the learned doctor would still chant the praises of the city—in that voice which we infer was none too melodious:

" 'Oh, in town let me live, then in town let me die,
For in truth I can't relish the country; not I.'

Within the last decade, certain changes have taken place in this thoroughfare which might be expected to make it unrecognizable to those of a former generation who may have known it well. *Good Words* offices in Wellington Street, where Dickens spent so much of his time in the later years of his life, are doomed, the famous 'Gaiety' is about to be pulled down, and the 'old Globe' has already gone from this street of taverns, as well as of letters, or, as one picturesque writer has called it, 'the nursing mother of English literature.' "

"All life and movement of the early nineteenth century, and for a couple of hundred years before, had a great deal to do with inns and taverns, from Chaucer's famous 'Tabard' to 'The Bull,' at

Rochester, whose courtyard is still as described by Dickens, but of the actual Dickens' inns, perhaps none is more vividly impressed on the imagination than that of the 'Maypole,' that fantastic structure of 'Barnaby Rudge,' the original of which is the 'King's Head,' at Chigwell on the borders of Epping Forest. It was here that Mr. Willet sat in his accustomed place, 'his eyes on the eternal boiler.' 'Before he had got his ideas into focus, he had stared at the plebeian utensil quite twenty minutes,'—all of which indicates the minutiæ and precision, of Dickens' observations. This actual copper, vouched for by several documents of attestation, with an old chair which formerly stood in the Chester Room of the 'Maypole,' is to-day in the possession of Mr. Bransby Williams, of London, an ardent enthusiast of all matters in connection with Dickens and his stories.

"Of the *Pickwickian Inns,* the 'White Horse' of Ipswich—'the overgrown tavern' to which Mr. Pickwick journeyed by the London Coach, is something of tangible reality, and doubtless little changed to this day; the same being equally true of 'The Leather Bottle' at Cobham. The old 'White Heart' in the Borough High Street, the scene of the first meeting of Mr. Pickwick and Weller, was demolished in 1889.

"The old 'Fountain Inn' of the Minories, referred to in Oliver Twist, and the 'little inn'—'The Sun'—at Canterbury, where the Micawbers lodged, and the 'White Hart' at Hook,— or more probably its predecessor of the same name,—visited by the Pickwickians en route to Rochester, —were realities in every sense of the word, and show once again the blending of truth and fiction which was so remarkable in the novels, and which indicates so strongly the tendency of Dickens to make every possible use of accessories, sights and scenes, with which, at one time or another, he had been acquainted.

"The 'Saracen's Head' at Snow Hill,—a real thing in Dickens' day,—where the impetuous Squeers put up during his visits to London—has disappeared—it was pulled down when the Holborn Viaduct was built, in 1869. 'The Spaniards,' on Hampstead Heath, remains much as of yore; certainly it has not changed to any noticeable degree since Mrs. Bardell, *et als.,* repaired hither in the Hampstead stage for their celebrated tea-party, as recounted in 'Pickwick.' The very term *Pickwickian Inns* inspires rumination and imagination to a high degree. Remembrance is all very well, but there is a sturdy reality about most of the inns of which Dickens wrote. Thus the enthusiast may, if he so wish, in some cases, become a partaker of the same sort of comfort as did Dickens in his own time, or at least, amid the same surroundings; though it is to be feared that New Zealand mutton and Argentine beef have usurped the place in the larder formerly occupied by the 'primest Scotch' and the juciest 'Southdown.' "

Dickens did not always locate his scenes, or rather took a number of similar localities, and from them constructed a type. Several attempts have been made to identify the foul churchyard where Jo's friend, *Nemo,* was buried, and whither he guided *Lady Dedlock* on that gruesome night. Our author remarks that it has been variously located, but without any certainty, and thinks that most likely, it was the graveyard in Drury Lane Court, which has now disappeared. In those days there were numbers of these ancient places of interment scattered about the old city, and it is quite likely that Dickens had in mind only the general type and not any particular one of them.

Rough and toilsome was the first quarter of Dickens' journey through life. Many of the passages in "David Copperfield" are literally true pictures of his own early experiences. He was fond of putting himself and his own people into his books, and of drawing his scenes and his characters from real life. Tradition says that he built both Mr. Micawber and Mr. Turveydrop out of his own father; that Mrs. Nickleby was based upon his own mother; and that his wife, who was the Dora of "Copperfield," in the beginning of their married life, became in later years the Flora of "Little Dorrit." The elder Dickens had unquestionably some of the traits ascribed to the unpractical friend of Copperfield's youth, and something of the cruel self-indulgence and pompous deportment of the dancing-master in "Bleak House." And it was during his father's imprisonment for debt that Dickens got his intimate knowledge of the Marshalsea, and of the heart-rending existence of its inmates. In these chambers he afterwards put Mr. Dorrit. And while his father remained in prison, he lived for a time in a back attic in Lant Street Borough, which was to become the home of the eccentric Robert Sawyer, and the scene of a famous supper party given to do honor to Mr. Pickwick "and the other chaps." It is interesting to know that the original Mrs. Pipchin was Dickens' landlady in

Camden Town, and that the original of the Marchioness waited on the elder Dickens during his stay in the Marshalsea.

"There is a peculiar fascination about both the locality and the old residence of Charles Dickens —Gad's Hill Place—which few can resist. Its lofty situation on a ridge between the Thames and the Medway gives Gad's Hill several commanding views, including the busy windings of the latter, where the Dutch fleet anchored in Elizabeth's reign. That Dickens had an irresistible love for this spot would be clear from the following extract from his works:

'I have my eye on a piece of Kentish road, bordered on either side by a wood, and having, on one hand, between the road dust and the trees, a skirting patch of grass. Wild flowers grow in abundance on this spot, and it lies high and airy, with a distant river stealing steadily away to the ocean.' . . .

Gad's Hill Place is a comfortable, old-fashioned, creeper-clad house, built about a century since, and is on the spot mentioned in Shakespeare's 'Henry IV.' as the scene of the robbery of the travelers."

Mr. Miltoun's book is illustrated with numerous pictures, some of them reproductions of old plates. His narrative is interesting and he does not hesitate to recount some curious fact about a locality encountered during the stroll, even if it is not closely connected with Dickens.

The death of Dickens was calm, sad, and natural; in almost any one of his books one might read a more or less exact prophetic account of that last scene. Nearly all his mild and loving characters were ushered, by his pen, from time into the great unknown land beyond in a manner not unlike his own exit. Yet, in all the touching and beautiful pictures, not one word, not one thought of God, of sin, of its pardon, of eternity; ever and always the same great, dark, mysterious gulf beyond the grave, without a ray of Faith, a beam of Hope, or a glow of Charity or Love to light up its awfulness. It is, indeed, strange that in all those touching scenes, painted with the pencil of a master, never do we meet with one line, one feature or form that might suggest the glories of heaven, the splendor of God, the magnificence of Religion; yet there is pathos, deep and touching, there is kindness of heart, generosity, justice, love—but only as between fellow-beings, never as between the Creator and His creature.

MAY HENNESSEY.

Spring's First Footstep.

The waiting woods are hushed and still—
So still that list'ning buds may hear,
Across the distant, ice-bound hill,
Spring's first faint footstep stealing near.

The dreaming bough has felt the stir
Of new, warm life-blood in its heart,
And thrills to hear the vibrant whir
Of soft brown wings that dip and dart.

In sunny, sheltered nooks I feel
The throbbing of the eager mold,
Through which, some day, soft buds will steal
And, laughing, show their hearts of gold.

And I—I hold the dream of June,
Of haunts where purple violets grow;
The fragrance of their bud and bloom
Comes to me through the drifted snow.

FLORENCE A. JONES.

There are many records of the noble lives of grand women whose biographies are an inspiration to great deeds and lofty purposes; but true womanliness may be gained by those who are destined never to become famous. It may reach after a high ideal; but, first of all, it consists in trust in God. What may seem a tangled labyrinth is the way in which it delights, because it leads up to Him. The true woman never complains of her birth, her station, her poverty, her hardships; she does not spend her time in envying her neighbors, or lamenting another's prosperity, or in wishing a different lot had been assigned to her; she has the courage born of faith, which overcomes all difficulties, surmounts all obstacles, and rejoices in holy activity.

The future of American culture depends on the women. They alone have the leisure for it. Almost every woman has, or can have, a few hours a day for reading and study, or for cultivating the art of conversation, or letter-writing, or story-writing. If she would do the simple and natural and easy thing, study her own language, learn to write and speak and think well, instead of joining a club for the study of Greek art, or English politics, or the social condition in Greenland, she would accomplish wonders for American refinement and the richness and livableness of our national life.

An Historical Celebration at Loretto Abbey, Mary's Mount, Ballarat, Australia—Double Jubilee Festivities—Reunion of Former Pupils.

A VERITABLE year of JUBILEES has this *Annus Mirabilis* of ours been. When we returned to school, a glad air of expectancy pervaded the place, for, "Mother-General and S. M. Attracta are coming, and oh! so much has to be done!" It was but natural that we should wish the old home and ourselves to appear to advantage. We knew that the nuns' hearts were just brimming over with joy, which we shared in thorough sympathy, and our hearts were glad likewise, for we valued the honor of the visit; and we could not but feel an affection for the Mother of whom we had heard so much, and for S. M. Attracta, who was hardly a stranger. It was when Paschal song filled the air, and the sweet-breathed flowers decorating the altars showed our exultation in the great fact of our salvation, that our welcome visitors arrived. Arches and gay bunting decorated the avenue and front of the house and all was bright in spite of clouds and occasional showers—the late drought has taught us to look upon rain as an accession to our joy on joyous occasions. Up the avenue, that eventful April morning, swept the Bishop's carriage, pausing a moment as it reached the spot where we stood massed in an eager body; a young lady and a little one, the envied of all beholders, presented bouquets, and then as the vehicle passed on, we turned to the school, picturing to ourselves the glad meeting of the nuns, and trying to extract full, true, and voluminous details from the happy heroines who had been privileged to represent us and to see the visitors. That evening we gave them an entertainment; the addresses were spoken by an Irish, Australian, French, and American girl respectively. We give the principal address in full:—



Loretto Abbey, Mary's Mount, Ballarat, Australia.

Dearest Reverend Mother,—

From our hearts rise the words: Welcome! A hundred thousand welcomes to our Australian Loretto Abbey. Mother, you come from the mystic continent, that is "half of the northern sphere," the historic mother of those nations whose records carry us back to centuries lost in the mist of ages, the land whose mighty peaks are "august with Asian snow." You have come, too, from the fair Western Isle, whose plains and valleys are holy ground, and whose air is fragrant with saintly memories of the past. You come from the old-time continent and from the ancient isle to the youthful island continent, which, as a nation, has celebrated but one birthday.

Our Australia, "framed and set in sea," must be to you a land of contrast. April in the northern hemisphere touches the land with "blossom-trammelled feet," "sheds green glory on the wayside rill." Here April is "the darling of Australia's autumn," and her golden-tongued foliage whispers that winter is near. Spring's fair blossoms deck home altars this glad Paschal time, while flowers that "wear the blazon of the autumn" are our Easter decoration.

Age, history, scenery, all is contrast, which, however, throws into brighter relief two great points of resemblance. Here, as in India and in dear Ireland, the triumphant Easter Alleluia makes glad music in our hearts, and here, as in far-off lands, hearts glow with affection, for, dear Reverend Mother, we greet you, not as a stranger whose visit is a pleasure and an honor, no, we

welcome you as children welcome a mother. Your name has been to us a household word, and our hearts went out to you long before we thought that it would be our privilege to meet you,

The grand old Abbey in the land of our fathers is to us a source of pride, we rejoice in its expansion and glory in its triumphs, and some among us look forward with joy to the day when we shall see that Abbey which is to us as a stately ancestral home.

Dear Reverend Mother, while we welcome you as children, we claim the indulgence which mothers ever accord to the youngest—remember that Loretto in Australia is but twenty-seven years old and that, consequently, we cannot venture to compare with our elder sisters, but perhaps our very youth may have its charm and you may agree with the sentiments expressed in a poem on St. Aloysius, written long years ago by our dear Mother-Provincial:—

"The pure fresh buds of early spring
Oft give us more delight
Than summer's brilliant blossoms bring,
However fair and bright."

Accept again, dearest Reverend Mother, a welcome from your youngest children, who, with the welcome, assure you that your presence at the celebration in honor of the Golden Jubilee of our beloved Mother Gonzaga will be its crown of joy.

* * * * * * * *

When we had gone through the programme, Mother-General spoke to many of us separately, and among other things said: "Loretto girls seem alike the world over"—we were proud to think so. To all in general she addressed a few impressive words, reminding us of our obligation to make the most of our advantages and to be a power for good.

So it was over—one great event. No, *not* over, for the real quiet pleasure began. Mother-General showed such a kindly interest in us and our work—even giving us lessons in Irish—she went about among us just as if she had known us always; and, as the Jubilee time drew near, manifested such interest and gave such practical suggestions, that we felt she really looked on us as belonging to her. We saw how eager she was to honor our Mother-Provincial by having everything just as well as it could be. As for S. M. Attracta, she worked for us and with us with a self-sacrificing devotedness which we shall never, never forget; it was a joy to us to feel we gave her pleasure, for, during her stay in Sydney, we—helped by our own dear nuns—worked with a will, and had the triumph of hearing Sister declare, on her return, that we had done two years' work in a few months!

The Jubilee drew nearer and nearer—fortunately, we had taken time by the forelock. "How?" you ask. Well, we began tne decorations early; each room was to have a special character, and was to represent one of the Australian Houses. To carry out this idea involved any amount of work. Our school-room was converted into a veritable fairy bower as "Spring." Clematis, purple and white, hung in graceful festoons from arch and ceiling; daffodils peeped from unexpected corners, while a tender green hue, suggestive of the season, prevailed everywhere. The "First School" was truly typical in coloring and decoration, for the dear rose blossoms, pink and crimson, made the nook beautiful, birds and butterflies fluttered—or appeared to—among the flowers, and great hollyhocks proudly reared their heads to court the admiring glances of all comers. Mary's Mount took spring and summer; N. Sydney, autumn; Portland, winter. The class-rooms showed autumn in tints of yellow, russet and red; here the chief adornments were chrysanthemums and variegated leaves. The refectory landing represented winter, and one really felt cold shivers while gazing on the snow-covered boughs and long icicles. The corridor was decorated by the Dawson Street nuns and children and Training College girls; dainty scrolls, bearing Scriptural texts appropriate to each year of our dear Mother's religious life, hung like little banners of triumph the whole length of the passage, while a large picture of the same loved Mother smiled at us from above the door at the end. The effect was very striking, and the decorations, so appropriate, showed that no trouble had been considered too great to prove the affection of loving hearts.

Our already handsome refectory was made much handsomer by exquisite trails of wisteria and little joy-bells everywhere, symbolic of the good wishes of the Hornsby Loretto girls. West Australia had the Celtic room, in which the presents were shown. The nuns' refectory told the greetings of Melbourne. Through all the great house there was a subdued stir as the eventful 30th. drew near—a sort of suppressed excitement which, in itself, told of something coming quite

beyond ordinary school events. The hearts of all Loretto girls—past and present, old and young—were filled with a great exultation, and from far and near, all who were fortunate enough to be able to call themselves Children of Loretto, gathered within the Abbey walls to greet their Mother on her Jubilee Day. And surely, those who were unable to travel with the rest to Mary's Mount were with us in spirit. Rooms had, in several instances, been engaged weeks before in various hotels. Cabs and trams benefited by the Jubilee in no small degree. There were orchestral rehearsals—once a day at first, then more frequently as the great event drew near—for not only Mary's Mount but several of the other Houses were represented in choir and orchestra. Groups of girls might be seen here fashioning colored paper into dainty flowers of every kind, destined to decorate our walls; there busy at a rehearsal of our drama—the tragedy of the great Queen Esther, famed of old for her womanly heroism. Here "Jewish maidens"—looking un-Jewish enough in their blue uniforms—might be seen practising their low salaam; there Aman and his wife discussing the "irony of fate," while in yet another place, Esther and Mardochai conversed of stormy happenings, and Assuerus looked on with calm approval—and prompted! And amidst it all, hours untouched by Jubilee preparations, were sacred to study, for we were to have examinations, and Mr. Sutherland's certificates of this year would have their special value on such an occasion. And so the weeks passed, until at length the last touches were added to the decorations; orchestra, choruses, drama, were all in splendid "working order," and Loretto folk were prepared for the great Jubilee Celebration. The 30th. dawned at last, not quite so bright as might be, perhaps, but then that made no difference in our feelings. About eleven the guests began to arrive, and presently everyone repaired to the new hall, where we gave vent to our pent-up feelings in a Jubilee song—"Ring Out, Ye Bells"—with orchestral accompaniment. This song was written for a celebration in the Irish Mother House. Then followed our Debate, and after the report of the school work—as written by the examiner, Mr. Sutherland, M. A.—had been read, His Lordship, Dr. Moore, distributed the prizes and certificates.

School Report.

The Jubilee Celebrations, varied in character, give a fair idea of the wide course covered by the educational work of Mary's Mount. A present-day writer, treating of the much-discussed subject of education, says that it should include, not the three R's alone, but the three H's—that is, the cultivation of the head, heart, and hand. Such has been our aim. By moral training "to safeguard the interests of God in the heart of the child;" by literary culture to influence the mental powers—the head; and by varied works, useful and ornamental, to develop the powers of hand in each pupil.

Success in competitive examinations is not the end sought, but when parents desire it, or when the interests of particular children demand it, pupils are prepared for public examinations. Examination by a competent outsider has, however, been the invariable rule in the school for the past seventeen years.

The present examiner, J. Sutherland, Esq., M. A., has expressed in no measured terms his approval both of the programme drawn up, and the manner in which the pupils have availed themselves of the generous scheme of study presented.

Referring to our examinations, as contrasted with those of a public and competitive character, he says:—"The position you take of avoiding cram, and maintaining your own programme, and yet being desirous of satisfying the claims and demands of the public by the evidence of an extern, is wise."

Again, on the same subject, he writes:—"I examine your schools as schools aiming at a high ideal. In my opinion, the ultimate good of Australia would require less and not more of public examinations, which, I cannot help thinking, would to some extent interfere with what I have found pleasantest in the examinations of your schools—the free blend of local with cosmopolitan literature and history; this with other proprieties, which to my mind make the quality and aroma of education."

The following is an extract from Mr. Sutherland's report of this year's work:—"The work presented has been on the whole eminently satisfactory. I must especially notice the two extremes of the school—the culture class and the juniors. The course of the culture class has been of a specially generous character, and has been generously appreciated, the answers giving indication of minds capable of and being fitted for good work in the future. Some of the papers are in themselves complete evidence of a liberal education and a disposition such as are required in

the direction of our true social and charitable affairs. Some of these girls will, doubtless, in future years help to influence these. I do not hope that you will ever overtop the record you have previously made in a combination of intellectual capacity and sensibility, but the advantage which the young ladies have this year taken of their literary studies is still deeply gratifying."

A scheme of work similar to that applied to Literary studies is to be adopted in the departments of Music and Domestic Economy, each of which will have its appropriate programme and its competent examiner. The musical performances during the next few days will afford ample evidence of careful and intelligent training.

A Laboratory for Science Pupils is being fitted up under capable direction, and a Kitchen, soon to be erected, will be the scene of practical work for the members of the Domestic Economy class.

The visitors were invited to inspect an exhibition of the needlework, painting and drawing, done by the children during the year, they were greatly interested in the beautiful presents sent to Rev. Mother from far and near, and which told their own tale, both of affectionate remembrance of friends and of the bond which unites the widely-spread houses of the Institute. From the Irish Mother House came costly vestments, worked in Celtic design by the girls of the Art Work School, established at Loretto Abbey, Dalkey. Exquisite lace and a handsome statue of Saint Brigid also bore witness to the generosity of Mother-General. Richly-embroidered vestments represented Loretto Convent, Manchester. From the old historic convent, York, came books, the works of a nun of that community, whose name is now a household word, M. M. Loyola. A truly magnificent Benediction Cope was sent from a Loretto Convent in Spain. Gorgeously embroidered table centrepieces, in silver and gold, spoke in true Eastern fashion the wishes of Loretto Convent, Calcutta. A handsome album gave a good idea of the various convents of the Institute in India. Gifts from Canada and Pretoria, from Italy, Germany, and Tasmania, attracted attention. Australia held its own, as was proved by a set of dalmatics given by the Training College, and by the exquisite vestments from Loretto Convent, Dawson Street. Valuable gifts came from convents in Ireland, and elsewhere, as also from many kind friends. Nuns of various orders, former pupils, Ladies of Charity, all were represented. Very noticeable was an artistically illuminated address from the Ursuline nuns, Armidale. Mother-Provincial was much touched by the good will displayed, and intends to thank for each gift—in this article I merely give a general glance.

After lunch the visitors left, to return at 7.30 p. m. to witness the first evening performance, consisting of Tableaux and Music, in St. Cecilia's Hall.

The opening Tableau was St. Catharine of Alexandria—a noble figure in her gorgeous robes, standing undaunted before the judge, not pleading, but with fiery zeal defending the faith which the sneers of the heathen philosophers could not touch—a regal type of the majesty of learning. Next came St. Brigid, looking so truly the "Mary of Ireland" that some one whispered, "Is it Our Lady?" But the princesses of Erin, grouped spell-bound around her, indicated a type of cloistered sanctity, as, kneeling at the feet of the King, she asks for land on which to build her convent. Next stepped forth St. Bega from that grand procession that wound through all the long ages in the history of the world, for—

> "Down long vistas gray
> Of centuries we fared, by endless ranks
> Of sanctity, cloistered or secular,
> But all of heaven."

A type of zeal and prudence was she. We were told beforehand the story of her exile of love, that we might look with new interest at the glowing picture and gaze with those ardent British maidens as she points upward to the home where all tribes and nations unite. St. Elizabeth of Hungary brought with her all the poetry of the Middle Ages, and it was fitting that her picture should be a scene of knightly chivalry. The knight that mingled with the beggars at her gate to receive a gift from her hands, not only spread her fame through many a land—he helped us to love her more. Naturally, this tableau reminded us of our dear Countess who in the descriptive poetry spoken before the curtain rose, was alluded to as a descendant of her "who now wears heaven's aureole." St. Frances of Rome, sweet patroness of home life, showed us the beauty of a Christian family—a valiant woman teaching her children the grace of homely duties and the love of God, Joan of Arc, the type of patriotism, stood before us, not the warrior maid, but more pathetic in her girlish purity, suffering in her chains—pleading before the tribunal which condemned her. Isa-



CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LORETTO ABBEY, MARY'S MOUNT, BALLARAT, AUSTRALIA.

bella of Castile, a queenly queen, sent Columbus across the seas to win souls in the great unknown continent for Christ, and Mary Ward and Frances Ball, heroines so dear to us because we count them our own, showed us the glory of lives sacrificed for Christ's little ones. It was fitting that the procession of noble women should end with that Virgin Mother, Our Lady—Our Queen—"our tainted nature's solitary boast!" as with tears in our eyes, we saw her kneel in prayer, while the angel brought that great message which shall ring through the world for all time. In order to help the spectators to follow the tableaux with more interest, the explanations were printed. We give three as specimens:—

SEVENTH CENTURY.

Now appears a second representative of Ireland's womanhood, St. Bega, a Princess who, at the call of God, left home and fatherland to spend her life for God on English shores. St. Bee's Head, in Cumberland, is named after her, for it was here she founded the first English Convent—a home of learning and sanctity. Among the spiritual daughters of Bega, was the great St. Hilda, chosen to succeed as Abbess of the Monasteries of North England. The tableau pictures two Saxon maids, Hilda and her friend, Carma, in the presence of St. Bega. To Hilda is granted admission to the peaceful cloister, but Carma is bidden to serve her Lord in the world as wife and mother in a Christian home.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

A picture of deep interest to us, is that of Mary Ward, a pioneer of the active orders of women. She left her native land for Germany, there with a band of noble women, to educate the daughters of Catholic families, who were denied such an education in their own country by the severity of the penal laws. Returning to England under the protection of the Catholic Queens, Henrietta Maria and Mary Beatrice of Modena, Mary Ward's spiritual daughters carried on the work of education at York, where their lineal successors of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary still labor in the same cause. A series of pictures, called the Painted Life, is preserved in the convent of the Institute at Augsburg. It represents scenes in the life of our heroine, one of which is portrayed in the tableau. Mary Ward and her young cousin, Barbara Babthorpe, listen to the stories of saints and martyrs, related by Margaret Garnet, a trusty housekeeper, who was wont thus to animate her young mistresses to piety. How well Mary profited by such lessons, her after life can show.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

From Mary Ward to Frances Ball the transition is natural. Frances Ball, though Irish, spent her early girlhood and her novitiate at the old York convent. Thence she was brought back to Ireland by the venerable Archbishop of Dublin, as foundress of the Institute in Ireland, 1822. In honor of the holy House of Nazareth—now in Loreto, Italy—she named her first foundation at Rathfarnham, Loreto House. The filiations from Rathfarnham successively claimed this title, hence the most familiar name given to the religious of the Irish branch of the Institute is Loretto nuns.

Closing Tableau—The valiant Woman, *par excellence.*

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast"—the Virgin of the Magnificat.

After the closing tableau came the musical part of the programme. The vocal class gave a splendid rendering of Dr. Vincent's "Ave Maria," for 1st. and 2nd. sopranos. The orchestral numbers were:—"War March of the Priests," Mendelssohn; "Andante and Scherzo," Timothy, and "Shepherds' Dance," German. The playing was characterized by careful phrasing, attack, and bowing, and the audience greatly appreciated the efforts of the young instrumentalists. Two youthful vocalists sang charmingly "I Would That the Love"—Mendelssohn—and two other students gave an excellent rendering of Chaminade's piano duet, "Sevillana." A prominent feature of the concert was Miss Coffey's playing of De Beriot's "Fantasie," with orchestral accompaniment. It was a most artistic performance. The interesting programme ended with the "Hymn to St. Cecilia," by Mr. Myerscough, Mus. Bac.—a glorious finale to the first day's celebration.

The second day—the real Jubilee Day—came. At eleven o'clock the new church was crowded with visitors, while in the organ-loft, tier upon tier of white-robed maidens waited with the nuns to sing during the ceremony. Presently, His Lordship, the priests and acolytes entered in solemn procession, and High Mass soon began. The convent choir—conducted by S. M. Attracta—rendered effectively Aiblinger's "Missa Santa Clara," which is considered a *chef d'oeuvre* among the works of this composer. From begin-

ning to end the Mass was a vivid illustration of the marvellous power of appropriate tonal effects. The piteous cry for mercy in the Kyrie seemed to be answered by the Angels' message in the Gloria "Et in terra pax." The "Et incarnatus est" was most soul-touching. The "Sanctus," a magnificent piece of fugal form, lost nothing in its treatment, each point being accurately attacked and brought out by the voices in each respective part. In the "Agnus Dei" the composer has probably reached the climax of his talent in contrapuntal writing. At the Offertory, Janotha's "Ave Maria" was most devotionally sung, accompanied by organ, harp and violin; in truth, it sounded like an echo of the first Ave.

The Very Rev. Dean Hegarty, of Kyneton, who, twenty-five years ago, preached at the Silver Jubilee of Mother-Provincial, delivered the sermon, basing his eloquent discourse on these words of Scripture, "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth, going therefore teach ye all nations." He said, "The event we are celebrating to-day is a proof of the wondrous power of these words. Human authority has disputed the claim of the Church to direct the education of the rising generation, saying they are citizens of this world. The Church, however, has replied that they are also destined to be citizens of heaven, hence it is that the Church in every age has taken a share in the direction of youth and trained her children in Christian knowledge and piety. The ideal was well understood by St. Ignatius, by Mary Ward, and by Frances Ball. We have sometimes heard it said that the Church is afraid of science, but it is impossible for the God of Infinite Truth to say one thing in nature and another in Revelation. The Church in all ages has shown herself to be the patron of science and art. The Institution in which we are assembled is a centre of science and of true knowledge. To-day all present have reason to rejoice with Rev. Mother and her community and to sing the Magnificat. The event we are celebrating is a fresh proof of the fidelity of the Church to the commission of our Lord, 'Going therefore teach ye all nations.' Look back twenty-seven years and mark the progress made by the Institute throughout Australia. The finger of God can be seen in this Institute, which is suffused by the perfume of His presence and filled with the 'peace which surpasseth all understanding.' The results of the teaching of the nuns are to be seen in the Christian lives of the hundreds of girls who have passed through their convents. And side by side with their secondary schools are always to be found primary schools for the children of the poor. The venerable Rev. Mother had asked him to say nothing of her share in the work. So conspicuous are her humility and gentleness, she may well exclaim with Mary, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, for He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name.' ". The preacher concluded by praying God to bless the Institute, that Rev. Mother and her Community might be enabled to continue the great work of Christian education in which they are engaged.

These extracts give but a faint idea of the able, touching, and happily-worded discourse of the Very Rev. Dean Hegarty.

Then followed the Jubilee Ceremony—and what wonder that tears of joy came to our eyes, that our voices were tremulous with emotion as we sang, when our "dear little Mother" went humbly to the altar to receive her crown and staff, and as humbly bore them away. May she be with us for many years to come!

After the crowning of the Jubilarian, De Witt's *Te Deum*—plain chant—was sung by the choir. As the alternate verses—unaccompanied—were harmonized, the effect was magnificent, soul-elevating, and likewise novel, as it was probably the first time that plain chant, alternating with harmony, had been heard in the southern hemisphere.

Mr. Haydn West presided at the organ, and showed to great advantage the perfections of that magnificent three manual instrument.

The visitors were then invited to luncheon. Of course, we schoolgirls were not present at the grand function in our refectory. By way of parenthesis, be it remarked, we managed to do ample justice to the good things provided for us in our class-rooms, and from various sources it was whispered that the luncheon hour passed very pleasantly. His Lordship Dr. Moore presided and proposed the toast—"His Holiness the Pope and His Majesty King Edward VII." The Very Rev. F. Ryan, S. J., that of "Rev. Mother-General." Very Rev. F. Guilfoyle responded. Very Rev. Dean Hegarty, in eulogistic terms, proposed the toast—"Mother-Provincial." Rev. F. O'Donhue also spoke in high terms of the great work and noble character of our little Mother. Mr. John Lynch—Colonel Lynch's brother—proposed "The Visitors." The kind-hearted Mayor and Mr. Hogan responded. The Hon. T. Meagher,

M. L. C., proposed "The Bishop." His Lordship, in reply, spoke of the compliment Mr. Meagher had paid the Community by coming seven hundred miles or more to be present at the Jubilee celebration. The visitors then adjourned to the Hall for the Jubilee Concert.

On the arrival of His Lordship and several priests, the conductor, Hautrie West, Esq., opened the programme with Dr. Vincent's fine composition, the "Jubilee Festal Song," for four voices and string orchestra. It was brilliantly rendered —a prominent feature was the exquisitely-played harp obligato. This was followed by an address from the Irish *Alma Mater*, a beautiful specimen of artistic illumination, whose closing lines embodied the loving sisterly feeling which marked the whole:—

"Far off, thy sisters, in the old dear land,
With prayer and praise, with thankful hearts and glad
Follow thy every step and count each joy,
Each blessing that God sends thee, as their own.
And so, this heaven-blessed Golden Jubilee
Knits with still closer bond our sisterhood,
And of its many hearts maketh but one."

The orchestral numbers were Suppe's "Ein Morgen," Overture, and Haydn's 2nd. Symphony, the rendering of which by youthful performers was truly creditable. Miss McMenamin gave a brilliant rendering of Mendelssohn's Concerto, op. 25, and the orchestral accompaniment was admirably played. The fact of being able to undertake a concerto speaks volumes for the capability of the orchestra, which numbers thirty-three performers. The "Fantasia," played by Miss Coffey on the previous day, was repeated with striking success—she also gave the "Last Rose of Summer" with much expression—and a fine harp accompaniment. A vocal duet "The Angel," by Mendelssohn, and an instrumental trio—"Meditation"—showed careful preparation. The chorus was again very successful in "You Stole My Love" — Macfarren — and "Farewell but Whenever." A highly novel but extremely artistic effect was produced by the playing of six young ladies on Irish harps, as accompaniment to the chorus. Mr. Myerscough's "Hymn to St. Cecilia" was again thoroughly enjoyed, and the performance ended with a selection of "Irish Airs"—the soul-stirring melodies evidently went to the hearts of a decidedly delighted audience.

Evening came and people thronged the brightly-lighted hall. Many could not find standing room and so were disappointed. It was for their sakes that "Esther" was repeated on the following Monday; for Esther it was that we played on that memorable night.

Speaking of it an old girl says:—

"Racine's Esther! Surely it is deserving of more than a passing thought! Translated into English for us by a kind friend, two years ago, we played some of the scenes on an important stage in our own dear schoolroom. But the wonderful lesson of the sweet Bible story sank deep into our hearts; and when our new hall was erected we begged to live that noble life over again; and so "Esther" was chosen as the tribute which Drama was to lay at our Mother's feet. What sympathy filled our souls as we listened with Elise to the bitter-sweet tale of Esther's triumph; we felt with her the emptiness of the grandeur and the luxury which fell so coldly on her Jewish heart. We lived with Esther, spoke with her—wept with her—shrank with a woman's fear from the death she must brave to save her people. Do not blame us if the tears came when her woman's soul turned unfalteringly to that death—through love. Even when the curtain hid from us the rich Persian scenes, and the garish light brought us back for a time to the plain, prosaic twentieth century life, the scenes only sank deeper into our imagination, to rise again at will, and "flash upon that inward eye" whenever we would rouse our sluggish spirits by the glorious deeds of the past."

* * * * * * * *

When His Lordship and our Mothers were seated, Queen Esther stepped in front of the curtain and read the following address:—

DEAREST MOTHER:

When the heart is very full, words seem weak indeed. We have looked forward, long and oh! so eagerly to this evening; now it has come, and we repeat over and over again, "A happy feast." We wish you all the desires of your heart; and yet we are not satisfied. We place our hopes, our desires, in the hands of our Immaculate Mother, then and then only are we content. O Mother! you know how lovingly we greet you; in every chord of our music, in every note of our song, hear the voice of our affection; in the perfume of the flowers feel it, in our radiant smiles read, dearest Mother, our love.

What a flood of happy memories must surge

in your mind to-day—the bright days of childhood, of girlhood, sheltered within cloistered walls; the call, soft and sweet, yet divinely strong, the "Follow Me," inviting to a life of self-sacrifice; the years of earnest labor; then the second summons, the "Follow Me," that bade you say farewell to your loved country, the Isle of Saints, to seek on a foreign shore new work for God.

That foreign land, Mother, has become dear to you as another Erin, and round it cluster memories as bright as those of early years. Abundant blessings have crowned your work; and glad gratitude "lights up like a sunset the grace-fruited past." We note with pride that twenty-seven of the fifty years of your religious life have been spent in Australia; and we know that in the chorus of congratulations, rising in very truth from every continent, you will distinguish the voices of your Australian children.

How many friends rejoice with us to-day! As we speak of friends, our thoughts turn first to quiet graves, graves beneath the Irish sod, or lying in the shade of guardian gum trees—within convent grounds, or on green hillsides. No touch of sadness is in the thought, for those who have passed away are, we trust, enjoying the Jubilee of heaven; and rejoice with us to-day. Foremost among them are the parents who so generously gave their children to God and who can see in the light of eternity, the result of that sacrifice.

The hearts of those bound to you by ties of blood are jubilant to-day, and jubilant, too, are those bound by the ties, so strong, so enduring, of religious affection.

Then gathered here are friends, new and old, each heart filled with kindly thoughts; here, too, are your children of bygone days, the old love fresh in their hearts; and here are representatives of your convents from various States of our Island Continent; and

"Who shall say the ocean is wide?"

when to crown our joy we see visitors from our beloved Alma Mater in the Green Isle, our "Mother's Mother" come thousands of miles to honor the Celebrations, and with her, the kind, true friend, whom God has so richly dowered with His gift of music.

O Mother, is not the joy of this day, the affection that greets you, the respect that is so loyally shown, a foretaste of the great Jubilee; for truly,

"The best is yet to come"—

the grand, eternal Jubilee, when the labor of a faithful life will receive the royal reward promised by Him, for whom you labor, by Him, the Faithful Witness, the God whose reward ot faithful service is the endless Jubilee of Heaven.

The address read—our feast day wishes offered—the curtain rose slowly, disclosing "Esther" in her own apartments. Every "old girl" will remember "that sinking feeling" which almost overpowers the aspiring young actress as she tries to render herself oblivious of all spectators, and to go creditably through her part. So we may hope for a feeling of sympathy as they realize the sea of faces upturned to watch our drama. But our audience was a kind and appreciative one, and our gratitude was deep when, with the applause after each scene, we felt our wishes for success were more than gratified. This evening's entertainment, too, ended with a selection of music—Händel's celebrated "Largo," for violin solo and orchestra, three excellent part songs, viz.:—"Voice of the Western Wind," "No, Not More Welcome," "Ring Out, Ye Bells," Rubenstein's "Romance," "Marche Héroique," "Spring Song," "Madrigal," etc.

* * * * * * * *

The third day was sunny and bright, and its loveliest feature was the procession of the different schools around the grounds—each with its own banner. Dressed and veiled in white and flower-wreathed, they wended their songful way along the curving walks, beneath newly-budding trees, past flower-enamelled gardens, and into the church to Benediction.

At lunch hour the little ones from Nazareth House and St. Joseph's School assembled in the refectory, to be regaled with "sugar and spice and all that's nice," and soon lost all shyness under the soothing influence of the goodies. Then followed an enjoyable entertainment by the children of St. Joseph's Primary School, and, in the evening, the children from Dawson Street gave a pretty Cantata—into the spirit of which they heartily entered—and some very graceful drill exercises. In the Chinese dance, the wee mortals in loose robes and pigtails, could not have done better. But the pièce de résistance was an Irish song, which S. M. Attracta accompanied on the harp—the grand Celtic tongue lends itself readily to music.

On the fourth and last day of the festivities, all the "old girls" met in happy reunion, and what a



THE MOST NOBLE COUNTESS OF THE REALM,
ELIZABETH WOLFF-METTERNICH,

Who died at sea, April 28, 1899, on her way from Loretto Abbey, Ballarat, to her Austrian home.

Babel of tongues arose as confidences were exchanged and events of school days recalled. All were photographed, grouped around Rev. Mother-General and their "little Mother." The picture will be a treasured souvenir of the occasion.

Our friends in other lands can scarcely realize the distance which lies here between city and city. The Hon. T. Meagher, as His Lordship remarked, had come over seven hundred miles to honor the event. To the former pupils from Western Australia, accepting the invitation meant six days on sea, with a train journey at the end; while the Queensland representatives spent nearly an equal number of days in a railway carriage. Many put themselves to considerable inconvenience and expense to be present. The people of Ballarat, of all denominations, distinguished themselves by practical proofs of kindly interest. The local papers showed a courteous desire to give satisfactory reports—and here we may mention the pleasure with which the public read the lengthy and sympathetic accounts which appeared in the *Austral Light, Advocate, Tribune, Sydney Freeman*—these came under our special notice. The Railway Department allowed a slight reduction in the fares of Jubilee visitors. Gentlemen kindly saw to the decoration of the hall, to the lighting of the stage, and several gave their valuable services during the three days, acting so efficiently as stewards, that all went happily and well.

We recognized and appreciated the practical interest shown in our preparations by the efficient and painstaking conductor of our orchestra, Mr. Hautrie West. How we gloried in each proof of respect and esteem for our Mother! A joy of a personal and intimate nature was the presence of our dear Mother-General and dear S. M. Attracta; while the crowning triumph was the blessing cabled by the Holy Father to the Jubilarian. We, her children, feel that she deserves all the honor paid to her, and all the affection which, like a tidal wave, swept into the Old Home these Jubilee days. It was a part of Christ's hundredfold reward given to her whom the address from the Irish Alma Mater touchingly apostrophises thus:—

"True heart! from youth to age on one thought bent—
To spread the reign of Him, thy King, thy Love."

When the Diamond Jubilee comes may it find our Mother still working in our midst!—a wish which is echoed by many a grateful heart.

Speaking of the Jubilee Celebration, *The Advocate* says: The festivities which extended over four days had a twofold signification. The Golden Jubilee of the Rev. Mother-Provincial and the Silver Jubilee of the foundation of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Ballarat were commemorated by a series of entertainments and exhibitions, which it would be difficult to equal and impossible to surpass in Australia, not to go further afield. The religious orders in the Church have been appropriately likened to a beautiful and diversified flower garden, each flower having its own peculiar sphere of excellence. Some devote their talents and their lives to the great work of Christian education for the children of the poor no less than for those of the rich and influential. Others choose the Christlike sphere of nursing the sick and suffering, whilst others, again, shelter the Magdalen, the widow, and the orphan. The great and special field which the foundress of the Institute in Ireland marked out for her daughters in religion, was the higher education of youth. That they have admirably succeeded is evidenced by the large number of pupils who have passed through their colleges in all parts of the world. Judged by length of time, the Mother House of Ballarat, may be said to have surpassed all the other prime centres of the Institute in its wondrous growth, during the space of a little over a quarter of a century. Besides the two convents in Ballarat City, there are flourishing houses at Portland, Albert Park, and in New South Wales, at Hornsby and Milson's Point, Adelaide and Perth. Besides the seven convents in Australia for higher education, the nuns have primary schools at Ballarat, Portland and Albert Park. A brief outline of the rise and progress of the Institute will prove of interest. The persecution of religion in the land of the Reformation was responsible for the foundation of its first house in Germany, some 300 years ago. Thence the Institute spread to York, England. The late Bishop Murray of Dublin sent a pious lady, Frances Ball, to the first English foundation, and she, in due course—1822—opened the first Irish foundation at Rathfarnham. Mother Frances Teresa Ball had a special devotion to the Divine Infancy, and she named her Convent after the Holy House of Loreto. Hence it was that from that time forward the new foundations and

branches were named after that of the parent establishment in Ireland. At present, the Mother-General of the Irish province is visiting the Ballarat Abbey, accompanied by Sister Attracta, who holds the degree of Doctor of Music. This gifted lady is the eminent director of the famous school of music at the Convent of the Irish Mother House, Rathfarnham, Ireland. The first Bishop of Ballarat, the late Most Rev. Dr. O'Connor, invited a community of the Loretto nuns to his diocese, and, during the month of September, 1875, Rev. Mother Gonzaga Barry, the present Provincial, accompanied by seven members of the Institute, arrived at the scene of their first Australian labors. They opened a college on the present site, near Lake Wendouree. Recognizing the far-reaching importance of properly trained teachers, a central training college, on Dawson-street, Ballarat, was opened, whence many fully-equipped teachers have graduated. In 1882, a stone wing was added to the Abbey; in 1887 and 1892, other buildings were erected. Thanks to the princely generosity of the late Countess Wolff-Metternich, whose picture we reproduce, the Institute was enabled to bring to completion the splendid community church, which has a unique feature, as far as Australian convents are concerned—a cloister running around the entire width of the church. In it are to be seen some of the finest specimens of the sculptor, painter, the engraver, and carver's art. Religious statuary abounds, as also lifelike emblems of man's redemption. There are two altars in the cloister, at which Mass can be conveniently celebrated whilst the August Sacrifice is being offered up at the main altar. The church is fully furnished, and with its white walls and azure blue ceiling, studded with silvery stars, presents a picture of exquisite loveliness, powerfully impressing the intellect and the heart of the beholder. The magnificent marble altar, with its central spire and side niches, surmounted by numerous finely-carved pinnacles, the elegant marble altar rails, and the sweet-toned organ,—all combine to strengthen the impressive effect of the Holy Sacrifice and to inspire the visitor with a yearning for higher things than the riches, honours and pleasures of the outside world. Three richly-stained glass circular lights adorn the wall space behind the high altar of the Sacred Heart, whose cost has been generously defrayed by the day pupils of the Dawson-street, Albert Park, Sydney, Adelaide and Perth schools. Guided by one of the good nuns, the visitor is led through the rooms and halls, the floors and walls of which are crowded with numerous and costly Jubilee gifts to Rev. Mother-Provincial. The nuns are famed for their fine needlework, plain and fancy. They delight in putting the very best material and work into each and every article having proximate or even remote relation to the service of the sanctuary. Sets of Mass vestments and Benediction copes came from Ireland, Spain and India. Needless to say they are of the richest fabrics and exquisitely wrought. Here one sees some very fine paintings, copies of the first masters, whilst beautiful statuary meets the eye at every turn. The gifts from the pupils, ex-pupils and friends of Rev. Mother in Victoria and the sister States of the Commonwealth are tangible proof of the great and wide respect and esteem in which the venerable religious is rightly held."

MARJORIE.

Jubilee Ode.

WRITTEN BY A FORMER PUPIL.

'Twas eighty years ago. Australia wept,
Though all around was sunshine. Round her slept
In quiet beauty hills and valleys green,
Whereon her flocks were feeding. O'er her swept
The snowy wing of Peace, whose silver sheen
Shone o'er the quiet land with ray serene.

And yet she wept. For round her clustering
Her bright-eyed children throng;
Her gifts untasted in their outstretched hands;
Crying: "We hear a song,
Which the wind whispers 'mid the budlier leaves,
Which finds an echo in the curlew's wail.
Mother! what is it speaks through all things thus?
Is it a sorrow past? Is it a tale
Of sorrow yet to come? An anthem grand?
We fain would sing but cannot understand."

And so she, weeping, called upon the sea,
Which leapt and sparkled round her merrily:
"Oh hasten! Bring from some more favored shore,
Whose sages gather up all Wisdom's store,
Someone who will explain Life's mystery;
Lest haply, e'en the children that I bore
Turn from my shrouded face and love no more."

The sea has answered. For a little space
Look on this picture. On Australia's face
A smile of rapture and a look benign:
For they have come, guided by light divine,
Devoted sons of Erin's sainted sod.
And as around a people praising kneels,
O'er all her wildest bush contentment steals;
As to all doubts they give the answer—God.

The years passed on: and then the infant Church
Arose with one acclaim.
Once more 'twas for the little ones of Christ,
And in Australia's name:
Again 'tis to the home land Erin's sons
Send for a Mother for her little ones.
To the home country, where a waiting band,
Daughters of those who left their native land,*
Dared persecution's sword, that they might save
Christ's little ones—so now across the wave
Wait they whose hearts burn with the same desire,
To light in children's hearts that heavenly fire.

1878. Mother-Provincial's Silver Jubilee.

A country house set in a garden fair,
Rambling and homely. Ah, if e'en a tear
Make dim the picture, 'tis a mist of love,
Making that long-past feast-day doubly dear;
That Silver Jubilee, when high above
Our dear old Mother House the echoes move.

1903. Golden Jubilee.

This is the last scene. In the dear old home
We gather from all States—across the foam
Has come one to thrice gladden all our glee,
Our Mother's Mother. Now to Heaven's dome
Ring our Hosannas. May our JUBILEE
Echo in Heaven's courts resoundingly.

*The Institute was founded in penal days, by ladies who opened Schools in Bavaria, when Catholic schools were banned in England.

Les Chercheurs d'or.

Où vont ces pauvres gens: les uns pâles, livides,
Les autres au visage ardent et fièvreux,
Tous à peine vêtus, avec des yeux avides?
Où courent donc ces malheureux?

Un vaisseau les attend. Cette foule se presse,
Se précipite ainsi qu'un bétail éperdu.
Et puis ce sont des cris, des chants, comme une ivresse:
Le bonheur leur semble rendu!

Oh! le navrant délire. Est-ce que la folie
A pris un peuple entier, le conduit de sa main?
Je ne sais; mais ils vont dans la jeune Australie
Chercher de l'or, ces meurt-de-faim!

Ils voguent au devant d'une richesse immense,
Et le métal déjà invite sous leurs yeux;
Ils y pensent toujours: c'est leur but, leur démence;
Ces mines d'or, ce sont leurs dieux!

Quels éclats, quels transports quand on atteint Melbourne!
Le bruit des flots s'éteint sous un large hourrah.
Mais dans le port naissant, nul homme ne séjourne.
Le troupeau fuit à Ballarat.

Quelle langue peut dire et quelle oreille entendre
Les drames effrayants dont ce ciel fut témoin?
La fortune parfois se fait longtemps attendre,
Un coup de dés la jette au loin.

Puis, ce sont des combats, des rapines, des crimes,
Le désespoir affreux, le bonheur foudroyant;
Le sable mêlé d'or boit le sang des victimes
Qui le dépouillaient en riant.

Spectacle douloureux! mais détournons la tête,
Aussi bien, le temps passe et change le décor;
Ils sont finis les jours de joie et de tempête!
Des mercenaires cherchent l'or.

Seuls, quelques émigrés sur l'arène déserte
Lavent dans un ruisseau le sable tant lavé.
Bien maigre leur butin, humble leur découverte,
Mais c'est du pain qu'ils ont trouvé.

* * * * * * * *

Regardez ce vaisseau: son bord porte des femmes
Au maintien simple et grave, au regard radieux,
Leur front tranquille et pur dit la paix de leurs âmes,
Mais des pleurs brillent dans leurs yeux.

Le navire s'ébranle: adieu, chère patrie;
Elles s'en vont là-bas dans le pays de l'or
Dépenser leur ardeur, leurs forces et leur vie
Afin de trouver un trésor.

Et quel trésor, mon Dieu, qu'une âme toute
fraîche,
Qu'une âme à recevoir, à guider, à chérir,
Qu'une enfant à donner à l'Enfant de la crèche
Pour un tel bien, on peut souffrir!

Si c'étaient des milliers! La splendide fortune!
Qu'il est noble le sort des Vierges de Sion!
Et si la gloire existe, ah! certes, c'en est une
Qu'arracher cet or au limon!

Mais que dis-je? déjà sur la lointaine rive,
Un peuple les attend, les appelle avec feu.
Melbourne! c'est Melbourne! on s'élance, on ar-
rive
Vers les messagères de Dieu.

Travaillez maintenant, creusez la riche mine;
Aux entrailles du sol arrachez ses splendeurs,
Offrez ce pur métal au Dieu qui l'illumine,
Vous-mêmes éclairez ces coeurs.

Mais quand vous creuserez cette superbe arène,
Moissonnant par lingots un peuple jeune et fort,
Lavez aussi le sable où l'eau limpide entrame
Encor quelques paillettes d'or.

Que l'arbre de Sion est beau sur ces rivages
Où le ciel est si pur et l'horizon si grand!
Sur le riche et le pauvre, il jette ses ombrages,
Il tend son fruit au faible enfant.

Que l'arbre de Sion est beau, qu'il est splendide!
Et que ses rejetons se répandent au loin!
Leurs rameaux délicats et leur tige solide,
Dieu les contemple, il en prend soin.

Il les veut pour sa joie, il les veut pour sa gloire,
Et tandis que l'impie ose le blasphémer,
Lui n'a qu'un seul désir, qu'un voeu, qu'une vic-
toire,
Avoir des coeurs pour les aimer!

ALICE DE PÉRGUEZ.

(The above lines were written on the departure, from Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, Ireland, of the foundresses of the Australian Mission, twenty-seven years ago.)

It is well for us that there is no such thing as unmixed sorrow. Either there is the sweet sun of Memory to gild the past, or the smiling child-face of Hope to welcome us into to-morrow; and one of these gives us power to bear our present pain.

Hawthorne, as Seen by His Son.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S volume of reminiscences of his distinguished father, entitled "Hawthorne And His Circle," is a book that every admirer of the author should read. While it does not greatly enlarge our conception of the elder Hawthorne, or increase our knowledge as to the manner of man he was, it does give certain intimate impressions which are valuable, and which aid in creating about his literary memory that atmosphere with which we love to environ those who hold dominion in the world of letters, and who make in some sort a personal appeal to every admirer. There are no new facts which are to be presented relative to Hawthorne's career. Every scrap of his life which could interest the reader has been employed in one way or another by his biographers, so there remained little for the son to do save to reproduce his own recollections of his father—which he does most charmingly—and the men and women who composed his circle. A tribute to Mrs. Hawthorne first—"When my father was safe up-stairs in his study, my mother would open all the doors of the suite on the lower floor and allow the children to career triumphantly to and fro. No noise that we could make ever troubled her nerves, unless it was the noise of conflict; the shriek of joy, however shrill, passed by her harmless; but the lowest mutter of wrath or discontent distressed her; for of such are the mothers of the kingdom of heaven! And so zealous was our regard for her just and gentle law that I really think we gave way as little as most children to the latter."

Oftentimes the impressions left upon the mind of a child are very vivid. Certainly, the son has given in these pages a clear mental vision of his father: "The study was on the third floor. No one was supposed to intrude upon him there; but such suppositions are ineffectual against children. From time to time, the adamantine gates fell ajar, and in we slipped. It seemed a heavenly place, tenanted by a being possessed of every attribute that our imaginations could ascribe to an angel. The room and its tenant glimmer before me as I write, luminous with the sunshine of more than fifty years ago. Both were equipped for business rather than for beauty; furniture and garments were simple in those Salem days. While story-writing, the door was locked against all the world; but after noon the human occupant of this chamber of marvels became approachable, except dur-

ing *The Scarlet Letter* period, when he wrote till evening. He did not mind my seeing him write letters; he would sit with his right shoulder and head inclined towards the desk; the quill squeaked softly over the smooth paper, with frequent quick dips into the ink-bottle; a few words would be written swiftly; then a pause, with suspended pen, while the next sentence was forming in the writer's mind."

The first four chapters of the book are concerned with recollections of the life in Concord, and the group there of which Hawthorne was so distinguished a member. These are of especial interest for they tell of the coterie of great souls there who made the place a shrine for America, both then, and in later years. The pen portrait of Emerson as he appeared in everyday life to his fellow townsmen is worth many pages of foreign reminiscences.

"Emerson was ungainly in build, with narrow, sloping shoulders, large feet and hands, and a projecting carriage of the head, which enhanced the eagle-like expression of his glance and features. His head was small; it was covered—in 1852—with light brown hair, fine and straight; he was clean-shaven save for a short whisker; the peaked ends of an uncomfortable collar appeared above the folds of a high black silk stock. His long-skirted black coat was commonly buttoned up; he wore, on different occasions, a soft felt hat or a high silk one, the latter, from use, having become in a manner humanized. On the street he kept his face up as he walked along, and perceived the approach of an acquaintance afar off, and the wise, slow smile gleamed about his mouth as he drew near. 'How do you do?' was sometimes his greeting; but more often, 'Good-bye!' or 'Good-night!'—an original and more sensible greeting. Though ungainly in formation, he was not ungraceful in bearing and action; there was a fitness and harmony in his manifestations even on the physical plan.

"In his own house Emerson shone with essential hospitality, and yet he wonderingly effaced himself; any one but he might hold the centre of the stage. You felt him everywhere, but if you would see him, you must search the wings. He sat in his chair, bending forward, one leg crossed over the other, his elbows often supported on his knee. He seldom stood in a room, or paced to and fro, as my father was fond of doing. But the two men were almost equally addicted to outdoor walking, and both preferred to walk alone. Emerson formed the habit of betaking himself to Walden woods, thence would he return with an exalted look, saying, 'The muses are in the woods to-day'; and no one who has read his *Woodnotes* can doubt that he found them there. Occasionally Channing, Thoreau, or my father would be his companion; Alcott preferred to busy himself about his rustic fences and summer-houses, or to sit in the centre of a circle and converse, as he called it; meaning to soliloquize, looking round from face to face with unalterable faith and complacency."

This statement of the attitude of each man toward the other, and to the work they did, is especially interesting:

"My father read Emerson with enjoyment; though more and more, as he advanced in life, he was disposed to question the expediency of stating truth in a disembodied form; he preferred it incarnate, as it appears in life and in story. But he could not talk to Emerson; his pleasure in his society did not express itself in that form. Emerson, on the other hand, assiduously cultivated my father's company, and, contrary to his general habit, talked to him continuously; but he could not read his romances; he admitted that he had never been able to finish one of them. He loved to observe him; to watch his silence, which was full of a kind of speech which he was able to appreciate. 'Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night!' My father was Gothic, Emerson was Roman and Greek. But each was profoundly original and independent. My father was the shyer and more solitary of the two, and yet persons in need of human sympathy were able to reach a more interior region in him than they could in Emerson. For the latter's thought was concerned with types and classes, while the former had the individual touch. He distrusted rules, but had faith in exceptions and idiosyncrasies."

Channing, Thoreau, and others drift across the author's recollection, but of the two named he recalls no vivid impression. Alcott is a more intimate memory, and there are recollections of Whipple and Richard Henry Stoddard, Herman Melville—who belongs more especially to the Berkshire incident in Hawthorne's life—and others whose names have in many instances become household words. By far the larger portion of this volume of three hundred and seventy pages is taken up with the residence of the family in Europe, beginning in 1853, when Hawthorne

was consul at Liverpool, his term of office closing in 1857. "With Bright and Bennoch on his right hand and on his left, my father began his English experience. The two are frequently mentioned in his English journals, and Bennoch figures as one of the subordinate characters in the posthumous romance called *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret.* It is but a sketch of him, however, and considerably modified from the brilliant and energetic reality, for he was a superb specimen of a human being; broad-shouldered, straight, and vigorous, with a mellow, joyful voice, an inimitable brogue, sparkling black eyes full of hearty sunshine and kindness. He bubbled over with high spirits, humor, and poetry, being, indeed, a poet in achievement, with a printed and bound volume to show for it —songs, lyrics, and narrative poems, composed in the spirit of Burns and Scott. He was emotional; tears would start to his eyes at a touch of pathos or pity, as readily as the laughter of a moment before. So lovable, gallant, honest, boyish a man is seldom born into this modern world—boyish as only the manliest men can be. He died thirty years after the time I write of, the same fresh and ardent character as ever, and loving and serving Hawthorne's children for Hawthorne's sake."

"Through Bright, as through an open window, my father was enabled to see far into the very heart of England. Bright not merely knew England; he was England, and England at its best, and therefore also at its most insular and prejudiced. It was unspeakably satisfying and agreeable to encounter a man at once so uncompromising and so amiable, so wrong-headed—from the American point of view—and so right-hearted. He was drawn to my father as iron is drawn to the magnet; on every outward point they fought each other like the knight-errants of old, while agreeing inwardly, beneath the surface of things, as few friends are able to agree. Each admired the other's onslaughts and his prowess, and, by way of testifying his admiration, strove to excel himself in his counter attacks. The debate was always beginning, and in the nature of things it could never end; the effect of their blows was only to hammer each the other more firmly into his previous convictions. Probably all the things that are English and all the things that are American never before or since received such full and trenchant exposition as was given them by Hawthorne and by Bright. The whole subject of monarchy and aristocracy as against republicanism and democracy was threshed out to the last kernel by champions each of whom was thoroughly qualified to vindicate his cause. Each, constrained by the stress of battle to analyze and expound his beliefs more punctually than ever before, thereby convinced himself while leaving his adversary undaunted; and, of course, both were right. For this world is so constituted that two things incompatible in outward manifestation may in their roots be one and the same, and equally appeal to the suffrages of honest men."

A good deal of space in the interesting volume is occupied with sketches of the people in literary and art circles with whom Mr. Hawthorne came in contact abroad, and while these pen pictures are more in the nature of outline sketches, they are vivid and in most instances rather strongly drawn. Nearly all the people mentioned have passed over to the majority, and these memorials have about them, therefore, a certain biographical interest. The Italian days seem to have left the strongest impressions upon Julian; naturally, for he had reached the years when he could take a more intelligent interest in the scenes and people with whom he came in contact. The "Marble Faun" appears in the narrative, and certain incidents are recalled which afterward figured in the novel. He gives an account of many of the excursions taken to places in and about the Holy City—"Rome is like nothing else, and the spirit of it is immortal. It seems as if I must have lived a lifetime there; and yet I cannot make out that our total residence in the city extended over fourteen months. Certainly no other passage of my boyhood time looms so large or is rooted so deep. But the passion for Rome—unless one be a Byron —is not a plant of sudden growth. It seems to me that I must have been a pretty constant visitor at St. Peter's. As has been the case with so many other observers, the real magnitude of the spectacle did not at first affect me; the character of the decoration and detail prevented the impression of greatness; it was only after many times traversing that illimitable pavement, and after frequent comparisons with ordinary human measurements of the aerial heights of those arches and that dome, that one comes to understand, by a sort of logical compulsion, how immense it all is. It is a miniature cabinet magically made titanic; but the magic which could transform inches into roods could not correspondingly enlarge the innate character of the ornament; so that, instead of making the miniature appear truly vast, it only

makes us seem unnaturally small. Still, after all criticisms, St. Peter's remains one of the most delightful places in the world; its sweet sumptuousness and imperial harmonies seem somehow to enter into us and make us harmonious, rich, and sweet. The air that we inhale is just touched with the spirit of incense, and mellowed as with the still memories of the summers of five hundred years ago. The glistening surfaces of the colored marbles, dimmed with faint, fragrant mists and glorified with long slants of brooding sunshine, soothe the eye like materialized music; and the soft twinkle of the candles on the altars, seen in daylight, has a jewel-like charm."

A trip to Florence—made by the usual post conveyance, as it was before the railway ran between the two cities—is graphically described—"One afternoon we drove down from surrounding heights to Florence, which lay in a golden haze characteristic of Italian Junes in this latitude. Powers, the sculptor, and the Brownings constituted most of the social element of our sojourn. Powers' homely ways and speech, which smacked of the Vermont farm as strongly as if he had just come thence, whereas in truth he had lived in Florence, at this time, about twenty years, and had won high fame as a sculptor, tempted one to suspect him of affectation—of a pose; and there is no doubt that Powers was aware of the contrast between his physical presentment and his artistic reputation, and felt a sort of dramatic pleasure in it. Nevertheless, it would be unjust to call him affected; he was a big man, in all senses of the term, and his instinct of independence led him to repudiate all external polish and ear-marks of social culture, and to say, as it were, 'You see a plain Vermont countryman can live half a lifetime in the centre of artificial refinement and rival by the works of his native genius the foremost living artists, and yet remain the same simple, honest old sixpence that he was at home!' "

"Venerable Mrs. Jameson, author of a little library of writings on Italian art, was likewise of our company occasionally; and she evinced a marked liking for my father, which was remarkable, inasmuch as he was able to keep no sort of pace with her in her didactic homilies, which were delivered with a tranquil, *ex-cathedra* manner, befitting one who was *the* authority on her subject; one would no more have thought of questioning her verdicts than those of Ruskin; but I should have liked to see the latter and her together with a difference between them. Her legs were less active than her mind, and most of our expeditions with her were made in carriages, from which she dispensed her wisdom placidly as we went along, laying the dust of our ignorance with the droppings of her erudition, like a watering-cart. However, she so far condescended from her altitudes as to speak very cordially of my father's books, for which she expressed proper acknowledgment; and she had a motherly way of holding his hand in hers when he took leave of her, and looking maternally in his face, which made him somewhat uneasy. 'Were we to meet often,' he remarked, 'I should be a little afraid of her embracing me outright—a thing to be grateful for, but by no means to be glad of!' "

The book is illustrated with a number of portraits—Herman Melville, James T. Fields, Edwin T. Whipple, Richard Moncton Milnes, Robert Browning, Francis Bannoch, William Henry Channing, William Wetmore Story, Hiram Powers, Maria Mitchell—with a glimpse of the Wayside, at Concord, and for a frontispiece has a reproduction of Samuel Rowse's crayon portrait of Hawthorne.

JANE GORMAN.

"Iris," The Rainbow's Child.

Long ago, so the legends say,
The flowers were out for a festal day,
  To give the rainbow greeting.
There were blossoms of wondrous dye,
Bright as stars tossed down from the sky,
  In beauty and grace competing.

But one, much fairer than all the rest,
Was in such exquisite beauty dressed
  That all drew round with wonder.
Her robe of rich and royal hue,
Like a mist-veiled sky when the sun peeps through,
  With shell-pink shadings under,

Was frilled with the richest, quaintest lace;
She held her head with a queenly grace,
  And her jewels' dazzling splendor
Enrich her robes in 'wildering way
As their scintillant lights all changeful play,
  Shining with lustre tender.

Who was the stranger! Why no one knew
This débutante fair in robes of blue
  With gems like a jewel shower.

Just then as the rain began to fall,
Out danced the rainbow; and they all
Cried out, " 'Tis the rainbow flower!"

"For see," they said, "all the rainbow tints,
With shadings and hues and crystal glints,
Where the sun through the mist has smiled,
Are hers, repeated in wondrous way,
Let's call her Iris"—and to this day
We call her the "Rainbow's Child."

The Doomsday Book.

OF all time-hallowed books in the world's collection, what other one could possess for English-speaking people the interest that circles round William the Conqueror's "Doomsday Book!" It is now kept in the London Record Office, having been moved there from the British Museum. Doomsday Book is in two volumes, of finest, glossiest vellum, bound in leather over wooden boards, and edged all round with a binding of sheet silver. The larger volume, about fifteen inches in length, twelve in width and five in thickness, is in exquisite writing, in blackest ink touched up with red. This volume comprises only the counties of Middlesex, Norfolk and Suffolk. Evidently this thoroughly well-done record was proceeding too slowly, for a second and smaller one—about twelve inches in length, eight in width and five in thickness, was started—intended as a rough copy for the remaining counties of England, to be leisurely and carefully added to the contents of the first volume. This was never done. There is, of course, no mention of the counties that at a later date were wrested from Scotland. Lancashire, not yet a county, is recorded as the "West Riding" of Yorkshire.

Doomsday Book is written in Norman French and in Latin, with many abbreviations. The larger volume, open at page 120, had "Midelsexe" in red ink at top of page. Here was record of Westminster or "Westmonastery" estate, under the heading—in red ink—"Terra Sti. Petri Westmon."

In the different counties, the King's possessions are recorded first, then those of the Church, the Barons, and the Commoners. Names of persons are crossed with red ink to distinguish them from names of places.

The larger and older volume was put aside in 1086, and the smaller, completing the work, was finished in 1087.

As I gazed in rapt contemplation upon this wonderful Book, my thoughts followed to the rhythm of Longfellow's "Norman Baron," and I found myself repeating the lines—

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer, , ,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his Sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

Yes, there was the fair, undimmed, everlasting record; truly a doomsday book!

But were the Normans greater plunderers than the Saxons,—the Saxons than the Romans? The mind wanders to the mound on Hampstead Heath,—the great grave of the warrior Britons who gave their lives for queen and country in Boadicea's last fight with the Romans. And it is called "Happy Hampstead"!

The British Museum.

As I approached the British Museum I was astonished to see the multitude of doves or pigeons that visitors were feeding. In the group of statuary over the entrance there is a kneeling angel, on the hand of which, pluming himself, was perched one of these pigeons,—a very pretty sight.

Of the testimonies of all nations of the earth, beginning with the Egyptians and their contemporary neighbors, the Assyrians and Persians, and taking in succession the Greeks, Romans and moderns,—of all that is interesting it seems to be wisely arranged that the "Manuscript Department" should be first on the right hand,—the illuminated MSS. extending from the 10th to the 15th century, in exquisite penmanship, highly colored miniatures, bound in boards, covered with leather, gilded, and sometimes studded with precious stones.

The conviction was forced upon me that one of these books was worth ten thousand of the present day. They command attention, concentration of thought, admiration, reflection and imagination: being thoroughly well done they are "works that will abide."

Very amusing is the correspondence between Amenophis, King of Egypt, and a Babylonian

king, 1450 B. C. Amenophis is in love, by proxy, with the daughter of the other king, and not only sues for her hand, but suggests numerous presents that, coming with her, would be very acceptable; he most kindly and considerately adds that these "horses and chariots" shall be acknowledged as part of her dowry. The King of Babylon answers that "before he can entertain the thought of giving his daughter, he must hear of his sister whom he sent as wife to Amenophis some years before, and of whose fate various trusty messengers have brought no reliable tidings. When one messenger asked to see her face to face, he was confronted with all the wives of the Egyptian King; and so was nonplused. But Amenophis, very much in love, still insists upon welcoming the Babylonian Princess, the horses, and the chariots. These interesting love-letters, with replies, are "done" in Babylonian on small gray bricks. The visitor is left in doubt as to how it all ended; and this adds to the fascination of the bricks.

One of the most touching MSS. is a deed of sale, in Latin, on papyrus, of a slave boy; whereby C. Fabullius Macei, an officer in the vessel "Tigris" in the Misenatian Squadron of the Roman fleet, purchases a boy named Abbas or Eutyches, aged seven years, and of eastern nationality, from Q. Julius Priscus, a soldier in the same vessel for two hundred denarii. Dated at Selencia Pieria, in Syria, 24th May, A. D. 166; with autograph signatures of the parties and witnesses, whose seals are ranged along the top of the document. This deed is written in a large cursive hand of early type; the signatures are in similar style, but smaller lettering. The seals are fastened like flat beads to the papyrus turned down as a hem.

As we read there comes the hope that Macei was kind to the little Oriental; and there is comfort in the thought that, at the worst, the poor child's troubles are over about seventeen hundred years.

There are letters more modern, but equally pathetic;—such as one from Mary Queen of Scots to Elizabeth, in old French, complaining of the rigor of her imprisonment, and begging as "his sad mother the great happiness of taking in her arms her only child."

There is one from Queen Caroline to George IV., written the day after his coronation, imploring that the King commend his Archbishop of Canterbury to confer upon her "that sacred and august ceremony of coronation."

* * * * * * *

Among the mummies in the Egyptian galleries there are two particularly interesting—that of a young lady named "Mut-em-mennu" and that of a young man named "Artemidorus."

Mut-em-mennu was a lady of the college of the god Amen-Ra at Thebes. Under her head is the pillow which was found in the coffin. The swathing is a very fine piece of work, and is one of the best examples extant. This lady who died at Thebes about 100 A. D., is tall, with very small hands and feet, prominent, finely-shaped nose, and regular features outlined by the cloth over her face, on which her eyes and eyebrows are printed black. Her hair is in a large coil at the back of the head, just where it rests upon the pillow.

Artemidorus died about 400 A. D. His painted face covers the mummied face. The portrait, fresh and well-preserved, shows a young man with handsome oval-shaped face, handsome nose, mouth and chin, fine expressive eyes, and complexion, dark rather than fair. A laurel wreath encircles the head, and a white robe appears at the throat. Over the head is inscribed the pathetic words "O! Artemidorus, farewell!"

* * * * * * *

In the Greek, and Graeco-Roman rooms, the sculptured likenesses of the historically great, brought us face to face with our heroes of childhood days.

Very interesting are the relics of the early Christians, furnished by the catacombs of Rome; their lamps, vessels and dishes of every sort are engraved or painted in Scriptural subjects.

The warlike weapons of the various peoples of the earth command universal attention. Before me rises the "spear from Marathon" that, eaten thin by rust, suggests iron lacework.

In close connection with the military weapons of ancient nations seem their personal trappings or ornaments. The Romans were fond of bronze armlets, bracelets and rings. The Greek, Roman and Celtic brooches of great size correspond in design to those still made and worn by the North American Indians,—the design being a circle with a cross-bar pin.

When my ship comes home, or when I become Chancellor of the Exchequer, I shall spend a year

in the British Museum, in the full enjoyment of my own life and in the study of the object lessons from the lives of those who, through the ages, have made interesting history. IDRIS.

The Newsboy Knight.

(At the burning of the Iroquois Theatre, Chicago, December 23, 1903, in which nearly six hundred people perished, Winnie Gallagher, aged twelve, escaped; but in her struggles her clothing was torn from her. When she reached the street, a little newsboy took her under his protection.)

Of children whose glad day prolong'd, mocks waiting little bed;
And children whose sad night of toil mocks sleepy little head—

Two met,—twelve years and ten,—whom chance had to the foreground toss'd;
While in the background glar'd and groan'd that monstrous holocaust.

From cruel flames had one escap'd, and dying clutch and hold,
To find herself—poor trembling child!—a prey to fright and cold.

But to her aid there nobly turn'd a newsboy waif of ten:
'Tis heart and soul, not years and size, that measure makes of men!

Now is recall'd a deed gallant, and once in England seen—
Of knight who flung his mantle o'er the pathway of a queen.

His high reward?—This courtly deed did golden doors unlock;
Tho' trust in princes brought at last his fortunes to the block.

Our newsboy knight sought not reward or near or yet remote:
His heart's warm sympathy well'd thro' his threadbare little coat.

Right readily that little coat came off, and quickly on
The shiv'ring girl was put!—a deed to meditate upon.

With words of cheer he grasp'd her hand, and thro' the winter night
The coatless little hero led his ward, to warmth and light.

His part was done: he only made excuse, and ran away
All shivering, but happy thro' the hours that brought the day.

And his reward?—the noble deed; as would the facts denote—
The gen'rous hero has not claim'd his threadbare, only coat!

* * * * * *

What mystery! that innocents must know grim want and care;
And 'mid the favor'd, sated ones, their hopeless burdens bear!

It must be that these guardian souls, from out their ranks afford
The "just," whose saving presence stays the vengeance of the Lord!

IDRIS.

The moon casts weird shadows that seem to make the dead forest alive with phantom shapes; the stars twinkle, the wind rages, the thunder roars, the ocean murmurs or menaces; but did you ever think how placid the sunshine is? Truly there is no calm so nearly perfect as that of a midday in the heart of summer!

Would you enjoy the sunshine of life? Then let your spirit emulate the calm of the world in such a summer midday. It is stormy, unsatisfied yearning, for the unattainable that shuts our eyes to the blessing of living, that blinds us to the joys of our own lot and to the kindliness of our friends; that sets our nerves on edge for wrongs, for slights, for affronts, imaginary or insignificant. Yet imperturbability is not the monopoly of the world's giants. There is nobody who scorns worry more sincerely than the Galway peasant, with his few acres, and his eight or ten children. And by his side the student of human nature would have to place the laughing, singing negro of Alabama, who literally takes no thought for the morrow, neither what he shall eat, nor what he shall drink, nor wherewithal he shall be clothed.

Letter-Box.

TANGLEVINE, Markham, Va.

MY DEAR SISTER F.:

The RAINBOW of January, conveyed the only intelligence I have received of the death of the late Hon. Thomas V. Welch, and it recalls reminiscences of that Christian, genial gentleman, the kindness of whose heart, the following incident illustrates:

A few years since, I was, for many months, a wanderer about Niagara Falls; of course, I met Mr. Welch, and he, observing in me a searcher after knowledge relating to the wonderful place, allowed me access to his scrapbooks, in which were preserved clippings of occurrences at the Falls. This voluntary privilege was of priceless value to me, and, while delving among the treasures, I met with allusions to the Superintendent; two of these referred to him as "Father Tom." The title prompted a suggestion which, seconded by my grateful appreciation of his kindness, and his confidence in one who came to him, a total stranger, I penned in the following lines and laid on his desk:

"FATHER TOM."

A right large family has Father Tom,
  That busies him all the day,
There's an Iris Isle, with its floral dress,
With its vernal robe, and its shade recess,
  And its graceful winding way.

Beyond—the fav'rites of Father Tom,
  Where cluster the Sisters Three,
As they nestle in foam of the rushing tide,
While they laugh at the wrath of the Rapids wide,
  And they wave each moss-grown tree.

The grandest though, is to Father Tom,
  The ponderous Horse Shoe Fall,
While it thunders on with its torrent bold,
And is rather willful and hard to hold,
  As it leaps the jagged wall.

The Rapids are dear to Father Tom,
  Belonging to New York side,
Though they rollick and rush, and foam and fret,
Yet there glistens with beauty each silv'ry jet,—
  They are still his special pride.

The tenderest care of Father Tom,
  Has the lovely Luna Isle,
Though it crouches low 'mid the waters wild,
And is shaken with fear, like a timid child,
  Yet its face has sweetest smile.

To poet eye of Father Tom,
  The Park is a treasure rare,
And each nodding shrub, and each clinging vine,
And each flower cluster and graceful pine,
  Receives his loving care.

A right large heart has Father Tom,
  It holds the grand domain,
It is steady and pure as Niagara's flow,
It is brimming with love for man, we know,
  And man's love it too must gain.

Mr. Welch's poetic nature, for he, too, was a rhymer, awakened a sympathy between us, and established a friendship which time and distance never dimmed. I learned with the deepest regret of his death, and I feel that, as a Superintendent, and as a friend, I "shall not look upon his like again."

Very sincerely yours,
CLAUDE BAXLEY, M. D.

LONDON, England.

DEAR S. F.:

The *staff*, I am sure, would like to hear something of the Royal Wedding, solemnized yesterday at high noon, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in the presence of the King and Queen and a brilliant assemblage of British and foreign royal personages and distinguished guests.

The day before, with homely and affectionate greeting, Princess Alice of Albany, the beautiful bride-elect of Prince Alexander of Teck, was welcomed to Windsor by King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

There was a scene of splendor at the Windsor Station of the London and South-Western Railway, but in the meeting of their Majesties with Princess Alice and the Duchess of Albany, her mother, and the other royal guests for the morrow's wedding, the few privileged onlookers noted chiefly the warm feeling of kinship which marked the occasion.

The King and Queen drove down from the castle, just before four o'clock, in an open carriage, drawn by four greys, with postillions, and

escorted by 1st. Life Guards. In other carriages, similarly drawn, rode the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Victoria, Princess Charles of Denmark, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince Alexander of Teck, Prince Francis of Teck, Prince Christian, and other members of the Royal Family.

Queen Alexandra wore a lovely costume, in which the predominating color was heliotrope, and over it a beautiful cape. The King and the Duke of Connaught were in Field-Marshal's uniform, the Prince of Wales was in naval attire, and Prince Alexander was in the uniform of the 7th. Hussars. A guard of honor of the 1st. Coldstream Guards, with band and colors, was drawn up on the platform. The Mayor and Corporation of Windsor were present.

As the special train from Esher drew up, the King advanced, hat in hand, to meet the Queen of Würtemberg, who first alighted. His Majesty kissed her hand and spoke a few words of cordial greeting. The King next saluted the Queen-Dowager of Holland, and then shook hands with the Duchess of Albany and the laughing bride, Princess Alice. Queen Alexandra affectionately embraced the two Queens and the Princess and her mother. King Edward introduced the Mayor to the two Queens, and the royal party then drove to the castle, Prince Alexander and Princess Alice riding in the third carriage with the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. They were warmly greeted in the streets.

Earlier in the afternoon, the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, accompanied by their little daughter, Princess Helen; Princess Alexandra of Schaumberg-Lippe, the Prince and Princess of Bentheim-Steinfurth, the Hereditary Prince and Princess Wied, and Princess Louise of Wied, had arrived at the castle.

The King gave a grand dinner party in the evening in the state dining-room.

And now to the description of the wedding. It was not possible wholly to divest of pomp and circumstances the marriage of the King's niece to a brother of the future queen. But all concerned were as one in the endeavor to make the ceremony as simple as might be. The Court dresses and diamond crowns of queens, princesses, and invited noble ladies, the uniforms and orders worn by the men, the group of eight clergymen, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the place itself, were almost the only things that differentiated it from the ordinary fashionable wedding.

The absence of strong light toned down the brilliancy of the scene in the famous Royal Chapel, and the flower-filled vases on the altar were the only attempt at special decoration within the building.

The first procession—that of the clergy—entered at noon, to the strains of Mendelssohn's "March of the Priests," from "Athalie." The procession consisted of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who wore the ribbon of the Garter, the Bishop of Peterborough, the Dean and Canons of Windsor, the Rev. Canon Duckworth, and Rev. E. J. Hone, rector of Esher.

Another burst of music heralded the arrival of the bridegroom, "supported" by his two brothers. All wore the uniform of their regiments, and a handsomer or more knightly-looking trio one does not wish to see. Prince Alexander seemed a little grave and self-conscious. Once he looked up and smiled, as a group of royal babies, half hidden in an adjoining room, were making frantic efforts to attract his notice.

Gounod's March was played for the procession of the King and Queen, which passed up to the choir at a quarter-past twelve, heralded by the strains of the National Anthem, the bridegroom and his brothers bowing low, and a long train of relatives following them. Hand in hand their Majesties passed to their places, as the stately line slowly traversed the central aisle—King Edward in Field-Marshal's uniform and his happiest mood—Queen Alexandra, gently amiable and lovely, in ermine and purple, diamonds and amethysts. The Princess of Wales—though it was whispered that her dress for the occasion had been lost on the way from London—was not the least handsomely attired of the royal ladies, and her smiling look at her youngest brother was good to see in its whole-hearted affection and pride. The Duchess of Albany, to whom fate has given happiness grudgingly, kept back her tears with an effort. Death robbed her of her husband early, duty and love have called her two children from her. Near her sat her sisters, the kindly-faced Queen-mother of Holland, and the handsome and striking Queen of Würtemberg. The eye rested appreciatively on pretty Princess Charles of Denmark.

The bride's procession entered at half-past twelve—Princess Alice walking with her brother,

and followed by the bridesmaids, the Princesses Margaret and Patricia of Connaught, Princess Mary of Wales, Princess Helen of Waldeck and Pyrmont, and Princess Mary of Teck.

The choir of St. George's Chapel led the procession from the west door, singing by request of the Duchess of Albany, "O God, our help in ages past."

In spite of the bride's evident happiness, a suggestion of pathos clung about the two central figures in the last procession. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, an abashed stripling, led his sister by the hand, and even his uniform and her bravery of satin and cloudy chiffon, silver and diamonds and magnificent bridal veil—which had been previously worn by the late Duchess of Teck, by the Princess of Wales, and by the present Duchess of Teck, at their weddings—could not remove the impression of almost childish youth produced. Princess Alice, half shy, half smiling, made a sweetly pretty bride, and her two girl bridesmaids and three tiny train-bearers, with their forget-me-not-wreathed heads and sprays of white heather and blue frocks, were no less attractive.

Princess Alice, led by her brother, was conducted to the haut pas. Here she was met by the King, who gave her away. His Majesty, taking the bride by the hand, led her to the Archbishop, who stood facing west, with the Bishop of Peterborough on his left and the Dean of Windsor on his right. The answers of bride and bridegroom to the prescribed formula were distinctly heard. After the ceremony, the 67th. Psalm was chanted, followed by the anthem to Mendelssohn's music, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains whence cometh help."

The Archbishop gave a brief address, speaking in clear and audible tones. He reminded them that on that same 10th of February, sixty-four years ago, began the wedded life of Victoria, which had been the pattern and example of what wedded life and mutual love should be.

The hymn before the benediction was, "Perfect love, all human thought transcending." The final blessing was then pronounced, and as they turned from the altar, Prince Alexander presented his bride with a magnificent bouquet of white blooms, which had been handed to him by the Duke of Teck.

Walking hand in hand down the chancel steps, the newly-wedded pair turned to the right, and made a deep obeisance to the King, who smilingly bowed in return.

King Edward again led Queen Alexandra by the hand. Walking next were the Queen-mother of the Netherlands, and the Queen of Würtemberg, and immediately behind, the Prince of Wales, in Fusilier uniform, escorted the Duchess of Albany.

Their Majesties and the other distinguished guests left by the west entrance, conducted as on their arrival.

The royal family and some of the principal guests repaired to the White Drawing-Room at the castle to witness the signing of the marriage register, and then all proceeded to luncheon, in the state dining-room, where King Edward proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, and cut the wedding cake. The other guests lunched in St. George's Hall.

Princess Alice has certainly a most interesting personality. The daughter of a Prince who was renowned for his scholastic attainments, and of a Princess who also has abilities of no mean order, as well as much natural sweetness of disposition, Princess Alice has developed many of the distinguishing traits of both, and is, in fact, highly accomplished—even for a Princess. In these days, when a royal personage must acquire an encyclopaedic knowledge of men and things, that is saying very much; but it is no more than an actual fact, for all who have had anything to do with the training of the Princess, or have been brought into contact with her Royal Highness, are agreed upon this.

If the Princess Alice excels more in one direction than another, it is as an artist. From her very earliest youth she showed a marked aptitude with pencil and brush. Who so well able to give interesting and authentic details of Her Royal Highness's art studies as the eminent painter who has been responsible for the instruction? Mrs. Ward needs no introduction to the reading public, for her works are well known, as is also the fact that she painted much for the late Queen Victoria. She formerly exhibited continually at the various galleries, and at the Royal Academy for thirty consecutive years, and now enjoys much repute in connection with her studios. Added to this, Mrs. Ward is the widow of a Royal Academician, and is descended from a greater number of artists than can here be enumerated. To Mrs. Ward then I repaired for a talk about the studies of the Princess.

To begin at the beginning, Mrs. Ward gave the Duchess of Albany lessons long before the Prin-

cess Alice even commenced to hold a pencil. Her Royal Highness was quite alone in the early days of her widowhood, and resumed her art studies as a pastime, Mrs. Ward journeying to Claremont periodically for the purpose. Then came the time when the artistic tendency of the little Princess began to show itself, and here is the fact not generally known—that she received her first course of instruction solely from her mother, repairing to the boudoir each day for lessons as soon as she was through with the school-room routine, Mrs. Ward taking up the instruction at a later period. To quote that artist's own words: "Princess Alice showed not only marked talent, but the greatest industry and perseverance, and no pupil of mine ever worked harder or more conscientiously."

For a certain time Mrs. Ward continued to journey to the Duchess of Albany's residence, but it was presently arranged that the Princess Alice should go to her teacher's studios for a weekly lesson, in the same manner as any other student. So her Royal Highness, in charge of Miss Potts, the governess, used to take train from Esher to London, where one of the royal carriages was in waiting to drive them to Chester-square.

At Mrs. Ward's residence the royal student would have her luncheon, and then take her allotted seat in the studio, working assiduously with her colleagues on a common subject. Princess Alice is equally gifted with pen and brush, taking either still life or working from nature, her work showing marked adaptability and quickness of perception.

Mrs. Ward and her daughters are in possession of some very charming letters from the Princess Alice, the later ones of which return the warmest thanks for wedding presents which have been offered for acceptance; that from Mrs. Ward being a signed engraving of her picture "Palissy the Potter."

And the Princess has numerous accomplishments, of which one may hear by conversing with those who are in a position to testify. She is an excellent linguist, having studied modern languages diligently at her home and continued them on the continent. German she is especially proficient in, having taken a continuous course both at Stuttgart and Potsdam. At Stuttgart she also assiduously pursued her musical studies.

Her Royal Highness is a really excellent pianist, and a quick and correct reader. Of art needlework she is exceedingly fond, and numerous pretty things scattered about the Claremont rooms testify to this and also to her unfailing industry. Like her mother, Princess Alice is exceedingly well read, and in the bookshelves of her own rooms it may be observed that the literature is of a much more solid nature than is usually congenial to young ladies; these volumes including many German works in the original. Also her Royal Highness has many outdoor accomplishments. She is particularly fond of flowers and gardening, and it is a very pleasing trait that she has often taken bouquets to her particular friends, culled from her own garden. She has a splendid seat on horseback—has had from very early days.

Her Royal Highness has had some good times with her fishing rod up in Scotland, but she does not go in for masculine accomplishments; she is essentially a womanly woman, gentle and kindly by nature, and thoroughly proficient in all domestic virtues.

Every member of a Royal Family must be prepared nowadays to undertake all sorts of public functions, and a very large share has fallen to the Duchess of Albany. Her Royal Highness has always taken her daughter with her, and so bazaars, guilds, and the well-known Deptford Fund have monopolized much of the Princess's time, not only in visits paid, but in the presidential work and organization carried out at home. The Needlework Guild, indeed, has brought very heavy duties, for not only have many garments been made at Claremont, but also the onerous work of sorting and allotting has been largely undertaken by Princess Alice. Altogether, the royal bride may be fairly termed one of the cleverest Princesses of the Royal Family.

* * * * * * * *

Twice was the Duke of Norfolk's marriage postponed. On the first occasion it was put off on account of the King's having fixed a Chapter of the Garter for the same day—a Chapter which, after all, did not take place. The second postponement was due to the sad and sudden death of the Duke's aunt, Lady Adeliza Manners. She was an interesting personality in the London world, as a daughter of the thirteenth Duke of Norfolk. Her mother was Lady Charlotte Leveson Gower, daughter of the first Duke of Sutherland.

After the double postponement, the marriage of the Most Noble Henry Fitzalan Howard, Duke

of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, and Hereditary Marshal of England, Knight of the Garter, to the Hon. Gwendolen Contable-Maxwell, daughter of Lord Herries, and heiress to the Scotch Barony of Herries, took place in the picturesque old church of St. Everilda, Everingham, Yorkshire, in surroundings of delightfully old-fashioned simplicity.

Brilliant winter sunlight flashed over the ice which coated the flooded fields, and over the tumultuous torrent waters of the flooded Derwent, as early visitors from Selby and York arrived at the little village of Everingham, whose station and scattered houses were gay with flags. There were no cordons of police, no lines of cabs and carriages, no official-looking personages demanding tickets. But a few farmers' traps took visitors up with some belated flowers to a homely red brick house and small chapel, round which a few score of village folk loitered in homely Sunday clothes.

The Duke, who had spent Sunday with Captain and Mrs. Langdale, at Houghton Hall, drove to the chapel soon after ten o'clock, accompanied by his nephew, Mr. Henry Talbot. After a few moments' interval, came the bridesmaids, ten in number. Their dresses of white satin, with red chiffon scarves and white felt hats with white feathers and red chiffon, looked very pretty as they grouped themselves at the west end. Their diamond and pearl chains, with pendants of enamel oakleaves and jewelled dewdrops, and their bouquets of lilies of the valley, were the gifts of the bridegroom.

Shortly before half-past eleven the bride entered with her father. Picturesque simplicity was the characteristic of her dress. The Bishop of Middlesborough performed the ceremony. Everything was done quietly and unostentatiously.

As the boys' voices, chanting the "Benedictus," floated down the dark, hushed chapel, the great western doors were thrown open, and a blaze of sunshine flooded the tiny building, and through the doors one could see an old-fashioned sunlit garden, with broad paths, covered with red cloth and lined by villagers, assembled to greet the bride as she passed in again to her old home.

There was a large old-fashioned breakfast for about eighty guests. The bride's health was drunk, though without speeches, and then the whole party moved across to a tent in the park, where one hundred and sixty tenants were entertained at a satisfying luncheon.

The Holy Father sent the Pontifical blessing and an inscribed photograph of himself. The King's gift is a curious circular gold box, containing a small ink-bottle, held in place by a sponge. The bride's presents numbered over two hundred,—in fact there is a wonderful display of wedding presents at Norfolk House.

This marriage is noteworthy, for in the strenuous days of the sixteenth century, the Duke of Norfolk hanged an ancestor of the present bride. This unfortunate gentleman was Sir Robert Constable, and the Duke's official report to Cromwell of Sir Robert's untimely end is still extant. It runs as follows:

"On Friday, being markett daye at Hull, Sir Robert suffered and doth hang above the highest gate of the town so trimmed in chaynes that I think his bones will hang this thousand yeares!"

Other times other manners! The Constables and the Howards have long since made it up; and to-day has seen a happy union of two great families which would amicably end the feud—had it not been ended hundreds of years ago!

There will be great rejoicings at Arundel when the Duke and Duchess return, for the Duke, who was once mayor of the town, takes great interest in its municipal work, and is greatly beloved by the people. Arundel's present to their lord is a beautiful picture of the bride, and to the future Duchess they have sent a silver jewel casket. Their interest in this union is twofold, for in addition to being "dependent" of the Duke, they returned the new Duchess's grandfather for their town when Arundel was a pocket borough, and sent two representatives to Parliament. The mayor and councillors will receive the Duke and Duchess under a triumphal arch on the bridge over the Arun, and representatives of other places in the district of which he is the lord of the manor will also be present.

M. A. P.

Dear S. C. L.:

"Such utter neglect" has probably been your lament concerning my sin of omission since I reached my home on the woody banks of Cayuga lake. Forgive, when I say I have not carelessly cast you out of my memory, nor overlooked your kindness, but, in the struggle to accomplish the great amount of work to be done during the brief hours of day, the departure of the promised volume was unavoidably delayed. You will find indemnification, I trust, in all that is educational

and enjoyable in the pages contained between the two stiff covers; and then, perhaps, opine with me—mieux tard que jamais!

Snow-bound was your cry during the past months—but the worst sorrow lay in the words, "no mail to-day." Oh, do not imagine that I am not often at Loretto when the clock strikes two and the hour for the distribution of the mail approaches. Not only often, but *very* often, am I back again—even in dreams.

The *sanctum* has had many new attractions since "naughty four" has found imperial sway in the royal palace of Time, and of course, tired eyes often cast their longing glances across Niagara's sheet of glassy green from the large, wide windows of our memorable classroom. My heart yearns for June, the all-fair, with its bridges of fancies, for, then, in Memory's boat I float back to my Alma Mater on the sunny banks of Niagara. And now let me add in conclusion, you have my heartfelt and most gracious wish for the success of each and every one on the great day that is to crown the efforts of the years. One favor—just a little prayer for your absent—still present—sister.

MINNIE.

DEAR SR. J.:

I think I wrote you from Mexico that rainy day we left for San Antonio, Texas, where we remained for weeks enjoying our stay despite the continued dampness—the winter of floods. What surprised us most in the old city was the number of religious institutions—two Ursuline Academies, the Academy of "Our Lady of the Lake," St. Louis' College, St. Mary's College, "Brackenridge Villa," conducted by the Srs. of the Incarnate Word, etc. The Santa Rosa Infirmary is a fine, large building with an orphanage and several schools attached. In the old cathedral, for the Mexicans, I heard Mass and my first Spanish sermon.

San Antonio has many attractions. The Government Post gives an impetus to the whirl of society, whilst the "Alamo," in the city, and the old mission buildings, at a distance of four, eight, and twelve miles, bring us back to the labors of the missionaries in the long ago.

In Mexico I met for the first time the custom officials—they were not nearly as bad as our own—as I experienced on my return. After crossing the Rio Grande, we found ourselves in a different world—a strange language spoken—night coming on—I confess to a sinking of the heart. We reached Monterey next morning in time for the solemn High Mass, celebrated daily, in the magnificent cathedral. The view of the mountains and the plaza just below the windows of our hotel was superb. I had so longed to see mountains. Those around Monterey impressed me more than much grander ones later. The names, *Saddle Mountain,* which serves the Mexicans as a barometer, *The Diente*—tooth—and *Mitre,* indicate their shape. Across the plaza is St. Francis' Church, the oldest in the city. You know Mexico is not a modern country like the United States—it must be like a portion of Spain. On Sunday we heard Mass in the little chapel of the English-speaking Catholics. It has twelve pews and a space at one side, then occupied by Mexican women wearing "rebosos" instead of hats—much better, we thought, for church wear.

The view from what used to be the Bishop's palace on the side of a mountain, is very fine. The city spread out below looks like a picture from the Holy Land. The palace—two hundred years old—is now a ruin, having been occupied by our soldiers during the Mexican war. The chapel must have been especially beautiful. Altogether a delightful week was passed in Monterey, with warm, perfect weather to facilitate our daily exploration.

Of course, you have heard how the band plays in the plaza in Mexico on Sunday evenings while the people promenade around it, the ladies going one way, the gentlemen the other, apparently unconscious of each other's presence. Those of the higher ranks form the outside circle, the lower a circle within. The music was very fine and seemed quite different from ours.

In Aguas Calientes, the place for fine-drawn work, we remained only a day, and then went on to Cuernavaca, farther south, where we spent three months—keeping house in spite of many inconveniences. What a quiet people these Mexicans are! On market days, hundreds of them do not make as much noise as a half a dozen Germans discussing the political situation.

In the enclosed block across the street from us were four churches, including the cathedral, which has an organ that was brought from Spain by Cortez. The Sisters of the convent just beside us look like the better class of Mexicans. On the street they wear a black dress and large black shawl-like veil, called a tapalo—the Government does not allow them to wear a religious dress on

the street. In the house, their costume is a short black cape and small white cap with fluted border. They are "Daughters of Our Lady of Guadeloupe," and wear her medal under their cape—it cannot be worn openly. Their pupils were uniformed in white. When we called they were doing exquisite embroidery and lace work, mostly for the church. The convent, like all Mexican houses, is plain on the outside, but handsome within, having a lovely court with a fountain, trees, flowers, etc.

The mornings in Cuernavaca were delightfully balmy and fresh. It seemed as if one could never tire of gazing into the intense blue of that cloudless sky. Then, too, the view of the volcanoes in the northeast was simply entrancing. I have only to close my eyes now and the snow-capped peak of Popocatepetl appears distinctly before me. You would also enjoy the nearer mountains, with the blue smoke of the charcoal-burners rising here and there from their sides, but especially the *Tres Maries*—three points on the mountains between Cuernavaca and Mexico City, near where the train crosses going down. One of the roads dates from the time of Cortez. And oh! such sunsets! Such transparent crimson—if it could be called crimson—flushing all the west. We had several burro rides and saw Maximilian's country residence, also a sugar Haciende, founded by Cortez. Cuernavaca reminded me of descriptions I had read of some old Italian towns. It would be impossible for me to give you any idea of it or of its inhabitants—a contented people with few wants—with perfect faith—a very loving devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and a great reverence for the saints.

On our return to Mexico City we remained a week and visited the very interesting Museum and Art Gallery, in which we were pleased to see a portrait of Sr. Juana de la Cruce, the great Mexican Court lady and writer, who became a nun when this country was in its infancy. Of course, we visited Guadalupe, to which every state in Mexico sends a pilgrimage once a year—that means about two a month. I was much pleased to find a painting of my patroness, St. Bridget, in two churches, also a church under her invocation in the centre of the city. One could really spend a long time in this city, visiting its numerous beautiful churches, Chepultipec and many interesting suburbs. We were sorry to leave, but there was typhoid fever just before the rainy season, still it would have been pleasanter travelling during this time, for the dust was perfectly suffocating.

My letter, I fear, is entirely too long. Kindest remembrance to all my old friends.

Affectionately,

BRIDGET KELLY.

School Chronicle.

February first—A very enthusiastic meeting of the S. C. L. Miss A. Merle contributed a well-timed paper—"February Skies"—dwelling on the magnificent procession of winter constellations silently marching by. "The planet Mercury," she said, with significant glance at certain of her hearers, "promises to make an exhibition of himself, this month, for the benefit of *early risers*"—it goes without saying, no desire to view the interesting spectacle was manifested. The mischievous speaker continued: "We may hope, with unobstructed outlook, to be able to make out this shy little racer in the eastern sky *before sunrise*, during almost the entire first half of the month"—this was the unkindest cut of all. "The best day for viewing is that of the elongation, the 9th, but as the moon passes Mercury on the 13th, that event will afford an opportunity of identifying the planet beyond doubt, the next morning."

We have the first leap year since 1896. When Julius Cæsar reformed the calendar, providing for leap years, he provided too much, and by the middle of the eighteenth century we were ten days out of the way. In 1752, England adopted the Gregorian calendar, which arranged that a century year should not be a leap year unless its number were divisible by four; as 1900 is not evenly divisible by four, it was not a leap year. So we are kept straight and guard against Fourth of July catching us with the thermometer at zero. Persons born on February 29th do not have frequent birthdays. The celebrated American astronomer, Prof. Lewis Swift, still living at Marathon, N. Y., celebrates his twentieth birthday the 29th of this month; but he will be eighty-four years of age, having been born February 29th, in leap year, 1820. This man, equally great and good, is entitled to our congratulations, which we cannot again extend for four years. It is an interesting fact that on other days of this month were born the astronomers, Galileo, the 14th, 1564; Copernicus, the 19th, 1473; Flammarion, the 25th, 1842; while Secchi died the 26th, 1878.

February fifth—Ho! for the whir of the skate! In the winter a maiden's fancy lightly turns to skate when the mercury hides its head and seeks a resting-place at the bottom of the thermometer—and the emblem of her power is the keel-like contrivance on which she skims the frozen deep. Every ice enthusiast is out to-day, enjoying the—fun!—the ice gods provide on the happy skating ground, exhibiting her skill—and her costume!—for there are more varieties than are dreamed of in the philosophy of the non-skating world. Our ice girls are a very satisfying symphony, and display a laudable indifference to the forceful breath of the north wind, as they skim along the shining floor at a high rate of speed.

February fourteenth—St. Valentine's Day!—an air of gay festivity—dainty little missives flying here and there and everywhere—heart messages in flowing poesy and apt illustration—hearts filled with sweet confections conveying sweeter sentiments, in gentle recognition of the good Saint's day. The editor-in-chief the first to receive floral tribute from her three-year-old southern cavalier—"The volume of thy life—may it unfold no tale of grief, but on each page may love be writ, and joy on every leaf." Who will question Carol's chivalry—or say—knighthood is not in flower?

February sixteenth—A delightfully informal visit from Rev. J. McMahon and Rev. E. Moran, New York. The former entertained us for hours with some very artistic violin playing, including Händel's "Largo," Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," Délibes' "Pizzicati," followed by an exquisite vocal rendition of "Santa Lucia,"

February twenty-second—Washington's birthday—ever dear to every daughter of the Hero of American Independence—the founder of our country's glory. A Colonial Tea, served at five o'clock, given by the members of St. Catharine's Literary Club, gowned as Colonial Dames, in soft shades of Nile green and mauve. The picture was charming, the function one of the most enjoyable of the whole winter season.

March first—The pleasure of seeing dear Father Rosa again. The memory of the many happy hours which he spent with us during our last vacation—hours that went all too quickly—of the games that he introduced, the delightful sleigh-ride he so thoughtfully planned for our amusement—will ever be one of the dearest reminiscences of the year.

March fifteenth—Miss Gorman and Beatrice Beck are victors in the literary competition of the Culture Class—Beatrice the fortunate winner of the prize—a hand-painted picture of Shakespeare's house, showing in the procession in front, the artists who played the leading rôles in the dramas of the immortal bard.

March sixteenth—"Uncle Remus"—that somber piece of eccentricity—pays his annual visit, accompanied by his most treasured possession—a violin that, like himself, has known better days. Poor "Uncle Remus" would never take a prize in a beauty show, but he has an unlimited capacity for extracting sunshine from an apparently cloudy sky. To the fact that he has reached the allotted three score and ten may be attributed, perhaps, his desperate efforts to acknowledge our presence by the well-known and oft-repeated bows and gesticulations. After the musical (?) programme had been gone through and with befitting holiday spirit we had gaily danced the bright hours away, our southern minstrel, quietly seating himself, entertained us with the one romance of his life. What a world of pathos in the old man's sorrow, and how faithfully he treasures the faded picture of the loved and lost!

March seventeenth—St. Patrick's Day—how the words thrill through an Irish heart—as undying as the verdure that clothes the island in its sheen of emerald hue. Harp and organ, cross and shamrock, the sunburst of Erin and the bright sun of Christianity—all join in making the day one of thanksgiving and praise. There is a beautiful legend among the dwellers upon the Rhine. They tell that when the good St. Hubert was buried, a green branch was placed upon his breast, and that at the end of a hundred years, when the grave was opened, the body of the saint was dissolved to dust, but that the branch was there in all its freshness, fragrance, bloom, and loveliness. May not the natives of the ever-hopeful green isle be pardoned in applying this charming legend to the beautiful memory of that kindly-hearted missionary, whose name rises to our lips like a litany, the good St. Patrick!

A brilliant evening celebration of Irish music and song—buoyantly, tunefully, in a word, charmingly rendered. Every student—no matter of what nationality—contributed her number—the result—a grand success! And who does not love the old Irish songs—sweet, sad, soul-subduing?—the ancient minstrelsy of a land whose harp strings thrilled to nature's universal lan-

guage, "the concord of sweet sounds" whose notes appeal to all. Ireland is an island of song, and the love of song, next to the love of religion, still remains the most precious inheritance of the Celtic race.

A box of shamrocks, that had crossed the sea from a kind friend in the "rebel city," made mute appeal to our patriotism at an early hour and spoke of the faith and nationality that never die. Ah! the dear shamrock, full many a time was it trampled in the earth, bedewed with the best blood in the land. But a brighter day is about to dawn for the beautiful Isle of the Sea, the Irish sky is streaked with golden light, already we see the first tender pencilings of the dawn, which shall brighten with the splendors of noon.

March twenty-first—First day of spring—sing ho for springtime weather! The young leaves come whispering upon the boughs, there is a stir of joyous activity, a melody of bird-song—youth, gladness, and holy peace seem to come upon the world with the fragrance of Easter lilies and Alleluia joy.

MARY MERLE.

Personals.

Attention, St. Catharine's Club!!

Her mother gave a *boxing* party in her honor.

"Going for a sleigh-ride?" "Yes." "Put everything on except your ladylike dignity."

I am badly "stuck" since I gave up slang. I can't find a single word to fit.

"How can you be so indolent?" "Why it's easy. I don't find it hard at all."

"I know something." "I'm glad. To look at you one would not think so."

If we must part, let's go together.

"What is the meaning of *lectrice?"* "Oh, never mind, that's the electrician."

Willie, Willie, wake up and see de sanary!

Are you waiting for your watch to strike?

"Has the Venezuelan boundary been yet settled? I can't see anything around it but islands." "Oh, that's *antedelerium* history."

I have now come to the Rubicon, whatever state of mind that is.

There are two e's in this Beethoven. "Really?" "Well, when I knew him it had but one."

Do you think you will be inverted this Lent?

The blood in the body is taken by means of tubs to the heart and there detained.

That's one fault I haven't—I don't go behind your back to tell you I like you.

"You should obey your eldest sister." "The catechism doesn't say that." "Well, what does it say?" "Do unto others as they do to you."

Didn't she begin to look wise when I cried this morning?

Look at the sun shining in the middle of the night!

Gretchen, knowest thou the land?

Fortissimo, please.

It's down to zebra to-day.

I don't dare say anything *sensible* in German.

"Name one of the plagues of Egypt." "An infantry of flies inflamed with an ardent charity."

I thought I was going to be spiflicated.

There is a fire sale in silk skirts.

"What is tuberculosis?" "I think it's a book."

To-day is the university of her father's death, so she has gone home.

Ne me poussez pas à bout—Don't drive me to drink.

What's the use of having a mind if you can't change it?

He asked me if I kissed the Blarney stone of Ireland.

"Do you know what the intention for this month is?" Yes, desperate (dispersed) religious.

"We attended a party called 'A little of everything, but not much of anything.'" "Oh, that's the name of the Shakespearean play we are to have this afternoon."

I came sore and conquered.

Come out from under the bed? Impossible!

Will you have some of the ancient plum cake that was a hundred years in the tin?

If the earth did not revolt we should always have equal days and nights.

When Moses' mother hid him in the ark among the bulwarks, the priest of Midian reproved his daughters for not inviting Moses to come to tea.

His brains was seething with grand ideas in all directions.

What makes you subdued and queer?

"May, what Irish Air are you going to play on St. Patrick's Day?" "The Watch on The Rhine."

"Stop waving that paper before my face?" "I'se going to *nipotize* you."

"Annie, you'll be going to France one of these days and marrying a Frenchman like Mr. O'Sullivan."

Poor little Melba!—"They did not tell me until the last moment."

Marjorie Beck readed "Snowdrop," but I readed "Terror Reign."

If you will key de door I will broom de room.

"What is that *Angorian* Chant that they're all talking about now?"

"What delicacy is made of hare?" "Welsh rabbit."

"Some people have no complexion, they were born that way; others have, principally those who live in the South, owing to the action of the sun."

"Did you attend the flood, Sister?"

"Who wrote that poetry?" "The same man that said 'Go west, young man.'"

Souvenir de—Marie Antoinette.

New light on the "Good Samaritan"—"A certain man went down from Jerslam to Jeriker, and he fell among thieves, and the thorns sprang up and choked him,—whereupon he gave tuppins to the host, and praid him to take care on him and put him on his own ass. And he passed by on the other side."

"What are the enduring remains of Egypt?" "Pyramids and obsequies."

"I don't want to be useful in the world. I want to be an ornament." "Then you'll be a curio."

If you get smallpox lettuce is a good thing to prevent it.

We had lots of trouble—most of it never happened.

"What is an allegory?" "An extended metaphor. Ex. The prodigal son, of which the Scriptures are full."

Carlyle was a distinguished novelist; his principal work was "Letters to his wife."

Un homme comme il fault—A man when it is necessary.

"What do you mean by flora?" "The plants that inhabit a place."

Napoleon was banished to St. Helena on account of a slight offence.

"What is an epicurean?" "One who writes epics."

Hac pugna nuntiata—The messengers being fought.

"What are volcanic islands?" "Those which are occupied by volcanoes."

Alas, for the winged dandy of the be-ribboned locks!

God, the Poet.

For us the poem of this world God wrote—
The blank verse of the heavens, the remote
And awful rhythmic measure of the sea,
All nature's discords wrought in harmony.
His brooks that run instinctively in rhyme,
His leafy boughs that beat accordant time,
His rolling seas, His hills and plains of verse,
His rhythmic stars, that still in song rehearse
The Epic of Creation—these, indeed,
In God's own language teach our human need,
Our need of Him.

GRACE A. PIERCE.

The oil which the Angel of Resignation pours among the different members of the same family, or among the different thoughts which succeed each other in our hearts, is gentleness. This virtue prevents characters from clashing, from growing angry, from rebelling, either against one another or against events. Alas! yes, against events. There, perhaps, sweetness is more necessary than in our intercourse with others—we can fly from men, but we cannot escape events.

I would say to all: Use your gentlest voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price; for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the most precious pearl hidden in the sea. A kind voice is joy, like a lark's song, to a hearth at home. Train it to a sweet tone now, and it will keep in tune through life.

The secrets of hearts are hidden from us. We fumble ignorantly with the soul keys. We touch the strings of human nature to dissonance, jarring harshly what was intended for exquisite music. Had we for one moment the vision of Omniscience, how frightful the revelation would be! Where we thought we were doing our duty and fulfilling the law of God, we were, perhaps, marring a life. Let us beware of hurting others, even in the smallest way, by our hardness, indifference, worldliness, or self-importance, lest we put the mark of hindrance on some soul that dwarfs normal development of being, and withers and dries the nobler functions of heart and brain.

NIAGARA RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XI. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JULY, 1904. No. 3.

An Offering to Jesus.

Flowers I would bring, the fairest and the whitest,
If flush of flowers and bloom of buds could please
Thy spirit most; or gems the best and brightest
That ever slumbered under silent seas;
Or silvern songs, the liquidest and lightest
E'er sung in sunlight upon level leas;
Or myrrh, or musk, or melrose, for thou slightest
Nor scornest, Lord, the slenderest of these.
Flowers I would bring, but I will bring a fairer,
A sweeter offering than blossoms bright;
Gems I would bring, but I will bring a rarer,
A richer gem than glitters in the night;
For, O Dear Lord, to-day I'll be the bearer
Of thoughts as pure and lovely as the light!

J. E. JOHNSTONE.

The Honor of a Visit from Right Rev. Charles H. Colton, Bishop of Buffalo.

AMID the roses and sunshine of May, when lilies swung their golden censers in the dreamy air and violets nodded a welcome, the coveted honor of a visit from His Lordship, to which we had long and eagerly looked forward, was destined to be ours. It was meet it should be so—that Mary's month was aptly chosen for the realization of our hopes—for is not the saintly Prelate whom his people joy to call their own, among the most devoted of our Lady's clients—and Loretto, the special object of her protecting care.

Never did a more glorious day rise on Niagara's fair brow. Never did her verdant, sunlit slopes and hoary cliffs appear more exultant than in the glow and beauty of this bright summer day. Heaven's blessing and earth's loveliness blending in jubilant harmony, in unison with the majestic tones of our Sovereign Queen of Floods, made the auspicious occasion one of golden memories, which will ever be sacred to the pupils of this Loretto.

To the strains of a tuneful welcome, His Lordship, accompanied by Rev. J. Lynch, C. M., Rev. E. Farrell, C. M., Rev. J. Hartnett, C. M., Niagara University, N. Y., Rev. A. Werner, O. C. C., Carmelite Monastery, Falls View, and Rev. J. Franz, Strykersville, N. Y., entered the hall, smiling approval on our humble efforts to please, which he graciously appreciated. Mere words cannot tell how proud I felt to be the chosen representative of the Buffalo students, as I placed my floral tribute in His Lordship's hands and received that most precious of all rewards—a blessing.

What a beautiful and impressive lesson was conveyed by His Lordship as with dignified simplicity he rose, when our part of the entertainment was over, and thanked us for the cordial welcome we had given him, referring to the wondrous masterpiece of nature—the grand, solemn cataract, musical even in its roar, as its restless waters leap the rocky precipice and writhe and foam in their onward rush—within sight and sound of which we daily live, its symbolism, and the lesson of eternity it imparts, wafting the soul to the regions of infinity. He then exhorted us to be faithful to the principles we had learned, to develop the best, the truest, the noblest within us, and thus accomplish the part which Divine Providence has allotted to woman in the regenerating of society and the raising of the moral standard, that, after a few short years when the work is accomplished, we

may go into eternity with the only earthly treasures that can purchase immortality. With uplifted hands, like the Saviour of old, he imparted his blessing—a foretaste, let us hope, of the blessing beyond—and we felt happier and better for it.

The young ladies were now presented in turn. His Lordship addressed to each kindly words of encouragement and then proceeded to visit the different parts of the house. On reaching the cupola, his deep love of nature, evinced in his conversation with us, and highest sense of natural grandeur, were amply gratified as his eyes feasted on the wondrous beauty of islands, rocks and falls, and his soul, doubtless, communed with these outer scenes in a mystic language that tongue has never learned.

All too soon the shades of twilight closed around us, but, of the many pleasant hours strewn along the pathway of school life, to none shall the perfume of sweet memories cling longer or more tenderly than to those hallowed by the presence and blessing of our revered episcopal guest—the much-beloved Bishop Colton.

ESTELLE FORRESTEL.

Mr. John Rummell's Interpretation of the Tragedy "Julius Cæsar."

HISTORY, literature and art formed the happy combination that afforded us instruction and entertainment on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 11th, when a recital of Shakespeare's tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" was given in the assembly hall by Mr. John Rummell of Buffalo. If the facts of history could always be presented to the student in so vivid a manner as they are in this noble drama, if the meaning and the charm of literature were always interpreted so artistically as they were on this occasion by the reciter, then history and literature would invariably be the two most fascinating subjects in any course of study, and the benefit to be derived from both would be greatly enhanced. We must needs feel grateful, therefore, for the rare opportunity that gave us at once such clear impressions of an important period in Roman history and such a luminous presentation of one of the masterpieces of English literature.

Mr. Rummell prefaced his recital with a brief account of the events that led up to the action of the play, and gave some explanations of the customs and ceremonies of the ancient Roman holiday called the feast of Lupercal, which was in progress when the action of the drama begins. He then proceeded to give his rendering of the great scene in which Cæsar, in honor of the day and to celebrate his own triumphs, parades through the streets of the city at the head of a procession, composed of such noble Romans as Cicero, Antony, Brutus, Cassius and Casca, and followed by a great multitude of the common people. In the first few speeches in this scene Mr. Rummell suggested the pomposity and self-sufficiency of Cæsar, the hearty good-nature of Antony, the blunt directness of Casca, the moral dignity of Brutus, and the impressiveness of the shrill-voiced soothsayer. Then, in the conversation that ensues between Brutus and Cassius, who linger behind when the procession moves away, he entered very earnestly into the spirit of the scene, giving to Cassius the intensity and subtlety of purpose pervading all his speeches, and to Brutus the grand moral poise and nobility of soul which make him tower above all the other conspirators, and which win our admiration and love for him even while we deplore the political crime which his misguided judgment leads him to commit. The great speech beginning, "I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus," in which Cassius descants so contemptuously on Cæsar's physical weaknesses, and betrays his bitter hatred of "this man" who "is now become a god," was rendered with flashes of sarcasm, of ridicule, of indignation, and with a steadily increasing intensity until the climax was reached in the closing lines:

> Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
> A man of such a feeble temper should
> So get the start of the majestic world,
> And bear the palm alone."

The quiet speech of Brutus that follows and suddenly interrupts the impassioned utterances of Cassius, enabled Mr. Rummell to show how readily he can pass from one mood to another; for he spoke the lines with the requisite calmness and dignity, and immediately thereafter resumed the impersonation of the crafty and excited Cassius in his next long speech, which was delivered with perhaps even greater effect than the other.

In the passage in which Casca tells Brutus and Cassius how the crown was offered to Cæsar three times, and each time refused by him, Mr.

Rummell clearly differentiated the blunt, scoffing manner of Casca from the quiet dignity of Brutus, and the eager alertness of Cassius, and gave due prominence to Casca's humor as well as to his hatred of Cæsar. The soliloquy of Cassius with which the scene closes was so rendered as to emphasize the shrewdness and cunning of the man, and to reveal the terrible earnestness of his purpose as shown in the lines,

"And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure."

Among the most noteworthy things in Mr. Rummell's presentation of the great conspiracy scene in the second act were, first of all the manner in which he showed how deeply Brutus felt the responsibility of the momentous act he was about to commit; how it had preyed upon his mind, robbed him of his sleep, and made him sad and sick at heart; second, his interpretation of the lofty spirit in which Brutus viewed the necessity of sacrificing Cæsar for the public good as shown in his refusing to allow the conspirators to bind themselves with an oath, believing that their cause was sufficient warrant for their deed; and again, in his refusing to permit them to kill Mark Antony along with Cæsar lest their course should seem too bloody; and, third, the dignified, gentle and pathetic manner in which the interview between Brutus and Portia was rendered, where the sad reticence of Brutus was contrasted with the earnest, affectionate pleading of Portia to know his secret, until, when Portia has given proofs of her constancy and her patience, Brutus exclaims,

"O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!"

and then adds, with the utmost tenderness,

"Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows."

Mr. Rummell's rendering of this beautiful dialogue helps one to appreciate more fully what the poet Thomas Campbell says of it,—"For the picture of that wedded pair, at once august and tender, human nature and the dignity of conjugal faith are indebted."

In the second scene in this act, which takes place in a room in Cæsar's palace, Mr. Rummell was equally successful in his interpretation of the dialogue between Cæsar and his wife Calpurnia. Here the situation was much the same as in the preceding scene,—a wife pleading with her husband,—but the characters are different, and this difference was clearly recognized by the reciter and faithfully presented. The lordly self-confidence of Cæsar was rightly indicated, but there was also the heroic fearlessness of danger and death in Mr. Rummell's impersonation of the character.

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once."

Such lines as these were uttered as they might have been by one who was a firm and consistent believer in Stoicism, and who was naturally attracted to that doctrine by the innate qualities of courage and bravery and the power of self-mastery.

The impersonation of Calpurnia was such as to indicate a gentle and affectionate woman of considerable personal charm, but of less heroism than Portia. As presented by Mr. Rummell, there was something of good-natured condescension in Cæsar's manner toward her, showing how different was the influence which she had over her husband from that exerted by Portia over Brutus. When Decius enters the room and salutes Cæsar, the reciter at once suggested the accomplished flatterer and diplomat, who knows how to banish Calpurnia's fears and induce the great Cæsar to change his mind, to break his promises to his wife, and go with the conspirators to the Senate House. There was one touch in Mr. Rummell's impersonation of Cæsar in the latter part of this scene that ought not to be passed over without comment. When Caius Ligarius enters the room with the other conspirators and shows in his countenance the effect of a wasting fever from which he has not fully recovered, Cæsar greets him with the words,—

"Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean."

There was a kindly sympathy in the reciter's voice as he uttered this speech, and for the moment we felt how gentle and tender after all was the great Cæsar who, in other parts of the play is represented, for a dramatic purpose, as haughty, self-complacent and overbearing. Shakespeare doubtless meant that we should be made to feel

in the concluding portion of this scene some of the real sweetness of Cæsar's character, and this Mr. Rummell, with his usual fidelity to his author, successfully portrayed.

The third act of this drama is peculiarly suited to Mr. Rummell's dramatic ability. The style is simple and heroic, the situations grand and thrilling. In the first scene, that of the assassination of Cæsar, the reciter very skilfully varied the manner of the different conspirators as they in turn kneel before Cæsar begging enfranchisement for Publius Cimber. Metellus was made to show great humility and grief, as might naturally be expected of a man pleading with a tyrant for his banished brother. Brutus was dignified and stately, making him, even while kissing Cæsar's hand in supplication, the equal of Cæsar, conferring honor by asking a favor. In Cassius' speech there was a cunning appearance of self-abasement. Cinna's speech was a grief-stricken cry. Decius was again the subtle flatterer, while Casca, true to his blunt character, cut short all pleading, with the desperate words, "Speak, hands, for me!" Here the excitement consequent upon the murder of Cæsar, the shouts of the conspirators as he falls to the ground, their vainglorious boasting of their deed, were all duly represented by the reciter. Then he gave a very graceful and effective rendering of the speech of Antony's servant who enters at this point, and a moment later melted and thrilled his audience in turn with the great speeches of Antony himself. There were manly pathos and deep grief in Antony's address to the dead Cæsar,—

"O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?"

while in the soliloquy uttered after the conspirators have passed out of the Senate House and left the body of their murdered victim in Antony's charge, there was a mingling of grief, indignation, fury and rage that was terribly thrilling and rose to a magnificent climax in the lines,—

"And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from Hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry *Havoc!* and let slip the dogs of war."

And now what shall be said of Mr. Rummell's rendering of the great oration scene? Here certainly in these speeches of Brutus and Antony, which are familiar almost to the point of being hackneyed, is the place where the reciter of this drama will be put to the test. Everyone feels that the speeches are pregnant with opportunities for eloquent delivery, if, in some way, the charm of freshness and novelty could be restored to them, and the audience made to forget that they had ever heard them before. That Mr. Rummell did his very best work in this scene must be attributed to the fact that he has re-created the situation for himself and thoroughly entered into the spirit of it as if he had lived it himself and had it indelibly impressed upon his mind and heart. To suggest to the imagination of an audience so vividly the howling, fickle mob swayed first by one orator and then by another, is proof of a very vivid imagination on the part of the reciter. Mr. Rummell not only made his audience feel the strong personality of Brutus and of Antony, but he also suggested a large multitude of citizens whenever he came to the excited comments with which they interrupt the speakers. The oration of Brutus was delivered in a manner both dignified and impressive; every phrase, every word of it, had the ring of sincerity and spontaneity. There were many little touches throughout the reciter's rendering of it that gave it the effect of an impromptu effort. It was in the oration of Antony, however, that Mr. Rummell did his most surprising work. The lines he uttered in a rather meek, apologetic manner, and there was absolutely no hint of irony or sarcasm in the line,

"Brutus is an honorable man."

On the contrary, this was given as a strong affirmation of a moral conviction. In this way did Antony appease the savage multitude, disarm their suspicions, and win their ear for what he had to say in behalf of Cæsar. The expression of grief with which Mr. Rummell gave the lines,

"O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me,"

might well have softened the hearts of his hearers, and caused the exclamation,

"Methinks there is much reason in his sayings."

There was an undercurrent of grief all through the next speeches of Antony until the reciter came to the lines,

"I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do
fear it."

Having evidently won the full sympathy of his audience by this time, Antony could afford to utter these lines with intense sarcasm, and so Mr. Rummell interpreted them. The next long speech of Antony beginning,

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,"

was rendered with a remarkable degree of pathos. The grief of the speaker was so genuine as to be contagious; it rose to a powerful climax at the lines, "O, now you weep;" etc., and the effect was terribly thrilling as he drew back the mantle of Cæsar, exclaiming,

"Look you here,
Here is himself marr'd as you see with traitors."

The howls of the mob their frantic gestures, their frenzy and fury were all wonderfully suggested at this point, and during the remainder of the scene one could not but feel how restless and eager they were to break away and be revenged on the traitors, forgetting the will of Cæsar which they had a few moments before been so impatient to hear. At the close of the speech Mr. Rummell suggested the noisy confusion with which they rushed away with Cæsar's body, while Antony exclaims,

"Now let it work!—Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!"

After an intermission of several minutes, Mr. Rummell returned to the platform and made some explanatory remarks to prepare his audience for a better understanding of the remainder of the drama. Then he took up the scene near Sardis where Brutus is waiting with his army to be joined by Cassius and his forces. Having announced the arrival of Cassius, who has become very angry with Brutus for a slight put upon him by the latter, Mr. Rummell at once took up the speech of Cassius:

"Most noble brother, you have done me wrong,"

and accomplished the difficult feat of expressing the most intense anger and indignation at one moment, and perfect moral poise and mental calm at the next. This alternation of emotions he managed with marvellous skill, not only in this brief dialogue, but throughout the quarrel scene that takes place immediately after in Brutus's tent. When speaking the lines of Cassius he seemed at times to be fairly bursting with anger and rage, while as Brutus he showed strong feeling held resolutely under control. The austerity of Brutus in this passage was beautifully offset by the great tenderness that Mr. Rummell showed in the character during the remainder of the drama. There was a pathos too deep for tears in his rendering of the passage in which Brutus tells of Portia's death. But it was in the scene between Brutus and his boy Lucius that Mr. Rummell revealed the true sweetness and gentleness of Brutus, and his thoughtful consideration for others. When the boy falls asleep while playing and singing for his master, Mr. Rummell not only suggests the action of Brutus as he takes the boy's instrument from him lest he nod and break it, but he also makes Brutus place the boy in a comfortable position on the couch where he has been sitting, and cover him with a blanket to keep him from becoming chilled while he sleeps. A few moments later the ghost of Cæsar enters and speaks to Brutus. This was made thrillingly effective by the reciter, who showed the excited state of Brutus's mind and his horror at sight of the dreadful apparition. During the remainder of the scene in which Brutus nervously wakes his boy Lucius and his servants Varro and Cladius, and asks them why they had so cried out and whether they had seen anything, Mr. Rummell suggested the apprehensiveness of poor Brutus, who is now stricken with remorse and has become ineffably sad. When Lucius and the men answer that they had seen nothing and had not been conscious of crying out, Brutus covers his face with his hand, draws a deep sigh, and then dismisses his men with a message to his "brother Cassius." The pathos of this interpretation of the scene was very touching. One could not but feel how heavy was the grief by which Brutus was now oppressed, how sorely he regretted the assassination of Cæsar, how deeply he mourned the loss of Portia.

Of the fifth act Mr. Rummell presented the scenes in which Cassius and Brutus die on their own swords when they realize that they are beaten in the fight with their enemies Antony and Octavius. The last words of Brutus were most touchingly rendered. So noble and so lovable did his character now in his last moments appear that it was gratifying to hear the eulogy pronounced over his lifeless form by Antony,—

"This was the noblest Roman of them all.

. . . . . .

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

MARGARET HENRY.

To Literature.

In accents sweet the bards have sung
To thy surpassing glory,
They've offered at thy favored shrine
Their poem, song and story.
Inspired by valiant deeds of war,
By love and sorrow chastened,
Allured by thy inviting haunts
With votives glad they hastened.
They've decked thy noble brow so fair
With laurels everlasting,
That grace thee beautiful to-day
With such far fame o'ercasting,
As when the lays of ancient Rome
Were tendered in their sweetness,
Or classic Greece her offering gave
In dignified completeness.
In every country, clime and hour
Of Time's immortal ages,
Thy name has inspiration proved
To poet and to sages.
They've answered to thy gracious call
And sung of nature's beauty,
Of love that swayed the human heart,
Of pleasure and of duty.
No pathway has been left untrod,
No wayside flower rejected,
No theme that calls for sympathy
That has not been elected.
Thus speakest thou to every heart,
To every soul appealing,
The merit of thy laurel crown
In glorious light revealing.

DOROTHY B.

King Edward's Path in Ireland.

I HAVE been looking through the official programme of the King's visit to Ireland, and I think it has been well chosen for the purpose of showing him many of the most beautiful spots in the country. Every time I go to Ireland I wonder that more people do not go there from England, and I make vows myself that even all the absorbing occupations of my own life in England are no excuse to me for not going there oftener, for every time I go I discover a new charm in the country and in the people. There are few sights in Europe, for instance, more entrancing than the sight of Kingstown as one sees it in the breaking morning, after the journey from Holyhead, with the mystic mountains in the distance, and all that glittering bracelet of seaside towns which runs along the coast, and the softness and brilliancy of the green fields which make you understand at once why it is that Ireland has been called the Emerald Isle. This is what doubtless will first catch the eye of the King, and make him feel, as he has often felt before, that Ireland is one of the most beautiful portions of his world-wide dominions.

But more attractive even than the scenery of Ireland, are the manners of her people. In no country in the world is there so universal a desire to be agreeable. It doesn't stop at any rung in the social ladder; it penetrates through and through down to every class. You find quite as much in a poor little cabin as in the castle; you find it in servants everywhere—in the servants in the hotels, in the railway porters, in the ticket-collectors. Let me give a little incident that happened to me in Ireland last week. I took a return ticket to pay a hurried visit to my native town of Athlone; I returned to Dublin in the afternoon by what is called the Limited Mail. When I presented my ticket the collector demanded one shilling and sevenpence more. I was, I confess, a little nettled, for I had asked for a return ticket in the ordinary way, knowing nothing of any restriction, and I felt almost as if I were accused of journeying under false pretences. Something of this appeared, I dare say, in my voice; but what could I say when the ticket-collector, in that wonderful soft voice which is universal in Ireland, turned to me and said, "Shure it's not my fault that I have to charge you"?

Now, isn't Ireland the only country in the world where an official would make an observation of that sort—so kindly, so sympathetic, so human? It is the same everywhere. Servants in hotels, who have seen you there before, greet you as though you were life-long acquaintances. It is this spirit of kindly equality which makes me understand that strange language in which the Russians of the highest ranks discourse with

those of the humblest; it is one of those points of resemblance between the two races on which I often comment.

A visit to the races of Punchestown, which is one of the appointed incidents of the King's visit, is well worth making. I haven't been to Punchestown races myself for upwards of thirty years—indeed, not, I believe, since the date when the King—then Prince of Wales—visited them in the far-off sixties. I remember that visit very distinctly, though; for there were many things in it that dwell in the memory. It was there that I saw for the first time the late Lord Mayo, the famous Viceroy of India, whose glorious career was ended by the knife of an assassin. What a handsome fellow he was!—the very type and embodiment of an Irish gentleman; with a splendidly-shaped face, massive, well-chiselled, kindly, with broad shoulders and stalwart limbs, all set forth by the top boots and knee-breeches he wore. Punchestown is quite within easy reach of Dublin. After an hour's ride in the train you get out at a station which is something like half an hour's ride—if I remember rightly—from the race-course. This ride along the road is something unlike anything you would see in any other part of the world. The recklessness which still survives in the Irish character reveals itself on such an occasion very plainly. The horses are driven at break-neck pace; the drivers vie with each other with feverishness you could not see outside Ireland; all kinds of vehicles jostle each other in the wild rush onwards. It is something between a race in a Roman circus and a scene in Donnybrook Fair. The course itself is wide-extending, undulating—a magnificent spot for a national holiday.

Kilkenny City is another of the spots which it is arranged the King shall visit. It is one of the most interesting towns in old Ireland. Kilkenny men are accustomed to speak of it as the town where there is coal without smoke, water without mud, and streets paved with marble. The explanation of this boast is that a colliery close by produces anthracite coal—the coal that is practically smokeless; that the River Nore, which runs through the city, is pellucid, so much so that you could gaff the salmon that lie beneath its surface; and the streets are paved with a species of black marble, which also comes from a neighboring quarry. The river is very beautiful, and there are always walks beside it which are delightful, and even romantic. If youth and maiden in the spring-tide of their lives desired a setting for their romance worthy of its greatest exaltation, they could not choose a more fitting spot than the walk along the banks of the Nore.

Over the Nore hangs the beautiful Castle of the Ormonde family. In some respects, it may be said that Kilkenny and the Ormonde family are one. The history of the family and the history of the city are almost indivisible. There were days when the side the Ormondes took might well decide the result of the battles then always raging between the English and the Irish forces in Ireland. Sometimes the Ormondes were on the Irish side, sometimes the representative of the family was an adherent to the English cause. Throughout all the centuries, whatever side they took, the family has been able to retain its hold on the affections of the people of Kilkenny, largely because they have been considerate in their relations with their tenantry, mainly because they always befriended the members of the Catholic faith during the old penal days, when to be a Catholic in Ireland was to be an outlaw. In those days one of the devices by which the Catholic was able to evade the law was to allow the land to be held in the name of a Protestant trustee. Sometimes the trustee proved faithless, and held on to the land which had been thus entrusted to his honor. But, as a rule, the Protestant trustee held honorably to his undertaking, and when times changed, and wiser and humaner laws prevailed, they handed back the land to the rightful Catholic owner. I have heard that, in one case, the Ormondes gave back to a Catholic landlord property that their family had held in trust for him for a century.

Kilkenny Castle, the most stately, perhaps, of the many stately homes in Ireland, has remained in possession of the same family for over seven hundred years, and there are portions of the building, notably the first two stories, which are almost exactly as they were hundreds of years ago. The structure was originally built by the Earl of Pembroke, known as "Strongbow," after his marriage with the daughter of Dermott, King of Leinster.

This Castle is a veritable museum, and is filled with every variety of art treasure, many of which have played some part in Irish history. The picture gallery is a vast apartment, and the walls, which are covered with Spanish leather,

are hung with rare tapestries. Lady Ormonde's boudoir, situated in the northeast tower, will be placed at the Queen's disposal during the visit. This apartment is filled with the quaintest furniture, gold and silver plate, and rare treasures, so that Her Majesty will find much to interest her taste and admiration for the antique.

Waterford, which is one of the cities to be visited by the King, has played a momentous part in the history of Ireland. It was there that Strongbow made his first landing with the English troops and began that struggle which, in one shape or another, has gone on through so many centuries. Waterford is a very beautiful town. The River Suir sweeps through it, majestic in its breadth, majestic in the rapidity of its rush. All around are memorials of the past—towers, battlements, the chequered story of Ireland told in stone. Close to Waterford is the beautiful residence of the Duke of Devonshire—Lismore Castle. Among many other attractions of this palatial dwelling-house is the salmon-fishing in the Blackwater—fishing so good that plenty of English and Scotch sportsmen go over there every year in succession, more and more delighted each time with the sport on the river and with the kindliness of the people.

In and around Dublin there will be plenty of racing; Phœnix Park is one of the noblest parks in Europe. It is so extensive that Hyde Park, I fancy, is comparatively small beside it. Unlike Hyde Park and most other parks in cities, it remains thoroughly rural; in parts, indeed, it is almost wild. In the centre of the park is the country residence of the Viceroy—Vice-regal Lodge; and there also is the residence of the Chief Secretary. It is one of the advantages of being an official in Ireland that you find excellent quarters, far away from the noise, smoke, distractions of a city, in a park so wide and so rural as to make your residence really one in the country while within a quarter of an hour's drive of town. Leopardstown is a racecourse quite close to Dublin, and can be reached in a few minutes. It is one of the advantages of Dublin—to use an Irishism—that it is the easiest city almost in the world to get out of. A man can be at his business all day, and in fifteen to twenty minutes can get to a place in the country which lies by the side. It is the same as if Brighton were as near to London, as, say, Clapham Common.

Altogether the programme laid down for the King and Queen will enable their Majesties to see much of the best scenery of Ireland. I trust that their example will induce thousands of English men and women to visit a country which has the weird spell; and which, among its other characteristics, has never had any race long within its influence and its shores without transforming them from enemies to friends.

T. P.

Letters of Sidney Lanier.

IT has been remarked that while a volume of poems may bring forth praise from critical judges, the talent of a letter-writer is made known to his readers by a single paragraph, perhaps a line. The editing of the letters of Sidney Lanier by his son, Mr. Henry Wysham Lanier, gives the poet's audience a clearer and closer knowledge of Lanier the man, and shows us how closely connected he was with Lanier the poet and musician. Differing widely from the many excellent volumes of biography which have been published, these selections from his correspondence form a unique record of a life of more value to the literary world than all the others. The letters cover a period from 1866 to 1881, and are addressed to Mr. Gibson Peacock, to Mrs. Lanier, to Bayard Taylor, and to Paul Hamilton Hayne.

"From his youth up," Mr. Thayer tells us, in his Introduction, "Music and Poetry had been equally Lanier's mistresses, and for a long time there was doubt as to which would predominate. As a boy, he could play almost any instrument, and it is recorded how, after improvising on the violin, he would be rapt into an ecstasy which left his whole frame trembling with the exhaustion of too tense delight. In the army, his flute had been his constant companion, and it had endeared him to his captors at Point Lookout. Yet all this while he had felt the growing compulsion of poetry within him; he had planned a drama, and occasionally written verses. Conscious of his powers, he yet had, what is perhaps the rarest talent in men of his temperament, the talent of waiting. The mission of poet, as he conceived it, transcends all others; he knew that the innate poetic faculty would not suffice for its fulfilment unless it were reinforced by character and by knowledge. So he refrained from miniature utterance."

It is a satisfaction to know that we were not mistaken in supposing that Lanier put himself into his prose and verse. The Letters show him an unsophisticated, deep-souled boy, with a man's power of criticism and appreciation. His pleasure, one might almost say surprised pleasure, at being appreciated by one who took the trouble to read his work carefully, is a strong light to his character. He writes to Mr. Peacock so artlessly that one can almost hear the boyish voice thanking the gracious editor—"I cannot resist the impulse which urges me to send you my grateful acknowledgments of the poetic insight, the heartiness and the boldness which display themselves in this *critique*. I thank you for it, as for a poet's criticism upon a poet.

Permit me to say that I am particularly touched by the courageous independence of your review. In the very short time that I have been in the hands of the critics, nothing has amazed me more than the timid solicitudes with which they rarefy in one line any enthusiasm they may have condensed in another—a process curiously analagous to those irregular condensations and rarefactions of air which physicists have shown to be the conditions for producing an indeterminate sound. Many of my critics have seemed—if I may change the figure—to be forever conciliating the yet-unrisen ghosts of possible mistakes. From these you separate yourself *toto coelo;* and I am thoroughly sure that your method is not only far more worthy the dignity of the critical office, but also far more helpful to the young artist, by its bold sweeping-away of those sorrowful, uncertain mists that arise at times out of the waste bitterness of poverty and obscurity.

Perhaps here is more feeling than is quite delicate in a communication to one not an old personal friend; but I do not hesitate upon propriety, if only I may convey to you some idea of the admiration with which I regard your manly position in my behalf, and of the earnestness with which I shall always consider myself

Your obliged and faithful friend."

Again—"Out of what a liberal sky do you rain your gracious encouragements upon me! In truth, dear friend, there is such a large sweep and swing in this shower-after-shower of your friendliness, it comes in such big rhythms of generosities, it is such a poem of inner rains, that I cannot at all get myself satisfied to meet it with any thing less than that perfect rose of a song which should be the product of such watering. I think I hear one of these growing now down in my soul yonder, somewhere; presently the green calyx of silence shall split, * * * and you shall see your flower."

Mr. Gibson Peacock was the editor of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, a newspaper in which, under his direction, literary and artistic matters were treated seriously at a time when it was rare for Philadelphia journals so to treat them. In these days he would be called an editor of the old school, since he had had a college education, had read widely the best English literature, was familiar with the modern languages, had travelled far in this country and in Europe, and had cultivated himself not less in music and in dramatic criticism than in books. Though he was a man of extreme reserve, and the elder by twenty years, yet neither age nor reserve hindered his affectionate interest from manifesting itself to Lanier—the result was a friendship, strong and honorable on both sides. Through this friend the poet became acquainted with Bayard Taylor, with Charlotte Cushman and many well-known intellectual men and women, frequenters of Mr. Peacock's house.

The portion of the book which will possess the greatest interest for many readers is Lanier's musical impressions as contained in letters to his wife—"To-night I came out of what might have been heaven. * * * 'Twas opening night of Theo. Thomas' orchestra and I could not resist the temptation to go and bathe in the sweet amber seas of the music of this fine orchestra, and so I went, and tugged me through a vast crowd, and, after standing some while, found a seat, and the *bâton* tapped and waved, and I plunged into the sea, and lay and floated. Ah! the dear flutes and oboes and horns drifted me hither and thither, and the great violins and small violins swayed me upon waves, and overflowed me with strong lavations, and sprinkled glistening foam in my face, and in among the clarinetti, as among waving water-lilies with flexile stems, I pushed my easy way, and so, even lying in the music-waters, I floated and flowed, my soul utterly bent and prostrate."

Later—"I am beginning, in the midst of the stormy glories of the orchestra, to feel my heart sure, and my soul discriminating. Not less do I thrill, to ride upon the great surges; but I am growing calm enough to see the star that should

light the musician and presently my hand will be firm enough to hold the helm and guide the ship that way.

To see Thomas lead * * * is music itself! His *bâton* is alive, full of grace, of symmetry; he maketh no gestures, he readeth his score almost without looking at it, he seeth everybody, heareth everything, warneth every man, encourageth every instrument, quietly, firmly, marvellously. Not the slightest shade of nonsense, not the faintest spark of affectation, not the minutest grain of *effect* is in him. He taketh the orchestra in his hand as if it were a pen,—and writeth with it."

One of the most pathetic scenes in the Newcomes is where the old colonel stands gazing helplessly at the pictures in the Louvre, trying to make out what Clive sees in them. The situation is one that must often occur with the non-musical. If they will take the trouble to read these delightful letters they will discover what the musicians love in music. They will see a musician's soul laid bare, every nerve tingling, responsive to the delight of hearing real music properly rendered. Lanier's friends knew that he was even more of a musician than of a poet. He was too modest to dream that his genius compensated in large measure for lack of opportunity for study. But the testimony of those who heard him at concerts in New York and Brooklyn is that music was his destiny, that which he was sent into the world to explain.—"Oh, if thou couldst hear a symphony of Gade's which we rehearsed this morning!" he writes. "It is lovely, not with the passionate loveliness that bringeth pain, but with the dainty and childlike, yet strong, loveliness of a mountain, say, all covered with flowers and many-colored rocks, and green leaves, and sparkling springs." * * *

"Our second concert comes off to-night, and we are to play such beautiful music as makes my heart tremble even to think of. First comes Beethoven's Second Symphony, one written before the dreadful deafness had come upon his ears and pierced into his heart. The whole three movements are ravishing melodies from beginning to end, and the second movement, a Larghetto, is as if the wind instruments and strings were having a game of Hide-and-Seek in Heaven. Then Mme. de Ryther, a lady in form and manner and stage-presence, is to sing, with a glorious contralto voice, a noble aria from Händel's little-known opera, 'Rinaldo.' Then we play Bernhard Scholz's overture, 'Im Freien,' an exquisite embodiment of tender sky, of birds, of joyful green leaves and lush grasses and brilliant flowers."

To Bayard Taylor Lanier looked up as to a master, and the elder poet criticised his work in the kindest manner. Their friendship did not mature slowly, but sprang at once into full, generous, whole-hearted existence, as if aware how brief a time were allotted it. Bayard Taylor was a prominent literary figure—as an author, translator, traveller, diplomat and lecturer, his position had long been assured. The great translation of *Faust* is in itself a literary heritage which any man might consider sufficient for a life work. The letters between these two poets contain sad reminders of Lanier's perpetual struggle with fatal illness. One written from Tampa shows the lovely character of the writer so perfectly that it must be quoted in part. It refers to a cruel misjudgment of Lanier on the part of an acquaintance—"When I awoke in the morning I found myself in the midst of a very brave array of flowers; during the day our department was further hung with wreaths of gray moss, bamboo vines, and fragrant spruce pine tassels, to such a degree that I felt like a whole Sunday-school celebration all by myself.

I was never able to stay angry in my life; and I shall meet ——— without ever letting him know how much pain he had given me. * * * It only increased the pain of the wound that it was given in this advisory way which would have made me seem very truculent to resent it; and there was nothing to do but get off into some brake of silence, like a deer with a shot in the flank, and lick mine own wound. This seems extravagant; but it is not, compared with the real suffering; it was *such* a fall for my vanity to think that any human being could have dreamed me capable of such a thought, after having seen me twice!

Voilà tout. As for forgiveness; the summer and the silence here have been very medicinal to me; since I have been here I've thought over the few people that ever wronged me, and I don't find in my heart the least speck of hard feeling against anybody in the world.

What would I not give to transport you from your frozen sorrows instantly into the midst of the green leaves, the gold oranges, the glitter of

great and tranquil waters, the liberal friendship of the sun, the heavenly conversation of robins and mocking-birds and larks, which fill my days with delight!

I am convinced that God meant this land for people to rest in—not to work in. If we were so constituted that life could be an idyll, then this were the place of places for it; but being as it is, the hottest of all battles, a man might as well expect to plan a campaign in a dream as to make his best fight there." How clearly these lines show us the poet's appreciation of all that is good and beautiful in nature.

The best tribute to the noble character of Sidney Lanier is paid in the lines of his friend, Mr. Paul Hamilton Hayne—"Never have I known him to complain—to 'wear his saddened heart' ostentatiously 'upon his sleeve;' but I could read between the lines even of his—apparently—more cheerful communications and detect the slow, half-muffled throb of heart-break there. He struggled bravely on, long after he could not but have felt that the shadow, for weary years darkening over him, had taken at last the hues of death—that the fatal weapon long suspended above his head was about to fall."

JANE GORMAN.

"Bonnie Nannie."

A NINETEENTH CENTURY LEGEND.

"ALBA."

ANGELINA CLARISSA was not a Girl of the Period. Had she been so, it would probably have been necessary to introduce her by the still more imposing combination of Irene Gwendolen, or Gladys Guinivere, or Ethelreda Muriel; but in the days of our grandmothers, Angelina and Clarissa, singly or combined, were reckoned very fine indeed as names go. That a damsel rightfully enjoying so euphonious a title should come to be known throughout a pretty long life exclusively by the humble and home-spun name of *Nannie* is one of those stupendous paradoxes which call for the best attention of the historian. In view of its importance, we have carefully looked into the legend explaining the same, exhausting our capacity of research; and now proceed to chronicle the result.

It is necessary to state, before proceeding, that Angelina Clarissa was not a flower of the forest, but a little city-bred miss whose indoor experiences were only varied by a short daily walk on stone pavements flanked by area-railings; on which occasions, when not accompanied by her mother or nurse-maid, the scene of her perambulations was limited to the crescent in which she lived. Notwithstanding the beauty of the pillared mansions, and of the tall trees within the central inclosure where vocally-inclined rooks habitually congregated, notwithstanding the picturesque glimpses afforded by converging streets, to all of which, baby as she was, she was fully sensible, Angelina Clarissa much disliked these solitary "constitutionals." It was not so much on account of the solitude (although, Charlie being at school, she was absolutely companionless) as because of certain encounters which struck terror unspeakable into her young soul. First, there was the Italian Image-boy, who, five days out of six, was sure to come sailing around one or other of the quiet corners with his large tray of stucco celebrities balanced on his head, and singing out from time to time his doleful "Amigees!" the lugubrious sound of which terrified the little girl almost as much as did the glitter of his dazzling white teeth. Then there were the "Buy-a-broom" Wandering Bavarians, whose short skirts and hideous caps might have been tolerated had it not been for the vocal, or rather nasal performance in which they advertised their wares. But the terror of terrors was Smashie—an old negro with an enormous drum and a Pandean Reed, the sound whereof left the Bavarian music far behind. If Smashie hove in sight, or if the squeak of his pipe or the roll of his drum could be heard at ever so great a distance, the affrighted damsel fled for home, and made frantic attempts to reach the bell-handle.

But a change came over the spirit of Angelina's dream (we will drop the Clarissa, as being cumbersome). Early one Spring, her father leased the only available house in the far-famed village of Roslin; and for several years to come, the family summering was to be done in that charming locality. Parties with pickaxes were sent to convert the gravelly space between the house and the road into a front garden, the same being duly fenced, soiled, and planted with flowers, shrubs, and four or five small ornamental trees. This change for the summer months in-

volved certain details far from acceptable to Angelina. The delicate robes of silk or of hand-embroidered muslin had to be displaced in favor of gingham frocks and holland pinafores; while the tiny sandalled slipper of pale blue kid or of scarlet morocco had to give way to a more serviceable article in black. It is questionable how far the little lady could have supported these innovations but for the novel and undreamed-of liberty which came along with them. Nothing short of a new world opened to her; for was she not now free to go, under Charlie's escort, as far down the avenue as the Bogle Burn, the traditional terrors of which—consisting as they did of the shadows cast by a small clump of trees on each side the bridge which carried the road—had a thrill of romance wholly lacking to Smashie and the Image-boy, especially in the long sombre twilight?

Then there were Sunday afternoon parties, headed by the nurse and the housemaid, to visit the Gunpowder Mills, and have tea, cakes, and ewe-milk cheese at John Black's, whose beautiful daughter Mary filled the last-named domestic *rôle*. The cottage of the said John Black—an *employé* of the Powder factory—nestled with a clump of others at the foot of Esk Hill, the summit whereof was adorned with the residence of the Manager. Close by the cottages was a large building used for the burning of the charcoal. It consisted of a wide, lofty hall lighted from the roof, the walls on either side being studded at short intervals with small air-tight furnaces. The tarry smell of the burning charcoal rendered week-day visits rather unpleasant; hence the preference given to Sunday. The main feature of the locality, however, was the mysterious, box-like buildings of which there were several, crouching, so to speak, in the darkly shaded hollow between the road and the river. In these were the various explosive ingredients mixed, and to these all approach was forbidden. It was said the men who worked in them were obliged to do so barefooted, lest the "tackets" in their shoes should cause an explosion. True or not, the children believed it, and their awe was corresponding. And the walk home in the dusk—ah! that picturesque Gowkley Road with the deeply-shaded river on one side, and on the other lofty, steep, thickly-wooded rocks, plentifully adorned with clumps of lovely purple nightshade, gathering sprays of which was not the least of the day's enjoyments!

Then there was the road down to the Chapel, and the whistles which Charlie, who was going on for seven, and had a real pocket-knife, made out of twigs purloined from the mountain-ash trees which grew on either side. Visits to the chapel itself were infrequent. Sometimes they were made with papa and mamma, on which occasions all the pleasure was spoiled by a miserable *cicerone* who snivelled his yarn about the 'Prentice and his Master, and the Angel with the Bagpipes, in spite of all suggestions to the contrary. Much better the children liked to slip in unperceived, and enjoy all by themselves the solemn beauty, the flower-wreathed pillar, and the view of hollyhocks obtained through one of the archways. Little they dreamed of the twenty noble St. Clairs sleeping in their armor down in the crypt below. And as little they dreamed, when they looked, or walked, or ran down the road towards St. Mathew's Well, of the lordly cavalcades, the gallant knights and richly-robed dames who, on charger or palfrey, had passed up and down in the long-departed days. Bereft of its historic shadows, that road had but limited attractions for the small pair. It was too easy and commonplace. They much preferred the path through the shrubbery, which led past the two old rustic summer-houses at the back of the chapel, and over the brow of the College Hill by a sort of break-neck rut which landed the pedestrian, with some credit to himself, in the road leading to the castle.

Arrived at this point, a choice presented itself. They might follow the highway, or they might dive into the woods by a narrow path leading abruptly down into the ravine from whose sombre depths arose all that remained of the ancient stronghold of the St. Clairs. There were several inducements to select this path, over and above the scrambling character of the progress. First, it led past Dick's Well. This was a spring of cool, delicious water—water such as haunts the delirium of fever-patients. Many a one tempted the slope as far as Dick's Well, though comparatively few except children went farther. But to these the ravine provided a near cut to the wooden bridge which spanned the Esk almost under the castle ruin, and to safe wading-ground on the white sands of the shallow stream. Moreover, the old walls of Roslin Castle were thickly clothed with ivy, the leaves of which could be successfully manipulated into dolls' bonnets.

Thus it was that our young friends usually preferred it.

The orthodox road, however, was not without its charms. The superb view from the drawbridge, the lofty wall of red sandstone—sadly crumbling even since those days—which pertained to the ancient keep, above all, a certain plot of velvety grass nearly surrounded by trees, which lay at the further end of the said wall, were duly appreciated. The more modern structure erected on the original foundations, which flanked the road on the other side, had its own interest, if a less pleasurable one, especially for Charlie. It was the abode of the schoolmaster, and the little boy was on terms of daily familiarity with its interior arrangements. Not so Angelina. Charlie had advised her of certain polywogs nesting in the damp walls behind the old window-shutters; and nothing would have tempted her into the building.

Time, and the Vandals of the sixteenth century have made a very clean sweep of all that pertained to the populousness and splendor accredited by tradition to the Roslin of the Middle Ages. Certain it is that no trace thereof remains visible to ordinary eyes. The poor little village with its small thatched cottages and half-dozen hum-drum houses of the better sort—*plus* the Kirk and the manse—claims no kindred with past magnificence. It seems a problem how the castle itself could at any time have accommodated the noble retinues said to have attended the princely St. Clairs. It is built on a rock of small dimensions, presenting a steep declivity on one side, and a sheer precipice on the other; the whole nearly surrounded by the river which in this neighborhood makes unusually abrupt turns. In front is the deep moat and drawbridge, while the tongue of land in the rear, sloping down to the lymne and stepping-stones at the sharp bend of the Esk where it sweeps round towards Hawthornden, affords but a very small garden beyond the wall of which there is scarcely room enough for a good game at ball. Where the noble baron, Sir William, stowed the two hundred gentlemen and seventy-five richly-clad dames who waited on his lady wife, not to speak of humbler attendants and servants, would be curious to know. Of course, the noble lords who held the offices of Master of the Household, cup-bearer, and carver to this mediæval prince had their own castles, and with their retinues were "outside pensioners," as it was only on state occasions their services would be required.

The Chapel has of late years been "restored"—unfortunately, not to the rightful parties. Its restoration viewed externally has been effectively accomplished, and evidently on the lines of the original plan which had not yet been completed when the Vandals arrested progress. Its exterior now presents a rare specimen of architectural beauty; the old Shrubbery, the earwiggy summer-houses, the unsightly stables, everything, in a word, which marred the locality, having been removed. But the interior! To the Catholic heart it presents a sadder spectacle in its trimmings of Protestant Ritualism than it did in its unperverted widowhood.

To return to Angelina. There were parties, in the interest of visitors chiefly, to Hawthornden with its setting of foliage and white blossoms, and to the Gipsy settlement at Kirkette, a long way up-stream, above the Powder Mills. But the crown of the whole was the occasional picnic to the Pentland Hills, when the whole family (except papa, who was a good pedestrian and an enthusiastic angler) boarded a country-cart well strawed and blanketed, and under the guidance of a careful driver proceeded to spend the long summer day, with the help of lunch-hampers, among the lovely slopes and hollows of the Pentland Hills, with their bright, clean, close-nibbled grass, and their wealth of daisies, crow-feet and cowslips. There papa fished and the children waded in the Glen-corse Burn, on the very spot where the historic hounds Help and Hold saved the life of the great Sir William, and won for him Pentland-moor and other baronies, by bringing to bay the White Hind in mid-stream, and slaying her on the nigher shore. Near by was the Votive Chapel erected in commemoration, in honor of the Blessed Virgin and St. Catharine, to whose intercession Sir William, good Catholic that he was, felt himself even more indebted than to the good offices of Help and Hold. Near by, but—alas for modern improvements!—sleeping unseen beneath the still waters of the Great Reservoir which reposes in all the dignity and security of a natural lake among the surrounding green hills. It is in one of these Pentland-hill experiences, but a more formal and less domestic one, that our narrative finds its small point.

It happened that some of the Roslin residents

organized a social picnic to the valley of Glencorse, to which were invited friends and relatives from Edinburgh as well as acquaintances in the neighborhood. It was altogether a grown-up affair; but, as usually happened, exception was made in favor of Charlie and Angelina, who were duly invited to accompany their parents. The appointed day arose bright and balmy, and carriages and gigs started out under favorable conditions. As they neared the hills, however, the sky became overcast, and it began to drizzle; and by the time parties reached the Compensation Pond, a fine rain was falling—quiet, but steady. Of course, all the out-door amusement was spoiled, and the visitors had nothing for it but to make the best of the little boat-house parlor; which certainly could not have accommodated them but for the fact that half the company had mistaken the *rendez-vous,* and gone to *Habbie's Home* instead. They proceeded to console themselves with the tempting contents of the lunch-baskets; and while the table was being laid, the children betook themselves to the door, Charlie to spit in the water and look out over the misty hills and the broad sheet which placidly reposed above the chapel of St. Catharine; Angelina to soar undisturbed on the wings of an entranced imagination. For among the carriageful of ladies from Edinburgh was one of such transcendent beauty that the little girl, always on the look-out for beauty in every department, was fairly bewitched, and could think of nothing else. Not one of the Fairy-tale heroines could compare with her; Cinderella, Beauty (and the Beast), Fortunio, and the Princess in the *Yellow Dwarf* were but common mortals in comparison. What, then, was her delight when, summoned to dinner, she found her cover laid between her mother and the Beautiful Lady whose large, soft, kindly eyes and lovely lips smiled on her occasionally, relegating to a distant background all the delights of savory pie and jelly tartlet! Then came dessert, pleasantly social, and lingeringly spun out, the memorable feature of which was a song from the Beautiful Lady. Oh, that song! and that voice! Pure and sweet as honey, powerful and steady as the stroke of a skilled oarsman, the notes swelled and rang through the room—

"Oh! Bonnie Nannie!
My sweet little Nannie!
My dear little, sweet little, dear little Nannie!
There ne'er was a flower
In garden or bower
Like Auld John Nicholson's Bonnie Nannie!"

Angelina had heard some good singing, but never singing like that. The fair *cantatrice* was Miss Paton, not only a songstress of some celebrity, but also a poet; witness her world-admired lyric, *Kathleen Mavourneen.*

Alas, that an experience so delightful should have a tragic sequel! But such is Life! It happened that among the Roslin folk Angelina enjoyed, unknown to herself, quite a Lilliputian celebrity as a musician. It was a prime amusement among the young ladies to set up the little five-year-old at the piano, and get her to play for them. So long as it was only a matter of being perched on a music-stool, and rendering—very fairly, and with creditable bass—popular lilts, and fragments gathered from the performances of the young ladies themselves, Angelina did not mind; she would as soon play as not; it was quite a matter of course. But singing was a different thing. She sang to herself without stint; but to be asked to sing before anyone but Charlie was as death to her—it was worse than polywogs. What, then, was her consternation when some misguided individual suggested that she favor the present company with a song! She looked despairingly at her mother, then at the Beautiful Lady, but found no relief; for the latter supported the motion with an encouraging smile, and the former with a few kind but fatally encouraging words. The instinct of obedience prevailed, and Angelina struck up a little Swiss canzonet with which she was familiar. Scarcely had she sung three bars when the ludicrous contrast between her own small pipe and the glorious tones she had just been listening to struck her so forcibly, that a burst of grief and shame, and a flood of tears drowned out the performance, as she threw herself into her mother's arms. It was all in vain that mamma kissed and caressed; it was all in vain that the Beautiful Lady declared she had been doing very well indeed. Angelina knew better; and nothing could console her till papa—a curly-haired gentleman in the earlier thirties—came to the rescue, and dried her tears by announcing that thenceforth *he* was to be "Auld John Nicholson," and *she* was to be his "Bonnie Nannie."

The arrangement proved permanent.

Ideals.

By Rev. Edward J. Walsh, C. M.

"THE memory of the heart", is characteristic of Loretto girls—none, it would seem, have a stronger claim on this "memory" than the dear Fathers of the Niagara University, ever mindful of our interests, and whose presence and delightful "talks" on so many instructive and interesting topics have varied the dull monotony of school routine, raised and ennobled our view of life, and awakened and directed our ambition by the study of great minds and high ideals.

Father Walsh's "talk" on Ideals found a responsive chord in every heart. We hear, he said, a great deal about Ideals. We are bidden strive for the Ideal, and follow it whithersoever it lead us. At every stage of life it appeals to us. In our efforts for progress and culture, it inspires us; those who educate us are insistent upon our endeavor to attain it. It matters not if our theme be art or literature, or religion or life, the ceaseless cry is—Strive for the Ideal. What is the Ideal? Like St. Augustine who said he knew what time is, but asked, he could not tell, we find ourselves perplexed when we would describe it. The Ideal would seem to be something beyond us, calling us on, a voice from other worlds beckoning us to come. On we go, on and on, and yet the voice is still the same, as if we had not stirred. We seem to near it, but lo! as we proceed, the horizon recedes, and we seem farther than ever from the goal of our striving. I have said 'twould seem to be a voice from an outer world; it is only a seeming. The voice in reality is within, as the kingdom of God is within. It is the mind's grasp of beauty and truth and goodness. No need to tarry. Who has not felt those intense longings of the heart and soul? Who has not gazed into the Illimitable, and felt the heart thrill with a joy that is not of earth? Who has not heard that silent voice chanting in harmony that is more than terrene?

Those of you who are familiar with Tennyson, will probably recall Ida, the "Princess," who, feeling that her sex was not allowed its proper development, gathered about her a chosen band. Her chief principle is this, "O lift your natures up. Better not be at all than not be noble." The Ideal, truly. But we Catholics point to something greater than this—greater in its origin, greater in its scope. It seems to me that the keynote of the Ideal in the modern world—and by the modern world I mean the world permeated by the light of the Incarnation—was struck by the Divine Christ Himself in those few words, beautiful as mysterious, "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." This would seem, perhaps, to be a thoroughly religious point of view—a religious principle merely. So it is. The Ideal is naught else, it can be naught else. "Higher still and higher" with Shelley's "Skylark" is the never-ending cry. And if we are responsive we are going to God. All progress is God-won. No matter what phase of life or education, any true advance must be towards God. What is education, what is culture, but the seeking of the Ideal, and what is the Ideal but the refining of the soul, polishing it, rubbing off the dross of vice and passion and ignorance. The soul is the gem, we must bring forth its beauty and its sheen, and when highly polished, the Christ-image appears. The Ideal then is bringing out the Christ-image in the soul. Can the Ideal, therefore, be aught but spiritual? After all, what intrinsic worth has anything apart from the spiritual? Yet many there are that fear it. We need not in any case, much less when there is question of the Ideal.

I believe I touch the central point in education and culture when I say it is developing the soul, the mind, the heart—the whole being. It is nothing more or less than the soul seeking and attaining its destiny. And the soul yearns for this. Yet it were a wail, as of the lone sea-roar, if it were not in our power to cultivate our soul. But effort is required—strong, vigorous, unerring effort. Michael Angelo once stood before an unhewn rock of marble. He thrilled as he saw the possibilities that lay therein. There is an angel in that marble, said he, and with this chisel I shall liberate it. There is an angel within us —an angel of goodness, an angel of truth, and we must liberate it. And how? By the chisel of high thought and noble endeavor.

To say it is necessary to have an ideal were to utter a truism. If we strive not, we shall never attain. If we soar not, we must grovel. We are scarcely living if we are not yearning for something more than we have, or rather yearning to be something more than we are. Longing is life. Only when we dream noble dreams of heights yet unattained are we truly alive. The youth or

maiden who ceases to struggle for the ideal, is old, and the gray-haired man or woman, still yearning and hoping and loving, is young. The soul never grows old. Our yearnings, like our lives, reveal our inner selves. We must aim for the highest. Sir Philip Sydney tells us that he who shoots at the midday sun, though he shall never hit it, will yet strike higher than he who only aims at the bush. And it is wise to recall that we cannot stand still. Life is a stream. If we struggle not, the current shall bear us backward. We must toil ceaselessly, else we lose the glory we have won. The struggle need not terrify us. The lover labors, yet he toils not if he but attain his love. In striving for ideals, we are seeking our love, and effort is sweet. Who would falter or grow weary?

Strange as it may appear, we all have ideals, we must have them. Whether we realize it or not, this is so. If they are not good, they must be bad. It is a contradiction in terms to speak of a bad ideal, but it serves a point of explanation. Probe the inmost sentiments of your heart, and you will find there something leading you on. You are striving for something, you are impressed deeply by some thoughts or emotions. Something holds your spirit captive. Is your ideal good—or evil? That it must be good or bad bids us seek the true Ideal, else we love the darkness.

The true Ideal—what or who is the one great Ideal? None other than Christ. Here again we touch the spiritual, but none other can satisfy the human heart—the heart, restless as the ocean wave, that God alone can soothe and solace. Christ is the Eternal Ideal. All other ideals, for we may speak in the plural number, are but rays of light radiating from this Divine Light. We must then strive to be like unto Christ. He must be the inspiration of our lives. We must imitate Him; we must think as He, speak as He, act as He. Only in this way can we hope to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect.

In talking of ideals to young ladies, I would err did I not likewise present as an ideal her who is alike the Queen of earth as Queen of heaven—Mary, the Virgin. She is the ideal woman, and you are going astray if you are not trying to be like her—if she is not your ideal. She is the queen of womanly virtues, she is the paragon of womanly excellence. Imitate her lovely charity, her sweet humility, her maiden modesty. Seek her, and you shall find her Son, find her and her Son, and you have found the Ideal. Seek the Divine Light—Christ. Follow the Morning Star, and it will lead you to Bethlehem. There alone shall you find the Ideal. Never shall you grasp it till, in the light of the great White Throne, you bask in the supernal joy of the Beatific Vision.

BEATRICE BECK.

The Power of Literature.

LITERATURE! Life! What power, what meaning, what suggestiveness in those two words! Well may lovers of the former define it by the latter, for in truth literature is life,—life, with its period of infancy, youth and maturity, but *not* old age.

To those of us who have passed from the babyhood of our literary lives and are enjoying the delights of youth, how pleasant is the retrospective glance we lovingly cast upon the days when we clapped our tiny hands as old Mother Goose entertained us with her extraordinary rhymes, and little Red Riding Hood and Cinderella possessed for us personalities as truly living as did our daily playmates,—I do not mean to insinuate that the rhymes and thrilling tales mentioned are literature—and how joyous and full of promise is the eager anticipatory vision we form of the future when we shall have acquired a more intimate acquaintance with loved authors!

This fair vision of our future literary lives is not saddened by any dread of an old age when feebleness shall deprive us of the enjoyment of these pleasures. We know from the experience of others that they will remain replete with ever-increasing attractions. Although youth can enthuse over favorite literary gems with its own interpretation, we are assured that this appreciation of literature will continue augmenting as we persevere in yielding to its charming influence, for we must *live out* our literature in order to have it accomplish in us the effect for which it is destined. And is this effect pleasure in the sense of the gratification experienced by the non-critical in the perusal of books with no depth of thought, or originality of ideas? No! its aim is infinitely higher than amusement, it is education, it is "the soul's awakening." Ah, by this last purpose is its real value expressed.

Who has not emerged from the depths of some impressive book to see life as she never saw it



MEMBERS OP ST. CATHARINE'S LITERARY CLUB.

before, to see how she can "idealize her reals" and make many circumstances to which before she had perhaps been quite indifferent, productive of great joy? Some have only been awakened to an appreciation of nature by seeing what intense pleasure others derive from a contemplation of it; only after studying the glowing descriptions of the poets, are they able to behold—

"The light that never was on land or sea
The inspiration and the poet's dream."

But of what avail is it to enthuse over a poem descriptive of natural scenery, if after reading it we do not see the beauties of nature which surround us?

How does it improve us in any way to read a spiritual book if we do not ourselves become more spiritual? Or what advantage is there in reading essays on art if afterwards our self-chosen environments are inartistic? But if, on the contrary, we are enabled to delight in nature's ever-varying charms, if we feel inspired to make new efforts to attain perfection, and if our surroundings bear the impress of exquisite taste, then we have *"lived out"* our literature.

Holmes has used a very appropriate comparison which clearly illustrates the necessity of carrying our literature into our daily lives. He likened the exquisite reflections which he offers us in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" to stained-glass windows which, viewed from without seem but so many pieces of dull glass, seen from within they display all their magnificence. So it is with all literature; a mere *reader* may be dimly conscious that certain masterpieces possess beauties which are indeed hidden because he is unable to enter into the author's meaning. But to one who *studies* these same works, who tries to profit by their teachings and in whose every action their influence is clearly perceptible, in what radiant beauty all the lofty sentiments stand forth, and what skilful workmanship, what delicate tintings are revealed!

In its influence, in its luring invitations to a noble life, and in its power to enkindle a desire for all that is truest and highest, literature is surpassed only by Religion, and even to Religion it is an almost indispensable aid, without it all the incidents of our Divine Redeemer's life would be known to us only by Tradition; all His loving words of comfort and promise would not be so available in our times of need. The greatest minds of all ages are unanimous in declaring the Bible infinitely superior to any uninspired book. Since literature holds such a prominent place, even in Religion, it is not surprising that it should have a very great effect on its admirers. The study of one good book is sufficient to change the current of a whole life, and nothing is more beneficial in the formation of character. For instance what girl could study Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" and not feel in honor bound to deserve the high place assigned to woman in "Queen's Gardens?"

Can any one bestow an hour's honest thought on the subject and not bow in recognition of literature's exalted mission, which is, in the language of Lewes, to be "Our silent instructor, our solace in sorrow, our relief in weariness"?

KATHLEEN M. MARSHALL.

To the Graduates of Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

The years, the months, the days of your young lives
Have glided by and ushered into view
The great, eventful moment which proclaims
That other skies are soon to smile on you.

Bright memories adorn your retrospect;
They shine resplendent through the years' dim haze.
No purer gems could grace a maiden's brow,
Than these fair records mirrored in your gaze.

From fount of knowledge sweet have been the draughts,
Refreshing thirsting minds, yet not to drown
The aspirations of true hearts that learned
A value greater than a laurel crown.

The undercurrent of your daily lives,
That warmed your coldness, tempered your desire,
Has ever been the maxim: Seek ye first
God's kingdom. Could there be a precept higher?

Your future lies before you unexplored,
Screened from all eyes in wondrous mystery.
Whate'er the revelation will unfold,
"In Omnia Paratae" may you be.

DOROTHY B.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
By the Students of Loretto Convent,
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

ANNA MERLE. JANE GORMAN.
MARY MERLE. MARGARET HENRY.
CAROLINE BABCOCK. MAY HENNESSEY.
FRANCES REILLY.

Subscription price, $1.00 per year, in advance. Address all communications to

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

JULY, 1904.

June and joy!—chastened by farewells to a little world of many enchantments, and for all its obligations of labor, to many of its children the only country they shall ever know from which the light of enchantment can never fade. The very consciousness that the anticipated joy is grasped makes the beauty that once enticed the youthful mind a source of anguish to the fortunate possessor, who now realizes that it was only distance that made the scene enchanting. Alas! that the illusion should vanish, that the spell should be broken.

*

From the Institute house in Cambridge comes the gratifying intelligence—"We have secured a beautiful house and grounds overlooking the University Botanic Gardens—the latter cover nearly forty acres—in a very desirable neighborhood. The house belonged to the late Protestant Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Philpott. His widow, who was blind, survived him twelve years. After her death—which occurred last February—the property was offered for sale and we bought it. Many amusing episodes marked our departure from Furness Lodge."

Since our last issue, two venerable and widely-separated members of the Institute—S. M. Frances Walsh, Loretto Convent, Darjeeling, India; and S. M. Pulcheria D'Arcy, Loretto Convent, Bray, Ireland—passed to the blessedness of everlasting peace and rest. Easter in heaven! is the thought that is uppermost in our minds as we write, for the summons came to these saintly jubilarians when triumphant Alleluias proclaimed the Resurrection glory, and fragrant lilies, the beauty of risen souls.

*

Never, perhaps, did bereavement such as our Heavenly Father, in the inscrutable designs of His Divine Providence, has seen fit to send to our dear companions, Beatrice and Marjorie Beck, and their estimable father, N. D. Beck, K. C., Edmonton, Alberta, elicit more heartfelt sympathy, more sincere expression of sorrow in our midst, where all that loving hearts could do to console and comfort and assuage the anguish of their stricken hearts has been done. Who that has witnessed that anguish can ever forget it—can ever forget the tearful tribute of these devoted children to the ideal mother, whose tender, thoughtful helpfulness they now so sadly mourn! But, with truly edifying Christian fortitude they bear the trial, consoled by the thought of her exemplary life, and mindful that death is not devoid of a sense of holy calm, a sort of solemn peace connected with the memory of the lost one.

Very impressive were the funeral services, during which Rev. H. Leduc, O. M. I., touchingly eulogized the virtuous life of the deceased. Taking for his text the words of St. Paul: "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith," he spoke of the kindness, amiability and unbounded generosity of Mrs. Beck, of her zeal for the house of God, her zealous devotedness to religious instruction, her great faith in the Real Presence of our Lord, and her self-sacrificing work in the cause of religion. She truly had fought the good fight and kept the faith, and the source of her faith and her generosity was

her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, to the Blessed Person and Heart of Jesus—the food of her soul. Depending on Christ's promises to give life everlasting, fortified by the sacraments of the Church, she passed, we have every reason to hope, to the enjoyment of her reward, during the long and blissful years of eternity.

We desire to convey to Mr. Beck, through the columns of the RAINBOW, renewed expression of our sympathy in the loss he has sustained of the admirable partner of his joys and sorrows—but grief finds assuagement in the sweet memory of a life so pure and good, and the bright hope of an eternal reunion.

*

Heartiest congratulations to our sister students across the sea, at the grand old historic Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, on their success at the Physical Culture Contest!

The Loretto Physical Education Society is said to be the finest of its kind in the United Kingdom. Each year, the well-known authority on physical education, Mr. Claque, N. P. E. S., comes over from Birkenhead as judge, and this year he found it no easy matter to decide which of the seven Ladies' Colleges which entered in the various classes, should bear off the trophies. A crowded and fashionable audience witnessed the contests, on each occasion, and on every side the grace and charm of movement of these young ladies elicited continued admiration.

The coveted Fox Cup for Indian clubs was carried off by Loretto College, Stephen's Green. The exercises in Indian clubs are the most advanced, and require the most grace and dexterity, therefore, it was not surprising that the Cup should have been won by the "graceful Green girls," as they have been aptly named. This team had for instructor Mr. Hat. Four centre gold medals were also won by this College.

The Erin Cup for junior marching was won by Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, and also the Spencer Shield for junior dumb-bells. The instructor was Sergeant-Major Wright. Several gold medals were also obtained by the Abbey for solo work.

To Loretto, George's Street, fell the Irish Shield for junior bar-bells. The Ladies' Colleges in Wexford and Rathmines came very near the top when all the marks were added, and doubtless they will prove no mean opponents at the next contest.

*

In connection with our resuming, in this issue, the reproduction of the "Painted Life" of Mary Ward, it may not be amiss to quote from a letter received by the Superior of St. Mary's Convent, Micklegate-Bar, York, from the Vicar of Osbaldwick—"Having been appointed by the Archbishop of York to be the Vicar of Osbaldwick, in the place of the late Mr. Umpleby, R. I. P., I am greatly interested to find that I am the legal guardian of the grave and tombstone of Mary Ward, the saintly foundress of your Institute. I have the two published editions of her life—abridged and unabridged—the more I have read of her the more I admire the character and foresight of that remarkable woman."

*

We have received from Benziger Bros., New York, "The Strong Arm of Avalon," by Mary T. Waggaman, a story of those times when the Catholic faith was forbidden in, and Catholic priests were banished from, the Colonies. It is an exciting story, one that takes hold of the interest and of the heart, and never relaxes its hold until the end is reached.

Giles Ventnor, the leading character, is a handsome, sturdy youth, with the pride of religion and love for his Church greater even than his pride of birth and love of his ancestral home. He claims the sympathy of his readers in the very first chapter. We follow him through his perilous journeys and his narrow escapes more as if he were a dear friend than a story-book hero.

*

"The Fatal Beacon," by F. von Brackel, has also been received.

The Beacon was a well-known landmark, situ-

ated in an isolated part of a German forest, around which had grown many superstitions. In order to reach the village at which the yearly market was held—at which time the story opens—many people had to pass it, among others a band of strolling players. One of these players bore an unsavory reputation. His brother, Frederic, of an entirely different character, was also going to the fair, accompanied by Marie, with whom he was in love. He thought that his brother was in America—and when he met him was much disturbed. From this point the story proceeds in interesting fashion. The Fatal Beacon is connected with it in many ways, and turns out to be the meeting-place of a band of counterfeiters. Much trouble is caused Frederic by his resemblance to his older brother. Marie and he part, and he is made so unhappy by his brother's presence and by the misery it causes all around that he leaves the country.

His brother then emigrates to America, where he meets with reverses, and finally dies. After his death his wife returns to the country and child she has deserted; and everything is cleared up satisfactorily for Frederic and Marie.

The story is told well and clearly, and has a certain subtle charm that fascinates. The principal characters are simple, good-hearted people, and Marie's high sense of courage impresses itself upon the reader as the tale goes on.

*

A handsome book-stand of elaborate workmanship, the gift of our always-generous friend, Mr. F. Merle, of Chicago, is the centre of admiration in the *sanctum*. The classic lore contained in the pages of the volumes confided to its keeping, is a joy to the student booklovers, whose appreciative gratitude the RAINBOW bears to the kind donor.

*

Many distinguished people have passed away recently, and, although the world will be deprived of their bodily presence, yet a strong individuality leaves an impression that death cannot obliterate. Mrs. S. J. Lippincott—Grace Greenwood—was one of these. Her work in the lecture field, her excellent literary productions, her genial disposition and sympathetic nature won admirers and warm friends. She was a graceful, interesting writer, her books were very popular, and one of the secrets of her success was embodied in her extreme carefulness. She did not claim to be an inspired authoress who could "dash off" a story or poem without looking over it again; she revised and re-revised her work, which was a trial to her publishers, no doubt, but the result of this habit gave to her readers perfect English, smooth construction and fine style. Mrs. Lippincott was a student of nature and humanity, and, as Grace Greenwood, revealed her sweetest thoughts, her high ideals—her valuable knowledge. Her place in the world was so distinctive that she will never be forgotten, and that is not to die.

At the age of eighty years this noble woman left all earthly things to renew her youth in the larger sphere, the ecstatic happiness of the place prepared for her—the place of promise and reward.

*

A life true to the noblest ideals of womanhood was closed on the fourth of May, when Death claimed our esteemed friend, Mrs. Livinia Harvey Wimmer, St. Mary's, Pa. Referring to her strong, affectionate, womanly character, the *Gazette* says: "Of her it might well have been said, as, indeed, it had been said, in the words of the Psalmist, and with justice, 'She looketh well in the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness,' and 'She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.' And now it may be with equal justice said of her, 'Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.'

Mrs. Wimmer's early life gave promise of strength of character as it did of true and beautiful womanhood, and the promise was fulfilled. But her chiefest charm, and the virtue by which she will be longest remembered in her very large

circle of acquaintance, was her devotion to husband, children, home and friends. Essentially domestic in her tastes, she believed in the home as the surest foundation of morality and good citizenship. Of intense but unobtrusive faith, she applied the principles of religion to her daily life, fearing nothing in all the world but wrong, and always uncompromising with injustice. With all her domestic tastes she was a brilliant woman, gracing any circle and impressing her strong personality upon all with whom she came in contact—her sweetest impress being upon the lives of the unfortunate, the erring, or the suffering.

Mrs. Wimmer was proud of her faith with the humility of a true Catholic, and she was proud of an ancient and honorable American ancestry, dating back far into the colonial days, the first of her ancestors, Simon Ruffner and his wife, Eva Maria, coming from Germany, in 1684, and settling first in Delaware, and subsequently in the valley of the Shenandoah, where the family lived until 1787, when they crossed the mountains and settled on the Youghiogheney, in what was then believed to be Augusta county, Virginia, but assigned to Pennsylvania on the final settlement of the boundary line. Among the first records of the ancient church at Goshenhoppen, Pa., is the record of the baptism of the grandchild of Simon and Eva Maria Ruffner, on February 4th, 1745, by the Rev. Ferdinand Farmer, S. J., the parents having travelled from Luray county, Virginia, there being no Catholic priest in the neighborhood of their home.

In the Catholicity of her ancestry Mrs. Wimmer took a profound joy, and in their devotion to the cause of the colonies and in the sacrifices made by them she rejoiced fervently, though never obtrusively. The principles she imbibed in girlhood she supplemented by fervent prayer and faith, and it was her dearest wish and most sincere prayer, at all times, that she might be given grace to persevere unto the end and recive the crown of righteousness.

May she rest in peace, and may He who doeth all things well receive her unto a happy eternity, and give comfort to those whose hearts are afflicted in her death."

Through the columns of the RAINBOW we beg to convey to Mr. Wimmer, her bereaved husband, and to Very Rev. Aloysius Blakely, Vice-Rector of the Scala Santa, Rome, her brother, the assurance of our sincere and prayerful sympathy.

*

As we go to press, our sister students at the dear old Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, write us—"Music exams. going on—Dr. Vincent, from London, is examiner.

Sr. Gonzaga Cunningham—formerly of Chicago—has a large number in her 'Domestic Science Class'—there are three divisions—they, too, will be examined."

*

The shadow of the Death Angel's wing has fallen athwart the sunshine of the Closing hours, during which the purified spirit of the venerable Mother Mary Regis Harris went forth to meet the heavenly Bridegroom, whom she had espoused in faith and love fifty-one years before. Anxiously had she awaited the coming of the heaven-sent messenger—yet patiently was borne the delay—and with lamp trimmed and burning, for the oil of deeds well done had been garnered during life, the morning light of eternity found her ready to obey the glad summons home.

Slowly and peacefully the end came. Conscious of its near approach, the weary sufferer reiterated her request for prayers and, after a fervent aspiration for mercy, quietly breathed her last. By a remarkable coincidence, her sister, Mrs. Davis of Detroit, passed away a few days before. On being told of her death, Mother Regis calmly raised her eyes and murmured, "God be merciful to her dear soul!"

Few names are more intimately associated with the early days of this Loretto—the building of which she superintended—than that of the dear deceased, the record of whose tireless labors, when the Master's work was to be done—labors so cheerfully entered on, so eagerly pursued, so

fruitful in their result, lies in the hearts of those years, glorified now by the Master's approving smile. The lordly maples and evergreens whose spreading branches afford such grateful shade, the beautiful shrubs and rose trees that now shed their perfume around her grave, were planted by her hands—one wish alone remained ungratified—to live to see the new chapel built in commemoration of the Golden Jubilee of Loretto of the Blessed Sacrament, Niagara Falls! God decreed otherwise. She has gone to a land that knows no regrets. When the "temple wrought by hands" shall appear, an added glory to the noble pile that now crowns the hill, may it still be in our power to testify the love and gratitude of which this departed religious is so truly deserving.

*

The sufferings of the child-saint of the Roumanian Loretto at Bucarest, are over at last—her pure soul has winged its flight to the abode of the blessed. "Dear little Emily," writes our *Correspondent,* "died very quietly. On her sweet face relief from dreadful suffering could be seen—she lay like an angel on her death-bed—such is she now, watching over and praying for the Community who loved her.

You have, doubtless, heard of the trip taken on the Danube by the King, Queen, and the Princess Mary and her children. The pupils of our house in Braila, accompanied by several of the nuns, including myself, went to welcome their Majesties. The Queen—in fact, the whole Royal Family, was enthusiastically greeted. The only drawback was the weather—a cold wind blew and made the Danube so rough that some of our pupils and nuns on board a steamer accompanying their Majesties as far as Galatz, were quite seasick—which, of course, lessened the pleasures of an otherwise delightful sail.

All Roumania, and we, with the country, are much grieved at the continued drought. Almost everything is destroyed and dried up, no corn, no mais, to be seen, no food for the cattle. Prayers have been said, processions have taken place—so far our prayers have not been heard—misery will be the result if God does not help.

I am glad to see the Queen's works appreciated by your French pupils. Should something new come out, I will remember you."

*

We have received from Benziger Bros., New York, a copy of the new edition of "The Imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," with morning and evening prayers, devotions for Mass, confession, communion, etc., by Rev. F. Arnoudt, S. J.—translated from the Latin by I. M. Fastre.

The book which is here presented to the English-speaking public, is one of those works which possess a merit of their own. The general favor with which it has been received throughout Europe, and the high commendations bestowed upon it, leave no room for doubt that it will be equally welcomed in America, where it was originally composed. It is a book of rare merit, and worthy of keeping company with the immortal "Following of Christ," which it resembles, in teaching the highest practical truths, unfeigned esteem of genuine virtue, and a generous spirit of self-denial.

Second Appearance of the "Niagara Rapids Musical Club."

A FORMAL invitation was extended to us on Thursday, by the members of the above musical organization to attend another of their brilliant (?) performances. The entrance to the *sanctum* was literally besieged by the juvenile participants, each one eager to ascertain if her name would appear in print—the answer was evidently a matter of supreme import, as though life or death depended on it—judging from the serious countenances of all concerned. Their tiny nerves must have been at "concert pitch" when the summons came to line themselves in battle array for the Musicale.

The opening chorus, "Hymn to the Sacred Heart," was well sustained. At its conclusion, Miss Eleanor McManus stepped forward and gave two piano selections. Regarding for a moment the seat occupied by this tender speck of

humanity, our thoughts were inclined to revert to the "long, long ago," of which it is narrated—"There were giants in those days"—for the capacious chair was evidently the work of an artisan in some mammoth factory. Probably, we would not have noticed its gigantic proportions had they not been emphasized by the tot ensconced in it. Confidence was a striking characteristic of this sprightly performer, that confidence that is part and parcel of the beautiful simplicity inherent in the child nature, but which, alas! so often deserts it at the "dreaded dawn."

Miss Rita Coffey next appeared and entertained us with the familiar air, "Carnival of Venice." The billowy movement of the performer's head suggested "Life on the Ocean Wave"—probably, it was an attempt on her part to transport us to the wonderful city where, sailing in the gay gondola, we might hear the cry, "Già e—a premi. Già e—a stali.

"In the Forest" was the captious title of Stella Talbot's number. In vain did we listen for the roar of the Forest King—the fluttering of winged songsters and breath of gentle zephyrs, doubtless, indicative of the composer's frame of mind, were more in accord with the little performer's interpretation than with our vigorous imagination.

Suddenly we found ourselves in the mazes of a Polish national dance, "Polonaise," which Florence Cannon played very acceptably. It may be of interest to our readers to know that, although the "Polonaise" is of Polish origin, it is, at the present day, danced in Germany at the beginning of all Court balls.

The "Wayside Chapel" must have appealed to the devotionally-inclined — the descriptive morceau fell to the lot of Alice Ridout, who seemed to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the piece. The choral which has been introduced into this composition by the writer savored somewhat of "a limpid sweetness long drawn out."

De Koven's setting of Eugene Field's beautiful little poem, "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," was charmingly rendered by the club.

We were, however, recalled from Dreamland by the vivacious "Will o' the Wisp"—Kathleen Ridout interpreting with great ease and grace this sprightly little tone-poem.

Marjorie Beck's "Circus Parade" was well rendered. We may expect to hear more from this clever young musician in the future.

Katharine Lyons' "Curious Story," like all good stories, was short but full of meaning—its finale unique. The youthful exponent's sudden disappearance from the instrument led one to believe in her dread of an encore.

Orrell Harris seemed firmly convinced that the charm of music lies in slow rendition. Her selection, "Electra," was pretty, and Orrell carefully brought out all its beauty.

Fanny Coffey evinced a strong desire to convince the audience that her appearance in public was quite antagonistic to her feelings. Judging from her expression, she was indulging in a prolonged soliloquy, which terminated in an abrupt ending of the selection.

Marion Scully's beaming countenance bespoke the pleasure it gave her to invoke the Muse, and her playing elicited hearty applause.

Othelia de Gray, Frances Hawk, Mary Leary, Leonore Bampfield, and Josephine Kiep are to be congratulated on the correctness and finish of their work.

Florence Klause was not in the least abashed, notwithstanding the prolonged applause that greeted her efforts, for, as she herself expressed it, "I was nervous until I left the hall, but when I returned I was confident I could do it."

"Sweet Saviour, Bless Us Ere We Go" was a very fitting close to a thoroughly enjoyable little Musicale which, if not the most artistic, was certainly the most individually characteristic we have attended.

CAROLINE BABCOCK.

The Late Anton Dvorak.

THE sudden death of Anton Dvorak, the Bohemian composer, at Prague, on the first of May, was chronicled with regret throughout the musical world, for he had been one of its impressive figures for a number of years, and was endowed with the divine gift of melody to a greater extent than any of his contemporaries. Indeed, with the glorious melodies which he wrote for orchestra and for instruments, it is strange and to be regretted that he never got a good book for the operas which he wished to compose. But Dvorak was more than a melodist with a wide and thorough knowledge of orchestral form. He was an individualist. He was first of all himself, then he was Bohemian, and then he was Slav. The barbaric freedom of Western Europe rings through his compositions and makes them vital. It was just this faith in individuality and genuineness that made him helpful to music

in America. As there is no white folk song in the country, he conceived the idea that Negro melodies and Indian chants must be the foundation of an American school. In illustration of his theory he wrote his famous symphony, "From the New World"—first performed by the Philharmonic Society under Anton Seidl, in 1893—and a hardly less famous, although less familiar, string quartet. Those compositions created a great deal of discussion and the symphony took its place on orchestral programmes the world over, by right of its melody, beauty and power. Even Schubert has hardly written anything more beautiful than that slow melody for the 'cellos. In Europe the symphony and quartet were hailed immediately on their performance there as revealing a new and delightful note which had not been heard in the Dvorak who sailed away.

A foremost representative of the Slavonic movement in modern music, an originator in symphonic form, and an instructor of rare ability, one of the charms of Dvorak's larger works was the exquisite orchestration, in fact, he was regarded as one of the best teachers of composition and orchestration, and pupils were always at his door. His fancy seemed to be inexhaustible and his grasp of the elements of form so complete, that it was said of him—"He thinks in symphonies."

The record of Dvorak's earlier compositions is involved in a good deal of doubt and perplexity. Many of the works were meant simply as exercises and were destroyed as soon as their purpose had been fulfilled. A string quintette was completed by 1862, which was followed shortly afterwards by two volumes of songs, printed later as Op. 2 and Op. 3. In 1865 came a symphony in B flat—Op. 4—and another in E minor. But why enumerate all his compositions during his early days!

In 1876, to equip himself with a greater freedom, he resigned his post as organist and began to devote his life almost entirely to the more pressing needs of composition. The immediate result was the creation of a masterpiece which, had he written nothing else, would suffice to rank him among the greatest composers of our time. It may be possible that in the "Stabat Mater" there are a few imperfections, but its opulence of melody, its warmth of color, its exquisite beauty of theme and treatment are far more than enough to condone any real or imaginary defects. His characteristic national dances, entitled "Slavische Tänze," brought him at once into public favor. Henceforward his reputation was established beyond dispute. Like Byron, he awoke to find himself famous, and to look back upon the times of darkness and disappointment as a man looks back upon his dreams.

It has been said that, Dvorak, like Schubert, could "set a handbill to music," so that there is little wonder that Europe should feel itself the richer for a gift so unexpected and so abundant.

Appointed Musical Director in New York, in 1891, Dvorak made every effort to foster the national music of America. It would have been a noble ending to a noble career had the maestro transmitted some of his secret and called into being a richer music.

A recent writer, speaking of American music, says: "The plantation song should be earnestly studied by our musicians in order that it may influence their genius in the same manner and degree in which Norse, German, and Russian folk song has influenced Grieg, Brahms and Tschaikowsky. The melodic curve, the rhythmic quality, the peculiarity of spoken language, as focused in this song, the sentiment—in short, all the traits of the plantation song—are distinctly American. Hence it is there, whence the truly American symphony must come."

These ideas are exactly Dvorak's put into plain English. He considered America a land of abundant energy and resource, but not a land for a musician to live in, so he returned to his beloved Bohemia, in 1901, and was elected to the parliament of his country. We trust that the triad of years—his last spent on earth—in his native home brought happiness and peace. Whether or not the Bohemian composer hastens the day of an American "school," he has at least left the world better and richer for much strong, vital, sunny, melodious music. Neither his Slavic dances, his symphonies nor his quartets will die easily, and so long as they are played the world will be the better for Dvorak. ANNA MERLE.

There is nothing which adds so much to the treasures of the mind and increases its power as its own thinking. It is all very well to hear and read the wisdom of others—one should not let this take the place of one's own thought. Many persons are like cisterns, good to hold the thoughts of others, but when the time comes that they are forced to rely on themselves, they have no power to do so.



MEMBERS OF ST. CATHARINE'S LITERARY CLUB.

Everybody's Column.

APROPOS of the marriage of Sir Henry Bedingfield, who bears a name familiar to every student of English history, our readers may not be aware that an ancestress of his—Frances Bedingfield—was the foundress of the convent of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Micklegate-Bar, York; which, for the past two hundred years has efficiently and conscientiously carried on the work of education.

The chronicler tells us that, through the instrumentality of Frances Bedingfield, one of the companions of Mary Ward's declining years, and ultimately through the benefactions of Sir Thomas Gascoigne, "the patriarch of the northern Catholics," a Community of the Institute of Mary carried on in York a heroic work for souls. The foundress of the "Bar" convent, as the old York institution is affectionately called, belonged to the great old Catholic family of the Bedingfields of Oxburgh, in Norfolk, which, in the hottest days of persecution, never conformed—when persecution came, Oxburgh, great and stately, mellowing in the sun and the east wind within the walls of its park, was a fortress of God, where His soldiers were trained and equipped to carry His banner in face of a doom so savage and awful that it blanches the cheek even to think of it. High birth and station, beauty and youth and great gifts, did not avail to secure one from the rack and the pincers, "the scavenger's daughter," the thumb-screw, and the other terrible varieties of torture; or from that last agony of a shameful death, and the horrible degradation of dismemberment and disembowelling.

Sir Henry Bedingfield, Frances' great-grandfather, was Governor of the Tower to Mary Tudor, and, in his own house of Oxburgh, a jailer of that most slippery captive, Princess Elizabeth. His grandson, Frances' father, married, about 1600, Katharine Fortescue, a lineal descendant of Blessed Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Shrewsbury, who was martyred in the very first days of persecution.

Oxburgh Hall, whence Frances Bedingfield and nine of her sisters went forth to join various religious orders, is a great moated house of red brick, the four square walls of it enclosing a courtyard, and the whole lying pleasantly and sunnily in a green park, with many woods on the horizon. One crosses the moat by a bridge, replacing the drawbridge. The turreted gateway by which one enters is, as old Blomefield called it, "a majestic tower," with its arch 22 feet long by 13 broad, and its four corner turrets, 80 feet in air. In the chambers of this tower Queen Elizabeth was captive. There used to be a great hall of Oxburgh over against the wide gateway, fashioned like Westminster Hall, with oak ceilings, equal in height to the 54 feet of its length, and beautiful oriel windows. It was from this stately home Frances Bedingfield went out to a work of toil and prayer and to imminent martyrdom.

When sixteen years of age, Frances was placed under the care of Mary Ward—a woman of such extraordinary largeness and splendor of heart, mind and soul, that she must have had few, if any, equals in the time in which she came. Her name was held in high reverence by the Catholic gentry of England, many of whom, in Yorkshire, were friends and connections, and for whose children's education she had primarily established her Institute. So at Heworth, in Yorkshire, or in Paris, or wherever she might be, the young daughters of the flower of English nobility were sent to her, that she might make noble women of them, fit to be the wives and mothers of men and women who might any day be called upon to suffer for the faith. Thus little Frances was very fortunate in having such a model before her, destined as she was to mould the minds and hearts of a generation of children in England's oldest religious house.

Frances had the Bedingfield beauty of regular features and clear and exquisite complexion. Added to this, her face spoke of quiet courage and undaunted will, softened by a most tender and gentle expression. A great magistrate of York—Dorothy Bedingfield, her niece, informs us—told her that he could never look upon Frances except with awe, she had "so majestical a presence."

Quite consonantly with the unvarying law, that the crown is to be won by the cross, when Frances Bedingfield returned with her religious sisters to England, seven years after Mary Ward's death, it was to begin her apostolate with imprisonment; in London first, and afterwards in the loathsome dungeons of Ousebridge, in York. These were troublous times, but there was a lull after the accession of James II., which, however, was not to be long-lived; still the nuns at the "Bar" were

established there, and survived any disturbance that came. Once, in 1694, there was a descent of pursuivants upon the house, but God interposed. As they were about to enter the chapel, where the altar lamp was burning rosily, the whole band was suddenly stopped on the threshold. Something within them or without them turned away their faces and their footsteps, and they left the place quietly.

Soon after this miraculous interposition of Divine Providence, Frances Bedingfield and her niece, Dorothy, were imprisoned in Ousebridge jail; it was the third imprisonment for Frances, who was now approaching fourscore. From the jail she wrote a letter to the Protestant Archbishop, Dr. Sharp, which is an admirable and touching example of Christian meekness and patience: "I know," she writes, "Your Grace is so full of mercie and pitty, that you can't but think a prison must goe hard with me, who want but two yeares of eighty yeares old, besides being weak and infirme. We have lived in this town eight yeares, and I am sure none will say but we have carried ourselves in quiet and civily, and always under greet submission to the Lord Maier and aldermen, and who if they had showed displeasure at our living here, as I told them, we would be gone; which if Your Grace commands now we will be ready to obey; or if we must remain in this dreadful place, I bless God we are very chereful disposed to doe His blessed will, whom I earnestly beg to direct you for the best, and to bestow large blessings upon you and your honorable lady."

Two other friends of Frances Bedingfield we must mention, whose help and protection availed her and the "Bar" convent in the troublous days that remained after her imprisonment. First, there was St. Anthony of Padua, whom, when the pursuivants had swooped on and taken away the vestments and altar plate, Mother Frances first implored and then threatened; he being, as we all know, the Saint who restores lost property. He must have smiled at her affection and her familiar insistence, for on the morning of his feast the things were left at the convent door by an unknown hand, nor was the intermediary ever discovered.

The other august friend and protector manifested himself more grandly. It was a time of No-Popery clamor, and Mother Frances was warned that a mob of wreckers was approaching the convent to destroy it, and offer the nuns one knows not what violence. She ordered a picture of St. Michael to be hung over the front door and commended the house to his protection and that of all the angels. Then she placed the Blessed Sacrament in her bosom, as she had permission to do; and, kneeling amid her nuns in the hall of the house, whose door the mob was approaching with shrieks of fury, she said fervently: "Great God, save Thyself; for we cannot save Thee." Suddenly the clamor ceased, and the mob moved off, without touching a brick or a stone. The nuns at their prayers knew nothing of what had happened; but afterwards several persons—non-Catholics—asserted that there had appeared in the sky a great horseman brandishing his sword, before which apparition the appalled wreckers vanished like smoke.

In commemoration of this there is annually a great procession at the "Bar" convent, on St. Michael's day, when that very picture of the soldier-angel is carried with much veneration. And you cannot visit a Loretto convent without finding him, in marble or in oil, slaying his enemy at the very threshold.

Three years later we find the venerable Rev. Mother Frances Bedingfield—in years the mother of the whole Institute, in virtue a model and shining light to all its members—summoned to Munich by the Rev. Mother-General Babthorpe, to take up the government of the mother-house there. The religious daughters over whom she had watched with motherly solicitude for more than thirty years, were called upon to surrender their mother and protectress, who, in her eighty-fourth year, and now the oldest member of the Institute, was asked to forsake the houses she had founded and the country in which she had firmly planted the Institute, and crown a life of no ordinary trials and sacrifices by an exemplary act of obedience. To us it seems hard to have asked her to undertake such a journey, but the Divine Will had been manifested, and this true daughter of the valiant, brave-hearted Mary Ward instantly commenced preparations for her departure. The cause of her transfer was an important one, and it resulted in a blessing of an incalculably high order. She did not rule long. It is touching to note that just a year before the close of her long life, in 1704, the Rules of the Institute received Papal recognition and approbation.

Far away from the convent at the "Bar," which she loved so well, Frances Bedingfield, full of years and merits, closed a life of profound hu-

mility and unalterable patience by a saintly death. The blessing which good Sir Thomas Gascoigne had invoked upon her—"the God of heaven give thee joy for the affliction thou hast suffered"—had its fulfilment. H. O. Y.

Club Birthdays.

AMONG the many days which have left a pleasant and lasting memory with the "Loretto Girl," the anniversary of her birth shines forth with peculiar radiance—I wonder which it is—mental or physical sensation—which has caused some dainty members of the S. C. L. to remember poor Maud's?

On the fifth of October, just as Nature had arrayed herself in resplendent glory, Pearl reached the height of her ambition—her nineteenth birthday!—but, sad to say, it has left a dignified and sanctimonious air where formerly was a bright and somewhat prankish expression. Poor Pearl!—will no one recommend a tonic to be taken on one's nineteenth birthday?

May's admirers, impatient of the midnight hour, declared she was no longer bewitching eighteen, stood upon the moonlit balcony, and serenaded her with that sweet, time-honored melody—"Bedelia." As the notes fell softly(?) from the guitar strings, the minstrel saw a vision in white appear at the window above and behold! it was May—laces, curls, ribbons and all, fluttering in the evening breeze.

The eighteenth of April was the occasion of a triple birthday—two of the lucky maidens were daughters of St. Catharine—let us hope they may never be obliged to braid her tresses. Louise and Anna made a pilgrimage to the great metropolis of Clifton, in celebration of the event. It is marvellous how they stood the excitement—Louise confided to me that, for days, her brain was confused by the glamour of shops, cars, and trading stamps. At the evening repast a winsome maid appeared, weighed down by her luscious burden—a huge cake boasting of nineteen candles, which she placed before Miss Anna. Luckily, none of us was born on the twenty-ninth of February.

It is pleasant to be popular, but if I were Louise, I would wish up-to-date admirers—hers seem rather behind the time. I wonder who was the sender of the unique purse and ill-omened shears? I feel it my duty to inform *it* that *its* gifts were eighteen days late!

Who does not remember the momentous occasion of Bertha's natal day and the improvised extension table to hold the cake and its adornments?

Some of the members have enjoyed, for the last time, these fêtes within the walls of their Alma Mater—will they ever again be as gladsome? In fancy we hear the echoed "Good-bye, we stay not long, and pass but once this way."

GLADYS WEST.

The Pickle Patch

THAS not yet been immortalized, deserving as it is of unfading fame! The occupants, I am sure, would not resist the intrusion(?) à la Mrs. Wiggs—and we can furnish many interesting particulars that, even at this date, afford us a hearty laugh; among which may be mentioned the first attempt of the smart and mischievous set to dress their hair à la Pompadour. In the days when *Pompadours* and *reds* were avowedly in disfavor, a short absence of their mistress afforded the "Pickles" the coveted opportunity to be stylish, as they said, for once in their lives. Headed by Crissy, they betook themselves to the dormitory—all ready to assist and be assisted in arranging fair locks. After several unsuccessful attempts, Juliet suggested making the usual accessories of towels. Crissy was the first victim. Her hitherto smiling visage was overclouded with painful expression as thoughtless Maud ran the comb hurriedly through her tangled curls. Then came the pinning of the r—t. Hairpins, hat pins, stick pins were brought into requisition—and all utilized. Juliet, seated before a mirror, was the last to undergo the ordeal. Her short, straight hair—which she had over and over again cut for various purposes—just touched her shoulders. Bursts of lamentation now accompanied the process, for it was found almost impossible to obtain satisfactory results. The finishing touches, however, were soon given and the jubilant "Pickles," conscious of added adornment, set out for the study hall—and the admiration they were sure to attract. But alas! for the vanity of human hopes. Quick as lightning flash the daring deed had reached the mistress. Pompadour was dethroned—and the vanity of the "Pickles"—who, in turn, were subjected to a very uncomplimentary review, before amused spectators. Next day, a tour of inspection was made to the favorite "Patch" of these

happy-go-lucky "Pickles," after which the mistress appeared with triumphant smile and captured mischief—exclaiming "I know where to catch the r—ts!" MARY MERLE.

The Japanese Fad.

SOCIETY must be amused—fads seem to constitute the amusement of the hour. The "Colonial Tea" has passed at last—how wearied we were of entertainers and entertained! Martha Washington must have felt an impulse to arise before the time at sight of the grotesque representatives of her stately self. And now the fair sex is seeking Japanese effects in entertainments, decorations and dress—let us hope it may be only "for a day." And now for the tale.

Mr. M., entering the drawingroom before dinner, is met by the startling apparition of his daughter, gowned in the misty creation, called "a Paris gown." But what is that which encircles her trim waist and ends in a butterfly bow at the back? Oh, it is only an obi—Miss M. is in sympathy with the Japanese.

At dinner Mrs. M. is rather flurried—she has been two hours in the hands of a hair-dresser. "What is that on her head?" is Mr. M.'s mental comment, for, to him, it looks like a miniature Gibraltar with flying pennants. To his timid inquiry Mrs. M. replies, "It is my hair dressed à la marumagi." Mr. M. finishes his dinner in mortal terror lest the structure which crowns the head of his devoted spouse should fall.

Seated in his office, Mr. M. is informed that a clerk wishes to see him. The man is admitted, and produces a bill for twenty Japanese fans, three bronze daimios, one Japanese tapestry, and three dozen Japanese flags—"Madam ordered them." "It is the fad!" and, with a sigh, he brings forth his check book and writes a check for the amount.

At two when he leaves the office and is about to step into his automobile, which awaits him in the street, he is rather non-plussed to find it literally covered with Japanese flags and favors. "What is the meaning of this, George?" he inquires of his chauffeur. "Well, sir, it is this way, sir, Madam ordered the coachman to decorate the horses with Japanese favors, which you know sir, is the fashion, and sir, as I have no horses to decorate I decorated the automobile." And the chauffeur pointed to the touring car, whose symmetrical lines were hidden beneath a profuse draping of Japanese flags. "Remove them immediately. Do you think I wish to ride through the streets like a circus acrobat?" And the indignant occupant, comfortably seated, wonders if time will eradicate the fad evil—especially the one for which the Land of the Rising Sun is responsible.

Upon his return home, Mr. M. glances into the reception-room. There, seated on tiny mats, in elaborate kimonos, are many of New York's most fashionable dames—Miss Zadia Ben Yusuf, who gives reliable information concerning manners and customs in the Mikado's land, is guest of honor. She is, indeed, a fascinating speaker, and, in view of the timeliness of her theme and the special study she has made of the home life of the Japanese, among whom she has been for two years, identifying herself with the natives so far as to subsist for a time on fish and rice, is listened to with rapt attention. "Madam is having a Japanese Tea," volunteers the butler, as, costumed à la Japonaise, he passes, bearing a tray laden with rice cakes, ices, and tea. Mr. M. flees to his den, but, instead of finding it cozy and comfortable as he had left it in the forenoon, to his dismay, it is entirely changed. Bamboo furniture, matting, tiny pipes, andon, lacquer tables, rice bowls have taken the place of the much-beloved old easy chairs and familiar objects. With a sigh he rings for his valet and dresses for dinner.

Evening brought not the desired rest—the grounds had been transformed into tea-gardens of bewildering colors. In the centre was a pagoda—in which Madam M. poured tea—looking as if a shower of lovely apple blossoms had just fallen upon the bamboo trelliswork. Nearby was the chrysanthemum tea-garden, and a pagoda of pink under the flower-laden boughs of a cherry tree. Fans, umbrellas, Japanese lanterns were lavishly used for further decoration.

Mr. M. retires but only to dream of a place where everything is Japanese and all the inhabitants daimios! About 2 a. m. he sees in the moonlight the weird face of Shogun staring at him from the corner of the mantel, a glint in his eyes that pierces the very wall. He rises, places the intruder in the dressing-room, and vows vengeance on all things Japanese.

In one way the Japanese fad might prove beneficial, if society were not too fond of dining, to live on *mochi* and *katsuobushi*.

GLADYS WEST.

Two Historic Bells.

IN the misty long ago a nobleman of France came up the Mississippi from New Orleans. His errand was to find a place for a trading post—a place on the great river whence the furs which the red man bartered to the white might be floated down to civilization.

Many a pleasant spot he saw, but always shook his head and said quietly, but firmly, "We will proceed, my friends."

On they went, past bluff, bar, and river's mouth, until one morning they came to a place where the land, instead of rising abruptly or going back for a mile in a low sandy beach, sloped gradually upwards hundreds of feet.

Here they landed, the Frenchman and his companions. They walked to the summit of the hill. To the east was the mighty river, its farther shore but a faint outline, and all around was forest.

As the Frenchman looked he said: "My friend, our search is over. Here shall be the spot—and more, for we now stand where, in coming years shall stand a great city."

And he planted a flag there and called the place after him who was to the French the greatest of men, St. Louis.

Years later, when a village grew there, the residents expressed one great wish; it was for a church bell. When in the evening the sounds of the Angelus should have floated out on the silent air, only the harsh beating of a drum told that it was the hour for prayer.

The people longed for a bell, and as none could be cast nearer than South America, they prepared to send for one.

For the silver that should give the tone nearly everyone contributed—one a teapot, another a tankard or a platter, still others, spoons.

How the silver was sent down, how the bell was cast, how it was stolen by pirates, ransomed and sent up the river, is a story too long to tell. But one day, when the barge came up from New Orleans, a package carefully wrapped up so as to conceal its contents, was brought to the house of M. le Curé.

The good priest, with two men to help him, climbed into the steeple of the little church, long before made ready, and hung the bell.

"Ring, my children!" he then called out. "Ring, and may God's blessing be on my flock."

The soft notes floated out, and all who heard them fell on their knees.

On that spot from where the bell's notes rang forth now stands the great Louisiana Purchase Exposition, but of all the bells that have proclaimed the wonders of the "Ivory City," none are sweeter than the one which first sounded the hour of evening prayer. N. W. R.

The Girls Who've Just Graduated.

WELL, girls, now that you have graduated, got your sheepskins, and are no longer merry, light-hearted, romping, rosy-cheeked schoolgirls, don't sit down and fold your pretty hands across your laps and musingly say, "What next?" Your education in the great school of life has only just begun. You have just come through the flowery garden of youth; you have been walking upon moss-covered paths of pleasure studded here and there with roses and evergreens, and just reached the foot of the hill of life—a rough and rugged hill, scattered with roses and flowers, under which grow thorns and thistles. Upon the top of that hill you can see the "beautiful gates ajar." Look up you'll never fall. Be careful where you put your pretty feet, lest in making the journey you tread upon thistles and thorns instead of flowers and roses.

May your young lives in the future be as happy as they have been in the past, and when you have reached the end of your journey, may you present such credentials to good old St. Peter as will make him give you a cordial welcome, and on "Commencement Day" may the Great Instructor of us all give each one and all of you the diploma of his grace—a crown of glory.

L. C. J.

Human nature is the greatest riddle in the universe, after all. In the face of the accumulated wisdom of centuries we go on in the same blind, mole-like way, year after year, making little mistakes that we never think of again till grave results follow in their wake. We sow a seemingly insignificant little breeze, and, later, we reap a whirlwind of disaster. And then we blame it all on fate.

We can always see the mote in another's eye, and all the while the beam in our own optic is growing larger and larger—here are some of the folk who are storing up trouble for themselves, or brewing it for immediate consumption.

Thoughts on Graduation.

"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all of the lessons are said."

WITH how many thoughts does this important period in young people's lives inspire reflective minds, regarding it not only as the close of their school career, but as a firm stepping-stone to higher aspirations that come with maturer years.

We hear much about "the advantages of education" and agree with those who deem scholarly attainments an important factor in life, but "vital, useful knowledge," that which Ruskin is continually putting before us, is what we are looking for, and, to follow our ever-practical guide more closely, that same knowledge identified with girls.

We know that the main essence of the Bible's teaching is the injunction to acquire wisdom, "for the gain thereof is better than fine gold." But with respect to girls we know that book-lore is not alone sufficient, and throughout life there are more practical lessons and perplexing problems to be solved. This fact has inspired our teachers with a noble purpose, that of training these budding maidens in paths of virtue that they may be lovely, gracious women, and their actions an incentive to those in the world who had not such models to show them those jewels of virtue that constitute the crown of womanhood.

Although our course of study has been pursued within sacred vestal limits, still our deep draughts at that select source of the Pierian Spring have not instilled into us such enthusiastic intellectual theories as characterized Tennyson's renowned "Princess," nor like her do we raise the cold and passive form of knowledge on a pedestal, but, as Tennyson expressed himself with great vehemence and earnestness in several passages throughout his works, we "hold knowledge not all in all."

So with the demise of schoolgirl years we bid farewell to many teachers and companions specially endeared to us by such close friendships as are oblivious of the rest of the world.

And the golden future? What promise does it hold for such youthful aspirants as we? What part shall we take in the world's great race? This we are not given to know. All our destinies are in His hands.

Whether called on by God to sway the populace, or to be simple "Queens" of households, shall we endeavor to fulfil our station and calling with rightful acceptance; in short, to be all that is highest and most cherished in woman.

As we, therefore, go forth with the attendant good wishes of all those who have watched the development of our young minds, we each instinctively breathe—

"I wait for my story, the birds cannot sing it,
Not one as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years O! bring it,
Such as I wish it to be."

KATIE SHIRLEY.

Beside the Rapids.

SPLASHING, whirling, tumbling, gurgling, the sheeny waters of St. Mary's rapids glisten before me. It is January, and the Canadian hills in the distance laden with their burden of winter's snow form a gorgeous glittering background for the landscape.

The icy waters have long ago driven the birds away and no sign of life is visible except an occasional fish-hawk which disappears within the tiny ice-caverns near the bridge-pier and emerges bearing his prize,—a silver fish. Where the roaring water, sending its glittering spray high and far, dashes against the black rock, it looks as if the fairies were casting handfuls of diamonds into the laps of the Nereids.

The overturned scow of last year is no longer to be seen, but in its place the Ice King has built a crystalline palace of such intricate architectural designs, which appears such a dazzling sight, that we sigh and wish Nature could always remain with us in her handsome winter garb.

The sea gulls have returned, the cold season is over, and our spring songsters are busily flitting to and fro, each trying to secure the strongest first-straw for his cosy nest, collecting bits of bright rag, bark and other necessaries. Flowers are peeping here and there—the dandelion and the violet are the first to awaken from their long nap and the half-leaved trees as they nod their heads, seem to whisper that spring is here.

I still see the stretch of small mountains on the Canadian shore, but the trees in their splendor of verdant beauty proclaim that Spring has given place to her elder sister Summer.

Now the birds are happily settled in their sum-



Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

mer homes. The breeze from the upper bay steals the petals of the full-blown wild-rose and scatters them over the grass. The hills and trees are a perfect harmony of coloring. Among the few rocks above the bridge some venturesome canoes are seen, and an immense one swishes around, and with one leap, clears the water and splashes into the foam. Breathless I watch the light craft as it plunges, now upon the crest of the wave, now hidden from sight, now a sudden lurch, now a steady swing for another direction, striving, dashing and flying over the foam until it shoots into the quiet calm of the smooth stretch of water beyond where only the murmuring tells of tumultuous rapids above.

Some evening a robin steals from his nest and slowly wings his way southward and even at that moment Autumn with a golden halo around her head is stealing to Summer's side—but why weep for Summer when Nature's beautiful season of glorious coloring and radiant sunsets has come?

Ah! it is beautiful to see the Rapids at twilight. Now our "black" rocks are covered with brown moss and away out in the water the sea gulls are perched upon the floatage. The two or three rugged pieces of wreckage but add to the picturesqueness, and the pretty island of last summer is a glory of russet. A short distance out from the island is the most charming spot in all the river's expanse. Here the water lashed into snowy foam, seems to sway to and fro with the breeze; here the fairies are frolicking and waving white plumes—or so it appears. Fair Autumn, do not leave us!

The glorious sun casting one farewell look of promise upon the laughing waters slowly disappears; leaving clouds of crimson, lakes of purple, the vision of a cloud-capped castle looming up in the golden sea of distance—and hearts that from their depths murmur Evangeline's prayer: "Father, I thank Thee."

LOLA A. BEERS.

The Adaptability of the Muse.

POETRY—that delightful art, which is loved by all, for its innumerable beauties of thought and structure, has another quality which cannot fail to be appreciated, that is, the manner in which it has been and may be applied to different subjects, for, as Horace delightfully says, "There is that in our nature which adapts itself to every variety of circumstance; delights us or drives us to anger or bows us to the ground in deep sadness and torments us; then the interpreting tongue expresses the thoughts of the mind." In the vast expanse of the literary world, are to be found poems interpreting every mood—the gay L'Allegro, the grave Il Penseroso, the sweet, pathetic Evangeline, the soul-stirring Aurora Leigh, the tragic Macbeth, the spiritual Holy Grail, the sublime Paradise Lost, the Divine Comedy, followed in their train by endless expositions of every emotion that could sway the human heart; we also revel in many descriptive of nature, the result of the poet's feeling while contemplating these incomparable beauties, and higher still he soars to the Creator of all, thus luring us on to his delightful realm—Sacred poetry.

Here nearly all of our great authors have given us poems of exquisite grandeur and sweetness on the Nativity of our Blessed Saviour, Milton leading the way for his host of followers. Nearly all have written with such tender pathos on the same sweet story of the Birth at Bethlehem, which we all know so well but never tire of hearing, for each time we read it, especially in verse, we discover new beauties, and new thoughts are impressed upon us. It is the poet, therefore, who enters into, and inspires us to enter into the true spirit of the Christmas festivities.

Then, in the season of Lent, when we are all united in a common cause, striving to atone to our Redeemer for past offenses, and prepare ourselves fittingly for the glorious festival of Easter, our minds naturally dwell more on sacred subjects, therefore, again, our strong tendency to spiritual poems, and fortunately, the accomplishing of our desires has been, once more, facilitated for us by the great poets, so that we have not far to search for sympathetic themes. All our best authors have excelled in these spiritual flights of fancy. The following, taken from the Holy Grail, appropriately expresses our penitential sentiments—

"So now the Holy Thing is here again
Among us, brother, fast thou too and pray,
And tell thy brother knights to fast and pray,
That so perchance the vision may be seen
By thee and those, and all the world be heal'd."

Again we find our poets in sympathy with every Catholic mind this year of the Jubilee of

the Immaculate Conception. Their many tributes to the Blessed Virgin reveal their keen appreciation of this unparalleled woman, who above all others was found "full of grace." For the poet, glorying in the thought that a woman alone, out of all the human race should remain sinless, knows well how to bring out beautifully and forcibly what we feel. The poetic genius seems never tired of exalting her as the Mother of God and of invoking her aid. It has been said of Edgar Allen Poe, that "His hymn to the Blessed Virgin, if it truly expresses the author's religious convictions, is the one star that flickers up to heaven through the night of his clouded existence." And who has ever given more exquisite expression to the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception than Wordsworth, in his sonnet on the Virgin, when he so fittingly calls her

"Woman above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast"?

It is thus our poets satisfy our spiritual, as well as our literary longings, thus making their delightful works "a possession forever."

WINIFRED SHEERAN.

Books of the Day.

CONTRASTING the tendency of the books of the day with those of the past, we must realize that the theory of the pessimist who constantly deplores "the good old days" and regrets the passing of Ages of Chivalry is entirely false. In by-gone years all great political and social schemes, all incentives to nobler actions, all great religious movements were presented to the public through the medium of some delightful romance in which the writer skilfully wove the thoughts he so much desired to reveal, or in the rather unpalatable form of treatises whose treasures, known only to the "chosen few," never reached the multitude or its numerous needs.

But here the Present triumphs over the Past. It need not veil its lofty ideas and beautiful truths in the intricate plots of fiction, by this means lessening the effect, but can bravely put forth its noblest and best, unhampered by a retinue of unnecessaries, and feel convinced that if it is worth the attention of the public, if it satisfies their needs, it will be received by them with favor. It is thus those books based on psychological facts and applied to the minute details of life, teaching invaluable lessons of brotherly love, culture and happiness, have gained the multitude.

Is it not something for the age to boast of its increasing tendency toward these books whose atmosphere breathes of Ideals and Nobility, not such as are found in wild imaginative dreams but in practical every day life, unadorned by those brilliant accessories often thought requisite.

Madame Dudevant in "Nos Travers" establishes a regular little council where she gives in so charming a manner her sound "common sense advice" that the reader is not conscious of having been "lectured at," but the air she breathes seems more refreshing, and the vision given by this graceful writer enables her to see beyond. Lily E. F. Barry in her "Paths of Peace" is indeed "A Beacon Light" to the storm-tossed traveller, for her cheering and reassuring words brighten and illumine the way in the darkest and most tempestuous moments, filling one with healthy, vigorous thought, renewing the moral strength and facilitating the overcoming of seemingly insurmountable difficulties. He indeed must be depraved who could remain uninfluenced by the inspiring words of such a writer as Ralph Waldo Trine, who, speaking from his heart, points out to the best of his ability "What All The World's A-Seeking," which is in truth a veritable "World Beautiful." Again in the theories of Charles Wagner and his many contemporaries, we find invaluable lessons of culture, charity, right-living—because it is right,—nobleness of character and all that appeals to man's better self. They give us humanity struggling to Idealism through its own efforts, for the *sake* of humanity. We look, but what do we see? A form, a piece of magnificent statuary hewn by the hand of man, but what does it give us? We admire its beauties and marvel at the skill of the artisan; but it does not satisfy that longing for the Infinite, it needs the Breath of Life, it needs the mark of Divinity, that mark set on every act saying plainly and simply "through God for God."

Compare the noblest, the most cultured, the most refined, the most unselfish laborers for society with the ancients and we find that the scales are well-balanced. And the reward must be according. But put on a scale the "widow's mite" given for God, and Sophocles, Aristides, the mortifications of the austere Spartan, the culture and kindliness of the Transcendentalist are all as

naught compared with this gift. Its power is mighty. Why? Because it is done for a higher Being than man. Does this do away with our philanthropist? Would this lessen brotherly love? By no means; it gives a worthy motive, it gives a soul to the most trivial act. And it is the lack of this motive in books ennobling, refining and inspiring that we regret. They dwell on the duty of man *as man* to man, but as the old heresy of Individual interpretation of divine truths flattered the pride of an intellectually proud people so this confidence in self fosters the same sin in people morally proud.

It is true they give us hazy notions of a Master Hand, an Abiding Presence, sometimes called Providence or Fate, presiding over our destinies whom we may seek and commune with in the forest, by the sea, on the mountain tops, or in the solitude of a lonely and hungry soul, just as the mood may suit.

While this is in part true, since God is All and everywhere, it is not enough. If a broad expanse of blue, if the smiling face of a tiny flower, the awful severity of a craggy precipice sufficed to enlighten the soul and reflect the Creator, why did Christ found His Church? We see the absurdity of these pantheistic principles and the necessity of a definite religion whose doctrines carry Hope, Love, and Conviction, with them.

View the massive works of men of genius, consider the most abstruse reasonings of the deep thinker, the persuasive eloquence and magnetic power of the orator. We find a certain delight in all, but if in the soul of the writer there is a longing, an unrest, a cloud that prevents the light of Faith from dispelling all gloom, the reader feels and knows it. Strong and convincing in all else, as these literary guides near the Eternal, we are sensible of a wavering, a hesitation, a decided weakness. And this is evinced in the productions of the world's greatest, those whom we ourselves would fain place on the highest pedestal. In reading we must remember that what we take from a book is proportional to what we take to it. If the reader has a mind illumined by the Light of Truth he can extract from these works a power which the author failed to infuse into them.

Compare with these, writers such as Bishop Spalding and Father Sheehan. Does their strength consist in their flow of diction? It may accelerate their power, but it does not *produce* it. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and likewise is a thing of Truth a power forever, and this brings us back to God, for God is Truth and truth is God.

IRENE NESBITT.

Our Blessed Lady's Coronation, Loretto Academy, Bond Street, Toronto.

"THOU maid and Mother, daughter of thy Son; thou humble and high above every creature; in thee is united all the goodness that may in creature be."

So sang of God's Masterpiece one of the master minds of earth—a mind as far above the ordinary standard of intellectuality as is heaven above the tree tops.

But is Mary for the great-minded only? For an answer we have but to listen to the voice of all ages and nations and tongues. As the Mother of God is to-day so she was at the dawn of Christianity—a perfect model for each stage of existence and for all conditions of life.

To the heart of a loving mother with her babe in arms comes the comforting words—

"Christ who, in the Virgin,
Our motherhood has blest;
Is near to every mother
With a baby on her breast."

And where but at the convent school whose religious teachers pay to the virginal dignity of Mary the homage of their lives does the Christian mother imbibe this ennobling realization of a supreme mother love? There, this love for Mary grows with the growth of reason, and is strengthened by the daily practice of many virtues.

When the fetters of winter have burst asunder and all the earth is glorious in the newness of a risen life, we rest for a time from the weariness of "waiting for the May," for May of months the loveliest is with us again. May, the type of the life immortal, and because of this typeship Holy Church has consecrated it in a special manner to Mary, who is the true Mother of all who live the life of grace.

In closest touch with the spirit of the Holy Church were the teachers and pupils of Loretto, Bond St., Toronto.

At closing of May devotions, the pupils went in procession from Exhibition Hall to chapel,

carrying flowers, banners, etc. After paying their tribute of devotion to our Blessed Mother in the chapel, by singing several hymns, the procession was continued to the lovely garden grotto, which was decorated for the occasion, the nuns joining it from the chapel. One of the most pleasing features of the procession was a battalion of small boys from the Academy—their soldierly tread and the waving of their red sashes adding all the charm of variety.

Among the delighted spectators were the teachers and pupils of St. Michael's Parochial School. After marching around the grounds, the pupils returned to Exhibition Hall where the exquisitely-beautiful altar of Mary Immaculate was brilliant with hundreds of lights, a veritable fairy scene.

The Litany continued, during which two little girls wearing veils and wreaths, acted as Pages, going around collecting the crowns to be placed at the feet of our Blessed Mother. These crowns were woven with the acts of devotion practised during the month. One of the special aims of this devotion was to spread that of the "Rosary" in the homes of the children. Therefore, the devotions have the following valuation marks:

Mass, 500; School Rosary, 300; one decade of the beads with father or brother, 300; one decade of beads with mother or sister, 100.

Diamond crowns consisted of 20,000 of such marks. Gold crowns 15,000. Silver crowns 10,000.

The desire to secure twelve diamond crowns, in honor of the twelve stars, was more than realized, as the rivalry between the Immaculate Conception band and that of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart was very great. The former had 34 diamond crowns and the latter 19.

The May Queen knelt in front of the Shrine, holding in her hands a large red Heart enwreathed with roses, in which the acts were placed. Then an Act of Consecration was read, and a very appropriate recitation, entitled the "Madonna's Crown," composed by a member of the Institue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was recited and was equal to a sermon.

After the religious function, a Gramaphone recital on the grounds and then a delicious luncheon were heartily enjoyed.

THE RECORDER.

Closing Exercises.

THE Feast of the angelic Aloysius, whose privileged soul was so resplendent with virtue, was fittingly chosen, this year, for our Prize Day. Precisely at 2.30, the guests assembled in the concert hall and were greeted by the beaming, expectant faces of the white-robed students on the platform. As the last notes of the Invocatory died away, the Graduates advanced to Rev. D. Best, O. C. C., Prior of Carmelite Monastery, Falls View, to receive—amid enthusiastic and prolonged applause—the well-merited reward of their years of labor, after which the following programme was artistically rendered:

INVOCATORY.

Swing Song .....Löhr
Full Chorus.

Instrumental Duo—"Marche Triomphale".Goria
Miss Henry and A. Merle.

Recitation—A Gospel Story .....Mrs. Shalloe
Miss Gorman and M. Hennessey.

Sacred Song (with violin obligato).....Robaudi
Miss Babcock.

"When Life is Brightest" .....Pinsuti
Full Chorus.

Piano Solo—
(a) Prélude .....Rachmaninoff
(b) Air de Ballet .....Moszkowski
Miss Schmidt.

Sextette—"Spring Song" .....Mendelssohn
Piano, Miss Veronica Altenburg; harp, Miss Schmidt; violins, Miss Rauber and Kathleen O'Brien; mandolins, Miss B. Baker and M. Weter.

Instrumental Duo—"La Capricieuse"..Borowski
Miss F. Reilley and M. Hennessey.

"Sing On" .....Denza
Full Chorus.

Violin Solo—
(a) "Rêverie" .....Vieuxtemps
(b) "Kuywiak" .....Wienawski
Miss Rauber. (Accompanist, Blanche Baker.)

"Oft in the Stilly Night" .....Löhr
Semi-Chorus.

Instrumental Solo—Kathleen Mavourneen..
Madame Oury
Miss M. Merle.



GRADUATES OF 1904.

May Hennessey Jane Gorman Margaret Henry Caroline Babcock

Frances Reilly Mary Merle Anna Merle

Recitation—"Just to be Good" ..Whitcomb Riley
Miss M. Hennessey.

Ave Maria Loreto .....Rieger
Full Chorus.

We noticed among the guests, Very Rev. Dean Morris, St. Catharines, Ont.; Rev. W. A. Ryan, Utica, N. Y.; Rev. T. Sullivan, Thorold, Ont.; Rev. W. Egan, C. M., Niagara University, N. Y.; Rev. P. J. Bench, St. Catharines, Ont.; Rev. A. Smits, O. C. C., Falls View; Rev. A. Werner, O. C. C., Falls View; Mr. and Mrs. Merle, Chicago; Mr. and Master W. Hennessey, Lynn, Mass.; Mr. Gorman, Hazleton, Pa.; Mr. Henry, Master C. and Miss M. Henry, East Brady, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt, Utica, N. Y.; Mrs. Reilly, Miss Reilly, Niagara Falls, Ont.

At the close of the performance, Father Dionysius conveyed to us the regrets of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, who was unavoidably absent, and then thanked us for the very enjoyable entertainment we had given, assuring us of the pleasure it had afforded all present. He paid a glowing tribute to conventual training and education, spoke of the gentle graciousness and peculiar subtle charm of manner which mark unmistakably the convent-bred girl, instructed by Religious in letters and accomplishments, with the one end of learning ever kept in view. He warned us against the allurements and blandishments of society, which mar the exquisite bloom of youth and check the progress of its votaries in the great school of life.

With hearty good wishes for happy holidays and a pleasant allusion to a prompt return after vacation, with cheeks abloom with the roses of health, the reverend speaker gave us a parting blessing. BEATRICE BECK.

Successful Competitors at the Closing Exercises.

Graduating Honors conferred, at the completion of their Academic Course, on Miss Anna Merle, Miss Mary Merle, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Gorman, Hazleton, Pa.; Miss Babcock, Utica, N. Y.; Miss M. Hennessey, Lynn, Mass.; Miss Henry, East Brady, Pa.; Miss Reilly, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Papal Medal for Church History, obtained by Miss Mary Merle.

Medal for Christian Doctrine, obtained by Miss Garneau.

Bronze Medal for English Literature, presented by His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, obtained by Miss Gorman.

The Thurston Medal, for English Prose Composition, obtained by Miss Gorman.

Gold Medal for Mathematics, obtained by Miss Reilly.

Gold Medal and Honors in Senior University Course of Music, awarded to Miss Schmidt.

Silver Medal for highest percentage on all examinations in Graduating Class, obtained by Miss Henry.

Silver Medal for Algebra, awarded to Miss Anna Merle.

Silver Lyre for Fidelity in Choral and St. Cecilia's Choir, awarded to Miss Babcock.

Silver Medal and Honors in Junior University Course, awarded to Miss Fleming.

Silver Lyre and Honors in Primary Course of Music, awarded to Miss Kathleen Ridout.

Certificate and Honors in Junior University Course of Music, obtained by Miss Veronica Altenberg, Miss Blanche Baker, and Miss Estelle Forrestel.

Certificate in Primary University Course of Music, obtained by Miss Brindley, W. Boyle, E. Dindruff, E. Lilley and G. Cannon.

Silver Medal for Painting, awarded to Miss McCall.

Honors and First Prize in Advanced French Course and French Conversation, obtained by Miss Beatrice Beck.

Honors and First Prize in Senior German Course, obtained by Miss E. Forrestel, First Prize, Blanche Baker, Honorable Mention, Bertha Henry.

First Prize in Intermediate German Course, obtained by Miss Beatrice Beck.

First Prize in Primary German Course, obtained by Miss Hazel Heller.

Diplomas for Book-keeping awarded to Miss Fleming, K. O'Leary, H. Burchill, E. Dindruff, M. Burchill.

Prize for Painting in Water Colors, obtained by Miss Rauber—Honorable Mention, Miss K. O'Leary.

First Prize for Pyrography, obtained by Miss M. Hennessey, Second Prize, Miss E. Maloney.

Prize for China Painting, obtained by Miss E. Forrestel.

Prize for Oil Painting and Pastel, obtained by Miss Beatrice Beck.

Prize for English Prose Composition, obtained by Miss Gladys West.

Prize for Ladylike Deportment, merited by Miss E. Forrestel, L. Baker, Rita Sheedy, H. Burchill, K. O'Leary, M. Maloney, J. Fleming, E. Dindruff, E. Lilley, B. Baker, M. Burchill, and O. de Gray, obtained by Miss E. Forrestel.

Prize for Fidelity to School Rules, merited by Miss H. Burchill, E. Forrestel, B. Henry, J. Fleming, M. Burchill, G. Cannon, K. Kyle, B. Baker, V. Altenberg, O. de Gray, obtained by Miss H. Burchill.

Prize for Personal Neatness, merited by Miss K. O'Leary, Rita Sheedy, E. Dindruff, M. Maloney, H. Burchill, V. Altenberg, B. Baker, obtained by Miss K. O'Leary.

Prize for Order, merited by Miss L. Baker, Rita Sheedy, E. Dindruff, E. Forrestel, K. O'Leary, J. Fleming, E. Lilley, M. Maloney, obtained by Miss Louise Baker.

Prize for Amiability, by vote of companions, obtained by Miss Fleming.

Prize for Promptitude in Rising, merited by Miss J. Fleming, Rita Sheedy, Kathleen O'Brien, M. Burchill, H. Burchill, M. Burchill, H. Heller, F. Hawk, E. Lilley, M. Maloney, E. Maloney, E. Forrestel, E. Garneau, K. Kyle, J. Kiep, R. Merle, K. O'Leary, M. Weter, L. Bampfield, obtained by Miss M. Burchill.

Prize for Prompt Return after Vacation, merited by Miss Maud Merle, Rosina Merle, Gladys West, E. Lilley, Beatrice Beck, obtained by Miss Maud Merle.

Prize for Plain Sewing, merited by Miss Katharine Lyons, Rita Sheedy, M. Burchill, B. Baker, V. Altenberg, E. Dindruff, M. Weter, F. Spencer, obtained by Miss M. Burchill.

Prize for Darning, obtained by Miss Kathleen O'Brien.

Prize for Fancy Work, merited by Miss Katharine Lyons, Beatrice Beck, J. Kiep, K. O'Leary, obtained by Miss K. Lyons.

Prize for Penmanship, merited by Miss Kathleen O'Brien, V. Altenberg, B. Henry, E. Dindruff, obtained by Miss V. Altenberg.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Silver Cross for Catechism, obtained by Miss Lillian McChesney.

Gold Cross for Fidelity to School Rules and Ladylike Deportment, obtained by Miss Marion Scully.

Prize for prompt return after vacation, equally merited by Fanny Coffey, Rita Coffey, Kathleen Ridout, Alice Ridout, Lillian McChesney, Cecelia Merle and Marjorie Beck, obtained by Fanny Coffey.

Prize for Promptitude in Rising, equally merited by Kathleen Ridout, Alice Ridout, Marion Scully, Agnes Buddles and Stella Talbot, obtained by Marion Scully.

Prize for Order and Neatness, obtained by Miss Stella Talbot.

Prize for Drawing, obtained by F. Coffey.

Prize for Writing, obtained by A. Buddles.

Prize for Plain Sewing, Sr., obtained by F. Coffey.

Prize for Plain Sewing, Jr., obtained by A. Ridout.

Prize for Fancy Work, obtained by A. Buddles.

First Prize in Senior Third Class English, First Prize in Senior Third Class Arithmetic, First Prize in Primary Class French, obtained by Miss Rita Coffey.

First Prize in Junior Third Class English, obtained by Miss Lillian McChesney.

First Prize in Second Class English, obtained by Miss Ivy Mamby.

First Prize in Second Class Arithmetic, obtained by Miss Cecelia Merle.

Prize for General Improvement, awarded to Margaret Daignan.

"Portraits of the Sixties."

THERE are not many men to-day so well qualified as Justin McCarthy to bring before the reader the personalities of the Englishmen, who, forty years ago, led in politics, in literature, in art, in social affairs, or in the religious thought of the time. Resident in London, he was a member of circles where he met many of the men and women of whom he speaks, therefore, he has worked entirely from his own abundant store of impressions and experiences, without depending upon the contemporary records of others, in his pen-pictures of "The Sixties." His profession as journalist on the London dailies brought him in contact with the political life of Great Britain. For a time he was one of the reporters of the House of Commons. Then, too,

Mr. McCarthy has the faculty of description; he knows how to bring out the salient points, how to sketch, as it were. The pictorial faculty, if so it might be called, is strong with him. To his delineations of men and manners he brings acute powers of observation, a genial, sympathetic spirit, and a polished and agreeable style. After perusing one of his pen-portraits one is conscious of a more intimate knowledge of the person described.

Mr. McCarthy begins the volume with an introduction in which he outlines certain of the conditions then existing in politics, in literature, and in social life. He recalls that Louis Napoleon was on the throne of France, that he had recently returned from the war with Austria, with distinction, having humbled the power of Austria, and apparently established the kingdom of Italy on a firm basis. Everywhere he was regarded as the most powerful sovereign of the continent and as the founder of a dynasty. No statesman or publicist in those early sixties gave hint of any impression that Prussia might be a power capable of rising in the political affairs of Europe, France, Russia, Turkey—these were the countries which engrossed the attention of the continental chancelleries. Egypt was still under the rule of the Pashas, the Ottoman power was still regarded by most Englishmen as the needful bulwark against the possible encroachments of Russia. The United States were engaged in a life and death struggle for the preservation of the Union, and all English "society" was on the side of the South, while the great masses of the English working people sided with the North. "The wildest dreamer had not yet thought of a system of railways extending from Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope, or of Russia opening up the resources of Siberia by the pathway of the iron rail."

The book is divided into twenty-six chapters, and it would be difficult to name a man or woman of especial prominence in English society or affairs in those days in the early sixties, who is not touched by Mr. McCarthy's pencil. He begins with Charles Dickens, and, after noting the absolutely complete and pervasive character of his fame, he gives some account of him as he knew him. "It was a source of unspeakable delight and pride to me to have an opportunity of meeting Dickens now and then in private intercourse, and to have acquired the right of going up to him and inviting his recognition. I need hardly say that I felt as if I had achieved a triumph whenever I happened to meet him and he remembered who I was and addressed me by my name. Our casual meetings only brought me to the interchange of a few words each time, for I was young and rather shy and totally obscure, and I hardly ever ventured in his presence to offer any observation on my own account. This certainly did not arise from any discouragement in Dickens's manner, for he was always genial and friendly, seemed naturally inclined to welcome and encourage young men, and I had heard many stories from companions in journalism about the generous interest which Dickens took in those who were beginning their work as newspaper reporters or writers. The great novelist seemed to make it a part of his work to discover literary talent in rising young men and to give practical help to its development."

"Dickens's readings were as original and peculiar in their style as Dickens's writings. I have never heard any public reader who could display a dramatic vividness, variety, and power such as Dickens could show at all times and without any apparent effort when he read to some great audience. It was really not mere reading—it was the impersonation, or rather the calling into life, of each character whose words he spoke. It ran through all the moods of human feeling, was high tragedy or broad comedy, pathetic appeal or exalted contemplation, according as the subject gave opportunity, and yet it was never in any sense mere stage-play. Dickens had a voice of marvellous compass, depth, and variety of tone; some of its chords were perfect music; and although he had often to pass in a moment from the extreme of one mood to the extreme of another, there was never the slightest strain or effort or struggle after effect; all seemed to come with perfect ease from the instinct and the inspiration of the man. I remember well that there were some daring critics at the time, even among the most devoted admirers of Dickens, who ventured to challenge the common verdict of absolute approval as to Dickens's manner of illustrating this or that character in his readings. For instance, there were those among us who fearlessly maintained that Dickens had not done full justice to Sam Weller in his manner of rendering the utterances of that remarkable personage. He did not quite bring out, it was contended, all the full significance of this or that remark made by Mr. Weller the younger. But let us think for a moment what a

tribute this was in itself to the genius of the author and the powers of the reader. All the disparaging criticism which the audacity of such critics could venture upon only went to argue that Dickens had created for us a living character of such odd and various humor that even Dickens himself was not quite able to read up to the level of his own creation."

Thackeray follows next as a large figure at the same time. Mr. McCarthy regards any attempt at comparing the two men as futile, for they were entirely distinct and dissimilar in their genius. "In appearance and manner Thackeray was as unlike Dickens as in his literary style. Thackeray was very tall, standing quite six feet four inches in height, and was built with a broad framework. His great, massive head and expansive forehead were crowned with a covering of thick and prematurely white hair. He always wore spectacles, and his eyes never gave out the penetrating flash-lights which Dickens could turn upon those around him. Thackeray's manners were in general quiet, grave, and even gentle, and his most humorous utterances, which were as frequent as they were delightful, had an air of restraint about them as if the great satirist wished rather to repress than to indulge his amusing and sarcastic sallies of wit. He had none of the superbly dramatic style of delivery which made Dickens's readings and speeches so impressive. His voice was clear and penetrating and his articulation allowed no word to be lost upon his listeners, but he never seemed to be making any direct appeal to the emotions of the audience. No accompaniment of gesture set off his quiet intonation, and he seemed, indeed, to be talking rather at than to the crowd which hung upon his every word. He did not act his part as Dickens did, but merely recited the words he had to give out as one might have done who was simply expressing his own thoughts as they came, without any effort to arouse the susceptibilities of those who filled the hall. It was not exactly a reading, although he always had his manuscript laid carefully out on the desk behind which he stood, for he only glanced at the manuscript every now and then to refresh his memory, but it was certainly not the speech of an orator who appeals with impassioned force to the sympathies of his listeners, and it was not in the slightest degree endowed with dramatic effect. Even when his audience broke into irrepressible applause at some passage of especial beauty and power the lecturer did not seem to gain any fresh impulse from the plaudits which broke forth, but went on to his next sentence with the same self-absorbed composure as though he were only thinking aloud and were unconscious of the presence of listeners. None the less the very manner of the lecturer as well as its literary style had an intense fascination for all who came to listen. I observed on many occasions that the audience seemed to become possessed by a common dread lest anything, even an outburst of premature applause, should interrupt the discourse and cause a word to be lost. I noticed this especially in some of the more pathetic passages, as, for instance, in the closing sentences of the lecture on George the Third—that marvellous description of the blind, deaf, and insane old king as he wandered through the halls of his palace and bewailed to himself the deplorable conditions of his closing days. The most studied dramatic effects of voice and action could not have given to those passages of the lecture a more complete and absorbing command over the feelings of the listening crowd. Every one appeared to hold his breath in fear that even a sound of admiration might disturb for an instant the calm flow of that thrilling discourse. If there were art in that manner of delivery it was assuredly the art which conceals art. I have heard many great orators and lecturers in my time and in various countries, and I never made one of an audience which seemed to hang upon the words of the speaker more absolutely than did the men and women to whom Thackeray delivered the finest passages of his many lectures."

Carlyle and Tennyson, with Richard Owen and the brothers Newman follow. "My first sight of Tennyson was obtained under very striking and appropriate conditions. It was during the visit paid by Garibaldi to London in 1864, and I was one of those who were invited by the hospitality of the late Mr. Seeley, a member of Parliament, with whom Garibaldi was then staying at his home in the Isle of Wight, to meet the Italian visitor. There were many Englishmen of great distinction there, and Tennyson was the most conspicuous among the guests. Tennyson's appearance was very striking, and his figure might have been taken as a living illustration of romantic poetry. He was tall and stately, wore a great mass of thick, long hair—long hair was then still worn even by men who did not affect originality—his frame was slightly stooping, his shoulders were bent as if with the weight of thought; there

was something entirely out of the common and very commanding in his whole presence, and a stranger meeting him in whatever crowd would probably have assumed at once that he must be a literary king. I met him several times after that, although I never came to have the honor of a close acquaintance with him—yet it is something to have met him occasionally, to have heard him talk, and to have exchanged a few words with him now and then. His manner was singularly impressive, and a stranger might sometimes have thought that there was a half-conscious display of lyrical authority about him. There was a certain eccentricity in his ways and his manner of expressing himself, and one could never tell how he might suddenly bear down upon the subject which happened to be the topic of conversation and compel the company to give up all idea but that of listening in eager silence for anything he might happen to say. Those who knew him well knew that there was no artificiality about him, and that the simplicity of genius was at the heart of his mystery. I met many of his intimate friends, and heard from them that he was a most delightful host and a congenial companion. He loved to enter into discussions on poetry, and would sometimes recite passages from his own poems with natural and incomparable effect. When he happened to be in London he was a familiar figure in some of the quieter recesses of the parks, more especially of St. James's Park, and nobody to whom he was personally unknown could have passed him without turning to look back upon him and without taking it for granted that he must be a man of distinction and importance. Those who knew him only by sight and happened thus to meet him, were sure to tell their friends that they had just seen Tennyson in the park."

"My personal acquaintance with Newman was very slight, but I had many opportunities of listening to him and of observing his bearing and his ways. While I was living in Liverpool, just before the Crimean War, Newman delivered there his famous series of lectures on what was then regarded as the Eastern Question, the existence of the Ottoman power in Europe. The lectures were singularly impressive although they made no pretention to the graces and the thrilling tones of eloquence. The language seemed unstudied, but was always exquisitely chosen, every word expressing precisely the idea it was intended to convey, and no more, and there were many passages which lived long in the memories of those who heard them spoken. The lectures were delivered with perfect ease, and the voice, although not powerful, could make itself heard without effort in any ordinary assembly. It had certain tones of melancholy reflectiveness which seemed appropriate to a warning only too certain to be made, for the time, at least, in vain.

No man was a more accomplished master than Newman of all the resources the English language can command. I heard him speak and preach on many later occasions, and he always seemed to me to have a certain distinct faculty of eloquence which has nothing to do with mere rhetoric, but is sincere and lofty thought embodied in the most appropriate form of phrase. In some of the arts and the gifts that go to make a great orator or preacher, Newman was strikingly deficient. His bearing was not impressive; his gaunt, emaciated figure, his sharp eagle-face, his eyes of quiet meditation, were rather likely to repel than to attract those who heard and saw him for the first time. But the matter of his discourse, whether sermon, speech, or lecture, was always captivating, and if the language had any defect, it might be that it was perhaps a little overweighted with thought, and thus might seem hardly suited to attract from the beginning a popular audience. But in speaking, as in writing, he soon made it evident that he was an influence—I do not know how better to express my meaning—which must command attention by its own force. Both as a speaker and as a writer he showed himself richly endowed with a keen, pungent, satirical humor, while there was, on the other hand, a subtle vein of poetry and of pathos suffusing all his argument, his illustration, and his appeal."

The book runs on through 340 pages, diversified with portraits, some reproduced from old-time photographs, which have a quaint and odd appearance to the modern eye. From cover to cover there is not a page that is not delightful. Mr. McCarthy is an old man now, and he writes as if he had never known controversies or dislikes. He is singularly gentle, even his criticism is kindly. It would be difficult to find a volume which could bring more absolute pleasure to the reader who has any liking for glimpses of the men and women who, forty years ago, were the centres of human interest and activity. One almost envies the rich experiences which enable the writing of such a book. MAY HENNESSEY.

Letter-Box.

St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex, England.

Dear Rainbow:

Your last appearance was welcomed by me with the usual pleasure—and duly admired by many friends on this side the Atlantic. I fear I have not much of interest to communicate, but, nevertheless, venture to send you a few lines of foil to your numerous scintillations.

The war is rather an uppermost topic here—all seem to wish victory to Japan. It seems somewhat analagous to David and Goliath, and perhaps the finale will prove its unswerving resemblance. *L'entente cordiale,* also, is a feature of usual conversation and universal congratulation. The King is showering his influence abroad to such an extent that, instead of being a much-hated rival, Great Britain is steadily being transformed into the beau ideal of all nations. This pleasing radiance emanating from our Royal household, is like the sun's influence over a pleasance, causing everything to burst into bloom, and, in time, there is no doubt that wholesome and delicious fruits will appear.

The details of the recent Royal visit to Ireland are, I am sure, known to all your readers, but there are no messages capable of expressing the appreciation of Irish people at home of the interest in their welfare and the affectionate regard shown them by the King and Queen. I have heard that never before was such a scene witnessed as that in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on command night when, spontaneously, without any previous idea to that effect having been formulated, everyone remained standing until the entrance of their Majesties, and instantly burst into song, as the orchestra struck up the National Anthem. No British demonstration of loyalty and affection, I venture to say, has ever equalled this. The theatre was magnificently decorated in the King's racing colors, and the programmes were works of art worthy of artistic Ireland; the special one for the King had, with other beautiful designs, a harp wrapped in the Royal standard, and that for the Queen, a harp wrapped in the Danish colors. Roses were, I noticed, the chief feature of decoration everywhere throughout the entire tour. This delicate compliment is, perhaps, most suggestive of Ireland's surrender to the Monarch she loves.

When the Royal party was leaving Kingstown, a number of young ladies from the Royal Irish Academy of Music, assembled on the pier and sang the following lines, written by Sir Francis Brady, Bart:—

"Come back to Erin," and *cead mille failthe,*
Welcome our King to Hibernia's green shore,
True hearts will greet thee and brave hands will meet thee,
"Come back to Erin," and "Welcome Galore!"

Fair be the skies that from heaven shine o'er thee!
Soft be the winds when thy coming they bring!
Bright be the Day-Star of Erin to guide thee!
Gladly will Ireland sing "Welcome our King!"

"Come back to Erin, our Queen Alexandra!
Never forgot be her goodness and love!
Happy and long may her reign and her day be!
Grateful and loyal all Ireland will prove!

The King and Queen were intensely gratified, and highly complimented the singers. This idea, I believe, originated with the Countess of Dudley.

I have been in Ireland myself, dear Rainbow, since I last wrote you. The trip was a very pleasant one, as I was accompanied by my brother, who lives in the Sandwich Islands, and whose opinion, very often expressed during the delightful ten days we spent there, was: "There is no place like Ireland!" "The place is little changed, Mary!" was in my mind frequently as we drove through the old familiar scenes; the grass was just as green, the landscape as lovely, and the same houses in just the same places as before—in one instance, my brother declared there were "just the same chickens."

And yet, there were many changes! People were pouring out witticisms, without knowing it, and a *cead mille failthe* was on every face and in every hand clasp. "Isn't it very cold to-day, although it's so warm?" exclaimed one young cousin, when greeting us, and then she blushed beautifully and looked around to see what we were laughing at.

One day we were driving in a district where there did not seem to be a hopeful prospect of hotels or restaurants, and my brother suggested to the driver that although the scenery was cer-



In the year 1606, the 21st of her life, Mary Ward receives the sanction of her confessor and the consent of her parents to travel to Studomaro in company with Mrs. Bentley as her chaperon, and to embrace the religious state there.

tainly a feast for the eyes sufficient to please the gods, we, humans, might soon require something more substantial, and we hoped we might be in the near vicinage of a hospitable inn or something of the sort, where lunch could be had. "Oh, shure, sir," he replied, "we're just close to Mrs. McKeevers' and you'll get all you want. A fine place she has there entirely! And why wouldn't she? Shure sorra an opposition has she only herself."

A little later we discovered that in the village we were approaching, Mrs. McKeevers rejoiced in the possession of two establishments.

We went to Glendalough—what a lovely spot it is! I had not been there before, and I must say the drive through the magnificent Vale of Clara—nine miles—the visit to the treasures of archaeology, shown us by a truly inimitable guide, as remains of the seven churches, and the version of the legend of Kevin and Kathleen, with details of Kathleen's ghost, which the guide chronicled as an eye-witness, the delightful companionship of a party of twelve—all relations and dear old friends—make a red letter day in my memory of the fairest spots I have ever seen. What a place for a painter Glendalough is! and how untouched it is by contact with the outer world! One would imagine St. Kevin lived there still. The sight of him going out from his hermitage would not be a vast surprise, only that Mr. Pat Barrett, the guide, tries to impress the idea somehow of splendor and Courts in the old days. But splendor, too, is there, magnificence of moss and lichen and mountain and vale and lake and sky-true splendor of Nature's own unaided handiwork, that time only serves to beautify, and in comparison to the splendor that passes away, is it not more superb than ever? Just like a rainbow when compared to a glass disc!

Tout à vous, cher arc-en-ciel.

MARIE JOSEPHINE O'DOWDA.

COLEGIO DE LORETO,
Castilleja de la Cuesta, Spain.

DEAR RAINBOW:

My last letter told you of our two private audiences with the Holy Father. We saw him a third time, very fortunately—I would not have liked to miss the sight! Mother Stanislaus had a letter of introduction to the Spanish Ambassador—there are two Spanish Ambassadors, one to the Vatican, the other to the King. His Excellency was most gracious, and appointed an hour—2.30—for our coming to the Embassy, when his carriage would be in waiting. Accompanied by his three daughters, we drove to the Vatican—a new experience for us, as only private or special carriages are allowed to drive up to the Court of St. Damasus. Once there, the eldest daughter arranged about our accompanying them to the Throne Room, where we could meet the Pope on his way to give audience to about three thousand people, members of some Catholic Association.

When we reached the Throne Room, the Pope's private secretary came forward, bowed, and asked the Misses Aqueras—the daughters of the Spanish Ambassador—if they would like to assist at Mass the following Sunday in his Holiness's chapel and receive Holy Communion from his hand. They said, yes—what a pity we had to leave so soon, else we should also have gone! No one was allowed to enter the apartment in which we were except the private secretary, the head of the Noble Guard, and four dignitaries, who are always in attendance on His Holiness. One carried on his arm the Pope's handsome red cloak, the red hat in his hand, another walked at a short distance before him, the others had various duties to perform.

At the approach of the Holy Father, one of the Noble Guard stepped forward and introduced the young ladies as the daughters of the Spanish Ambassador, and us as *le Dame Inglesi*. His Holiness repeated the words—*Dame Inglesi*—looking with gracious smile at each one, as if he recognized her and remembered he had seen her before. He spoke to the Misses Aqueras, inquired for their father, and then, after a few moments' conversation with us, gave his blessing. During the audience Mother Stanislaus asked the Holy Father to write on two large photos. He paused, then said: "Give me the photos and I will write what you want just now." She replied: "Your Holiness, because it is forbidden to bring any into your presence without first obtaining your permission to do so, I have left the pictures outside." He smiled and said: "I am very sorry you did not bring them." In the meantime, one of our nuns from St. Pölten, Austria, presented a small photo, upon which the Holy Father immediately wrote. The Noble Guard accompanied us till we reached the middle of the last passage, where there was a magnificent throne for the Holy Father. We were conducted to the steps and told we might remain there—we were the

only persons allowed to approach—numbers of guards kept order all the time. His Holiness went to the end of the room and then returned the same way, that all might see him. When he was about to ascend the throne, he stopped for a moment, took a good look at us, and smiled, as if to say "I am glad to have you here so near me!" Prince Rospigliosi came to the foot of the throne, made a low bow and began an address. We did not understand him very well. He thanked the Pope for what he was doing for the Church, spoke of Leo XIII., and promised many things for the people. While he was speaking the Holy Father look uncomfortable—because, perhaps of the flattering words—glanced at the ceiling, then at the people, moved his lips as if in prayer, and finally when the Prince had finished his discourse, stood up and preached a most beautiful sermon on the "laborers in the vineyard," every word of which we understood, so slowly and distinctly did he speak. When he began, there was a slight murmur of voices, he stopped, looked at the people, waited till there was perfect silence, and then continued. The blessing, after the sermon, was most solemn. Then an Italian hymn and the audience was over.

Leaving the hall, the Holy Father was followed by priests, the Noble Guard and ourselves *only*. Some tried to push on with us, but they were kept back. The Guards accompanied us till we reached the head of the stairs. The Pope went on to his apartments, we, much gratified, to our carriages.

We left Rome on the following Tuesday. The passage from Naples to Gibraltar was so stormy that we were all seasick. The weather was cold and damp during our stay at the Gibraltar Lorettos. Lady White was most kind, called twice at the convent—her little daughter attends school there. Sir George White also called. He looks quite worn. Miss White told us of the anxiety of the family during the siege of Ladysmith. Had we remained a little longer we would have seen the Emperor of Germany, who was to make a short visit. A sham siege was beginning as we were leaving, we could see the shells falling into the sea, about a mile from the steamer that was taking us across the Bay of Algecitas. None of the shot came near us!

Our reception at Seville railway station was very grand. I felt shy at being the object of so much attention. The Spanish ladies have unbounded respect for religious—a striking proof of their faith. I shall leave the description to some one else and enjoy the quiet and retirement of the next few weeks. M. E.

DEAR M. E.:

I have been endeavoring to secure a few moments to write you of Rev. Mother's arrival, knowing how interested you all are in her movements, but time seemed as elusive as ever. Her reception created quite a sensation. The carriages of the élite of Seville drove up to meet her and her travelling companions—each lady carrying a bouquet of lovely flowers. The officials wondered what royal personage was expected—great was their surprise to see four religious step from the train! The Corporation of Seville had previously sent us banners, flags, large poles, shields, etc., to adorn the carriage drive, and quantities of beautiful flowers. In the gardens we had Chinese lanterns and Bengal lights. Our visitors did not arrive till evening, so it was almost dark and the convent and grounds looked like fairy-land. As Rev. Mother stepped out in the patin, a shower of flowers fell on her head from a large envelope, a yard square. This may read rather strange to you, but it looked very pretty. The chaplain, parish priest, and pupils were in the patin to receive her. The Guardian Civile, stationed at the gate, went to meet the carriage half way. The church bells rang out as the cortége approached Castilleja. The people seemed desirous of showing their appreciation of the Community by thus honoring Rev. Mother.

Mother Frances Paul, of Loreto, Europa, accompanied Rev. Mother-General to Seville. Mother Stanislaus will have many visitors, but her heart is large enough for all—I might add that she has an international reputation for hospitality. Would that the obstacles of time and distance might be surmounted and that you could avail yourself of it!

Rev. Mother left for Zalla on the tenth, and on her arrival there was met at the station by the ayantamiento headed by the alcalde, who placed a carriage at her disposal. She is delighted with Zalla. The scenery and invigorating mountain air have surpassed all her expectations. She will go to Bilboa, accompanied by M. M. Stanislau, M. M. Evangeline and S. M. Colette, visit the birthplace of St. Ignatius, etc., etc.—all expenses defrayed by the father of one of our pupils.

During Rev. Mother's sojourn in Australia, she became the recipient of a handsome rug—kangaroo skin—which was greatly admired in Rome,

so she presented it to the Holy Father from the Irish branch of the Institute.

I am enraptured with the RAINBOW, which has just appeared, and cannot write any more to-day.

CINTRA, Portugal.

DEAR JOSIE:

How I wish you could accompany me to the pine forests and cork woods! If there is a place in the world beautiful with nature's own beauty, it is this dear little village of Cintra, with its lovely hills and valleys and vast mountains of rock. I have never been surprised that the Moors and the monks selected this spot for their abode—but it is sad to see the deserted mosques and convents. One of the oldest of the latter is called "cork convent," and is reached by a pretty walk through the woods—just a narrow path, the whole way marked by stone crosses, erected at intervals on high ground—a real pilgrim's way. The convent is enclosed by high, ivy-clad walls of untold age, parts of which are covered with such exquisite velvety moss, starred with little wild daisies and purple crocuses; there are stone seats around and quaint flights of stone steps, surmounted by crosses. A wrinkled old woman, with a bunch of antiquated keys, waits to show visitors through—she is certainly a picturesque figure and entirely in keeping with her surroundings. The first entrance is a little court, bordered with blue and yellow tiles, with stone benches, an old fountain with fresh water trickling into a stone basin, a cork tree completely covered with ferns, on each side stone slabs supported by blocks of stone—one can readily picture the monks gathered around them at recreation, or pacing the court in holy meditation—at the end is the entrance to the monastery. A large wooden cross, with the figure of St. Francis still dimly traceable on it, faces the visitor, the walls are adorned with small pictures of the Madonna and Child, over the door is a skull and cross-bones, on the right a tiny chapel, apparently excavated in the rock, and just large enough to hold an altar, over which is a life-size picture of our Lord carrying His Cross. The walls and ceiling are lined with blue tiles representing scenes from the Passion. There are two dark niches in the wall with wooden grates and very primitive seats—these were the confessionals.

After leaving the chapel, the old woman unlocked another ponderous door leading to some winding stairs and dungeon-like vaults—the narrow, sepulchral passage scarcely large enough for one person to pass along—the air was damp and icy, the walls black with age, and everywhere the odor of mould and decay—it is difficult to realize that human beings occupied such a tomb-like abode—there are fifteen cells in all, and none of them is large enough to admit an occupant lying down at full length; the doors are so low that only a child can enter without stooping, and they are all lined with cork as a means of counteracting the damp. Besides those cells there is a chapter-room, an infirmary, a kitchen, and a refectory. The dining-room table and benches are also cut out of rough stone, like those in the garden. From the dining-room we entered a small chapel hollowed out of rock, in which the once beautiful altar of inlaid marble still remains intact, the tabernacle is indicated by a small stone cross. It is, indeed, sad to see the abandoned altar on which for generations Mass was celebrated; the candles, yellow with age, in the tarnished candlesticks; the mildewed altar cloth and the empty tabernacle.

It was here that the celebrated hermit, Honorious, passed his days, perfectly happy in the love and service of God. During the last sixteen years of his life, after working hard all day and spending a portion of the night in prayer, he would retire to his little cave beneath a rock, where he had only a few leaves for a couch and a stone for a pillow. Notwithstanding those hardships, he lived to the good old age of ninety-five.

The convent is now the private property of Sir Frederick Cook, an English gentleman.

Then there is the old Mafra convent, a marvel of beauty and construction, built in the fifteenth century. The interior of the main church is all marble, there are seven large organs—six of them still in good repair—the chimes are perfectly lovely and contain one hundred and fourteen bells, the largest weighing twelve hundred pounds. The library contains thirty thousand volumes. It took nine hundred men fifteen years to build it. The architect was an old German jeweler. Was not that remarkable? I forget the exact cost of the convent—you can imagine its size when I tell you that it takes three long hours to go through it. The vestments that were used in the church are beautiful beyond description, and in perfect condition—everyone of them hand-embroidered by the monks. It is said they cost more than the convent.

LORETTO CONVENT, Gibraltar.

DEAR M. M. E.:

The one topic of the day here is the capture of Mr. Perdicaris, a wealthy American who has made his home in Tangier, and his son-in-law, Mr. Varley, a British subject, by a band of 150 Moroccan bandits, led by the notorious Mulai Ahmed Raisuli, who are held as hostages to enforce the demands of the desperadoes that all the Sultan's troops which are fighting the refractory tribes, be at once withdrawn. The whole affair reads like a fictitious story. We feel all the more pained and anxious as Messrs. Perdicaris and Varley are grandfather and uncle, respectively, to two of our pupils, who have been with us for three or four years. Mr. Perdicaris is one of the most distinguished residents of Tangier. He comes from a wealthy family, who, during the Civil War, contributed large sums of money to the Southern cause. His father was a Greek who went to the United States in 1848. For a number of years he was instructor of Greek in Harvard, but subsequently resigned, becoming interested in the formation of gas companies in various cities. When the present Mr. Perdicaris was twenty-five years old, he came to Tangier and was so fascinated with the white city, thirty miles by steamer from Gibraltar—that he decided to take up his residence there with the little colony of Europeans and Americans. Within a short distance of the town he purchased from the Sultan a palace where, with a retinue of servants and attendants and almost unlimited wealth, he lived like an Oriental prince. He cultivated the arts—he paints well and has written books of the country and the people.

The villa of Mr. Perdicaris is three miles from Tangier. Raisuli with his armed men surrounded this place during dinner and, easily beating off the servants, captured the head of the house and his son-in-law, carrying them to the mountains. That their lives, dependent as they are on the mere whims of these brigands, are in danger, no one who is familiar with the country and the people doubts for a moment. The cruelty of the brigands has been established by many bloody deeds. While in conflict with the soldiers last year, they put out the eyes of the leaders of the Basha of Tangier, and the bodies of victims terribly mutilated attested to the savagery of these dreadful foes. Raisuli demands a free pardon for himself and his gang and all his party who are in prison in Tangier to be released, besides other matters, all so difficult and absurd, that no government will agree to the terms. Is it not dreadful to think of such occurrences so near us—at this advanced age of the world!

M. M. Stanislaus is about to make a new foundation in Madrid, next October. The house is not yet quite decided on, but will probably be a magnificent palace, occupied last year, by a Russian Prince. What a grand woman she is, doing so much to promote God's glory, notwithstanding her delicate health!

Rev. Mother-General arrived in Dublin on the 31st. of May, and received a great ovation. Every nook of the historic old Abbey had its particular decoration—every language, its own motto. Visitors are flocking from all parts to give her a right royal welcome home. A detailed account will, doubtless, reach you soon.

Mother Borgia extends an invitation to her to visit Africa. The new foundation at Nairobe will be fit for occupancy on the first of July. Letters of application are pouring in from many places—parents are so glad to have a suitable school, as they were hitherto obliged to send their daughters to India to be educated. Climate and site of new convent are delightful.

M. Y. T.

LORETTO CONVENT, Calcutta, India.

DEAR M. M. E.:

Have I told you that Mother-Provincial will celebrate her Golden Jubilee in December? We are beginning remote preparations now. I sent your letter on to her to Darjeeling, as she is always glad to get news of you, and, of course, so is M. M. Teresa.

I have paid two visits to our native mission in the Sunderbunds, as yet there are only three Loretto nuns and five Daughters of St. Anne. We enjoyed our visits greatly and I took some photos, but the nuns have a good deal to suffer, it is so difficult to get food, which has to be procured from Calcutta, the natives live entirely on rice, little fish caught in the canals and stuffs made into curry. Our nuns and one of the two Fathers in charge of the mission are the only Europeans living in the Sunderbunds. Some days, or rather nights, ago, M. M. Barbara got a great fright. She thought her two nuns had cholera, they were so ill—cholera is prevalent in the surrounding villages though not in Morapai—indeed they must moderate their spirit of poverty

by prudence or they will become quite unfit for the work that has to be done; they tried to get on with one supply a week of provisions from Calcutta, but in a hot, damp climate like this it would be quite impossible.

I hope I am not giving you too many details about our mission. I feel so interested in it myself that I am apt to forget it may not be equally interesting to others who cannot see all the work that is to be done for God in these humble and unknown missions. The Protestants are very zealous in these parts, and in one of the villages we pass there is a nice little Protestant church. One day that Mother-Provincial was going to Morapai, the Protestant Bishop and his wife travelled by same train to visit their flock.

If possible I shall enclose you some views I have taken at Morapai. I am sorry not to have photographed the Dingy or little boat in which the latter part of the journey has to be made. These boats are the most primitive structures that can be imagined, they are simply the trunk of a large tree hollowed out, and in some cases have a straw covering, under which we creep to be sheltered from the sun.

The convent is on a little island, in fact the whole place is a mere collection of little islands separated by canals, so that to go from one place to another one has to get into a boat, even in the driest season. The children facilitate matters by just jumping into the water and swimming or walking across, they remain with the wet rag, the only garment on them, till it dries. A sad accident happened to the little boy who is standing at the Father's knee, in photograph, just a few hours after I had taken the photo.

The boy's father was an Eurasian, in a good position, but married a poor native woman, who afterwards left him and went away with a Mahomedan, the father did not want to be troubled with the little boys, so they had just been made over to Father de la Croix. This little boy not having been accustomed to swim as he saw the other boys do, tried to imitate them, and that day had been several times taken out of the water by Father de la Croix, but, in the end, he managed to escape observation and went to bathe alone, with the result of getting entangled in some weeds. When searched for he was found quite dead with one hand above the water.

Here, in Calcutta, we are kept very busy with School Inspectors, who give a lot of trouble in exchange for the aid we get from government—and which we can not well do without. They insist on knowing how every fraction is expended, and are most curious about all our arrangements, expenditures, etc. You have none of these, I think.

Plague is bad in the neighborhood of Bow Bazaar, where we and the Christian Brothers have very large schools. Some of our poor children have been attacked, pray that it may not spread further; strange to say, it generally decreases in the summer, the great heat kills the germs.

Will you remember me to Rev. Mother Ignatius and M. M. Loyola. M. M. Patrick, the local Superior of this house, was at school with me at the Abbey, long ago, and I am glad to have her here. She unites with me in all good wishes.

S. M. PANCRATIUS.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Hirose, the hero, Japan's great sailor, is no more! His was the most impressive naval funeral ever witnessed in Japan—a strange blending of the East and the West, of the Old World and the New. Men dressed in the traditional costume of the country walked side by side with countrymen of theirs arrayed in frock coats, tall hats, and patent leather shoes. Women dressed in the old Japanese style sat elbow to elbow with women who wore gowns made in London. It looked like the twilight of the people's progress, the hour that comes between the evening of the past and the dawning of the future. It was not a funeral in the ordinary sense of the term; it was a pageant promoted by a people's love for a great man gone to his long account.

The more I hear of the dead sailor, the more thoroughly I can understand why a nation loved him and wished to do him honor. He was brave beyond the usual limits of human bravery. He was honest as the daylight, and as incorruptible as the dawn. He loved his country and his profession, and looked with contempt upon men who entered the service merely to wear a uniform, and fatten their vanity. To his equals he was courteous; to those below him a kindly, considerate, lovable man; a pattern sailor to the seamen of the world, and when they buried him a nation wept, and every tear was true.

At ten of the clock I took my horse and rode through the city. Far out from the busy centre to the poorer quarters, north, south, east, and

west, I went, to see if this was to be a spontaneous tribute to the dead commander Hirose, or a political demonstration worked by clever hands. I am glad that I went—glad because I saw with my own eyes sights the reports of which so often reach a writer merely through his ears. A city was weeping, and sorrow unconcealed sat upon every face. Here and there men wore a badge of mourning, but a deeper shade of regret than crape can show lay in the eyes of the populace, for this man was a people's hero, an uncrowned king. As I rode back the streets were lined mile after mile with rows of boys and girls, who stood in single file as still and steady as I have ever seen our soldiers stand in London's streets when the great were going to the last, long home. A little later, and the adults came, not pushing, rushing, and jostling, as folk do who come to see a show, but quietly, with reverent steps and voices hushed to whispers. They stood behind the little ones, and waited with a patience that was not devoid of pathos.

A great hush settles upon the city. Tokio lies still, but tremulous, in the lap of the land. So, men tell me, has the city stood waiting, expectant, after the first shake of an earthquake. Then from afar I caught the rise and fall of the Dead March. The shrill notes of the pipes and the deep roll of the drums, and I knew that he for whom a nation mourned was coming—coming crowned with the laurels won in death. Heads were bared in the brilliant sunshine, bodies were bowed until the unbroken lanes of mourners looked like avenues of bent boughs, and the soft spring wind plucking the petals pink, white, and red from peach and plum and cherry tree, scattered the glowing glory of the young year's bloom like a benediction on the low-bent heads of the children of the city. And still the drums throbbed on.

The cortége came at last marching from Tswkiji, the Naval Band filling the air with sounds that spoke for sadness, pain, and pride. Then came the guard of honor, two hundred stalwart sailors from the fleet, picked men, whose hands had served the guns that had helped to lower the Russian pride throughout the length and breadth of the Yellow Sea, men who looked much as our bluejackets look, frank, fearless, and manly, bold of face, keen of eye, strong of limb, better men, I thought, than any soldier I had seen in all the land of Nippon. But then, to my mind, the sea makes men manlier all the world over. Next came two Shinto priests clad all in white, their thin, dark, ascetic faces and piercing eyes set off by the spotless raiment they wore. Behind the priests the sakaki and a flag, on which the name of the hero and his rank were written. Both the sakaki and the flag were carried by bluejackets who had seen service under the dead man. Next came the coffin on a gun carriage, drawn by thirty bluejackets, and on the coffin lay the dead man's uniform. By the side of the coffin marched three officers who had served with Hirose in his youth. After that came the burial, the laying of fish, fruits, and flesh in front of the coffin, the bowing of the Shinto priests, and the wailing of the crowd. Then when the mob had gone, the Naval Brigade lined up and fired a salute over the remains of the dead hero, and the great pageant was over.

The seventh of April is Cherry Blossom Day in Japan, and what a day it is! Ten days ago, all this Eastern world looked cold and grey; bitter winds swept through the land, and snow in fine, filmy flakes fell in the streets of Tokio, snow so fine that it died out of sight as soon as it touched the ground. Then the winds departed, and the warm rains that speak of the birth of spring came to us, feeding the flowers and the fruit-trees with the moisture that brings forth buds, so soon to become blossoms. The mornings and the evenings are chilly, but the hours in between are full of genial warmth, and the spring, that masterpiece of all created things, is born again.

It did not come to us here, as it comes in England, slowly and sweetly, with a wondrous wealth of living green, with the notes of the lark's song in the air, and the modest field-flower peeping from hedgerow and wayside pasture. It leapt upon us suddenly in a blaze of splendor that held the eye enthralled. It came fresh-born in a night, sparkling, gleaming, blushing with beauty. But yesterday the trees were bare and brown, no leaves, no greenery of any kind to catch the vagrant glance; to-day, wave upon wave of glowing bloom, a wilderness of flowers, a world of color, from purest white to richest red, laughs from earth to heaven.

In England blooms are cultivated on plants, but here in the gorgeous East, flowers are grown upon trees, great trees that well might shame an English orchard, only that here the people grow for beauty, there they grow for gain. Mile upon mile along the highways the cherry trees are blooming. They will bear no fruit; they show

no leaves—not a sparkle of green amidst the white ocean of dainty petals. Within a week the first blooms will be dead, yet whilst they live they give to the land a splendor and a beauty that beggars men who are not bankrupt in the world of words.

So heavily are the boughs laden with blossoms that they bend earthwards, crowning the little brown children who play beneath with diadems of daintiest workmanship. How happy they seem, these little brown pagans, as they rush about catching the petals that fall in a whirlwind of flakes every time a breeze shakes the boughs, happier than I have ever seen the children of the poor in any European land. They have no clothes to speak of, neither have their fathers nor their mothers, the coolies who do the work of the land on a handful of rice. Yet they seem happy, with a sprightly happiness that one never meets with amongst our own very poor. Is it climatic, or is it merely constitutional, or is it the influence of the flowers, those wonderful blooms that crown the hills with glory and deck the vales with quivering splendor?

I quit my house at the dawn and go forth to look upon the world; the vibrant breeze just shakes the blossoms on a sea of trees, and the little brown, songless birds twitter in and out from twig to twig. Below me lies the sea, the wide, peaceful sea, flanked by the rough, uneven coasts. Tokio lies miles and miles behind me, Yokohama miles in front. The fisher folk, with sails outspread, seek for their daily food.

Early as it is, women and children paddle on the sandy beach, seeking for cockles to enrich the scanty fare that comes to poverty, for here the poor are very poor, and food is measured out grain by grain, morsel by morsel. They spoil the picture, these poor humans, seeking for the wherewithal to live. The sun comes up, and just catches the sea and the sails, and the dirty brown hulks of fisher craft that sit like blots on the face of the waters.

The yellow shafts of the sun sweep inland, and as my eyes follow the beams I stand entranced, as if the veil of wonderland had been rent across, that I might see the glories of the East, the fabled East, rich in tradition, splendid in parables, gorgeous in reality. Sweeping around the noble bay like an army beautified stand the long line of trees, trees that ten days ago were bare, brown and forbidding, barren of all beauty. Now they speak with silent eloquence for all that is gay and gladsome; they light the coast with splendor, each bud a prophecy, each bloom a revelation, a mighty mass of white, so stainless that a wandering snowflake might have blushed to find itself astray in so much purity.

There, acre on acre, like squadrons of infantry massed for parade, field flanking field, as far as the eye can reach, peach bloom ranges itself in all the diversity of God-clothed loveliness—dark red, soft pink, rich crimson, with a million shades of intermittent color flashing in between, yet blending as the rainbow blends, evolving harmony out of things inharmonious, until the whole is perfect. Blue sky above, blue waters to the westward, grey hills to guard the coasts, and beyond the coasts a whole world of flowers blushing blood red in the dawning of Cherry Blossom Day in Japan, make an artist's paradise.

A. G. Hales.

Via Venti Settembre, Rome.

Dear Rainbow:

On Friday, the English Ladies of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary and all their pupils were received in private audience by the Holy Father. With hearts brimful of joy we drove to St. Peter's at ten o'clock. The weather was not in keeping with our gladness, nor did the brilliant Roman sun burnish, as usual, the stately Basilica—the sky was gray—as that of London. But we did not mind the weather, all our thoughts were of him we were about to see—the Vicar of Christ on earth.

Having entered the Vatican, we crossed the Cortile di San Damaso and ascended the staircase till we reached the beautiful Raphael Loggie, in one of which we stood in double line along the walls. What a pretty picture it was! At the upper end, the children in snowy white, at the lower, the language students and night scholars in black. The nuns went to and fro with brighter eyes and sweeter smiles than ever. As I gazed on them I could not but think of the wondrous dispensation of the love of God to man—"He hath given His Angels charge over thee; to keep thee in all thy ways"—for like guardian angels they watch over those young souls whom they guide on the way to heaven. We waited about an hour. From time to time the door opened and suddenly the faint murmur of voices was hushed. Here he is! we thought, and our hearts beat faster. But we were disappointed—it was only

a captain of the Swiss Guard, or a stately Monsignore, or a group of gentlemen and ladies with radiant countenance, who had just had a private audience. At last, two of the Palatine Guards opened wide the folding door, and, on the threshold, stood the white, saint-like figure of Pius X. Loud and long applause re-echoed from roof to corridor. So sudden was the apparition that our evvivas were hushed upon our lips. Not a word could we utter—we only felt who he was that stood among us, whose eyes gazed on us, whose hand blessed us. Kneeling, our souls—like our heads—bent in homage, as we awaited the passing of the Pontifex Maximus. His Holiness walked slowly along the Loggia, and, stopping in the centre, bade us rise. When he heard who we were, who were the Religious that had led us to him, he smiled as our Lord must have smiled beholding the dearest portion of his flock. One of our companions, kneeling again, read a heartfelt, reverent address, expressive of what we all felt. Her lips quivered, her hand trembled, yet the Holy Father's eyes gazed kindly, tenderly, lovingly, on her. It was not only awe which spoke in her voice and in her looks, but the purest love, the firmest faith. A little girl recited a piece of poetry, and, as the Holy Father listened, he smiled benignly. Then speaking to us as a father speaks to his children, he said he was glad to hear our promise of fidelity to the Church and its Head. He exhorted us to preserve our souls as white as the veils which covered our heads, to work and pray according to the teaching of Jesus Christ—to fight bravely for Him. He implored Almighty God to shower His choicest blessings on us, on our dear teachers, and on our families. Afterwards he walked again around the Loggia that every one might kiss his hand and kneel before him to be blessed. Suddenly his eyes rested upon the sweet face of a Religious who knelt before him. Laying his hand on her head, he said softly: "God bless you. You will be glorious in heaven. Our Lord has promised an eternity of happiness to those who save their own souls, what then must be the reward of those who consecrate their lives to the salvation of others!" I saw tears of joy on the cheeks of the good Religious. Never, I think, did she hear—or will she hear—words sweeter than those till the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant" falls from the Master's lips, in His Heavenly Kingdom!

Raising his hand for the last time, the Holy Father gave the parting benediction. Every soul in the Loggia hung on his words—followed and closed around him like a sea. As he crossed the threshold, prolonged Evviva! Evviva! arose. A new strength was in our hearts. The Vicar of Christ had been with us, had spoken to us, had blessed us!

CONCETTA SILENTII.

VIA VENTI Settembre, ROME.

DEAR M. M. E.—

Would you like to hear something of our audience on the occasion of the presentation of our Peter's Pence? It was really a most delightful one. Father di Mandato and Father Ambrose, who were with us, said it was the most interesting they had ever seen.

At nine, three of the Religious went to St. Peter's to take charge of the language students and night pupils, who were to await us at the Confession. A half an hour after, we followed in sixteen landaus—six in each. The long procession of all these carriages, occupied by white Vestal Virgins, made quite a sensation. All along the route, people stopped on the pavement to gaze at our triumphal march. Instead of alighting on the Piazza of St. Peter's, we drove into the Cortile di San Damaso. Here also we made a stir, for Cardinal Nocella said: "Who are these nuns driving into the Cortile di San Damaso in their sixteen carriages?"

As the Throne Room was too small, Mgr. Bisletti had promised us the Hall of the Consistory—instead, we were taken into one of the exquisite Loggie, where we arranged our three hundred and ten pupils. A child of fourteen—Contesina Sofie Millo—read an address to the Holy Father, and a younger one—Contesina Maria Serra—recited some Italian verses, with much expression and grace. His Holiness seemed so pleased, smiled the whole time, and then patted the child on the head and blessed her. Next little Prince Leone Massimo presented the Gondola, in which were artificial fish filled with gold—the pennies of the children alone. The Pope spoke beautifully and in such musical tones. You have no idea of the sunshine of his presence. One of the children, in delight, said: "He is like Gesù going about among the little ones." His Holiness then blessed the medals, saying they were from him to the children who had sent the Peter's Pence. "Da me e per me," he said, two or



In 1609, the 24th of her life, Mary Ward, with the approbation of her confessor, whom she had vowed to obey blindly in all spiritual matters, made a vow to return to England and devote herself to the salvation of souls according to her state, which she did with great fruit.

three times, "so your children must keep their medals as special gifts from the Holy Father."

The Indian, African, and Australian Peter's Pence have not yet arrived—yours will go in with theirs and be offered in another audience. There was a stupid notice in the *Tablet*, which I did not like at all, and I especially regretted that the 3000 lire were given as the *Institute's* Peter's Pence, whereas we had impressed on the Holy Father that these were the children's pennies only.

It was delightful to have Rev. Mother, M. M. Stanislaus, and Sr. M. Attracta for a month. Notwithstanding the unusual amount of rain, they made many pilgrimages. How holy Rev. Mother-General is! I was more impressed than ever, this time, with her sanctity. She never seemed so happy as when in the Catacombs, the Martyrs' Crypts, the Colisseum, or Mamertine. Indeed, I was never so happy as when in company with her in these holy places. We were in the Basilica erected on the site of the palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine, where St. Laurence was tried, leaned on the very marble bar on which he had probably leaned when on trial. In San Lorenzo in Lucina, we prayed by his gridiron, and in San Lorenzo in Panisperna knelt on the spot where he was martyred. In San Lorenzo outside the walls, we prayed by his body and kissed the slab still stained with his blood. This Basilica was built by Constantine on the ruins of the temple of Neptune. It is about a mile outside Porta Lorenza, formerly called Porta Esquilina, and sometimes Porta Tiburtin, because it led to Tivoli. The pillars which support the portico, and the painting with which it is embellished, are beautiful. The body of St. Laurence is under the high altar. The twenty-two columns of the nave are of oriental granite, and the tribune is decorated with twelve antique columns of pavonazzo, partly sunk in the earth ever since the time that Honorius III. raised the pavement in that part of the church. In the grand nave there are two pulpits, which were used anciently for the singing of the epistle and gospel, respectively.

St. Sebastian is another hero of Rev. Mother's. In his honor she made a pilgrimage, on his feast, to the spot on the Palatine where he was tried and shot to death; and to his Catacomb on the Via Appia. The chapel of St. Sebastian, which contains his relics, was decorated according to the design of Ciroferri. The statue of the Saint, lying on his tomb, pierced with arrows, is by Giorgetti, one of Bernini's pupils. The portico of the church is supported by antique columns, of a very rare kind of marble, a sort of reddish granite. The three doors leading into the church are ornamented with paintings by Antonio Caracci. Under this church are the most celebrated and the most extensive Catacombs in Rome.

We had the happiness of hearing Mass in the Catacomb of San Calisto. It was unspeakably solemn, never did the Holy Sacrifice seem so grand as in this cubiculum of the martyrs, never were its mystic depths so luminous as in these sacred caverns of perpetual night. Even St. Peter's, with all its magnificence and dream-like splendors, is lacking in the beauty and pathos which belong to these beautiful Catacombs alone. Indeed their sable glories vie with and eclipse the aureoles which art has created around the marvellous Basilicas of our city. When I begin to write of the Catacombs I feel as if I cannot stop. I could visit them every day and still find food for prayer and sublime reflection.

We went to the blessing of the lambs in St. Agnes', on her feast. It was sweet to see the little pets lying on the altar, fastened with red ribbons. The church was crowded.

I met your sister and little nephew on the Via Nomentana and also here. I hope her sojourn in Rome was pleasant. Mrs. McDonnell and her daughter, Clara, called to-day and seemed much pleased with their visit. What a charming lady she is and how interesting her conversation! Her daughter looks delicate, but we trust our Roman climate may benefit her.

Our dear, kind friend, Rev. F. Dunne, says Mass for us every morning—a second Mass for the pupils and those of the Community who have time to be present. He has just been on a long walking tour, which he will describe in his weekly letters to his mother in Chicago—these are forwarded, I believe, to his sister, who is a member of the Institute at the Abbey, so you will probably see them. I shall write you more at length in the near future. Two or three Roman letters have been despatched to-day. S. M. B.

CINTRA, PORTUGAL.

DEAR JOSEPHINE:

A more perfect day than this one could not wish for!—such clear blue sky and pure air! I fear you have set me a rather difficult task, one

for which I am unfit; however, I will tell you all I can about our dear little village.

Cintra lies on the edge of a granite serra, whose highest point attains an elevation of 1875 feet above the sea. In the centre of the village, stands the Royal Palace, formerly the old Alhambra of the Moorish Kings. The Palace was completed by Dom Manoel, in the year 1500. Dom Joao VI. was confined in one of the rooms, by his queen, the last six years of his life; the brick floor is almost entirely worn from his constant walking up and down. One Sunday morning he went to hear Mass, up a narrow stairway to a small box, built expressly for him. Being always conducted to and from this loft-like place by a guard, after Mass the guard went to take him back to his prison, but only to find that he had passed away during the Holy Sacrifice. No matter what his wrong-doing might have been there must surely have been redeeming qualities to merit such a peaceful, unusual death. The building is almost all of Moorish architecture. The ceiling of the dining-room is painted with magpies, each bird holds in its claw a rose branch, and in its beak a label with the motto, *Por Bene*—for good. It is said that King Dom Joao I. was detected by his queen, Philippa of Lancaster, in the act of saluting one of her maids of honor on the cheek while presenting her with a rose, and that he replied, "It is only for good, my lady." In order to silence the Court, he ordered the room closed and had it painted with magpies. There is also a very interesting old Moorish bath, as large as a good-sized room, and beautifully tiled. The ceiling, walls and floor are full of small holes. Persons were supposed to step in from the courtyard and open the tap, when the water came in a shower from above and all sides. It is really very pretty. The chapel is ordinary and poorly kept. The old Palace is occupied during the summer months by the Dowager Queen.

The Royal Palace, called the Penna, was formerly a convent, built by Dom Manoel for the Jeronymites of Belem. It is situated on the very highest pinnacle in Cintra. From its tower Dom Manoel looked for the return of the fleet of Vasco da Gama. At the suppression of the convents, the Penna was bought by a gentleman who, later, sold it to Dom Fernando, grandfather of the present King. Dom Fernando was only Prince Consort. When his queen died, he married an American lady, who still lives—her title is Countess Edla—and she is exceedingly good to the poor. She sold the Penna to the Portuguese Government, and it is now the summer residence of King Carlos and Queen Amelia and their two beautiful boys.

The altar-piece of the Penna is exquisitely sculptured in white semi-transparent alabaster—the work of an Italian artist. The subject is scenes from our Saviour's life. It is really beautiful beyond description. The view is exceedingly fine, taking in the entire village of Cintra with its lovely gardens, the mouth of the Tagus, the Atlantic, and the village of Cascaes, the Royal watering-place. The road to the Penna might be called a spiral road. It is not only a pretty but a most interesting drive. One of our favorite haunts is Penha Verde, a walk through the cork woods, of which I have already written you.

Your loving cousin,

MARY G. GALLWEY.

VIA VENTI SETTEMBRE, ROMA.

MY DEAR M. M. E.:

The account of the audience that I sent you in pointed writing, was the composition of one of my Italian pupils, Concetta Silentii—being such a good production for a foreigner I thought you would like it. She really gives me some very clever essays—would you not wish her to write some letters to your American pupils, and thus bring the old Roman Empire, to which she belongs, and the land of the Stars and Stripes into correspondence? This girl is versed in literature and history, and writes well and enthusiastically on all Rome's past and present glories.

It was S. M. Gertrude's hands which the Holy Father pressed to his sacred bosom as he called her Madre Carissima. To me he said only Sora Bernarde, smiling sweetly and looking into my soul's depths. He stood for a minute or so whilst I pressed his hand and the Fisherman's Ring to my lips, ready to hear and grant all I might ask, but I had no words—my soul was too full for language.

To one of our pupils, Maria Bisletti, the Holy Father said, "Why did you not come to see me sooner, did you never ask?" She said "yes." "How good of you!" Then, turning to his Maestro di Camera, the venerable Pontiff exclaimed, "How unkind of you, Bisletti, not to have brought your niece to see me before!" Poor Mgr. Bisletti will not go to purgatory for nepotism, for

he would not ask a single favor, not even a special blessing, for his niece, although he is day and night with His Holiness.

Mana Pastor, the daughter of the celebrated historian, presented from the children of the Institute in Bavaria, a beautiful white silk album, richly embroidered in gold, with a monogram of the name of Mary. It contained a poem asking His Holiness to accept the "Oboto" offered in humble devotion by those loyal hearts in Catholic Bavaria. For it must be known that Bavaria had sent two-thirds of the whole offering from the boarding schools alone, as the large day schools were not allowed by the Bishops to contribute.

And now, it was the Holy Father's turn to speak, and every ear was strained to catch each word that fell from his lips. He spoke so earnestly and touchingly that every word went straight to the hearts of those around him, and roused and intensified every feeling of loyalty and devotion to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. His words were to this effect: "It gives great joy to my heart to see you all here to-day; nothing could be more consoling to me than hearing from the lips of this good child, your companion, of your intention to be good Christians, modest, pious, faithful to your promises, to the vows made at the baptismal font. As this child has rightly said, may the white veils you wear this day symbolize the spotlessness and innocence of your lives, and may you never sully in any way through any act, in any moment of your lives, the beautiful purity of your souls. Nothing shall be dearer to my heart than to know that you have profited by the example of your loved mistresses and persevered in virtue, always aspiring to, and striving for the true prize, that I, too, look for, the prize of 'Eternal Life.'"

On May 18th, Mgr. Peocini, a young Venetian, and Private Secretary to the Holy Father, said Mass. He was most kind, and offered his services to us, to do all he could, and all that we might want of him. He says Mass three times a week for the Holy Father, dines with him daily, and is so busy that he can only leave the Vatican three times a week for a little change of air. After that grand audience of ours, the Holy Father said to him, "Do you know what kind of fishes these are?—feel them." Fancy, he keeps the boat and fishes in his room. What an honor for our poor little barque! I think he was as delighted with our little fishes as St. Peter was with the miraculous draught. Imagine the dear Holy Father taking them out of the net, and emptying the gold out of them. Your offering will be presented with the Spanish and Colonial offerings, in a second audience.

Our good friend, Father Ambrose, O. S. B., after the General Chapter held at Subiaco this month, was ordered to England, so we shall lose him. He was unanimously elected Procurator-General of the whole Order, but refused the office. Do you remember him?

I wonder if you have seen the portrait of His Holiness, painted by Dom Gregory, O. S. B., here in Rome, for your Exposition at St. Louis. We saw it—it is a striking likeness. Father Ambrose used to sit and talk to His Holiness while his brother was painting him. We have one of the photographs with a most loving inscription, written by the Holy Father. We got it a week or two ago—and are very proud of our treasure. Rev. Mother will get one for you later on.

I suppose Mrs. McDonnell has sent you all Cardinal Merry del Val's kind messages? What an affectionate remembrance he has of you! He is never tired of speaking of the time he remained at the convent at the Falls. The RAINBOW comes regularly. Do, please, thank S. F. for sending it. Many kind messages to our dear Sisters in Toronto.

M. GERTRUDE.

School Chronicle.

May—and Mary! The skies look down with radiant joy on our Mother's flower-strewn path and flower-decked altars, the air is resonant with the song of greeting birds, the hillsides, clothed in their garb of emerald hue, are eloquent of the opening spring—but to us her children the beautiful May has a deeper and holier significance than any mere earthly charms can impart, for has not fervent devotion to the Queen of Heaven found lodgment in every rank and condition of life from the king to the beggar; have not prayerful shrines in every land perpetuated manifestations of her power; have not her oratories witnessed myriads of heartfelt supplications, whether embellished with all the beauty that wealth can give, or adorned with only a few dewy wild flowers plucked on the mountain side by loving hands?

When we look out upon the tender beauty of these May mornings, or the no less touching aspect of the evening hour, we realize something

of that feeling which prompted the poet-soul to sweet expression—"And our hearts begin saying Hail Marys, somewhere up in the beautiful skies."

May tenth—A Palindrome Party—game won by Jane Gorman—prize, a lovely Madonna.

The English language is not rich in palindromes, say the authorities, nevertheless there are quite enough upon which to found a very successful party. Everyone knows the famous palindrome sentence by which Adam is said to have introduced himself to his wife: "Madam, I'm Adam." Then there is the equally celebrated one, called the soliloquy of Napoleon, "Able was I ere I saw Elba."

It was rather amusing to watch the varying expressions as the game proceeded—some who had fondly deemed certain words or phrases their own, saw them coolly appropriated by their opponents.

May fourteenth—Mass celebrated by Rev. J. Gillis, C. S. P., Washington, D. C. A forenoon of gladness for Mother Febronia and Fanny and Rita Coffey in the companionship of their dear cousin. In the evening an entertainment for our Reverend guest, after which he congratulated the students on their convent training, referring at the same time to the trend of latter-day education, which serves only to unsex woman and unfit her for her calling. "Philosophy, science, and medicine," he said, "seem to occupy a prominent place in the curricula of the colleges—the cultivation of the fine arts is nil." Father Gillis further remarked that ours is a very utilitarian age, the youth of to-day being thoroughly imbued with utilitarian ideas, but that the education we have been receiving is more idealistic and that our aims, therefore, are not of the sordid kind—valuing what would be commercially useful. Music and painting might not bring great wealth to any of us, but, through the cultivation of these and the interpretation of the masterpieces of literature, we would be enabled to live on a higher plane, for, in the appreciation of the beautiful, whether in art or in literature, we are led to the Author of all that is great and beautiful.

May sixteenth—A charming visit from Mother Mary Teresa and Mother Mary Thais, Convent of the Holy Child, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex, England, accompanied by Mother Mary Michael and Mother Mary Gabriel, Convent of the Holy Child, Sharon Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Religious expressed themselves enraptured with the beauty of our surroundings, viewed from the cupola the wonderful engineering feats in course of operation at the foot of the hill, and departed without a shadow of the disappointment usually felt by those who see Niagara for the first time.

May seventeenth—The weekly meeting of the Culture Class. Historical Literature the theme—some of its modern phases and methods interestingly discussed—Gaelic Revival considered.

Anna Merle introduced the topic—"Literary Notes of Current Interest"—by speaking of the present Gaelic literary revival, which she characterized as a movement of real importance, contributing freshness, originality, and imagination to the realm of literature. The work of W. B. Yeats was particularly commended. In addition to the drama, Irish folk-lore was noted as another phase of the Gaelic revival.

Miss Hennessey took for her subject, "Japanese Poetic Instincts," Miss Gorman, "Two Historians," Miss Henry, "Historical Methods," Miss Louise Baker, "Prescott's Good Work In Introducing The Public to the Countries of Mexico and Peru," Hazel Heller, "Grant's History of the Civil War."

May eighteenth—Rev. J. Clarke, of Brooklyn, N. Y., accompanied by Rev. J. Eagan, C. M., Niagara University, passed a very pleasant hour with us to-day. Father Clarke has left a sweet memory of his visit in the vocal selections that were such a joy to hear.

May twentieth—Gladys West wins the competitive "short essay" prize.

May twenty-second—Close of annual Retreat, conducted by Rev. A. J. Smits, O. C. C. On the evening of the eighteenth we assembled before the shrine of Our Lady to hear from the eloquent lips of the great Carmelite preacher words of invitation and inspiration—words that sank deep into every heart, words that quickened the conscience of the hearers and awakened a desire to turn from sin and imperfection and seek again the way that leads to the only true happiness.

Eager, anxious, earnest, we daily came into the Divine Presence to ask a blessing on these days of retirement and prayer; and when the dazzling splendor of the Pentecost Solemnity shone upon the world, our encouraged hearts were ready, we trust, for the coming of the Spirit of Truth promised by the Father.

In the afternoon there was a reception of Children of Mary. The privileged ones were—May Hennessey, Margaret and Bertha Henry, Beatrice Beck, Pearl Fraser, Josephine Fleming, Hazel Heller, Kathryn Kyle, Georgiana Cannon, Mary, Helen and Margaret Burchill, and Othelia de Gray.

Fanny Coffey, Rita Sheedy, Marjorie Beck, Kathleen Ridout, Frances Hawk, Eleanor Lilley and Josephine Kiep were received into the Sodality of the Holy Angels—and the recipients of many congratulations on the part of teachers and companions.

May twenty-fifth—An afternoon of literary enjoyment, for which we are indebted to Rev. W. J. Eagan, C. M., and Rev. F. Walsh, C. M., Niagara University, N. Y.

Father Eagan said: "There is a subject on which I deem it proper to address you, and which I consider of much importance to you. It is the tendency of literature at the present time. This tendency is turning again towards the mystical, the romantic, and the ideal. The tendency of the last century was certainly materialistic, of the earth, earthy. That this condition should exist was only natural, when we consider the conditions of thought then prevailing in every department of literary activity. The denial of God wrought dreadful havoc in the intellectual and moral world, and we see its consequences only too clearly in the literature of the time. Literature must of necessity reflect life in all its circumstances, conditions, and consequences; for literature is the varied expression of life in all its phases. I have said that the trend of thought was materialistic, and so we find that the literature is earthly in its aims, its methods, its objects; that it loses sight of the vast spiritual world; that it completely ignores the fact that we are akin "to that stuff that dreams are made of." It is a long, far cry from the end of the nineteenth century to Luther, still thought travels the centuries fast, and we see most clearly that his revolt was the first cause of the deplorable condition of things moral and intellectual, at the dawn of the twentieth century.

Life cannot be divorced from Christ and His religion without destructive consequences to man; so neither can literature, which is the true expression of life, be separated from religious influences without inflicting many evils upon the race. The lowering of ideals, which had become so noticeable and evident in the last half of the nineteenth century, was the logical outcome of materialistic principles governing life and literature.

The dawn of a brighter day for literature has come. The spiritual is again showing its superiority over the material in the literary world, and we have the earnest and hope of better things. We have it in our power, by appreciation and by literary activity, to direct and to influence the thought of the present time and to guide it back to the safe harbor of religion. Especially is it the duty of the educated Catholic to right the wrong inflicted on literature, to restore the true ideals of life, to frown down all tendencies detrimental to the soul's generous aspirations and nobler instincts, and to lead human thought onward and upward to God. Literature, as one of the fine arts, has to do with the embellishment, the adornment of life. That life needs such things is a self-evident, a potent fact of experience. Now this adornment of life must be suited, must be adapted in every way to its subject; otherwise incongruity arises and harmony is lost. It is Catholic instinct, Catholic tendency to rest in the life beyond, Catholic education which most effectively teach the true and the beautiful and the noble in literature and art. As we are not expected to be always sad and sorrowful; as we are to be sometimes glad and joyous; as we are taught to love and praise God in joy and exultation of spirit; so we may learn nobleness of spirit, true heroism and generous action from the best and truest literature. Our modes of thought and our concept of life come not, as a general rule, from experimental knowledge, but rather are derived from books. Hence the necessity of knowing how to select those works that, without fail, will develop our plastic natures and lead us onward, in the pursuit of goodness, truth, and beauty.

In your present position, you have the splendid opportunity of becoming acquainted with the noblest and the truest concept of life, under the enlightened guidance of the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. When, in your future life, you have by your education and culture become the leaders of Catholic thought, you will look back with love and reverence to your Alma Mater and then fully appreciate the blessing of having learned the true ideas regarding life and literature. You will then be factors for good and enlightened leaders to guide others, who have not been so privileged, to the true goal

of happiness. My sincere wish and trustful hope is that, when such opportunity comes, you will lovingly embrace it and strive nobly to bring by your passive and active co-operation others back to the true principles which govern life and literature."

May twenty-seventh—The sunshine of beloved Rev. Mother's presence is gilding our home to-day. All who approach her are won by her motherly kindness and unfeigned interest in each one individually. Would that other claims on her time and attention during these busy days, did not render her sojourn in our midst necessarily brief!

M. M. Loyola, S. M. Delphina, S. M. Isabella, and S. M. Hilda are also availing themselves of the ozone-laden breezes of the Falls, and receiving enthusiastic welcome from old friends.

May thirty-first—A most impressive close to our Lady's month—we bring our offerings and lay them at her feet as she stands in the midst of the fragrant May blossoms. The honor of crowning the statue of our Heavenly Queen devolved on Estelle Forrestal—the leader of the most faithful band. Agnes Buddles was the chosen "little one" who bravely led her band of minims and placed their crown of white roses on the love-lit shrine.

But all things pass away—even the joy and bliss of May days—"but ere these happy hours have fled, our hearts we leave at Mary's feet"—yea, and our faithful tributes—the individual crowns composed of the hours of silence which mean so much self-denial on our part, and the practices and devotions so familiar to Loretto's children.

June fifth—Corpus Christi—day of solemnity and joy! The chapel and grounds with their bowers of roses and blossom-canopied shrines, a foretaste of heaven. As the procession wends its way along the grassy slopes so often hallowed by the passing of our Sacramental God, on this beautiful festival, all nature seems to unite with us in his praise. The voice of the mighty cataract mingles with ours, the sun casts an exquisite sheen upon the tender leaves, the breeze wafts the fragrance of the surrounding groves and orchards, while numberless birds chant in full chorus their praises with ours. The white-robed little ones are "suffered" to be nearest the Master, to strew His path with flowers—His smile is resting on them, and a special blessing is, doubtless, theirs. May these chosen ones—whose happiest memory this will be in after years—find place as near the Great White Throne as they do to-day beneath the gold-wrought canopy!

June sixth—The forty-third anniversary of the foundation of Loretto of the Blessed Sacrament, Niagara Falls—and, by the way, of the birth of a very enthusiastic former pupil—but, oh, tell it not in Gath! The musical examiner is here from Toronto, when he departs we *hope to celebrate* in a manner befitting the noble date.

June seventh—A visit from General Thomas L. James, ex-Postmaster-General of the United States, Mrs. James, Miss Harriet Reed James, New York, and Miss Edith Boyden, Liverpool, England. The distinguished party expressed themselves delighted with the Institution and its unsurpassed surroundings.

June tenth—Beatrice Beck wins the Book-Contest prize. The faithful *Carroll* whom she has so victoriously championed, is now the hero of a score of maidens' hearts!!

June eighteenth—A sigh of relief—the exams. are over, and nerves and muscles are relaxed! Welcome much-needed rest and happy holidays!

June twenty-first—The closing scene—is there not a sadness in it, with all its pleasures and gayeties, music and flowers? How I love to look back upon these nine years of my life spent within the peaceful shades of Loretto, not only because of the friends I have learned to love, the pleasant associations that cluster around them, and the privileges enjoyed, but for the pleasure-lighted work—that did not seem irksome. Yes, the sun has set on my school life—the dear reality has passed into a radiant dream.

As we cross the threshold into a new and wider realm, we cast a lingering, regretful look behind on the green fields of childhood, the laughter of innocence, the kindness of teachers, the tender allowances that palliated so many shortcomings and, mayhap, averted failure. Rarely can such extenuation be expected again. Out into the hard and bitter arena we are called to go where there is little favor—small recompense at the best. Rejoicing at prospective freedom quickly disappears with the realization that, as long as life lasts, no unhampered period is vouchsafed. Environment may be transformed, responsibility is unending.

We now go our several ways, divergent and uncertain, but whithersoever Fortune may lead

us, we shall each and all, in the time to come, look back with peculiar emotions upon these years so filled with activity, and so fraught with far-reaching influence.

MARY MERLE.

Personals.

Last night capsized.

There's a man in Alaska who cultivates blue foxes on his farm.

"What is a shillalah, anyway?" "Why, it's a tomahawk."

The man ate his bread with zest—"What is the meaning of zest?" "Jam."

Prove that the earth is round. "If you start from a certain place to go around the world, you will be at the same place when you get back."

I made a resolution to be good for one successive day.

Gibbon went to school to Westminster Abbey.

"Only gentlemen go to funerals in Canada." "Well, when I die, I want to see some one besides gentlemen at my funeral."

Don't speak of Dewey (Dowie) he's a false prophet.

Mahomet was always subject to trances and things and fits.

"What's the use of learning all these names of places?" "Oh, unless you learn geography you'll be like the man who said, when he returned from a trip—'Yes, I saw the Dardanelles at a party and danced with the two of them.' Sr., *who* are the Dardanelles?"

"How did St. Peter know that Ananias had kept back some of the money?"

"Sister, I think he was aspired."

A equator is an art circul around the north and south pole.

"Name the Presidents who died in office." "&—&—&—McKinley" — Florence, interrupting — "McKinley didn't die in his office, he died at the Pan-American."

A oasis is a clips of the moon.

If I give something silly as an example, if it makes sense, will it be all right?

My mind, she like a rabbit.

"What was the religion of the Britons?" "A strange and terrible one—that of the dudes."

A prairie is a gracie plane.

'Cos the moon is so changing is the reason why it is of a different gender from the sun.

It was Daniel in the lions' den who said it was not good for man to be alone.

Magna Charta was a great man, and he was called Magna Charta because he used to go about preaching.

"What is the chief industry of Austria?" "Gathering ostrich feathers."

"Name some of the early Christian Fathers." "Jerome, Oxigen, and Ambrosia."

The spinal column is bones running all over the body, it is very dangerous.

"Where is the earth's climate the hottest?" "Next the creator."

"What caused the death of Cleopatra?" "She bit a wasp."

Isn't it funny, I never saw anything about St. Patrick and the shamrock in the Bible History?"

"Where did you say your father went?" "To the late South African war." "What was he doing there?" "Shootin' bores." "What are bores?" "Ducks."

"I don't see how Matrimony can be a sacrament." "Why?" "Because there is no sorrow in it."

My veil was in my way so I could not bow fluently.

I got a new piece called "The Grasshopper," and Sister said it was a most propropative one for me.

"Which should you take greater care of, your body or your soul?" "My body, because my soul can never die."

I gave the past interior of vêtir.

On account of the floods all the fields are under ground.

"And she was married to cap the climax." "Who's cap the climax?"

"And He went about, curing divers diseases." "Please, Sister, what kind of diseases does divers most generally suffer from?"

Mary was not taken unawares this time—at least we have heard nothing to this effect from our rising prima donna.

"Try to sing this with more expression, it is by a very good composer—Mozart." "It doesn't say Mozart in this book. It says moderato."

"The soldiers were quartered in Boston." "What is the meaning of quartered?" "It means that they were cut into four parts and distributed all over the city."

"Could not our Lord have cured that poor man without taking him all apart?"

"It's about time husbands would pay attention to what their wives say now after what Mr. Rummell said happened to Julius Caesar."

"That's the fourth slice of bread you're eating." "Well, I don't put on any affectation."

"Bunch" declined being present at the Recital, because a man was going to be killed in it.

What will "Major Maud" say to that?

Huylers! Huylers!—something decent for once in our life—oh, horrors!

Uncle Joe's April-Fool candy—wait till I see him.

Dream your last dream—a dream and a forgetting—on that wedding cake.

Hasn't any one in dis trowd dot a pin?

How will I ever convert him now with the Gregorian Chant?

"Don't wail—don't wail"—enjoined the singing teacher. Don't whale—don't whale—wrote the unconscious minim on her sheet of music.

Lilacs.

The sunlight of heaven is smiling above,
And the air is delicious with lilacs;
The day is as rare as the rainbow of love,
O lilacs, sing ever of lilacs!

The oriole gleams like a gem in the sun,
And cheerily chirrups of lilacs:
The rills down the rocks to the riverside run,
And tinkle of love and of lilacs.

The bumble-bees over the serpelot sweet
Hover, and whisper of lilacs;
And the squirrels above in their leafy retreat
Chatter of redolent lilacs.

The children released from the school on the hill
Run into the fields for the lilacs;
And the miller stands there in the door of the mill,
And drinks in the fragrance of lilacs.

Oh, never were sweeter flowers under the sun
Than lilacs, delectable lilacs;
And, oh, when my life and my labor be done,
Let me lie underneath the sweet lilacs.

J. E. JOHNSTONE.

Every girl is ambitious to become a lady. The most noticeable feature about a real lady is that she never makes herself conspicuous in the slightest degree. She dresses, talks, walks, and acts quietly. You cannot tell her a block away, because she is dressed so modestly and appropriately that she is not conspicuous. She never adopts flaring hats and gaudy colors simply because they are the fashion; she never laughs so loudly that people turn to look at her, and she tries to cultivate that most excellent thing in woman—a soft voice.

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
The largest and best hotel at the Falls. Write for rates.
INTERNATIONAL HOTEL CO., - PROPRIETORS.
S. A. GREENWOOD, Manager.

NEW NAME! NEW GOODS!
NEW MACHINERY! NEW MANAGEMENT!
KORTEN BROTHERS CO.
SUCCESSORS TO
OTTOMAN CAHVEY CO.
Established 1875.
Wholesale Coffees, Teas, Spices,
Baking Powders and Extracts.
CHICAGO.
We work in our Customers' interest ALWAYS.

TELEPHONE 95A.
M. MORSE & SON
UNDERTAKERS AND PROFESSIONAL
EMBALMERS
Main St., - - Niagara Falls South, Canada.


"My Happy Isle" in Lake of the Woods.

NIAGARA RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XI. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., OCTOBER, 1904. No. 4.

My Happy Isle.

There's a blest little Isle in the Lake of the Woods,
Where the spirit of Peace and the wilding bird broods;
Where no frowning fate shortens the long summer day,
For the golden hours come as their mates slip away.
Life is bliss in a circle; thus morning and night
Are but varying gems in this chain of delight.

* * * * * *

In the day's early promise I gratefully take
Of the sweet inspiration of island and lake
There are myriad charms in earth, water, and sky;
All is new to the fancy, if old to the eye.
Here a balsam of earth and of heaven combines
In the fragrance and shade of the health-giving pines.
There's a wonder of grace in the veriest weed
And a volume of lore for the soul burden-freed:
But this blessed communion I cannot express,—
When my heart would say more, then my pen would say less.
Here's the sweet-briar bush, but its roses are gone;
All too brief was their stay, and their mission is done:—
Like the friend, of rare loyalty destin'd to last,
Whom we meet but to mourn our dear joys of the past.
Here the golden-rod fearless flaunts late its rich dow'r,
As of blossoming sunshine each stalk bears a show'r
Of the heart-filling raptures fond fancy might tell,
That revive in the hues of the dainty harebell:
Like a joy-bell, in greeting it bursts on my view;
And it lingers to toll me an autumn adieu.
'Tis the morning sun, breaking thro' purple and mist;
It bedecks the Isle's bosom, a rare amethyst;
Or the late Indian summer, whose grey-purpled haze
Like a heaven-wide harebell bends o'er the sweet days.
And these dainty charms tender, adversity mock;
For it asks, when all fails, but the cleft of a rock:
Whence it teaches a perfect trust casting out fear,
That the God of the summer is Lord of the year.

* * * * * *

I have neighbors whose freehold laws cannot define,
And their claim to this Isle is more sacred than mine.
On the one I call daily; she waits till I come,—
Tho' I see her retiring, she's never "at home":
But her children receive me,—an ill-manner'd brood;
They present but three gaping mouths begging for food.
When the storm breaks at night, with that mother-bird near
And her God watching over, trust conquers my fear.
With the birds and the angels we truly have part,
When the grace of His presence surcharges the heart.
Poor immortals, who wander the earth o'er and o'er,
In pursuit of that peace which eludes sea and shore;
Know,—the cot or the palace that bids Him as guest,
—Or this green little Isle—is the home of the blest!

* * * * * *

When adream in my hammock, the charm of the spell
Is the message breeze-borne from the Mission School bell;
For it tells of devotion the loving, the rare;
—First to God, then to neighbor, to self the least share.
Well the death crowning zeal of the "Black Robe"[1] is known,
For the centuries past have amaz'd handed down
All the history sad of that day long ago,
When on Massacre Island the sun set in woe;
There the martyr Père Aulneau slept never to wake,
While his blood consecrated these isles and this Lake.
From baronial halls[2] he'd withdrawn his young life;
For his God fac'd the wilds, and the Sioux scalping knife.
And the quiet Grey Gown of the good Sister mild,
Wins the life-long regard of the shy Indian child.
For them Sister D'Eschambault[3] will spend her last breath,
True to God, and her race that was faithful to death:
Thro' her veins flows the blood of Verandrye,[4] the friend
Of the martyr'd Père Aulneau, and true to the end
'Twas her forbear De Vaudreuil[5] rul'd this expanse,
When o'er Canada last wav'd the lilies of France.
And her grandsire D'Eschambault de Vaudreuil[6] stood
Page devoted, while flow'd Marie Antoinette's blood.
But most loyally noble of all her proud name,
When she tells of the Indian blood she may claim:
And to her none are greater, that earth ever trod,
Than the little souls ransom'd by blood of a God!

* * * * * *

In the dusk and the dawn pleasing picture we see,
When the blue of the smoke blends with green of the tree,—
Where the Indian's campfire reminds of the past,
Tho' the present foretells that its day cannot last.
Oh! no craft of the pale-face the waters can woo
With the elegant ease of the birch bark canoe.
And no garb of our fancy may ever presume
To the picturesque grace of the buskin and plume.
By the red-man discerning, we're well understood
When we plan for our profit and not for his good;
Then our proud, silent brother—cajole as we may—
Moves his heart with his wigwam, the farther away.
Ah! 'tis well, while his birthright we take as our own,
There are souls consecrated, to serve him alone.
Ev'ry spot of rare beauty our pref'ience may know,
Has been dear to his heart since the long, long ago.
In the song of the bird, in the leaf, in the air,
Is a spirit to witness him everywhere:
Should his presence depart from these blest solitudes,
All his story would well from the heart of the woods!

* * * * * *

Is it wonder the world's greatest oarsmen should come,
That the champion Gaudaur should choose here a home?
Where for five golden summers his sceptre held fast,
Nay,—his speed as an oarsman may ne'er be surpass'd!
To replete all the glories of water and sky,
Like a glance of the lightning his boat would flash by:
While so gracefully ever, his kingship he bore;
Like the fan of a lady the wave of his oar.
But our handsome and genial Canadian dar'd
Evil fate, for a day when untrain'd, unprepar'd;
Tho' the keen eyes of friends saw him far from his best:
—'Twas a long-despis'd[7] laurel th' Australian could wrest.
And the fateful day came, when the world's multitudes
Woke to watch the rare race on this Lake of the Woods.
With what pain of pride conscious, our eyes sought the track,—
Cheering ever and always our own Red-and-Black;[8]
With our nerves tense as death while the shells homeward flew!—
But the last stroke brought luck to the Orange-and-Blue.[9]



"Cabin Home: 'My Happy Isle.'"

To the stranger a duty was owing; but yet
How we chok'd as we cheer'd him, we cannot forget.
Then our water belov'd made for mournfulest moods;
There were tears and true sorrow on Lake of the Woods.
O!—save one—had all monarchs of earth lost their crowns,
Than that "Good-Oar"[10] our king had surrender'd to Towns!

* * * * * *

'Mong the mourn'd, that the annals of memory keep,
Who beside these lov'd waters have fallen asleep,
One a journalist[11] young; let his epitaph tell
In a line from his lips, that he here resteth well;
That his soul soar'd aloft from this earth's sordid goods,
—"All pervaded by beauty of Lake of the Woods."
There's another,[12] whose name to the years will go down,
In profession of law winning early renown,
Reaping all the high honors appointment allow'd;
—Of whom townsmen and Canada well might be proud!
Like a meteor splendid, he rose ir our sight,
Then with undying brilliance pass'd into the night:
—To a higher court call'd; when perchance reconcil'd
To the heav'n of this Lake, and ador'd wife and child.
We remember, in flush of his manhood and pride,
When his train for the east bore him glad to his bride;
We remember once more, in the night and the rain
All the sad moving East of his funeral train
To the same beauteous island[13] again we may turn;
There the "Faithful Companions"[14] made blessed sojourn:
Of that sisterhood sweet, one an artist allied
To her Country's true artist, and poet, and pride;
—When world-weary, heart-broken, he spoke but to crave
Of his ever dear Ireland a welcoming grave.
Gerald Griffin with kindred knows undisturb'd rest,
Sister Magdalen Griffin sleeps far in the West,—
In her lonely grave here she completes sacrifice
Of her Erin on earth for the one of the skies!

* * * * * *

There was one[15] lov'd the Lake in the Summer's fair prime,
And who brav'd all the blasts of its bleak winter time,
Then whatever his missions of mercy might meet
Could not daunt, for the Doctor knew never retreat;
Like the kindred he claim'd:—But let history tell
Of the Chisholm so brave; and the bold MacDonell
Who at Queenston Heights rallied our men from the shock,
And who fell leading onward the soldiers of Brock.
Thus for many a year as for many a day,
Self-forgetful he liv'd, and love came not his way.
But at last to the life lone and loveless had come,
In a fond wife and child all the blessings of home.
Ah! the fair little son, that no earth pow'r might save,
Left the happy home cradle for lone little grave;
And that father, who ne'er o'er his own woes would weep,
By the little turf cradle has lain down to sleep.

* * * * * *

An attendant unfailing, this Isle waits to map
From the Portage the route thro' the dark Devil's Gap—
Where the Visage Satanic a boulder uprears;
We may pass, but that changeless face mocks at the years.
What a thrill wakes the view when on edge of the night
The majestic "Keenora" bears down on our sight!
Grandly onward she comes looming higher and high'r;
Thro' the wave pierce her color'd lights, pillars of fire.
To her mandate "Make room!" smiting island and lake,
All the loudest and deepest of echoes awake;
Like when far Scottish highlands are thund'ringly stirr'd
By the wild, loud defiance of king of the herd.
So our queen of the waters past fairyland sweeps,
To Fort Francis enchanting her constant course keeps.

* * * * * *

When the shadows creep near, and the fond bird resigns
All his drowsiest notes to the murmuring pines,
Then I turn to the thought of my Log Cabin door,
To the welcome of home,—what of life could give more?
—There are neither rich hangings nor dust-dealing dross,
On these walls padded close with the greenest of moss;
But "The Angelus" dear; "In the Desert" so wild
—The Madonna keeps watch o'er her slumbering Child:
With some pictures that blithe little maids would display,
Fondly treasur'd but worth not the giving away.
Here my redolent couch sweet with balsam and spruce,
Gives to even the dreaming of dreaming, a truce;
Till my Lethean slumbers are gracefully stirr'd
By the gladness of morn, and the call of the bird.

* * * * * *

All the magic breath'd over trees, islands and floods,
Since the dawn has its home on this Lake of the Woods!

IDRIS.

1. The Indians call the priest the "Black Robe."

2. The Rev. Father Aulneau, S. J., massacred in June, 1736, was one of the family of the "Lords Aulneau" of La Vendée, France.

3. Sister D'Eschambault is "Superior" of the Grey Nuns in charge of the girls in St. Anthony's Mission, or Indian Industrial School.

4. Sieur La Verandrye was son of the celebrated explorer.

5. The Marquis de Vaudreuil, last French Governor of Canada.

6. Louis D'Eschambault de Vaudreuil was page at the court of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and was in attendance when, all disguised, they were recognized at Varennes. He put forth stupendous efforts to save the royal family; after the king had been put to death he still hoped that the queen would be spared. Again in disguise, he stood faithful beside the scaffold until the head of poor Marie Antoinette fell from her shoulders; then hurrying through the mob, to where three horses were waiting, accompanied by two friends he made his way to the English Court, whence as aide-de-camp to H. R. H. Edward, Duke of Kent, grandfather of Edward VII, he came with the Duke and his regiment to Canada, placed his fortune at the disposal of H. R. H. in the British colonization of the country, settled down in Canada and never returned to France.

7. Towns did not beat Gaudaur's best record.

8. Red-and-black, Gaudaur's colors.

9. Orange-and-blue, Towns' colors.

10. "Good-oar," our favorite pronunciation of "Gaudaur."

11. David K. Brown.

12. Barrister Henry Langford, B. A., C. A., and sheriff of the district.

13. Tunnel Island.

14. "Faithful Companions of Jesus."

15. Dr. Allan Scott MacDonell.

Island Reveries.

"Happy were he, could finish forth his fate
In some unhaunted desert; where obscure
From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk,—there might he sleep secure;
Then wake again and yield God ever praise,
Content with hip, with haw, and brambleberry,
In contemplation passing still his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry:
Who when he dies, his grave might be the bush,
Where harmless robin resteth with the thrush.
Happy were he!"

—Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

This little gem of poesie wakes response in many hearts; it pictures a sweet ideal beheld from afar by the embittered and world-weary. Many for the love of God have sought and found this life; but none for dislike of neighbor.

In these pathetic verses from his pen, we can read the life story of Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex,—the handsome, dashing, ambitious, and young favorite of Queen Elizabeth: he was but thirty-four when he was beheaded on Tower Hill, in 1601, while Elizabeth was sixty-eight. Could he have had another mortal life beside that taken by the headsman's axe, and could he have come back to behold that deluded old woman pining away of broken heart, surely disgust at his own dishonest ambition would have killed him for all time.

Mark well, I do not disparage Elizabeth's sighs and tears; her mourning for Essex was perhaps the one tender, womanly, redeeming incident of her life. Marriage had not come to her to define youth, prime, and old age; and no daughter or granddaughter to remind her that youth and middle-age were well gone.

The body may age in vain: the immortal spirit is ever young.

How much of good there must have been in the heart whose depths are revealed in these beautiful lines! What a theme for contemplation is

here presented!—"Happy were he."—Was the envied of all courtiers not happy with royal sweetheart, and all the riches and honors she could place at his disposal?

"Could finish forth his fate." Little need had he for impatience: his thirty-fourth year and Tower Hill could not have been far away.

"In some unhaunted desert." Did he shudder at memories of what he had heard and seen and done on his way to the giddy height?

"Where obscure from all society." Here the vainly brilliant would merge into the darkness of oblivion.

"From love and hate of worldly folk." Oh, what a volume in these seven words! The hate of the worldly is always to be dreaded; but their love—that of his queen—was torturing to Essex because it implied self-guilt.

"There might be sleep secure." Ah, to sleep secure follows the freedom from the love and the hatred with which he had encompassed himself.

"Then wake again and yield God ever praise." Poor Essex could not forget religious duties long neglected.

"Content with hip, with haw, and brambleberry." He was willing to sacrifice the fat of the land for fare meaner than that of the poorest peasant.

"In contemplation passing still his days," "And change of holy thoughts to make him merry." Here is the yearning fancy of a starving, awakened soul.

"Who when he dies, his grave might be the bush," "Where harmless robin resteth with the thrush." Here is the sickened heart longing for the peace, the quiet, the innocent companionship of God's sinless creatures!

When Essex wrote these lines, a proud resting-place and a monument in Westminster Abbey seemed the probable complement to his career.

Alas! the prison of the Tower and Tower Hill were to be his "unhaunted desert." His grave was not to be "where harmless robin resteth with the thrush"; but it seems a strange and not to be forgotten coincidence, that as I gazed in sad contemplation on the flagstones that mark his place of execution, a little grey bird gaily hopped over the stones in full enjoyment of life, sunshine and peace.

It was my privilege in company with other Canadian delegates to "International Congress of Women," to spend a day at "Cassiobury Park," an old seat of the Earls of Essex, near Watford, Herts., and about twenty-five miles from London. We were the guests of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen; and "Cassiobury Park" is the property of Viscount Ridley, Lady Aberdeen's brother-in-law.

The house is of red brick, in the Elizabethan style of architecture, the extensive grounds would do honor to any of the "stately homes of England."

This estate was in all likelihood bestowed by Elizabeth upon her favorite after having been forcibly wrested from some other unfortunate.

The shadow of Essex in company with other members of the Devereux and Cecil families looked down upon us from the walls.

Seated upon the greensward under the tall ancestral trees, it was not difficult to fancy other faces and other days.

O! the brevity of life, and the misery of selfish ambition.

What a story could be told by these darkly silent trees!

* * * * * *

The direct contrast to an "unhaunted desert" must be Windsor Castle. No wonder that the imagination here runs riot and peoples it rather by the dead than by the living—beginning with the lost soul of "Herne the Hunter" and coming down in royal shadows to the present day. We fancy the Georges must have broken the succession, not having sufficient of the ethereal or spiritual to supply convincing ghosts.

Henry VIII. was troubled by these apparitions, until he became one of them; Herne was his "familiar."

Queen Elizabeth returns at regular intervals, and is seen rummaging among books and papers, in the present library, which was once in her suite of apartments.

Doubtless she is searching for the document which she "carefully suppressed" during her life. It was sent by Frederick VII. of Denmark, signed by himself and many witnesses, with the request that she should have it published at her Court and proclaimed throughout her kingdom.

This document, mention of which is made by Agnes Strickland and other veracious historians, contained the death-bed confession of Bothwell, exculpating Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, from all the guilt imputed to her by her enemies. Bothwell begged when dying that his confession might be heard by many witnesses; his prayer was granted.

In this confession he declared that the Queen never gave him encouragement, always resisted his advances, that with the connivance of the other "reformer" lords he took forcible possession of her person, and married her against her will after his confederates had advised her that it was the only course left to pursue.

Bothwell likewise confessed that he, Murray and Morton were the accomplices and the only accomplices in the murder of Darnley.

The King of Denmark sent a copy of this confession to every court of Europe; this was in 1576, when the Queen of Scots had been Elizabeth's prisoner nine years. The Queen of England was determined that only death should free the Queen of Scotland. So we can well understand why, in Agnes Strickland's words, she "carefully suppressed" Bothwell's confession.

Not so in Scotland: one "regent" and accomplice, Murray, had already paid the penalty of his crimes, the second regent, Morton, was hunted down by the young James VI., son of Mary Stuart, tried by "Bothwell's Confession" and other incriminating evidence, found guilty, and executed.

James VI. of Scotland, afterwards James I. of England, then made a vow that out of gratitude to the King of Denmark, for having exonerated his "dear mother's" memory he would marry only a princess of Denmark: he kept his word.

The undeniable testimony of Mary Stuart's household is also proof positive: this is touchingly portrayed by "McCracken," who, on the three hundredth anniversary of her execution, dedicated an ode to the St. Andrew's Society of Detroit, from which the following lines are taken:

"Man's judgments follow oft and scarce are freed
From race and nation, hostile sect and creed.
Tried by one law, Queen Mary stands acquit
Of every doubtful deed that clouds her day;
The estimate of those who nearest sit
To those we judge, is safe to take alway.
Self-interest, duty, circumstance may bind
One to another, yet no love abide;
Devotion, constancy, the true, the kind
Attach to such as have a canny side!
The Queen's own household by this showing. paint
Their mistress lov'd, heroine, martyr, saint!"

Andrew Lang and Fleming, the well-known standard writers, purely for truth's sake, are loudly proclaiming the irrefutable proofs of the Scottish Queen's innocence, and her fiendish persecution from the moment she set foot in Scotland, a girl of nineteen, until twenty-five years later when she perished on the scaffold at Fotheringay.

Fleming and Lang name and denounce all the tribe of lying historians from Mary's day to the present, including our Robertson among the moderns. I say "our" because "Robertson's History" is that used in the schools of Ontario, perhaps of all Canada.

Some people are indifferent to historical truth, others are afraid to know it, and those to whom it is distasteful persistently ignore it.

* * * * * *

Another confession described by Agnes Strickland and suppressed by Elizabeth was that of her own mother, Anne Boleyn. From this we may reason to the reason why Elizabeth never had that mother's remains removed from their billiard-ball-box coffin and ignominious resting-place, to a tomb in Westminster Abbey.

When this world's vanities were slipping away from poor Anne Boleyn, a sentenced prisoner in the Tower, she insisted upon Lady Kingston, wife of the Governor of the Tower, sitting in her canopied chair to represent the Princess Mary, daughter of Katherine of Aragon. Then Anne knelt at her feet, confessed her unkindness and begged forgiveness of Mary.

Thoroughly humbled and penitent, she declared to Lady Kingston that her head would soon roll in the dust as the deserved penalty for having dared to wear the crown that belonged to Henry's true wife, Katherine of Aragon. She then requested the ministrations of a priest, humbly confessed her sins, and calmly awaited death.

Anne Boleyn in her last hours was truly noble, truly queenly, grandly and magnificently womanly; but she was guilty;—Mary Stuart was not.

Queen Elizabeth did not wish her mother's last dispositions to be known or to be recalled by the people; and she did not dare to disturb the lowly grave of her who had been so honest and so humble in death.

Jane Seymour, whom Henry married the day after Anne's execution, had done to Anne as the latter had done to Katherine.

Jane Seymour also turned to her religion, called for a priest and made humble confession, before her death.

Our "Robertson" with the others of his ilk never mentions the fact of these confessions of Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour.

If Elizabeth had been granted the grace of the scaffold, doubtless she would have profited like her mother. How eloquent was her last despairing cry—"My kingdom for a moment of time!"

If we cannot have historical truth, let us have nothing!

* * * * * *

In spite of historical truth, evident for one hundred and fifty years, Canada's "loyalty"—to the British Crown, of course—seems still in question.

This fair country is part of the British Empire, for many reasons the most important part; and although our king does not reside here, it is His Majesty's mistake and not ours.

The breadth and greatness of Canada would appeal to the broad, keen intelligence of Edward VII., as it does not appeal to many who, coming fresh from Great Britain, without any fault of their own are too narrowed to understand us; they would whip us back into the cradle we have outgrown. We are proud of that cradle and hope never to leave it behind!

When we recall the part taken by Canada—French-speaking Canada—at the time of the American Revolution; by French and English-speaking Canada, in 1812-1815; by Archbishop Taché in saving Manitoba and the North-West to the Empire; by all properly-treated Canadians always; our blood boils at the insulting words "loyal" and "loyalty."

We have sacrificed too much for our Empire to be insulted or patronized by any other portion of it.

Our latest experience has been the affair with the Earl of Dundonald, General Officer commanding our militia—for a "consideration" paid by the Canadian Government. Unfortunately, he lent himself to one of our political parties—both are necessary to the country, no matter which is in power, in order that honest men may come by their own.

It seems that at a dinner party Ld. Dundonald made some remarks about the Canadian Government that were not pertinent, therefore those remarks were impertinent.

As our Government, whether Liberal or Conservative, has always had impertinence offered gratis by the opposition, it was voted that the paid war Lord be relieved of his command,—which was done.

We were all very sorry that the G. O. C. made that mistake, for he is a good man, a cultured gentleman, a typical British peer, and a brave soldier; but he stooped to narrow and insulting insinuation when, in pocketing the last Canadian dollar, he proffered the advice to us again and again—"Keep both hands on the Union Jack." In other words, "Lord Dundonald and the Union Jack are one"!

What infant class patriotism! As if we were all "Barnado boys," and likely to forget early advantages!

He may have managed the War Office; but the King has, ere this, given him a wigging.

Lord Dundonald's experiences in Africa were but poor preparation for the understanding and appreciating of Canadian excellence and prestige.

The governing party, upon whose "loyalty" he would cast aspersion, numbers among other ancient families the one that, a hundred years ago, built and gave Niagara Barracks to our militia, and in the Old Land, under the Plantagenets, ruled six hundred years before the noble Lord's forbears were heard of.

We shall be loyal to the British Constitution in the widest sense and to ourselves, as British colonials always are and always have been.

George Washington was a loyal Briton; crazy old King George III. was not. I am too "loyal" to say which of them I should have preferred for king!

Washington refused to pay tax on palatable tea; we have paid tax on unpalatable impertinence that will not go down.

Canada's "loyalty", whether questioned from within or without, is the one provocation which, if carried too far, may some day cause serious trouble, and change in our mathematical and political geography.

* * * * * *

We are no sooner stung into "disloyal" unrest, than we breathe a sigh of relief at the news that Lord Grey has been appointed Governor General of Canada.

The bare mention of the Duke of Marlborough in that connection, suggested his wife—the Vanderbilt millions—"Duke" attaching "dollars"—"dollars" purchasing "Duke." Where are man, woman, love and matrimony?

Such combination, calculated to make George Washington turn in his grave, would not do for Canada; the wife of our Governor General must be a lady, but not necessarily a titled one.

Lord Randolph Churchill married for love; so did his wife, the beautiful Miss Jerome, as was

convincingly proved when upon her second marriage she sacrificed the title of "lady," and deserved the affectionate hug bestowed upon her by Winston Churchill, her twenty-six-year-old son.

We have recently seen mention of the death of Levi Leiter, the millionaire, father of the wife of Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India. Levi was clerking in a little general store and selling lard and molasses when poor (Major-General Sir) Hector McDonald was measuring off cloth only—no lard nor molasses—in a draper's establishment. On account of his lowly start in life, Hector McDonald endured in India the persecution that drove him to suicide, while Levi Leiter's daughter filled the position of Vice-reine and endured—what her tongue will probably never tell!

One thing is certain: Levi was dropped out before death.

Human nature in its ambition, jealousy, persecuting cruelty, and capacity to suffer, is the same always and everywhere.

In one of our cities, not two hundred miles distant, lives a certain Baroness, whose family was impoverished by the fall of Napoleon III. and the Empire.

Yet this family and the other blue-bloods of the Rue St. Germain never "called" on the Empress Eugénie; would not deign to present themselves at Court, because the Empress was not of royal blood.

This was torture to Eugénie, notwithstanding her beauty, and her magnificent crowns and gowns.

Promptly, and with the loving kindness of a sister, did our grand Queen Victoria rally to the side of the amiable French Empress; and to her latest breath she was the bosom friend and protectress of the utterly bereaved Eugénie.

To my mind no more touching instance of sweet charity could be imagined than that presented by Queen Victoria in her friendship and love for Empress Eugénie. When they appeared together, happy in each other's company, it was but to make the one look more plain, the other more beautiful: Queen Victoria will ever tower among women!

King Edward is now to the rescue! In these alliances of dollars and dukes, the Marlboroughs, Westminsters, Manchesters and all the title-mad, through frigid atmosphere and repellant frowns, make a rush straight for the King, and he invariably holds out a helping hand.

Small wonder that Clara Ward, Princess Chimay, found a gypsy acceptable exchange for a prince!

This is indeed a "progressive" age! We see that the possession of money means the instant progress from humble obscurity to the brilliance of courts.

How wealth is acquired matters not; but it must be acquired quickly!

The scheming individual or corporation having assumed vantage ground, yields to the temptation of dishonestly appropriating the labors of the toiling majority,—the bread that others have earned by the sweat of their brow.

One of the fundamental laws of our constitution is that every man born upon this earth is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

What a spectacle to non-Christian nations—Japan, for instance—must be the panorama of our "strikes"!

Wonder what the Japs think of our "departmental" stores, our "sweat" shops and other requirements of "progress"!

We shall hear, when they come as the "yellow peril."

Our newspapers have published wide the fact that a little girl, a stranger in the city, had secured employment in a department store, was detected in pilfering, and promptly suicided by taking "Paris green." Out of her weekly wage of four dollars, she paid three-and-a-half for board and washing, which left her the handsome sum of fifty cents for clothing and "pocket" money.

Her employer, who robbed her of the pursuit of happiness, then of liberty, finally of life, is doubtless on the way to millionairedom, will be knighted one of these days, to take his place among others equally worthy in our Canadian aristocracy.

We smile at mention of Russian Christianity; it means to us the horrors of Siberian mines and prisons, and Russia's treatment of the Poles, the Finns, and the Jews.

The monster, von Plehve, the ruler of the Czar, of whom the earth is well ridden, and whose pictured face shows his coarse nature, was the embodiment of Russian cruelty. He was the reincarnation of the Turkish Janissary,—the Christian child captured, reared a Turk and trained specially to capture and torture Christians.

Born a Pole, von Plehve could become a good Russian only by renouncing his religion, and persecuting the Poles with all the fiendish hatred of



PROSPECT POINT.



PECULIAR ICE FORMATION.

Ice Mound on Brink of American Fall.

an apostate: the complete crushing of Finland followed as an easy bit of generalship.

No wonder that the news of von Plehve's assassination caused the terrified and guilty Russian governor of Poland to—literally—take a fit!

How we sympathize with the good, peace-loving Czar, and rejoice with him in the birth of his son! And the poor babe!—he may live his life, but not in liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Well might veteran officers shed tears when the "Te Deum" was offered to heaven in thanksgiving for the heir to all the Russias.

Victorious, united Japan, is not only the chastiser of Russia, but an object-lesson to that wretched country, and to other European lands who, in giving up the practice of the Christian religion, are undermining their Christian constitutions, and thereby inviting their own overthrow, by—possibly—the Greater Japan of the near future.

The "yellow peril" would be a good tonic for Europe; the Japs, although "progressive," manifest a practical, while some of the so-called Christian powers, can afford only a theoretical, Christianity.

The late von Plehve was a worthy representative of Russian enlightenment and charity; and as representatives of the "yellow peril" we may take the two Japanese officers who, knowing they would be captured and put to death by the enemy, zealously pursued their task of "offensive" duty. When about to suffer death, one of them, a Christian, knowing that he could not have a priest of his own church, in all charity and humility requested the ministrations of a Russian priest of the Greek Church. They were complimented upon their bravery, but they replied in disclaimer that "they were only doing their duty, and the will of the Mikado."

* * * * * *

The "yellow peril" presents a less lovely aspect when we include the Chinese, who as fellow-citizens would be as repulsive as the "black" peril of the United States.

Abraham Lincoln certainly did the humane and Christian thing when he liberated the slaves; but in kindness to them and the white population, after having indemnified the slave owners, he should have deported the blacks to Africa, and re-settled them there in all necessary comfort and protection.

To expect refined white men and women to meet negro men and women on terms of equalty, is not the result of sound reasoning.

Fancy negroes holding office over the heads of white men; then fancy—no joke this time!—the airs of their wives, the colored ladies!

To the blacks surely may apply the maxim of "Carmen Sylva," the literary Queen of Roumania; she says, "study well the body; the mind is not far off!"

The coarse, loud obtrusiveness of the negro character can offer but a caricature of civilized refinement, and must be heart-and-soul sickening especially to the "Southerner."

At the International Congress of Women, held in London, Eng., two women represented grievances. One was the saddened, patriotic, clever Baroness Gripenberg of Finland, as serious and earnest of dress as of address. She complained bitterly of the tyranny which hampered every movement for good in her afflicted country, poor burdened Finland. She did not need to name "Russia"!

The other was a strapping Mulatto woman, or "colored lady," from an Ohio "colored" college, —and oh! the rustling style of her, and the bangles, spangles, and dangles. I could not guess the use or the name of half her jewelled accoutrements.

I could almost smile at thought of the tears shed over "Dred" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; for this woman, suggestive of cake-walk exaggeration, represented neither "slavery" nor legal disability, but a liberty, a licence, with which the United States is now unable to cope—lawfully.

We see one extreme reached; and with the swing of the pendulum we invariably find the other,—the total disregard of the "rights" of the blacks, and the "slavery under another name" of which the colored lady complained.

She also found very exasperating the fact that the blacks had not been invited to take part as delegates in the proceedings of the Congress; she might speak only in the discussions. How fortunate for the actual delegates!

In theory—I had tearfully taken to my heart forever, Frederick Douglas, Booker T. Washington, their mothers, their cousins and their aunts.

In practice—I sat listening to the colored lady, the Ohio collegian, resolving that the United States would not be wide enough for her and my humble self.

Once more the extremes of the pendulum!

* * * * * *

A wild unrest seems to have taken hold of the nations, and but a retrograde Christianity is left to them.

This means that the home-training of children, and the home life of families, are not and have not been what they should be. The guardian-angel of the home is the mother: the existence of the evils named, proves that mothers have not been true to their trust.

Well does a certain Ontario bishop say: "Give me the children until they are twelve; and I care not who takes them afterwards!"

Should not every Christian mother claim for her own the bishop's assertion? Then when her sons grow up to be legislators, there will be no danger of their civil laws counteracting the moral law.

If then, as it appears, mothers have not risen to the requirement, a kind Providence seems to have raised up women—the "National" and "International Councils of Women"—to ameliorate or correct present conditions.

The councils of women have necessarily begun at the exterior, and are working towards the interior or root: they concern themselves with anything and everything that may aid woman in her duty towards God, neighbor, and self.

This is exemplified by the reports from the various fields of labor, considered by the eleventh annual meeting of the "National Council of Women of Canada," held in Winnipeg, September of this year.

Some of the subjects treated were: "Laws for Better Protection of Women and Children," the "Custodial Care of Feeble-minded Women," "Domestic Science and Manual Training," "Promotion of the Industrial and Fine Arts," "Care of the Aged and Infirm Poor," "Immigration," "Vacation Schools, and Supervised Playgrounds," "Women on School Boards," "Canadian Home Industries," "The Marriage Laws of the Several Provinces, as They Affect Women," "The Education of Women in their Legal Status," "Chattel Mortgages and the Need of Free Legal Advice for the Poor," "Home Study for School Children," and "Modern Educational Experiments."

The Countess of Aberdeen having consented to nomination, was unanimously elected—a second time—President of the International Council.

As Advisory President of the National Council of Women of Canada, Lady Aberdeen cabled greetings to the representatives assembled at Winnipeg; and sent to them by mail group photos of Captain and Lady Marjorie Sinclair's wedding party, and a most touching letter expressing "heartfelt thanks" of the Earl and Countess for the gem-studded chain and bracelet presented as wedding gift to the Lady Marjorie, by the National Council.

Among the offerings to the esteemed and worthy pair, a peculiarly happy thought was that of the chain and bracelet of Klondike gold set with Canadian precious stones.

"The Aberdeens" and their dear and only daughter, will ever be linked to the Canadian heart by golden memories; and they cannot free themselves from that bondage of which the chains are reminder.

In the "Aberdeen Journal" which devotes whole pages to the wedding of Lady Marjorie Gordon and Capt. Sinclair, among the names of hundreds of well-wishers we find that of Sir Robert Pullar. Memories of his own happy, beautiful home—"Fayside," Perth—are awakened; but in the recent decease of the gentle, amiable Lady Pullar, there has gone from that home the brightness that nothing earthly can restore.

Lady Aberdeen speaks of her daughter's affection for Canada, and "the sweet years of her childhood" spent here.

Is it wonder that we Canadians should feel jealous of her rights, and with the "Haddo House" tenantry should be startled at the fact that no title affixes to the name of Lady Marjorie's choice?

The Earl of Aberdeen is descended from Bertrand de Gourdon, the Norman knight who, from the besieged castle of Chaluz, shot and mortally wounded Richard Coeur de Lion, 1199.

The Countess of Aberdeen's family name tells its own origin: Marjorie, daughter of King Robert the Bruce, left to one of her children certain "banks"—hence the family name of the Countess, "Marjoribanks."

Naturally, it follows that the only daughter of Ishbel Marjoribanks, the descendant of Bruce's daughter, should be named "Marjorie."

If there is anything in a title, surely we should exact it for the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen!

Quite relieved, indeed, were we democratic Canadians, when the good tenants discovered that Captain Sinclair is descended from the Earls of Caithness, Earls of Orkney, etc., etc.

A certain Local Council of women has pleasant memories of Capt. Sinclair. He was one of the

vice-regal party when Lord and Lady Aberdeen accepted invitation of that Council.

Every one was in merry mood; and Capt. Sinclair's charming pleasantry was irresistible.

When taking carriages at the railway station, he assisted arrangements by promptly asserting: "I always sit with the children." The "children" were the Lady Marjorie and the Hon. Archie. There was neither runaway nor mishap of any kind, but he was near to protect them if necessary: and now that one of the "children" has grown into a beautiful woman realizing all expectations, we are glad to admit that in him she has a worthy protector for life.

Capt. Sinclair, like the Earl of Aberdeen, is an extremely polite and kindly gentleman; and he has the defects of his qualities. When escaping with the Earl from a certain closely-crowded hall, he had to carry a dainty grey overcoat. He was too polite to preserve the coat by making it obtrusive; so he trailed it behind him. And the floor? Oh!!

If the Lady Marjorie is a "canny, carefu' wifie," she will see that her husband attend first to his "claes" and afterwards to politeness!

IDRIS.

Settlement of French Royalists in Upper Canada.

A Paper read before the Women's Historical Society, Toronto.

IN October, 1798, a colony of French Royalist refugees landed in Quebec under the guidance of Count Joseph de Puisaye, to form a settlement in Upper Canada. Correspondence to effect this purpose had been carried on for some time previous between President Russell and the authorities in England. Of the leader and guide of these unfortunate emigrants a short sketch of the eventful career will not be out of place, although properly belonging to the history of the French Revolution.

Count Joseph de Puisaye, the youngest of four brothers, was as a child intended for the Church; but at the age of eighteen preferred to enter the army. In 1788 he married the only daughter of the Marquis de Menilles, a gentleman of great wealth and property in Normandy. Soon after he was nominated deputy to the State's General by the noblesse of La Perche. Horrified by the excesses of the Jacobin party, he declared against the Convention in 1793, and being proscribed by this body, he left Paris for the Provinces to join the Girondists in their rebellion against the Montagnards, as the extreme revolutionist party was called. Being a Royalist at heart, he joined the Federalists with a faint hope that a counter-revolution would benefit the Royalist cause. Many others of the aristocracy took the same course. He was appointed General of Brigade under Whimpfen in the Federal forces, chiefly composed of Bretons, and given command of the advanced guard assembled at Evreux. This guard amounted to five or six thousand and was reinforced daily by parties of brave Bretons.

De Puisaye met with defeat at Vernon and fled to Bretagne, where he took refuge in the woods, wandering from place to place in constant peril of arrest, a price having been put on his head. He collected here the remnants of La Rouarie's conspiracy. M. Thiers in his history of the French Revolution, speaks of him at this period as a person of "great intelligence, and extraordinary skill in uniting the elements of a party. He combined extreme activity of body and mind with vast ambition." De Puisaye took into consideration for his uprising the position of Bretagne, its proximity to England and the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey, its mountains and forests affording safe retreats, its inhabitants speaking a foreign language through which there would be little communication with the other inhabitants of France.

He went to England to solicit the assistance of Pitt. The latter was difficult of access because of the number of emigrants in London constantly begging interviews and all having different plans and wishing relief.

De Puisaye was successful in gaining the great minister's interest in his organized plan. Pitt put him in communication with Windham, the Minister of War. The consequence was the Quiberon expedition, the ill-success of which is a matter of history. He is spoken of by Carlyle and Lamartine in a sneering manner; the latter says of him: "This man was at once an orator, a diplomatist, and a scholar, a character eminently adapted for civil war, which produces more adventurers than heroes."

M. Thiers seems to be the only historian of the Revolution who does de Puisaye justice after the failure of Quiberon. He says: "It was certain that de Puisaye had done all that lay in his power."

In 1797 he suggested to the British Government to take a Royalist Settlement to Upper Canada. The late Mr. Brymner, in a report on Canadian Archives, said it was most probable that a document entitled "Sketch (political and financial) of an Establishment to be formed in Canada for the settlement of the French Emigrants," must have been a translation of de Puisaye's proposal. There being neither signature nor date, Mr. Brymner was not able to discover any reference to this document in the correspondence of the Colonial Archives. It contains thoughtful and practical suggestions for the benefit of the French emigrants. The position of these poor people was hopeless in the extreme. They were living on the generosity of the British Government, which was carrying on an expensive war at the same time. "It is not during the intricacies of the present times," says the writer, "that the administration of this country can bestow any serious attention on the amelioration of their situation, and when a necessary increase of taxes or voluntary contributions press on every class of British subjects, the French emigrants who are become themselves one of the burdens of the State, are incapable of forming a wish, the nature of which would be to add to the weight of exigencies."

"These reflections kept me silent, but convinced as I am that the emigrants would not benefit alone by my present ideas, convinced that serious considerations might possibly decide the settlement I now propose, and that independent of every motive of generosity such settlement holds out great political views that it might be formed without increasing that already attending on the emigrants." He gives as reasons for a settlement in Canada that "it was undoubtedly from motives of humanity alone in the first instance and afterwards from sound political reasons that the English nation showed itself in so high a degree generous towards the French emigrants who remained faithful to their sovereign, who preferred misery to guilt, and were justified in hoping for protection from a just and powerful government and that protection having upon that ground been once granted, ought not to be withdrawn, since it is neither in the national character nor the interest of the government to grant them shelter at one time and abandon them at another." The writer suggests the founding of a colony in the southern portion of Upper Canada. This colony to be under military discipline, as it "has the wonderful advantage of keeping the workmen in order." The workmen were to be a foot regiment composing two battalions, its subalterns and superior officers were to be Royalist emigrants, the soldiers to be carefully chosen. He evidently expected a very large colony as in the two battalions "two hundred men only should do military service and the remainder to be employed in clearing the land and constructing the buildings."

He thought the Canadians of Lower Canada should lend their assistance to the colony on the ground of their "common origin with the Canadians, also a conformity of language and religion. Their presumed benevolence must therefore be put in activity and directed to one common end." The suggestions as to military discipline were followed as the regulations for the colony sent out in July, 1798, with the correspondence of the Duke of Portland and the Right Hon. Mr. Windham, show.

On the 5th July, 1798, the Duke of Portland wrote President Russell that it was proposed to "grant a settlement in Upper Canada to M. de Puisaye, who was commander of the French Loyalists in conjunction with the British forces on the coast of France in 1795, and to about forty of the said Loyalists, who, it is expected, will embark with him from hence for that purpose in the course of the present season. I take this opportunity of signifying the same to you in order that you may take such previous measures as may be necessary for making out for them allotments of lands in situations as favorable as circumstances will allow of, and in proportion granted to the American Loyalists, considering M. de Puisaye as a field-officer and such other officers as shall accompany him according to their rank, and the remainder as privates. They will be furnished here with the necessary funds and with such articles as are requisite to enable them to settle the lands which shall be allotted to them."

It would be probable if success attended this first contingent that arrangements would be made for the settlement of a considerable portion of others whose character and behavior entitle them to be benevolently provided for by the British Government. President Russell was advised to consult with M. de Puisaye as to the feasibility of carrying out the plans and the numbers that lands could be allotted to. This was to simplify matters, so that if large numbers came out in the following spring, there would be some degree of preparation for their settlement on the lands laid out for them, and on their arrival it would cause

less embarrassment to the province, or should they not come the Government would be put at the "smallest expense possible."

On the 3d of November, 1798, President Russell writes the Duke of Portland that he has laid His Grace's letter before the Executive Council and desired the members to form themselves into a committee to report the situations which they may judge the most favorable for ordering allotments of land to M. de Puisaye and the French Loyalists; and the necessary arrangements for their accommodation were to be made with as little delay as possible. He said he would not fail with the assistance of the Council to consider the terms, circumstances and situations best for making provision for the French emigrants who, the Duke signified, would come in the following spring. While writing to the Duke of Portland he received word that M. de Puisaye had arrived in Quebec on the 7th ult. with some "general, field and subaltern officers, a few soldiers and two ladies, in all forty persons," and that he was proceeding to York without delay. He at once dispatched a letter to meet them at Kingston to let them know the impossibility of providing for so large number of respectable people proper accommodation for the winter in York.

He requested M. de Puisaye, in consequence, to stop the rest of the company at Kingston or send part of them to Newark (Niagara), which places being older settlements they might be better able to lodge them, but that he would be pleased to see M. de Puisaye himself, and on consultation they would be better able to determine on some method of disposing of his whole company with suitable convenience to themselves.

On November 21st. of the same year President Russell again writes the Duke of Portland, telling of the arrival in York of the Count de Puisaye and of his delivery of letters from the Duke of Portland, to which President Russell says, "I shall not fail to pay all due obedience."

He refers to the very high character given him of the Count by Mr. Windham, and says, "It encourages me to place a degree of confidence in him which I should have been cautious of reposing at this important crisis in any other Frenchman not so well recommended."

It was determined to have the vacant land between York (Toronto), and Lake Simcoe surveyed, and if it met with the approbation of Count de Puisaye it was to be chosen for the establishment of the colony. It was considered equally distant from the French settlements in Lower Canada and those on the Detroit River, and desirable for its proximity to the seat of Government in case of any assistance needed.

"Their numbers may, moreover, contribute to fill up an uninhabited space thro' which an Indian enemy may at present advance to the destruction of this town (York) before we can possibly receive sufficient warning of their approach." The Surveyor General was commissioned to lay off four townships to the north of Markham, Pickering and Whitby, and M. de Puisaye proposed to accompany the Deputy Surveyor himself, so that he might have the opportunity of exploring the country.

The letter of the Right Hon. Mr. Windham, Secretary of War under Pitt, to President Russell, written in July, 1798, gives M. de Puisaye the very highest character. He writes: "My object in troubling you is partly to explain some points more in detail than is done in the public letters, the views which Government entertains upon that subject, and partly to do away with any unfavorable impression which the industry of M. de Puisaye's enemies may have contrived to convey respecting the conduct and character of that gentleman. The suspicions attempted to be fixed upon him by his own countrymen, and by which they seem to have succeeded best in poisoning against him the mind of his sovereign, have been, that he was sold to the British Government, and in favor of English interests, betrayed those of his own country.

To those, therefore, with whom I may flatter myself with obtaining credit, it will be sufficient to say that no such sacrifice of the interests of his country was ever made, for one plain reason that none was required."

After this tribute to the character of the leader, he dwells on the object of the establishment, and warns President Russell that "one danger will be necessary to guard against, that of the conversion into money of the grants which Government may make in land, so as to render them a mere instrument of putting a present sum into the pockets of those who have no intentions of finally becoming subjects of this country."

A regulation for the colony was that a corps of French gentlemen was to be raised, with Count de Puisaye in command. "The corps to be composed of: One Major Commandant, two captains, two lieutenants, four sub-lieutenants; all of them must have had the rank of a Field-officer

in his late Most Christian Majesty's Service previous to the month ———, 1789. One adjutant, one quartermaster, one chaplain, one surgeon, one surgeon's mate, six sergeants, having had the rank of captain, eight corporals, having had the rank of lieutenant, one hundred and fifty privates. The pay of the officers to be two-thirds of British pay, the sergeants and corporals the same as those of the same rank in the Chasseurs Nobles of Castries and Mortemart. The privates one shilling per day, exclusive of clothing."

The term of service to be three years, unless a portion of land equal to blank number of acres be cultivated by the person demanding his discharge, or have a substitute serve in his place or reimburse the Government for his equipment.

Some of the conditions of service were "military obedience to the commandant and superior officers. Military service in case of invasion or war on the American Continent. One day in the week to religious and military duty. Two days in the week personal labor for the establishment of the officers and general purpose of the colony. Four days for the labour of the portion of land assigned to each individual for the support of himself and family."

Grants of land were to be made to the different officers according to rank, and to privates the number of acres is not named. This was to rest with the Government. In addition to these grants lands were to be given to relations who would join the colony when it was in a state to receive them. Provision was made in case of death of any of the colonists for the relatives. The government at first was to furnish necessary implements of cultivation for the land, clothing and rations of provisions. No person to be allowed to send for any of his family without the permission of the Commander-in-Chief.

The settlement between York and Lake Simcoe was called Windham, in honor of M. de Puisaye's friend. It is now known as Oak Ridges. There seemed to be some little trouble about the grants of lands, as Chief Justice Osgoode doubted how far a valid title to them could be made out to the emigrants before their disabilities as aliens were removed.

In a letter from Governor Hunter to the Duke of Portland, October 11th, 1799, he mentions that "Count de Puisaye does not remain with the French emigrants on the lands allotted them, but has purchased a farm near Niagara, where he, his housekeeper, Count de Chalus, John Thomson and Marchand, their servants, reside. Some apprehensions were entertained in Upper Canada respecting the intimacy subsisting between Captain Brant and Count de Puisaye, but I could not find that they were well founded, nor do I see any evil likely to arise from the circumstance."

Of the original number sent out from England only twenty-five remained in 1799, five residing at Niagara and twenty on their lands at Windham.

Misunderstandings arose between Count de Puisaye and the Marquis de Beaupoil. The latter, in a letter to General Hunter, the translation of which is given by Mr. Brymner, says: "You are fully aware, General, that in this country, the man brought up and inured to the labours of the field, is assured of obtaining his subsistance by his labours; that the rich man who brings capital may even by paid labour, find means of support in agriculture; but that he who has neither strength nor money, if he borrow to clear the land, certain of never repaying, has no other prospect than that of losing his time, his land, his liberty, his family and his probity.

"When the Count de Puisaye proposed to me to come with him to Canada he told me that there would be a Military Corps in which I should command the gentlemen emigrants who were to come there; that the Royalists who would arrive to form it, would labour in common for their officers as for themselves, and he required from me only a letter of request to be his authority in applying to the Minister. . . .

"But the Military Corps in which I should have found a salary; those peasants of Brittany whose arms were to assist me, are but a chimerical hope, it is only here I have obtained proof of this. This deception places me with my family in the most heartrending situation that we have experienced since we have been emigrants."

By this letter it appears the original intention of forming a Military Corps was not carried out. The Marquis de Beaupoil with his family, servants and a few privates, returned to England. M. St. Victor returned with this party.

De Puisaye returned to London after the peace of Amiens. A letter written by him from there to General Hunter, in 1803, mentions returning to Canada, but not for another year. This he never accomplished, as far as documents show. When the peace of 1814 was proclaimed the prejudice of the Royalists against him was so great that he was not allowed to return to France. He died

near London, England, in 1827, in poverty and neglect.

They were not able to procure the patents to their lands until 1806 and 1807. Among the names of those who received them in Markham were Réné Augustin Count de Chalus, Michel Fauchard, Le chevalier de Marseuil; Jean Louis Viscomte de Chalus, Lieut. Col. Augustin Boiton; Quetton St. George; John Furon; Ambrose de Farcy. In the township of Whitechurch on the first concession were Ambrose de Farcy, Michel Saigeon (Segent). The Comte and Vicomte de Chalus derived their title from the castle of Chalus in Normandy, associated in English History with the death of Richard Coeur de Lion. In "Toronto of old" it mentions that "at the balls given by the Governor and others at York, the jewels of Madame la Comtesse created a great sensation, wholly surpassing everything of the kind that had hitherto been seen by the ladies of Upper Canada."

One of the French emigrants who acquired considerable lands was Mr. Quetton St. George, a familiar name still in Toronto.

Mr. St. George traded with the Indians and remote settlers, and by this means acquired great wealth, so that on the restoration of Louis XVIII. he was able to retire to France where he spent the remainder of his days between Paris and his estate at Montpelier.

The thoughtful listener cannot help contrasting this French colony with those of an earlier date. The first, like the mustard seed, has grown to a goodly tree. Their sons are in honour throughout the Dominion. They abide within our borders in multiplied numbers and industrious contentment. They have contributed their share to the building up of our country along the lines needed by the courage of the pioneer, the eloquence of the orator and the skill of the scientist. The colony whose history I have briefly sketched is gone. The only trace we have left to-day is in the record of the patents of lands granted by the then existing Government in the beginning of the nineteenth century.

RICHMOND HILL. LOUISA ADELAIDE TEEFY.

Under the Leaves.

Oft have I walked these woodland paths
Without the blest foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

To-day the south wind sweeps away
The types of autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,
Spring's children, pure and tender.

O, prophet souls, with lips of bloom,
Outvying in their beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells,
Ye teach me faith and duty.

Walk Life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
With Love's divine foreknowing,
That where man sees but withered leaves
God sees sweet flowers growing.

A PILGRIM.

Memories.

DEAREST treasures of the heart, stored away in its secret chambers, cherished more fondly than the miser does his gold —what sweet essence of solace and happiness ye yield to the weary spirits of earth's prisoners!

In the "fret and friction" of life, encompassed around as we are by its work and woe, what infinitely sweet moments are those wherein our yearning spirits soar gladly and exultantly above the barriers of the present and alight in the evergreen and pleasant pastures of the past!

No roar and din of that tumultuous surging life we have left, reaches this dear retreat. Through the hush that rests upon longing hearts, the dear familiar voice of a well-loved friend echoes clearly and we thrill with affection at its tender tones. True eyes, "looking back through years," gaze at us with the love and sympathy of old, and oh, could we, like the swallow, cleave the distance of time to behold, in happy reality the face and to clasp the hand of that friend with the warmth of those days. The merry playmates of childhood's long days of delight troop before us in all their joyous lightheartedness, bidding us be children again, calling to us with ringing voices and innocent mirth to roam with them the green, stretching fields, where wild flowers bloom for the altar of Mary, and we are fain to join their happy wanderings, gathering the luscious blackberries that weigh down every bramble-bush until dusk enfolds the silent landscape.

Ah me! what a brooding sadness yet hovers o'er the glowing panorama of memory! We cannot define this ecstasy of feeling which thrills us to the centre of our being with a rapture that is

yet pain. The plaintive wail, "Long ago, long ago," breathes from the strings of memory's exquisite lyre.

Perhaps it is the subtle fragrance freighted with sweetness of a rose, bathing our thirsty senses in its nectar, that awakens the train of fond recollection, bringing back with a vividness that completely shuts out the present scenes bright with the living hues of sunlight, larks, morning dew, blushing rose-bushes and a white glory of hawthorne hedges. Often a sweet, heart-reaching melody, played in the magical gloaming, wanders yearningly down the aisles of memory, seeming to entreat of the past to return.

As the relentless years press on, the tendrils of our heart's best affection twine more closely around the cluster of inexpressibly dear and precious associations of those happy, careless, bygone days.

Memory embalms them with her sweet spices, so that they shall never die, and time sheds a mellow, misty radiance over these hallowed, sacred recollections of the beautiful past.

We are grateful for having lived and been vouchsafed such happiness, and though the Future be gray and drear, the golden light of the Past can never fade, and will send its cheering rays of joy and brightness across our clouded pathway.

MARGARET FITZ-GERALD.

An Afternoon of Rare Enjoyment.

THERE are days in one's life wherein so many pleasant events occur that the imprint they leave on memory is everlasting.

One of these we experienced on Saturday, the seventeenth of September, the Feast of the Stigmata of dear St. Francis. The day itself was beautiful—a clear, bright sky, a genial warmth in the sun, the fragrance of early autumn in the air, grand old Niagara looking its best—in a word, all nature combining to make us supremely happy. But there was something of additional interest to heighten our joy—the arrival of two Christian Brothers—Rev. Brother Thomas Regis Hughes, from the great Centenary Novitiate at Clontarf, Dublin, Ireland; and Rev. Brother Jerome, Superior of St. Joseph's Institute in Buffalo, N. Y. The former had just completed a tour of the Australian States, where he had been busily engaged in collecting funds for completing the novitiate building to which I have just referred. Naturally we felt a strong desire to see and hear the stranger from Ireland—our wish was gratified to the fullest extent.

Precisely at two o'clock Brother Hughes entered the assembly hall and was the recipient of a very enthusiastic greeting. Referring briefly to the cordial relations existing between the Religious of the Institute of Mary and his Community in many lands, he brought us at once in spirit to visit, as he so prettily put it, "the daisy-decked hills and emerald dells of dear old lovely Ireland." This little opening was the signal for a round of applause from his hearers, applause which was soon increased by his recitation of the historic poem, "St. Patrick and the Shamrock." The substance of the poem is the manner in which St. Patrick illustrated to our forefathers the mystery of the Blessed Trinity by reference to the three leaves of the one shamrock—

"Converted and convinced by him,
His hearers were baptized,
And this is why the shamrock still
By Irish folk is prized."

Brother Regis then spoke of the great love of the Irish for music, and told us of an old blind harper who played the whole of Händel's Messiah from memory, on merely hearing it once. The fact seems incredible, yet, the wonderful feat was really accomplished. In glowing terms he made reference to the golden days of Erin's past, when her sons and daughters were so famed throughout Europe for their learning and sanctity as to merit for their country the proud appellation of *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum.* Swarms of holy men, as St. Bernard expressed it, went forth from Ireland, carrying with them the light of faith and the torch of learning, to Christianize and civilize the then barbarous nations of Europe. "Ireland," said a noted English writer, "was as thickly set with learned and saintly men as the firmament is with stars."

Our esteemed visitor also recited Thomas Keegan's touching poem, "Caoch the Piper," the deep yet simple pathos of which fairly moved us to tears. But these were soon wiped away and succeeded by the merry laughter, elicited by that most amusing, but withal, instructive selection—"People Will Talk." The leading characteristics of the Irish race—their intelligence, wit, and unequalled bravery—were then dwelt on, and illustrated by recitations and anecdotes which at one



A Summer Day at Niagara.

moment aroused our enthusiasm, at another convulsed us with uncontrollable laughter. The witticisms of this most enjoyable of afternoons have been—and will long continue to be—the delight of our recreation hours. I shall not attempt to reproduce them, for, without the living voice and native humor of the speaker, they would lose half their charm.

The Rev. Brother's rendering of the "Angel's Whisper" was very touching, whilst Dowling's "Brigade at Fontenoy" aroused a war-like ardor not usual amongst the gentler sex. The concluding lines found responsive echo in many hearts—

"We prayed to God to grant us—
And then we'd die with joy—
One day upon our own dear land
Like this on Fontenoy."

But no amount of word-painting on my part could convey the faintest idea of what we all felt during the hours which Brother Regis held us in a manner spell-bound. As he was about to retire, some one suggested a song, and he very appropriately gave "Deep In Canadian Woods We've Met," by T. D. Sullivan. Before our kind entertainer had finished, his audience entered into the spirit of the song and joined in the chorus.

If, perchance, these lines should meet the eye of our honored guest, we desire to assure him of our appreciation of the treat he afforded us—and especially of his invitation to call at some future day and see his monastery in Ireland. Doubtless, some of us may yet avail ourselves of this kind invitation and of Brother Hughes' generous promise to accord us a hearty *Cead mille failthe,* if ever we call on him in the dear old Isle. We have assured the good Christian Brother of a remembrance in our prayers, and an earnest effort—with the aid of our friends—to fill in the little collecting cards, which have been forwarded to the convent.

BERTHA HENRY.

"Autumn Reveries."

SWEET days of mellowed thoughtfulness, aureoled autumnal eves wrapt in their film of mysteriousness! The poet asks "what?" and the breezes whisper, "It is Autumn." An autumn, yes. It is but the oft-repeated story of God's goodness in giving His unworthy children plentiful harvests. It seems as if the very atmosphere is diffused with coloring. The cheery woodbird sings of a pretty southern nest where the wavering pine-plumes hush the little ones to rest; while the leaf-curled spider-boats whirl gaily down the small forest brooklet—smiling into the face of the shaded future like children with no thought or care of the outside world. All is so gorgeous!

Nature dresses in her oriental robe of the fall, fully conscious that she "makes merry to-day, for to-morrow she dies." Days ago the nodding blossoms fluttered to the love-claiming zephyr. We see the sun-splashed leaves of the whistling popals shimmer and flush, and hear the silken rustle of the rye as the saucy west wind frolics along. It looks as if some of the brilliance of the kingdom beyond the skies were flooding the earth.

What a scene for Christians and nature-lovers! They can see the honey-bee giving his last caresses to the red clover and dandelion, while the busy man of the world exclaims angrily as the puffy white thistle-balls toss their tiny stars to the wind. At his first bold stare the autumnal sun emblazons his mark of "fire and gold" upon the maples. The thorn-apples redden and the laden oaks, eager to be rid of their loads of acorns, lift their boughs to burning sunlight and crave a final touch of deep rose-red and brown.

So the happy hours fleet as shadows until the crackling brushwood tells of overripe hazelnuts. The air turns pink and damp and the soft-piped frogs' song heralds the approach of the maid of the evening mist.

Such a trembling darkness creeps into the woodland! The great light sinks behind the gabled cottage earlier each evening. No more slowly-swaying grain, for the tiny wheat brooms have been ruthlessly cut down to fill the barns of hopeful harvesters. The south-winged warblers hold merry feasts of luscious cherries and the woods thrill at the melody of their farewell song.

Pretty colored autumn leaves with your richly-woven veins; so bright and sunny, how like the thoughts of poets are you! Some of you, eager for the flattering praise of the world, fling yourselves headlong into the stream of applause, dancing and sparkling so alluringly, and after a short period of pleasure, pass into a sea of oblivion, and all are lost and forgotten.

But the golden leaves fall and lie buried deep, to be unearthed by a future generation—these are the master-poets whom, even now, we reverence in love and fear. But did not Shelley and others

forget one thing in their ecstasies of nature? We fear we must answer yes, for did they not look on earth alone—perhaps as high as the clouds you will say—but no farther. Not once did they lift their faces to the Designer of all great works!

Such are my reveries on a sad, sweet autumn of the long ago, far off in that beautiful land of the lakes—Wisconsin!

LOLA A. BEERS.

The Princess de Lamballe.

OF all the horrors enacted during the first French Revolution, there was probably none that presented so many fearful features as those which occurred from the second to the fifth of September, 1792, when the prisons of Paris were broken open by the bloodthirsty revolutionists, and the hapless prisoners were ruthlessly butchered in cold blood—among them being a bishop and nearly one hundred priests. The perpetrators of this massacre have been termed "Septembrizers;" and it has been computed that they put to death about twelve hundred innocent persons, whose only crime was the misfortune of being found in prison at this particular juncture, laboring under the charge of being Royalists. It may not be uninteresting, therefore, now that France is passing through another fiery ordeal, to recall one of the fearful scenes of that epoch, which has been appropriately styled the "Reign of Terror."

Amongst the many who fell victims to the infuriated monsters of this period there was none whose fate has excited more pity than the unfortunate Marie Thérèse, Princess de Lamballe, whose amiable character drew down upon her the odium of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and who, although they dared not cast the slightest aspersion on her good name, yet wreaked their vengeance on her in the most savage way. The Princess was born at Turin, in 1748, and had married the Duke of Bourbon Penthièvre, by whom she was left a young, beautiful widow—for death freed her from an unworthy husband the year after her marriage. Her hand was then sought by Louis XV., but the courtiers of the King found means to prevent a union which, perhaps, would have led the profligate monarch into better ways. The princess consequently retired with the Duke de Penthièvre, her father-in-law, to Vernon, and only reappeared at Court on the occasion of the Dauphin's marriage with Marie Antoinette. The Austrian princess wanted a confidential companion, and found a devoted friend in Louis de Bourbon's widow. Let us hear the Princess herself relate the commencement of this intimacy.

. . . "Retired altogether from the world, wholly given up to my sorrow, I never again quitted the dear and worthy father of my husband, endeavoring to soften the grief caused him by the sad certainty of not living again in his son's posterity, sometimes increasing instead of calming the sad effects of an irreparable loss, when an unexpected ray shone on my distress. It was in the midst of these dismal scenes of mourning that a star shone out to dispel the clouds which hovered over our drooping heads, and to dry our bitter tears; it was at this time, I say, that Marie Antoinette, like a heavenly messenger, offered me, in the sweetest language which compassion could inspire, the consoling balm which was to heal my wound. Yielding only to the impulse of her generous soul, she never ceased to visit two individuals who were about to sink under their affliction. . . .

"From that time I devoted myself to the Queen of France. She spent a great part of her time in soothing the sufferings of my heart, though I had not yet the honor of being attached to Her Majesty's special service. In truth, considerable time elapsed before I dreamed of taking on myself an office—that of superintendent—which I felt myself wholly incapable of fulfilling. I sought to hide the tears which bathed my face, to dissemble in the Queen's presence the real feelings of my heart; but these very efforts served to increase my anguish after she had gone. The attachment which she showed for me, the particular regard which she manifested for the Duke de Penthièvre, gave her a place in this heart, so lately frozen by the deplorable death of one who had first occupied it; and Marie Antoinette was the only heiress of his rights, although she never entirely effaced him from my memory.

"The long melancholy had so much affected my health that my tender father-in-law, with whom I continued to live, pressed me to leave my retreat in order to renew my strength. Sensible of his affection, and always submissive to his advice, I followed it again on this occasion. It was at the time of that severe winter when so many persons were in need of bread. The Queen, the Duchess d'Orléans, the Duke de Penthièvre and I introduced the fashion of German sleds. The

greater number of the nobles and rich commoners failed not to imitate us, which provided work for a great many laborers. The first use which I made of my new carriage was to visit, with the Duke de Penthièvre, poor families who were suffering from want. In the course of our visits we met the Queen. 'I suppose,' said Her Majesty, 'that you are at the same work as myself. My God! how the poor must suffer. I am wrapped up like a diamond in a jewel case, covered with furs, and yet I am dying from cold.'

"She then asked me to come and dine with her at Trianon, adding, 'the king is hunting at this moment, not the deer, but wood for the poor, and he wishes to see his game set out for Paris before he returns there.'

"After dinner the queen said to me: 'My dear princess, at your age you should not be so devoted to the dead: it is wronging the living. We are not here below for ourselves. I have taken a great interest in your position, and I think that a residence at Versailles would be much more suitable to one of your rank and age than the castle of the Duke de Penthièvre. I esteem exceedingly his amiable disposition, his numerous and excellent qualities; but he cannot offer my charming princess the diversion of which she has need. From to-day forth let the friendship which unites us contribute to our mutual happiness.'

"In the society of this incomparable queen and of her angelic sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth, I found the balm which could alone soothe my sufferings. The touching eagerness of these two ladies to share the sorrow which overwhelmed me made me feel less the loss of him who had been carried off in the flower of his age, and whose death left me a widow at eighteen."

The queen only saw in the office of intendent of the royal household, so dangerous if in the hands of an ambitious woman, a means of bringing near her that princess who loved the country and solitude, who shunned the queen to avoid the court. Madame de Lamballe only saw in this honor another duty to fulfil, and she resigned herself to functions which obliged her to shine, because it promised to be useful to her. It is at this period that we must paint her with that pure and serene countenance, those half-smiling lips, and those eyes which reflected the fervor of an angelic soul. Their very light was tranquil. Notwithstanding the attacks of a nervous fever, there was not a wrinkle nor a cloud on her fair brow, shaded by those long, fair tresses which are yet to curl around the pike of September. An Italian by birth, Madame de Lamballe had all the graces of her country—she was never more beautiful than in a sleigh, under the ermine robe, her complexion heightened by the wind, or when, in the shade of a broad straw hat, in a cloud of lawn, she passed like one of those white-robed visions of Lawrence's pictures. Her mind was as serene as her face. Affectionate, caressing, always the same, always ready for sacrifices, devoted in the smallest matters, and, above all, disinterested, she deprived herself of pleasure in obtaining it for others, not wishing to make her attachment the motive or excuse for a single importunity. Forgetting her title of princess, she never forgot the rank of the Queen. Seeing no evil, and unwilling to believe in it, she judged persons and things by herself, and, banishing all evil thoughts with the charity of her delusions, her conversation was ineffably charming. Her benevolence, too, that unalterable benevolence of the Penthièvres, never rejected the unfortunate. The sovereign and the princess were united by numberless ties of sympathy, and they were destined for one of those great and rare friendships which Providence unites in death.

Madame de Lamballe was worthy of the favor which she had not sought, and of which she did not make use, for fear of abusing it. As inaccessible to ambition as to envy, she showed no displeasure at seeing the influence of Madame de Polignac, supported by the manoeuvers of a coterie, eclipse her own. She left the court without affectation, and retired to the shades of Rambouillet with her much-loved father-in-law, to mourn in peace the Princess de Carignan, her mother, whom she had just lost. She waited patiently till the hour of adversity—her hour—came, to devote herself without fear of reward.

The monarchy imperilled had no other courtiers than its friends. In her despondency the Queen thought of that noble deserted one who had gone away without a murmur, and returned without reproach to her post, to stand at the side of her royal mistress when the storm should break loose.

Although not allowed to join in the flight to Varennes, Madame de Lamballe rejoined the royal family when brought back to the Tuileries. To save her, Marie Antoinette insisted on her leaving for England; but the tenth of August, 1792, when the monarchy was lost, saw her back in Paris, and a few days afterwards the Temple

received the unhappy Queen and her friend as prisoners within its blood-stained walls. Their reunion was but short. In the night of the 19th. two commissaries of the Commune appeared to isolate "la famille Capet" from their faithful attendants. The Princess de Lamballe was taken to the prison of La Force, and remained there until the 3rd. of September. On the morning of this evil day she was dragged before a revolutionary tribunal. "Jurez la liberté, l'égalité, la haine du roi, de la reine, et de la royauté," was the order given to her. "Je jurerai facilement les deux premiers. Je ne puis pas jurer le dernier; il n'est pas de mon coeur," was her answer. "Qu'on élargisse madame," said the president, l'Huilier, thus pronouncing her doom. Some of the judges wished to spare her on account of her youth and beauty, but were overruled by the more bloodthirsty, who dragged her out over a pile of dead bodies, up to her ankles in blood. She was ordered to cry "Vive la Nation!" Speechless with horror she was unable to speak, and was instantly struck down—awful to relate, it was one of her own servants, whom she had loaded with kindnesses, who struck the first blow. Her head was then cut off, her body torn in pieces, and the fragments put on the end of pikes and paraded through the different parts of the city. The head was raised on a lance and first carried to the palace of the Duke of Orleans—father of Louis Philippe—better known by his republican appellation of *Egalité,* who rose from dinner and looked for some moments in silence upon the ghastly spectacle. It was next conveyed to the Temple, and paraded before the windows of Louis XVI. The King, ignorant of what had passed, but hearing the tumult, at the desire of one of the commissioners of the municipality, proceeded to the window, when he recognized by her beautiful hair the head of his once lovely friend; but, to the credit of humanity, it must be said, that another commissioner, more humane, tried to prevent the king from beholding the hideous sight. Madame Elizabeth and the valet Cléry removed the unfortunate queen, who had fainted, and the cries of the ferocious troop rang for a long time around the walls of the Temple.

Thus perished an illustrious victim whose admirable beauty was the least of her attractions—an affectionate, gentle, devoted woman, as true to her religious convictions as she was faithful to her ill-fated queen.

ESTELLE FORRESTEL.

The Great Liedersänger.

BUT a few feet apart, in the cemetery of Währing, Vienna, are two monuments of two great masters; on the one is carved the single word "Beethoven;" on the other, beneath a bust, is the following inscription:

Death buried here a rich possession
and yet fairer hopes.
Here lies Franz Schubert, born Jan. 31, 1797.
Died Nov. 19, 1828.
Aged 31 years.

Thus, in the next year after the death of the Titan of music, there came to lie beside him the young composer who never had the hardihood to approach him during life. The exceeding veneration, not to say awe, with which Schubert regarded the older master—the self-absorption of Beethoven consequent upon his deafness and the great works upon which he was engaged—had prevented the one from approaching and the other from recognizing, although the two were neighbors and possessed many friends in common.

It was only during his last illness that Beethoven, looking over the songs of Schubert, brought by a friend to his bedside, came to realize the kinship of this neglected youth. "A divine fire glows indeed in Schubert," said he, as with enthusiasm he read them again and again.

And there they rest together in that old city of melodious memories, each having crowned his labors by a Ninth Symphony—one of which, as it is affirmed, marks the point of departure for a new era in music, the other then as surely being the swan-song of the old.

"It was the boy's first great piece of good luck," says Hüffer, "that he was born in Vienna." In Vienna, music was a part of an ordinary school course, and a string quartet in a family the rule rather than otherwise. At eight, Franz took his place as second violin in this quartet. Having a beautiful voice, he was sent to the choirmaster of the parish, for instruction in singing. The good master found him the most unteachable pupil he had ever had; for, he says, "When I would teach him anything, I found that he already knew it: so I cannot honestly say that I ever gave him lessons at all; I merely played at it, and watched my pupil in amazement."

Among the competitors for the scholarship of 1809, appeared a chubby fellow of twelve, clad

in a queer suit of light gray, whom the other boys immediately dubbed "the little miller." The little miller, on his part, soon surprised his young rivals, as well as the learned judges, by his beautiful singing and the prompt manner in which he replied to knotty questions in harmony. Gaining the scholarship, he now had instruction from the best teachers, was promoted to first violin, and privileged, in the absence of the conductor, to act in that capacity himself. His fifteenth year saw the production of overtures, church and dance music, variations, songs, and an opera. "Hagar's Complaint," a song of twenty-eight pages, attracted the attention of Salieri, the Court chapel-master—a rival of Mozart. He imparted to his pupil all the learning he had to bestow, did the best he could to keep him within the limits of Italian traditions, and when at last Schubert, out of patience, refused to have the best and most original thoughts struck out of his manuscript, and bade his old teacher good-bye, Salieri still rejoiced in his progress.

In his seventeenth year, Franz became his father's assistant, and it was while teaching the primary classes—a task detestable to him—that he composed three or four symphonies, more than a hundred songs—in fact, music of every description. Some of his finest and most celebrated songs date from this time before he had reached his twentieth year. He was particularly averse to giving music lessons; with Beethoven, he went to such a task "like a stubborn, ill-tempered donkey." Routine of any kind annoyed him. Like so many geniuses, he was not a practical man, and made nothing out of his abundant and rich talents. One might say he wrote only for himself, his family and some few friends. Only a very small portion of his works, which reached an astonishingly large number, considering his short life, was published during his life, and still more rarely did he hear his compositions performed in public.

Schubert was the favorite composer of other great composers, such as Schumann and Liszt—the latter did most to make his works popular, as well by his numerous and admirable transcriptions, as by performing them himself on his great concert tours. It is a fact that the famous Schubert songs were first made known to the general public by Liszt's transcriptions, and after that taken up by the singers. Of the great Liedersänger Schumann said: "There was a time when it gave me no pleasure to speak of Schubert; I could only talk of him by night to the trees and stars. Who among us, at some time or another, has not been sentimental? Charmed by his new spirit, whose capacity seemed to me boundless, deaf to everything that could be urged against him, my thoughts were absorbed in Schubert." In 1836, prizes were offered at Vienna for symphonies, while the great Symphony in C was yet unsounded. Two years later, Schumann discovered this work during a visit to the Austrian capital, and from its first production in Leipsic the name of Schubert was among the great masters. His operas were not considered successful—he seemed to lack theatrical instinct, and usually lavished his musical wealth upon an ineffective drama. To the last, however, he was always looking for the right libretto. Perhaps he felt the need of the strong breath of public applause; perhaps he pined in his isolation, pouring out forever the treasures of his fancy, while still they formed no bond of sympathy between him and the world. Perhaps some bitter sense of injustice crept at last into his honest heart, when he saw inferior works preferred to his—saw their authors loaded with substantial honors. That he was far from happy in the later years of his life, appears from his letters and papers; he who wrote the beautiful Praise of Tears, wrote also in his diary: "O God! that which the world welcomes with joy is nourished by my sorrow." However this may be, it did not check his productiveness, for to the last month of his short and uneventful life he wrote with unabated ardor and freshness. Much of his work was the result of instantaneous impulse like that of the painter Turner. The "Erlking" was composed immediately upon reading the poem; the Serenade came to him in a café amid the hurry of waiters and the clinking of glasses, when hastily ruling a staff, he noted it down in almost its present form. It is surprising in view of the popularity of the former that this composition was at first coldly received. Yet this remarkable song marked an important era in composition. When it was first sung it was pronounced too dramatic, and, as Mr. Fiske aptly remarks, "the people were disturbed by the intensity of passion and bewildered by the boldness of the harmonies." It took a long time to convince Germans, even Goethe himself, that the treatment of the poem was a correct one. The more familiar they became with the composition, the more its musical power appealed to them, and

the more powerful it became in influencing others in similar forms of dramatic expression.

It is principally through Schubert's manuscript that knowledge of the nature of the man is acquired. So suddenly did death seize him, and so little did the world suspect the untold wealth of music written upon musty sheets and tucked away in sundry old drawers and cupboards in Vienna, that much of it remained unknown for a long time. "Schubert," says Mr. Fiske, "was as careless of fame as Shakespeare. Shy of disposition, he withdrew from the world's gaze. He was not a virtuoso and was never called upon, like the youthful Mozart, to play the piano or any other instrument before crowned heads or in the presence of a public wild with enthusiasm; nor did he ever come into prominence as a director or conductor like Händel and Mendelssohn. His reputation more than that of any composer of like eminence, is a posthumous one. His existence was too large a fact for mankind to take in until after he had passed away. In creative spontaneity, which found characteristic expression in song, he has never been surpassed, and scarcely ever equalled, and it is universally agreed that he is the greatest composer of songs that ever lived. "The influence of his conception of the *Lied* is to be seen in all his most highly developed and characteristic writing for piano, orchestra, and chorus. After he had mastered the sonata form, so that it became for him as easy a vehicle of spontaneous expression as the *Lied,* his sonatas and symphonies became strongly characteristic and replete with originality."

Franz Schubert holds one of the first places among the immortals in the realm of art and music, his is the freshness of eternal youth, with him come springtime and all the illusions of life's morning. Beethoven offers us divine consolation for the ills of the world; Schubert makes us forget that they exist. MAUD MERLE.

Some striking observations have recently been made on the subject of the emancipated woman of to-day and her attitude towards religion. It is noted that, although men are attending church more regularly than they did a decade ago, women of leisure, on the other hand, are attending less regularly and in fewer numbers than formerly. It is a question whether or not "woman's eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge will be good for the church and rewarding for the woman."

My Lady.

She walks unnoticed in the street;
The casual eye
Sees nothing in her fair, or sweet;
The world goes by,
Unconscious that an angel's feet
Are passing nigh.

She little has of beauty's wealth;
Truth will allow
Only her priceless youth and health,
Her broad white brow;
Yet grows she on the heart by stealth,
I scarce know how.

She does a thousand kindly things
That no one knows;
A loving woman's heart she brings
To human woes;
And to her face the sunlight clings
Where'er she goes.

And so she walks her quiet ways
With that content
That only comes to sinless days
And innocent;
A life devoid of fame or praise,
Yet nobly spent.

P. M. G.

There are some delightful people in the world —too few indeed!—but still enough to go round and give a shining example to us all—who are so much occupied in doing good and pleasant things from day to day, that they really have not time to notice the shortcomings of their neighbors, nor to grumble because life is disappointing and others are better off than themselves. According to their wholesome and light-hearted philosophy, if this world is really a vale of tears, the most rational thing to do is to go about armed with a supply of nice, clean, sweet-smelling handkerchiefs, ready for prompt application, whenever a weeping brother or sister is met by the wayside. How much more happiness is won and bestowed by the exercise of this sweet fraternal spirit, than by holding one's self aloof from one's kind in scorn and bitterness, caring only "to rail at the ill" and, by a depressing example, inducing others to sink into the same hopeless despondency in which one's warped and contracted nature finds grim satisfaction.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

MAUD MERLE, ESTELLE FORRESTEL,
BERTHA HENRY, GLADYS WEST,
ROSE McCORMICK.

Subscription price, $1.00 per year, in advance. Address all communications to

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

OCTOBER, 1904.

At no time of the year has nature's beauty such rare enchantment as during the beautiful month of October—beautiful in the variety of the loveliness it presents—in the splendors of forest foliage and gardens radiant with brilliant tones of chrysanthemums and dahlias—still more beautiful in its glorious dedication to the honor of the Queen of Heaven, through the devotion of the Holy Rosary, and to the special invocation of the angelic host.

The bright autumnal beauty of our superb surroundings is luring many an art-loving nature to linger in these favored haunts, endeavoring to depict glories which an artistic sense could not resist—islands reposing in tranquil security in the midst of surging waters, the brilliant tints of their autumnal robes making a lovely contrast with the snowy foam of the crested breakers—a wealth of green and yellow and crimson foliage clothing the rugged cliffs and deep gorges—the canopy of "silver-fringed cloudlets"—all combining to form a picture of such unutterable beauty as is rarely seen. We may find a charm in the scenery of other lands, but here we stand in mute amaze at Nature's prodigality. It is as if we have reached the high altar of the Great Temple and must needs acknowledge and adore.

*

A welcome, at once cordial and heartfelt, was accorded to Miss Talty, Washington, D. C., who, on the afternoon of the 20th., came to place her sister, Mabel, at school.

We joy to note the bloom of the rose, as of yore, on dear Helen's cheeks, and the undimmed brightness of the smile that cheered and won so many hearts.

*

The new Loretto Convent in course of construction in Nairobe, British East Africa, is not yet complete. The Bishop has given the Religious a temporary residence for the present, and, until the opening of the boarding school, their days will be devoted to teaching some little blacks. Wonderful vocation!

*

Cardinal Vannutelli, who, as Papal Envoy to Ireland for the opening of the Armagh Cathedral, made an all but royal progress through the country, is a very notable man. Cardinal Bishop—one of six of that dignity—Chancellor of the Treasury of the Congregation of Propaganda, Prefect of the Council, Archpriest of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, Bishop of Palestrina, accredited Protector of Portugal at the Holy See, Cardinal Protector of some religious orders, with a crowd of other titles to honor and offices of responsibility in the diplomatic and ecclesiastical service of the Holy See, he remains through all and in spite of all just Vincenzo Vannutelli, the tallest ecclesiastic in Rome, and the younger brother of the more distinguished Cardinal Serafino.

*

Devoid of the commanding intellect and personal ambition which often make men in the front rank of power both feared and scrutinized, Cardinal Vincenzo is fortunate in his friends, but still more happy in the possession, in common with his

brother, of inexhaustible amiability. He is endowed with Nature's patent of nobility—a frank and simple kindness of heart, and a knowledge of human nature and sympathy with it, from which springs a royal gift of unfailing tactfulness. The clever indirectness of astute diplomacy is outwitted and out-manoeuvred by the refinement and truth of his cultivated good nature.

*

What unerring instinct was that which prompted the Cardinal to drive to the Protestant Primate's, through the squalid rioters in the North of Ireland? The incident was characteristic. The venerable Primate was deeply touched by the kindly act, and the yells of fighting sectaries were exchanged for a burst of friendly cheers. At the simple touch of human brotherhood hatred was dissolved.

*

The Cardinal was the despair of officials, and especially of the Royal Irish Constabulary. As the stalwart men of the finest gendarmerie in the world kept the ways through the crowds, the Cardinal, a head over the tallest of them, would catch sight of some old man or woman struggling to get near him, and would break the ranks to let them touch his hand and kiss his ring. "What a fine policeman he would make," said the admiring R. I. C.

*

The same kindliness of good feeling was shown in the eloquent and graceful speeches he delivered, in which the varied turn of phrase in his beautiful Italian enabled him to shower compliments without repetition, a feat beyond the power of the translations of newspapers to repeat.

*

It is easy to understand how Cardinal Vannutelli comes to be so popular with the Romans. When he comes into Rome from his diocese of Palestrina, a few miles outside the city, as he frequently does for the functions at Santa Maria Maggiore, he is always surrounded by crowds of his people, who love to exchange with him smile for smile. But he delights to retire to his diocese, where he was born, for the greater freedom and simpler life which he can there enjoy.

*

Neither an anchorite nor a worldling, neither an immature ascetic nor a man from whom the spiritual world has receded, Cardinal Vannutelli is a kindly, courtly gentleman, and a spiritual-minded priest, one to whom holiness is not incompatible with humanity, and who preserves the harmony of life in bright and cheerful godliness. Notwithstanding the pomp and circumstance of an exalted position, he lives a really simple life, and in this, as in other ways—in some respects even in outward semblance—he is a kindred spirit to Pius X. It is said that it was to the influence of Cardinal Vincenzo more than to any other that the Pope yielded in his passionate resistance to election.

*

Cardinal Vannutelli began his career by residence at the Collegio Capranico, and made his studies at the Collegio Romano and the Gregorian University. Ordained priest in 1860, he became Professor of Theology before entering the diplomatic service, in 1865, in the suite of Mgr., afterwards Cardinal, Oreglia in Holland, and subsequently at Brussels. Recalled by Pius IX., he was made by him Assistant Secretary of State. By Leo XIII. he became Uditore di Rota, and for a mission as Apostolic Delegate to Constantinople was created titular Archbishop of Sardi. He was Envoy Extraordinary to Moscow for the coronation of the Tsar, and Nuncio at Lisbon from 1883 to 1891. He was created Cardinal *in petto* December 30th., 1890, and proclaimed June 30th., 1891, under the title of the English Church in Rome, San Silvestro in Capite. He was appointed to conduct the delicate mission of adjusting the Patronato Regio of Portugal in British India, which had survived the Portuguese territorial possession of the southern Peninsula. Finally, he was appointed Prefect of the Propaganda.

Letter-Box.

DEAR SR. F.:

Their Majesties are in Ireland! The King has proved himself as great a peacemaker here as on the Continent. All classes united in welcoming him to-day, on his first semi-state visit during the present tour to his Irish capital. Not only as King, but as Earl of Dublin, has he rights of over-lordship in this thriving and ancient city,—and due homage has been paid. Only the Corporation held aloof from participating in the proceedings, and theirs alone is the loss. It has been a busy day. The chief event was the laying of the first stone of the new College of Science. Great things are expected in the future, in the way of fostering and developing Irish agriculture, from the new building. It will stand on a plot of ground between Upper Merrion street, Leinster Lawn, and Kildare Place, where it was necessary to clear a number of the existing houses. The new College will be close to the National Museum, and the designs foreshadow a very handsome structure, worthy of a city which contains many striking edifices.

Upon the site there had been built a temporary pavilion of scarlet and white canvas, which held some eight hundred spectators. It formed a spacious apartment, beautifully adorned with bannerettes, bearing the arms of old Irish families, and trophies of flags. A scarlet-covered dais, of considerable height, was provided for their Majesties and the Vice-regal party. Flowering plants, in perfect bloom, were grouped about it, and behind was a great Royal Standard, with a series of small shields hung from the cornice of the canvas wall, bearing alternately crowns, roses, thistles, and shamrocks. Two throne-like chairs in crimson velvet and gold were placed on the dais, with smaller gilt chairs for the use of two suites. On a table were the coins, newspapers, and the official programme of the ceremony, all of which were to be placed in the hollow of the understone. Projecting from the side of the wall was the long arm of the crane which bore the weight of a great block of Irish granite, which was to be put in place by the King, but the dull iron was hidden beneath the folds of a Union Jack, and the cords which were attached to the stone were wrapped in scarlet and white ribbons. The stone itself came from the quarries in Newry, and weighed seventeen hundredweight. It had chiselled upon it the following inscription:—"This stone was laid by his Majesty King Edward VII., King of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the seas, Emperor of India, on the 28th. day of April, 1904." A reception room for the King and a boudoir for the Queen, handsomely fitted, were on the Leinster Lawn side of the pavilion. When their Majesties left the Vice-regal Lodge, at half past eleven, the streets were everywhere thickly crowded with enthusiastic spectators. The route selected was a long one, and was lined with troops. Infantry were posted along the Northern Quay to O'Connell Bridge, where men of the Army Corps were stationed. The East Lancashire Regiment, whose band, stationed at Grattan's statue, played a selection of airs, and the 1st. Middlesex were in Nassau Street, the Royal Irish Rifles were in Grafton Street, and the Seaforth Highlanders in Merrion Square. Parties of the 6th. Inniskilling Dragoons were stationed at the cross streets opening on the route. As that was of such a length, and the garrison is not particularly strong, the men were placed at several paces' intervals; but great as was the throng, it kept itself perfectly in hand. At College Green, as usual, the students of Trinity distinguished themselves by their lively ways, and had a cheer for everybody and everything. The 4th. Warwickshire, who had with them the regimental deer, were on the quays.

The procession, if not so brilliant a pageant as that of last year, was a picturesque one, especially as seen by the hundreds who had assembled near the exit from the Vice-regal Lodge. Mounted men of the Dublin Metropolitan police led the way, with Colonel Sir John Ross of Bladensburg, Chief Commissioner, riding with them, wearing the handsome silver and dark blue police uniform. The Royal procession consisted of three carriages. In the first were seated the King and Queen, the Lord Lieutenant, and the Princess Victoria. Field-Marshal the Duke of Connaught, Commanding the Forces and the Third Army Corps, rode on the right hand side of their Majesties' carriage. Everywhere the reception of the King and Queen was all that could be wished. Certainly, on no previous occasion was the cheering so loud, continuous, and spontaneous. Our Irish fellow-subjects undoubtedly excel in ceremonial. Nothing could have been better arranged, better carried out, or in better taste than the surround-

ings of the ceremony which took place within the handsome pavilion. Sir Arthur Vicars, Ulster King-at-Arms, and Mr. Claude Blake, Athlone Pursuivant, carefully planned the details, and the result was a harmonious whole, which made a picture ideally perfect in every way. The pavilion was early filled by well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, many of the latter in uniform or Court dress, and one saw again that ability to wear gracefully pretty clothing is innate in the upper classes of Irish women. While waiting for the arrival of the King, the string band of the Royal Irish Rifles played a number of pieces, including an inspiriting selection of Irish airs. Among those who were present were the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Iveagh, Lord Ashbourne—Lord Chancellor of Ireland—and Lady Ashbourne, the Primate of all Ireland and Miss Alexander, the Attorney-General for Ireland and Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. Justice Andrews, Mr. Alexander Anderson—President of Queen's College, Galway—the Earl of Belmore, the Earl and Countess of Bandon, Mr. Justice Boyd, Lord Barrymore, Sir Rowland Blennerhassett—President of Queen's College, Cork—Sir Francis Brady, Sir Frederick Cochrane, Sir Francis and Lady Cruise, the Bishop of Sligo, Lady Crossley, Sir Patrick Coll, Sir Frederick and Lady Cullinan, Sir Charles Cameron, Lord Clonbrock, Sir John Colomb, Sir Edward Carson, M. P., Sir James Dougherty, the Marquess of Douro, the Earl of Dunraven, Sir Daniel Dixon, Professor Edward Dowden, Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, Sir John Franks, the Earl and Countess of Fingall, Sir Edward Fitzgerald, Sir Josslyn Gore-Booth, the Hon. Walter and Lady Evelyn Guinness, Mr. Justice Gibson, Dr. Healy, the Lord Archbishop of Tuam, Sir James and Lady Henderson, Lord Justice Holmes, Sir Otto Jaffé—Lord Mayor of Belfast—and Lady Jaffé, Cardinal Logue, Lord and Lady Monteagle, the Earl and Countess of Mayo, and Mgr. Molloy.

Outside the pavilion a Guard of Honor of the Seaforth Highlanders was mounted, and received the King with a Royal salute. But long before their Majesties arrived, their progress was indicated by the rapidly-growing volume of the cheering which marked their journey. They were met at the main entrance by Mr. George Wyndham, President of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, who presented to his Majesty Sir Horace Plunkett—Vice-President of the Department—Mr. George V. Holmer, Mr. T. Gill—Secretary of the Department—Mr. G. A. Stevenson, and Mr. Philip Hanson—Commissioners of the Board of Works—Professor W. H. Hartley—Dean of the Faculty of the Royal College of Science—Professor Campbell and Mr. Blair—Assistant Secretary. A procession was formed, led by the Dean, in which, immediately behind Mr. Wyndham and heading the Royal Suite, was Athlone Pursuivant-at-Arms—Mr. H. Claude Baker—who wore his richly-broidered surtout. Before his Majesty was the Ulster-King-at-Arms, also wearing his gorgeous tabard and carrying his *bâton* of office. The King and Queen walked side by side, and there followed the Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Victoria, the Duke of Connaught, the Princesses Margaret and Patricia of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the ladies and gentlemen in attendance. A flourish of trumpets from the Dragoons in the upper tier of seats announced the approach of the procession, and then the band played the National Anthem. His Majesty and his brother were in the uniform of Field-Marshals, and each wore the riband and star of the Order of St. Patrick. Earl Howe was in Court dress and wearing the Victorian Order, and Prince Arthur wore his Hussar uniform, with the riband of the Garter. Her Majesty, who looked extremely well, had on a handsome costume of petruvia velvet, with a purple feather boa, and a muff and bonnet of heliotrope. Princess Victoria was in a simple biscuit-coloured dress, with fur boa, and hat trimmed with violets. The Duchess of Connaught was dressed in brown, and had a fur stole, and her two daughters were in costumes of cream cloth, with black picture hats.

Sir Horace Plunkett explained to his Majesty the object of the building. In the course of his address, which was listened to with great interest, and speaking on behalf of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland, he reviewed at some length the history of the Institution. He stated that the College is now the principal Institution connected with the system of technical instruction which the department has been commissioned to organize for this country. Its definite function is to supply advanced instruction in science as applied to agriculture and industry, to train teachers for technical schools and for secondary and intermediate schools in which science is taught, and to conduct research. But they recognized, he said, that technical instruction, however important for the development of the country's resources, could not

by itself attain the fulfilment of its purpose. It was, therefore, their earnest hope that the gracious act which His Majesty was about to perform might foster agreement on the necessity of devising a complete system of education at once acceptable to all shades of opinion, and efficient in all its branches, no one of which could be neglected without impairing the benefits conferred by others.

His Majesty in reply, said:

"Sir Horace Plunkett,—It gives me great pleasure to come here to-day and assist in this interesting ceremony, which is the first step in providing a suitable home for the Royal College of Science. I do not know that I could take part in a more useful work. In these days scientific training is an indispensable condition of success in commercial and industrial life. To be thoroughly effective it requires all the help which research and modern appliances can give. You are therefore wise in providing the improved equipment and the widened opportunity for instruction which this College will henceforth supply.

"You have told me that the efforts of your Department to extend scientific education among the people have been supported by popular sympathy and by the co-operation of representative public bodies. I am glad to receive these assurances, for without such sympathy and co-operation any scheme of technical instruction, however well devised, must fail to come into close touch with the life of the people, and must fall short of complete success. I agree with you in thinking that a complete system of education is necessary for the full realization of your aims, and my best wishes go with your efforts to improve the intellectual and material condition of the country."

The King then proceeded to lay the stone. He had handed to him a statement of the origin of the building, a collection of the coins of the present year, and copies of the newspapers of the day, which he placed in a glass air-tight jar, and laid in a receptacle in the supporting stone. Mr. Aston Webb and Mr. T. M. Deane, the architects, put over the opening a flat slab and laid the mortar and cement. The granite block was suspended in the air, and was now lowered, the Queen with some solicitude, calling His Majesty's attention to the circumstance that he was standing under it. The King assisted with his white-gloved hand to guide the stone carefully into place, and then, testing it with line and plummet, declared it well and truly laid. The trumpeters again sounded a flourish and the drummers a roll, and the Royal party retired. The band played the National Anthem, and the King and Queen were loudly cheered as they left. On entering their carriages the Royal party followed another route, going to the Vice-regal Lodge by way of Upper Merrion Street, Stephen's Green, North Grafton Street, College Green, Sackville Street, Cavendish Row, Rutland Square East, North Frederick Street, Berkley Road, North Circular Road, North Gate of Phoenix Park, and Zoological Road. Throughout the greetings they received were of the most cordial kind. I have excellent authority for saying that His Majesty is highly pleased with his tour so far, and that it is more than likely that he will endeavor to make a visit here an annual event. He kept his carriage open the whole day, though one or two short, but smart, showers fell, and smilingly acknowledged the cheers which rolled onwards with his progress.

In the afternoon the King went to the Phoenix Park Club Race meeting on the course close to the Vice-regal Lodge, accompanied by Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria. The weather was somewhat unpleasant—cloudy, with a cold and strong wind. This evening the Command performance took place at the Theatre Royal, which is of great size and handsome design. Though the approaches to it are on a back street, the exterior is striking, and its marble staircases are wide and boldly placed. The building was beautifully decorated with flowers. The Royal boxes, on the left of the stage, had been redecorated, and special rooms constructed for the use of their Majesties. The King's smoking room was draped and festooned in His Majesty's racing colours, Her Majesty's boudoir in crimson and white—the Danish national colors—and both were furnished with fine examples of Sheraton and Chippendale. When the King and Queen arrived, at a quarter to ten, the house, which was filled in every part with the best-known people in Ireland, rose and cheered. The orchestra played "God save the King," which was afterwards taken up again and again by the audience. His Majesty smilingly bowed his acknowledgments. He was in evening dress, with knee breeches, and wore the Riband and Star of the Order of St. Patrick. The Queen looked radiant in a silver grey dress with steel paillettes, and a tippet of ermine and lace. On her head was a diamond tiara. In a box opposite the Royal box sat the Duke of Connaught

in Field-Marshal's uniform, the Duchess of Connaught and the Princesses Margaret and Patricia. There were also present the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Abercorn, and members of the suite. The scenes from Richard II. had been played when the King arrived, but the curtain was immediately run up on "The Last of the Dandies," followed by the first act of "Trilby." His Majesty was most complimentary to Mr. Tree on his performance.

The King and Queen spent this morning, Thursday, at the Vice-regal Lodge, and went to the Leopardstown races in the afternoon.

The finest day of their Majesties' visit reserved itself for the smartest day of the Dublin race week, and it would be impossible to imagine a gayer or more lovely scene than the lawn of Leopardstown to-day, with its tulip beds and picturesque pavilions, and the purple slopes of the Dublin mountains in the background a-light with the hot sunshine.

The King and Queen drove down from Dublin, the seven miles of road being lined with people from end to end. This was especially a children's demonstration, the numerous schools of the district standing their pupils in hundreds on walls and paths, on doorsteps and at windows, the convent children in white frocks and blue ribbons, three-year-old babies sitting in long lines on the kerbstones, mostly in red caps, and others in cars, which had been drawn up in side roads. Beyond Donnybrook the front gates of several country houses, including that of Sir John Power, of whisky fame, were hidden by festoons of laurel and flowers. The road here runs for more than a mile between old grey walls surmounted by thick ivy, in which clusters of child-faces appeared at intervals, with the fresh greenery of budding trees hanging above them.

The royal procession which had been greeted with an appallingly noisy demonstration at Trinity College, and with loud cheering all down Grafton Street and round Stephen's Green, passed down this pretty country scene in comparative silence, the children only waving flags and staring with wide eyes of delight, while the King and Queen bowed and smiled to every little group.

The King and Queen arrived at Leopardstown at 1.15, and after watching the first race retired to lunch. The Queen, who looked considerably less tired than on previous days, was in black with a large green cape, the King wearing a light grey overcoat and tall hat. Their Majesties made a long détour on the way home, driving along the great gorse-covered, gorse-scented slopes under the Dublin mountains through the little hamlets, through Dundrum with its little red brick villas, and along the Orwell Road to Rathgar and Rathmines.

Very few people and practically no decorations were to be seen along the country lanes here, but pavements were a solid mass of human beings on both sides. The handsome front of the parish church was alive with flag-waving children, the canal sides were black with spectators as far as could be seen, the windows of the little hospital were full of patients and their Majesties were received with one of the finest demonstrations of their visit.

A famous Nationalist writer and politician, in the course of a conversation this afternoon, admitted that the King and Queen had had a really splendid reception in Dublin from the beginning of their visit to the end, which unfortunately arrives to-morrow, when they leave Dublin for Kilkenny. The enthusiasm has been universal and extraordinary. "But," he added, "after all, what does it mean? Here's a Dublin crowd cheering a good-hearted, popular gentleman and lady. Before you talk of their influence one way or another in Ireland tell me this—do you suppose they have changed a single vote at the next election? I say not one." The speaker is doubtless right.

Talking over the King's visit this afternoon, the owner of one of the chief newspapers in Ireland, who is in touch with every shade of public opinion, said that he had been much struck by the entire absence of any dissenting voice in the royal welcome of this week.

Even last year there was a certain amount of opposition to the proposals for addressing the King, and some discordant notes in his greeting, but this year there has been absolutely none.

Mr. R. Croker was at Leopardstown this afternoon, and put nearly £1000 on his horse, American Boy, which ran in and won the April Plate.

Mr. Michael Cooney, the guard of the royal train, was summoned to the Vice-regal Lodge this morning and was decorated with the Royal Victorian Order by the King, who expressed the warmest appreciation of his services on the occasion of the recent journeys to Punchestown and during the King's visit to Ireland in 1868, 1900, and 1903. Mr. Cooney was immensely gratified by the King's recognition, and went off immedi-



Birr Castle Birr Parsonstown Kings Co.



Ormond Castle, Kilkenny.

ately to Chancellor, the Dublin photographer, with his new decoration.

The Royal visit to Dublin terminated on Saturday morning amid scenes in keeping with the welcome extended to their Majesties during their stay in the Irish metropolis. The time fixed for the departure from the Vice-regal Lodge was eleven, and it was observed to the moment. Along the way, their Majesties were received with unbounded enthusiasm. The carriage conveying the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Arthur and Princesses Margaret and Patricia had arrived at the station shortly after eleven o'clock, and they were chatting with Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Under Secretary, the Earl of Meath, and the Countess of Antrim when the head of the Royal escort arrived. The deafening cheers of the multitude and the loud crash of the band playing the National Anthem filled the glass-roofed station house as the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria and the Lord Lieutenant, entered. His Majesty was in morning dress, while the Queen looked particularly well in a dress of dark green poplin, somewhat similar to that she had worn at Punchestown and Leopardstown. At 11.20, their Majesties, having taken an affectionate farewell of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and of the Princesses Margaret and Patricia, and shaken hands with Earl Dudley, the Chief Secretary, the Earl of Meath, and members of the Vice-regal party, entered their saloon. Again and again the King expressed to those with whom he conversed the great pleasure which his stay in Dublin had afforded him, and the Queen was equally warm in her acknowledgments. At 11.25, the Royal train, in charge of Guard Michael Cooney, who wore the Royal Victoria medal conferred on him on the previous day by the King, steamed slowly away from the platform. Fresh outbursts of cheering, handkerchief waving, and national music characterized the closing scenes of their Majesties' visit to Dublin.

In less than two hours the King and Queen found themselves in new and strange and withal most interesting surroundings. The "faire Kilkenny," as Spenser called it, had adorned itself most joyously and resplendently to bid the Royal visitors welcome. The narrow streets and quaint old buildings lend themselves to embellishment, and every point of vantage had been seized upon. Venetian masts, rising from huge pots of evergreens, lined the paths on both sides, garlands crossed and recrossed the roadways and intertwined in beautiful confusion. Bunting was everywhere. The narrow thoroughfare that leads from the station to the castle was like a tunnel cut through flowers. A slight ground halo barely softened the sunshine overhead, and the gentlest of breezes gave freshness to an ideal day of midspring. As early as eleven o'clock the pavements and windows of shops and dwelling-houses were filled with spectators. Train after train from the directions of Waterford, Marlborough, and Carlow, brought thousands into the city. Among those on the platform awaiting the arrival of the Royal train were the Marquess and Marchioness of Ormonde, Sir William Blunden—High Sheriff of Co. Kilkenny—Lord and Lady Rathdonnell, Lord Plunkett, the Earl of Bessborough, Viscount Duncannon, Lord Frederick Fitzgerald, Lord and Lady Arthur Butler, Lord and Lady Chesham, Sir Reginald and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, Lord Castletown, and the Bishop of Ossory.

Deputations from various bodies intending to present addresses were at one side of the platform in the center of which was a carpeted dais with three chairs. At a quarter after one exactly the Royal train rolled in. The Marquess and Marchioness of Ormonde were the first to greet their Majesties. Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew and Lady Constance Butler were presented, and little Miss Poe advanced to the Queen and presented a beautiful bouquet, a somewhat similar bouquet being accepted by Princess Victoria. His Majesty having shaken hands with Lord Plunkett, who had charge of the platform arrangements, directed in person the way in which he wished to have the addresses presented, the deputations being introduced by Lord Kenyon. First came the Kilkenny Corporation. At its head was Alderman Michael J. Potter, wearing the hat and cloak of his grandfather, who was the first Reform Mayor of Clonmel. He was attended by the mace and sword-bearers. This mace is an ancient trophy of unique design. It was presented to Kilkenny Corporation, in 1677, by the first Duke of Ormonde—the "Great Duke"—who was for upwards of thirty years Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The address from the Corporation was read by Alderman Potter.

The King, in replying, said:

"Gentlemen: I thank you on behalf of the Queen and myself for your most hearty welcome to your ancient city, which is famed both in the religious and the political annals of Ireland. For

more than seven centuries Kilkenny has been in intimate relationship with the Crown, and its many charters testify to its importance as a centre of civic life and to the confidence placed in its citizens by my predecessors for many years. It was an important centre of government, and connected with its history are great families—one worthily represented here to-day—whose names are interwoven with the history of Ireland itself. Your recognition of deep interest in my Irish people is gratifying to me. Closer acquaintance with them has deepened that interest and increased my desire to promote their welfare. The Queen and I have the fullest sympathy with the efforts for the revival of the Irish industries to which you refer, and we shall rejoice to find Ireland taking that place in the industrial world which the intelligence, deftness, and artistic taste of the people amply qualify her to fill."

Lord Kenyon then introduced the other deputations in the following order: The Bishop of Ossory, who presented the address of the clergy and laity of the diocese; the Kilkenny County Council, the Citizens' Reception Committee and the Agricultural Society. An address from the Girls' Friendly Society was also presented to the Queen. All these addresses were simply handed in. The King in a general reply to these addresses said:

"I thank you for your loyal and hearty welcome to the Queen and myself on the occasion of our first visit to this ancient city. I am gratified by your recognition of the interest which I take in all that concerns the welfare of Ireland and the prosperity and happiness of my people here. If my visit to various parts of the country should make me better acquainted with the wants of my people and give them stronger assurance of my kindly feelings for and sympathies with them, I shall be amply repaid. I notice, with pleasure, the earnest efforts which are now being made for the industrial revival of Ireland, and especially for the promotion of agriculture, in which I take great practical interest.

Agricultural prosperity, in my judgment, depends largely upon improved educational methods, co-operation, and better facilities for distributing produce. I am glad to know that along these lines progress is now being made in Ireland. But, above all, the hope of the future lies in the energy, enterprise, and self-reliance of the people. I am glad to be assured that a new spirit is abroad in Ireland, which, maintained and cultivated, will secure those essential conditions of success in every walk of life. To you who are engaged in various fields of labour for the public benefit, I tender my best wishes for your prosperity."

This concluded the ceremony at the railway station, and their Majesties were then conducted to the open landau in waiting. They were accompanied in the carriage by Princess Victoria and the Marquess of Ormonde. The appearance of the Royal visitors was the signal for a tremendous outburst of cheering. The gaily-decorated seats were densely packed with people, whose enthusiasm was unbounded. Not a jarring note was heard, and the short journey to the castle might truly be described as a triumphal progress. On arrival at the castle, their Majesties were received at the main gate by the Marchioness of Ormonde and her two daughters, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew and Lady Constance Butler. Near the spot where his Majesty alighted from the landau a line of Crimean veterans was drawn up, military fashion. They numbered fifteen. All are pensioners resident in Kilkenny, and all wore good conduct medals. Two of them, with whom his Majesty chatted, had been honoured with French decorations, one, James Hanley by name, having the French Legion of Honour. His Majesty spoke words of kindly cheer to all of them. The old warriors saluted, and the King, responding, passed into the castle of the Ormondes.

Their Majesties took luncheon at the castle, and at four o'clock set out, under a simple escort of the 11th. Hussars, for the Agricultural Show grounds. Their Majesties were cheered by immense crowds of local and country people. Such scenes were never witnessed in Kilkenny before—such hat-waving and hearty Irish enthusiasm. At the grounds, their Majesties were received by Viscount Duncannon, Sir Horace Plunkett, and the stewards of the show, and conducted to the Royal box, an ornate structure, decked with the Royal colors, and commanding a full view of the jumping course. The King and Queen were presented with copies of the show catalogue, handsomely bound in green morocco and gold, and embossed with the arms of Kilkenny, encircled by a wreath of shamrocks.

Having spent some time in the show grounds, their Majesties returned to Ormonde castle, and, at eight o'clock, dined with the Marquess in the dining-room, which is capable of seating one hundred guests, the walls of which are about fifteen feet in thickness, and the windows of which com-

mand a magnificent view of the Nore. Dr. Brownrigg, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory, and Dr. Crozier, the Protestant Bishop, with Mrs. Crozier, were the only guests present in addition to the Royal and house party. Later on, a great reception was given by the Marchioness, and a number of guests were presented to their Majesties. The city was illuminated at night.

Yesterday, the King and Queen, with the Princess Victoria and the members of the Royal Household and most of those included in the house party, attended service at St. Canice's Cathedral. The service was conducted by the Dean of Ossory, and the sermon was preached by Bishop Crozier. The last occasion that a monarch attended service at St. Canice's Cathedral was in 1640, when William III. was a guest of the Ormondes at Kilkenny Castle.

Their Majesties left Kilkenny on Monday, when the most cordial farewells were exchanged between them and their hosts and the inhabitants of the marble city. They drove to the station in an open carriage with an escort of the 11th. Hussars. The Royal train was the same which had been used so far, and it conveyed to Waterford, besides the King and Queen and Princess Victoria, the Marquess of Ormonde. The King looked in excellent health, and there was no justification for the alarmist rumors which had been spread, I understand, in London about him. He wore the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet. The Queen also seemed in radiant health, and expressed several times her satisfaction with her stay in the historic castle of the Butlers.

The journey from Waterford lay for some way through the country which, but for the heavy rain storms, their Majesties would have visited yesterday, and they could see the preparations which had been made for the proposed motor race at places like Bennett's Bridge and Thomastown. Also, they could see the ruined Abbey of Jerpoint, which must have been a noble pile in its time. Waterford has given itself over to the visit in the most whole-hearted manner. The quays themselves are a feature of the town, in which it is unequalled anywhere. If one can imagine the Thames below the Pool with a long stretch of wharfs as long and as wide as the Victoria Embankment, with a background of good business houses, some notion of the quays of Waterford may be obtained. They form a most remarkable river promenade. Framed to-day in green hills and seen in brilliant sunshine, they lend themselves to effective decoration, and make even the commonplace Venetian masts and lines of artificial flowers attractive. The ships seem to lie almost at the doors of the shops.

The Naval display has been very fine. There are now in the river four warships, including His Majesty's ship Aeolus, Commander Albert S. Lafone, on which Rear Admiral Angus MacLeod flies his flag; His Majesty's ship Melampus, Commander Edgar G. H. Gamble; His Majesty's ship Curlew, Lieutenant and Commander Llewellyn Griffiths. These are berthed at the quays, and their slate-coloured sides make them no ill match for the yellow stream on which they ride. But not only has the shipping side of Waterford shone to-day, the streets along which the King was to pass were all prettily decorated, and the City Hall, where luncheon was served, looked extremely well. There were some suggestions of showers early in the day, and the wind had been somewhat boisterous, raising clouds of dust, which were as choking as a sandstorm. Although only yesterday we were treated to a deluge, water carts were highly necessary and not too effective. The route was a long one, and all the people in Waterford and most of those living in the county must have come in by the excursion trains this morning. Troops also came pouring in by special trains.

The air to-day has not been still from the music of military bands and the march of bluejackets and troops. The sailors were much in evidence. They left their ships in their landing kit, with rifles, to assist in lining the streets. Enough has been said to make it clear that the first visit of the King to Waterford was attended with more than ordinary pomp and circumstance. Once more, in these days of changing public opinion in Ireland, there is difficulty in realizing that one is really in a city associated with much that has been apparently inimical to British Rule. All this seems past and gone, and candidly speaking, no monarch could have been received with greater cordiality than was King Edward.

The station, which was admirably decorated, contained under its roof a canopy over a scarlet carpeted dais, where chairs were placed for the use of their Majesties. As the train slowed, there could be heard the sharp reports of the salutes from the warships in the river, sounds which were repeated, in added volume, from the slopes of the Green Hill, opposite the town. Clouds of drifting smoke hid the harbor, momentarily shredding

away under the strong wind. His Majesty was first to alight, and he assisted the Queen to step from the saloon. The King was plainly pleased to find so large and representative an assemblage of his subjects in this part of the world awaiting him. The Earl of Dudley and the Queen walked to the dais together, and were followed by the King and the Duke of Connaught; and, with Princess Victoria, they took their places under the canopy, which was decorated in lavender and yellow, to receive the Addresses of the several representative bodies present. A prettily-dressed little girl, Miss Howard, handed to the Queen a bouquet on behalf of the ladies of Waterford. The King patted her on the shoulder and lifted her from the platform, when she trotted off to her mother, the most self-possessed person present. Several addresses were presented. When the various groups were assembled the scene was brilliant. The Corporation were in their robes, and most of the gentlemen present were in uniform.

His Majesty, in reply to the Corporation Address, said: "Mr. Mayor, Aldermen, and Gentlemen—Your cordial welcome to Waterford is most gratifying to myself and to the Queen. The proud title which your ancient and historic city bears of *Urbs intacta* perpetuates the memory of the loyal services of your citizens, many centuries ago, to one of my predecessors, and is a bond of sympathy between me and Waterford. And between the Queen and you there is also this link of connection. The sea kings of Denmark made their home upon this noble river, and gave Waterford its present name.

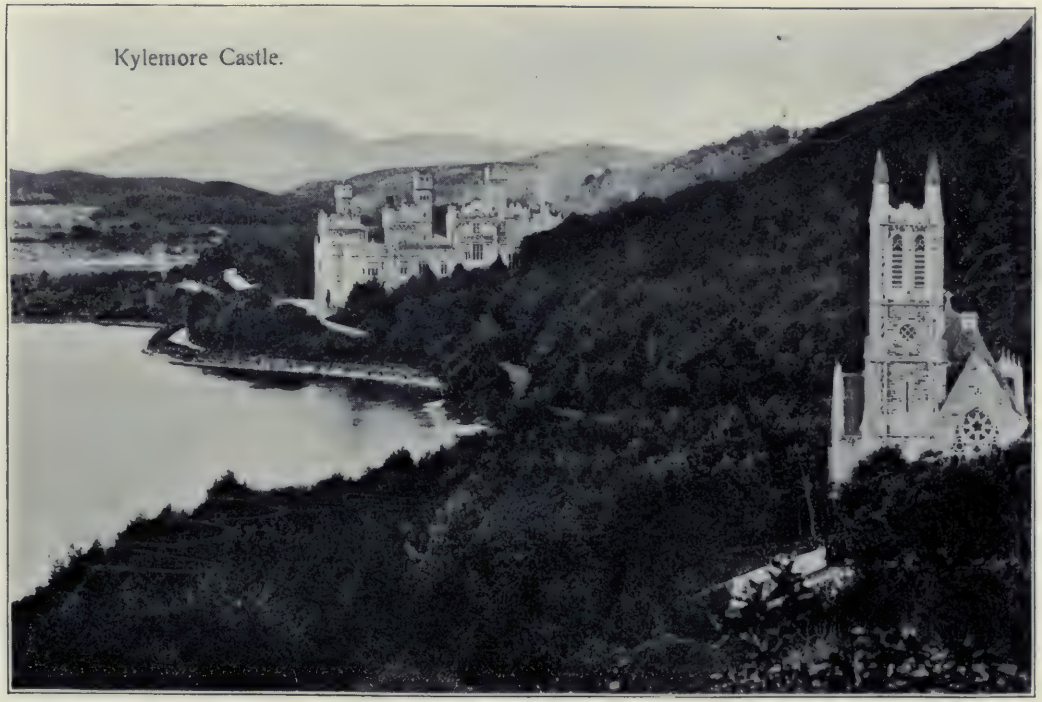
"I recognize, with you, the benefits which enlightened statesmanship confers on a nation, but the self-reliant energies of a people afford the surest guarantee of national success. While, therefore, I follow with constant interest the labors of my Ministers to promote the good of Ireland, I observe with especial satisfaction the efforts which Irishmen themselves are making to raise their country in the scale of prosperity. Your city has a long and distinguished history. The fame of its industries in former days spread far. It is not too much to hope that, with the new spirit of enterprise now abroad in Ireland, this ancient fame may be renewed and a bright future assured to Waterford. That this may be fulfilled is my earnest prayer."

The King, in a general reply to the other Addresses, said: "Gentlemen—I accept with pleasure your assurances of loyal devotion to my throne and person. Your hearty welcome to the Queen and myself are most gratifying to us both, and we wish to recognize most cordially the kindness which prompts you to hope for a frequent renewal of our visits to Ireland. I am impressed by the picturesque surroundings of your historic city, and by the possibilities of your noble river, which seems destined by nature for a great highway of trade and commerce. I regret that, with so many natural advantages, the industrial wealth of Waterford and the employment available for the laboring population are not more plentiful.

"I should welcome an industrial renewal here, as throughout the country, which would give full scope at home to those native energies that have done so much to enrich other lands. I am gratified that the signs of such a revival are not wanting even in the more remote localities represented here to-day. It is my hope that they are the precursors of a bright and happy future for the country. To secure this future, it is necessary that Irishmen should cultivate that spirit of toleration, concord, and self-reliance, which is the surest guarantee of national prosperity. I am certain that for the promotion of those great ends I may confidently reckon upon the co-operation of yourselves and of all well-wishers of the country."

Outside the station were the Vice-regal carriages in readiness for the King. They were drawn by four horses ridden by postillions, with the usual outriders, in orange and dark blue livery. The Royal procession was short but brilliant. A couple of mounted constables led the way, and then came the Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary, Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain. The escort was a party of the South of Ireland Yeomanry, under Lieutenant L. L. Hewson. They were a very smart body of men, and sat their horses extremely well. Their uniform has been well designed, consisting of a dark green serge jacket with red facings, and peaked cap to match, with Bedford cord breeches and gaiters. The badge is the shamrock. In the carriage with His Majesty were the Queen, Princess Victoria, and the Lord Lieutenant.

As the Procession, at a very slow trot, passed along the Quays, the cheering was continuous. On the river the ships were manned, and the foreign sailing vessels had their ratlins covered with men, who joined heartily in the welcome. The King was greatly interested and, from time to time, pointed out to the Queen incidents that attracted his attention. The sailors formed a



Kylemore Castle.



The Castle and Gardens, Lismore.

Guard of Honour in the Mall—a promenade which Waterford boasts equally with London—and at the City Hall were Guards of Honour of bluejackets, commanded by Lieutenant H. G. Grenfell, with the Band of the 2nd. King's Liverpool Regiment, under the command of Captain C. S. Elridge. The Hall was very beautifully decorated.

The City Hall, where their Majesties lunched with the Mayor, is the centre of the civil life of this enterprising port, for which, surely, a great future may be predicted. To-day the Corporation were able to exhibit there many interesting mementoes of the past. The city has more Charters than any other, and some of its possessions are priceless. Where the King lunched hang portraits of George III. and of O'Connell, specially painted for the Corporation. In front of the King was placed the sword presented to the city by Henry VIII. and two of the oldest of the city's Charters. There were in the drawingroom about thirty of these ancient documents. The Mayor of Waterford, Mr. Councillor J. Power, sat beside the Queen. By the King were the Marchioness of Waterford, the Lord Lieutenant, and the Countess of Antrim.

On leaving the Hall their Majesties drove to the Agricultural Show. They were conducted to a stand which commanded splendid views towards the sea. They left the ground shortly before four o'clock, driving again through soldier-lined streets, filled with cheering crowds, to the railway station on the south side of the River, whence they were to start for Lismore. The Mayor and Corporation, as was fitting, again attended and on the steps of a carpet-covered dais leading to the entrance of the Royal saloon, the King turned to the Lord Lieutenant and asked for a sword. One was unsheathed, and handed to him, and His Majesty then performed that most kingly of acts—the conferring by accolade of the honour of Knighthood. The Mayor knelt down, and his Majesty, lightly touching him upon the shoulder, commanded Sir James Power to arise. The Mayor is a most popular personage, and the honor he has received has given great gratification. The citizens, indeed, are delighted with the Royal visit. To-night Waterford is illuminated.

The Royal train from Waterford arrived at Lismore at half past five o'clock. The Duke of Devonshire and the Lord Lieutenant travelled with their Majesties. When the train drew up at the station, the Duke of Devonshire alighted and stood on the platform to welcome the King and Queen to Lismore Castle, his magnificently-situated seat on the banks of the Blackwater. Standing on the platform also were the Chairman—Mr. Crotty—and other members of the Local Board, and the representatives of the urban Councils of Fermoy and Queenstown, as well as several other bodies. The station and the streets leading to the Castle were magnificently decorated, and thousands of people came from the surrounding towns and rural districts to welcome the King and Queen as they drove from the station to the Castle. The last Address presented was from the Local Town Council, to which the King delivered a separate reply. His Majesty said: "I accept with pleasure your hearty welcome. In coming again among our Irish people, we renew experiences which have always been full of enjoyment for the Queen and myself. I shall be sincerely pleased if the results which you anticipate from our visits should be realized. The Queen joins with me in thanking you for your expressions of loyalty and good will, and she desires me to offer our united good wishes for yourself and for the community which you represent."

The King, in replying to the general Addresses, said: "Gentlemen—I accept with pleasure your Addresses, so full of cordial welcome and loyal greeting. The warmth of your reception will enhance the enjoyment of our stay in Lismore, famed as a scene of great historic events and as an ancient city of piety and learning. I am gratified by your recognition of the deep interest which the Queen and I take in all that concerns the health and well-being of my people. We have the fullest sympathy with every effort to alleviate distress and to prevent and cure disease. Our interest in the full development of Irish resources is deep and sincere. We watch with special sympathy the growth of home industries among the people, for we know that the tastes and aptitude, which even the humblest industry helps to create, contain the buoyancy of industrial revival and prosperity. The Queen unites with me in offering you our best wishes for the success of all your efforts for the public good."

Their Majesties then drove to the Castle, passing through the principal streets of the town, which were crowded. The country people made the occasion a holiday, and the King and Queen were everywhere most cordially received. A large party had been invited to Lismore Castle to meet their Majesties, including Lord Charles Montagu,

Lady Alexander Acheson, Lady Sarah Wilson, and Sir Ernest Cassel. To-morrow their Majesties will visit the famous Trappist Monastery, known as Mount Melleray, and afterwards they will motor through a pass in the mountains to Shanbally Castle, the residence of General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew and Lady Constance Pole-Carew, daughter of the Marquess of Ormonde, travelling largely through county Tipperary, and returning in the late afternoon to Lismore Castle.

* * * * * *

Amid many regretful farewells, King Edward and Queen Alexandra took leave of Ireland this evening. To-night the inhabitants of Kingstown and Dublin bade good-bye to the King and Queen, with the earnest hope in their hearts that ere long their Majesties would "Come back to Erin." The great desire of the Irish is to see a Royal residence established somewhere among their beautiful hills, and, in some of the addresses presented to the King, allusion was frankly made to the subject.

Rain fell at Lismore this morning and prevented the King and Queen from making some outdoor visits which had been arranged overnight. After breakfast the King summoned to the Castle Mr. Penrose, agent of the Duke of Devonshire, and admitted him a member of the Victorian Order.

At half past two, the King and Queen and Princess Victoria, with the Duke of Devonshire and all the members of the house party, left the Castle for the station. Along the route was a dense crowd of spectators, who cheered with the greatest heartiness as the carriages rolled past. At the station Miss Geraldine Stuart, daughter of Captain Villiers Stuart of Dromana, presented the Queen with a bouquet of roses. Having shaken hands with the Duke of Devonshire, the King and Queen entered their saloon, and then, amid a salvo of cheering, the Royal train moved off on its journey to Kingstown.

The shades of evening were creeping over the old grey seaport when the approach of the Royal train was signalled. All the war vessels and the other ships in the harbor were dressed with flags. Crowds of people gathered on the piers and jetties soon after five o'clock to witness the departure of their Majesties. A few seconds before seven o'clock rang out on the chimes, in the tower of the Town Hall, the Royal train ran alongside the jetty, and a minute later the King and Queen entered the pavilion, where they were awaited by the Duke of Connaught and a brilliant company.

The satisfaction and credit of arranging one of the most beautiful and impressive incidents of the tour belong to Lord and Lady Dudley. This was the rendering of a touching farewell song by the pupils of the Royal Irish Academy of Music. The verses, written by Sir F. W. Brady, were sung to the familiar melody of "Come back to Erin."

When the last notes of the music had died away, the King and Queen went up to Mr. T. R. G. Joze, the conductor, and congratulated him on the lovely singing of the choir. "They sing remarkably well here," said His Majesty. "Oh, yes," said the Queen, "beautifully; it was indeed pretty." Turning to the ladies, His Majesty said: "You sang very well indeed," at which compliment the ladies courtesied. The King and Queen chatted for a few minutes with Mr. Joze, and asked him about the Academy and the number of pupils attending it. As their Majesties turned to walk down the gangway to the Royal barge, the ladies broke into the National Anthem, which, as their Majesties were observed by the crowd walking towards the floating jetty, was drowned in a roar of cheering.

In a few seconds the King and Queen were seated in the little vessel which swiftly sped across the waters to the Royal yacht. The parting scene was one of intensest enthusiasm, and plainly gave the King and Queen the liveliest satisfaction. The Victoria and Albert will sail for Holyhead at four o'clock to-morrow morning. Their Majesties will land shortly after noon and proceed to London at half past twelve.

To-night the Royal yacht and fleet are brilliantly illuminated.

D. G.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

DEAR SISTER F——:

And so the staff would like to hear something of my trip. Well, you shall be gratified.

All day, May 19th, we coasted along Luzon, the largest of the Philippine Islands. Early in the evening the lighthouse of the Corregidor appeared, but it was well along in the night before we entered the Boco Chica, or narrow mouth of Manila Bay. On the other side of the Island, Corregidor, could be seen the Boco Granda, or wide mouth, used by the ships coming from the south or going thither. Mountains rose up steeply on both sides to some 5000 feet.

The night was delightful and all hands were on deck to catch the first glimpse of that body of water made so famous by the victory of the American Fleet, on May 1, 1898. The bay spread out in grand proportions to the right and left till the shores were lost in darkness. Only a dim halo of light, over distant Manila, showed where the other side of the circle might be. Twenty-seven miles across the Bay brought us to our anchorage about 2 a. m,. on the 20th., amid a great myriad of lights which, at a distance, we thought were in Manila, but later found were on the various ships and boats in the harbor.

The morning dawned bright and clear, and before us was the metropolis of this scattered archipelago—that city of a third of a million inhabitants which was pulled from obscurity into prominence by Dewey, little more than three years ago. It conveyed no idea of its size or importance, being located on low ground and containing few, if any, high buildings. Much activity prevailed, however, all about us, and it was easy to see that we were near a commercial centre of no mean proportions and a point of much naval importance. There were merchant vessels from all parts of the world, island tugs, barges and launches, and no end of small sail and rowboats. Off in the distance, toward Cavite, were numbers of Uncle Sam's White Squadron.

All the excitement incident to disembarking was present and as soon as the quarantine officials had performed their duties, we took a launch for Cavite, about seven miles distant. There were only eight or ten in our party; all the rest went to Manila.

Although the thirty days' trip across the Pacific had been pleasant, I was perfectly satisfied to have an opportunity to place my feet on terra firma once more.

On our way to Cavite we passed the Kentucky which, I am informed, is one of the best Battleships in our Navy. To us it appeared a veritable fortress, with its rows of large guns on each side, and others still larger in the turrets, fore and aft. The Yorktown, Manila, Castine, and several more men-of-war were close at hand. We saw coming in the distance, a magnificent ship, standing high above the water line, with three funnels and having the lines and proportions of a yacht. Many flags were flying and one of them told that an Admiral was aboard. Hundreds of sailors and marines could be seen active on the decks. We afterward learned that it was the first-class armored cruiser, New York, Flagship of the Asiatic Fleet, with Admiral Rogers in command.

The wrecks of several Spanish vessels were near our course and pointed out the exact locality where "Dewey did it." In front was the ancient town of Cavite, surrounded by its wall and fortresses.

As we drew up to the Navy-Yard Dock, the hammers of industry could be distinctly heard; boats were in the course of repair, work of all kinds was going on and the American soldiers could be seen walking their posts.

The native residents of Cavite, with few exceptions, are Tegalogs who are recognized as the most civilized, intelligent and industrious tribe in the Islands. They are small of stature, being seldom more than five feet and two or three inches in height, and have a dark brown or copper color. They are very active and all walk with military erectness. Some Spanish as well as their native lingo is spoken by almost all. Loose shirts with tails, on the outside of loose trousers, broad-rimmed hats, and no shoes, is the usual costume of the men. The better class are a little more elaborate, wearing a suit of white duck, cut much the same as American clothes. The only difference being in the collar of the coat, which is a sort of a choker. The women wear a skirt of light material with an overskirt which is invariably black. The latter is made of a straight piece of cloth, about a yard wide, wound round the body and tucked in at the waist. The fashionable skirt, or the one worn on state occasions, has a long train, which, on the street, is fastened by a loop to a belt, and is dropped down upon entering a building. The bodice or waist is made of very thin material, of native manufacture, called "Pinta Cloth," varying in price and quality, and seems to be the pride of the female dress. Some of the cloth, I am told, costs as much as ten dollars a yard. Social standing is often judged by the texture of a woman's waist. Hats are unknown to Filipino women. The only time they cover their heads is while in church when they throw their mantillas over them. Shoes and stockings are also little worn. Sandals are usually the only protection for the feet.

The navy-yard furnishes most of the employment in Cavite. More than two thousand natives and Chinamen work there. Laborers earn from fifty to sixty cents a day, which is twice as much as they earned under Spanish rule. Mechanics receive more. Fifty cents does not seem like liv-

ing wages, but it is to these people. Their wants are few and the food which they are used to and which is most healthy, rice, is very cheap.

There are stores of all kinds here and it is remarkable how much business is done in very little space. Chinamen are the leading merchants. The only bank in the town is controlled by a man of that race. Although exterior signs would not warrant the statement, I am informed that there are Chinamen here worth millions. It is easy to see, however, that they are the most enterprising and industrious of the inhabitants. They not only do most of the business, but they also do all of the hardest work. I have marvelled many times at the heavy loads they carry. All water must be carried from one distributing point to every part of the town, and the quantity one of these Chinamen will manage to get along with in two cans hanging from a pole balanced across his shoulders, would be enough for a horse.

Some cigars and cigarettes are manufactured here. Manila is the greatest emporium for that trade. Some factories there employ two and three thousand hands. Good cigars are very cheap. Such as cost 10 cents in the United States can be bought here for two dollars a hundred. Every one seems to smoke, from the smallest child to the oldest man or woman. I had seen women smoke cigarettes in other countries, but it remained for the Philippines to show me the first woman smoking a cigar. They make no secret of the habit. On the contrary they appear in all public places with cigars in their mouths. It looks odd at times to see a pair of young people starting out for an evening's stroll, each puffing away at a big "Perfecto."

One of the institutions of the country is the Philippina bed. It is a heavy four poster, such as are found in the countries of Europe, with the posts high enough to support a light canopy, from the edges of which falls a profusion of lace. Cane bottoms, like those used in American chairs, take the place of slats, mattresses and springs. On this is laid a piece of straw matting. No sheets, comforters or the like are to be seen. A pillow completes the outfit, with one very important exception, a mosquito netting. A bed without this addition would be an abomination in this country. Jersey has a formidable rival in our new acquisition.

Stoves, such as we know them, are a scarce article here. Before the coming of the American forces there were none at all. The Philippina stove is an odd-shaped earthen jar. It looks much like a lace-shoe, having a slit running perpendicularly, up and down the front, in which the fuel—small sticks—is put, and on the top the pot or pan is placed. A well-regulated kitchen requires as many stoves as there are courses for the preparation of a meal. Our bath is a very primitive affair. It is a small brick building adjoining the balcony which surrounds the quadrangular space in the centre of the house. All the houses are built with an interior court or garden. In the bath-house is a well, which is filled regularly each week with water brought over from Manila in a water boat. When I desire to take a bath—which is, at least, twice each day—I go to the bath-house, lock the door, drop my bucket, which is attached to a long rope, into the well, draw it up full of water and wash myself. Of course there is nothing to prevent me from drawing up as many bucketfuls as I wish. The floor slopes to a gutter on one side, so it is not necessary to be very particular how the water is splashed about.

This was the residence of a distinguished Spanish family, previous to the war. It is as large as an ordinary hotel, but its finish and conveniences are very crude.

Cavite is an ancient town. Its churches and other buildings bear evidences of long use. The Spanish first reached the Islands in 1521, and it must have been soon after that time, if not before it, when the town came into existence.

It is at the extremity of a peninsula, about twenty-three miles from the entrance to the Bay, and well sheltered. A thick wall surrounds it and at each end are forts mounted with guns. From a naval standpoint, it is the most important place in the Islands. For many years the Spaniards maintained here their principal navy-yard which, to-day, enlarged and improved, is occupied by the Americans. The great battle of Manila Bay was fought immediately in front and several ships of the Spanish fleet were sunk almost against its walls.

The streets are narrow and the houses, with their overhanging balconies, are built close up to the line of the sidewalks. Along the wall, looking across the Bay toward Manila, is a plaza or small park where all hands delight in airing themselves each evening. White is the prevailing color of the houses and, from external appearances, they are all models of cleanliness. I am told that during the Spanish régime there was much filth, both in the houses and on the streets. At present,

each house is inspected daily and every violation of the sanitary regulations is punished by a heavy fine or imprisonment, and sometimes both. There is little or no sewerage; offals must be carted or carried to the Bay, where they are dumped. Prisoners work on the streets and keep them in excellent condition. In all it is a picturesque town and not an unpleasant place to live.

As most of the communication between different points is by water, there are necessarily many boats in the Bay. The common rowboat is much the same as the American Indian's canoe, being a large tree hollowed out. Many of these are large enough to carry ten or twelve passengers. Sailboats are about the same, except that across the bow and stern, and perpendicular to the boat, are two poles, each about fifteen feet long. These are joined at their extremities by two other poles or boards, thus forming a square frame about the boat, which prevents it from capsizing. The sail is usually almost square and rigged on a mast a little forward of the centre. It is made of Chinese matting and looks much like yellow silk. Small steamboats make regular trips about the Islands. Manila is about ten miles across the Bay and can be reached by ferry four times a day. What are known as barges and lighters in America, are here called "casooes." Each is covered by a bamboo roof, made in sections, which is easily removed.

Religion is an important element in the life of the Filipinos, hence there are many large churches and convents even in this small town. Previous to the occupation by American soldiers no other religion was known save Roman Catholic. Even yet it is the only religion among the natives. The Dominican, Franciscan and Augustine Orders each had monasteries and owned property. One large convent, or fashionable female academy, has been converted into soldiers' barracks. Dormitories, once the sleeping places of Spanish senoritas, are now filled with Uncle Sam's fighting sons, and the chapel where they daily offered up their prayers, is now used as a mess or dining-hall. One church was much damaged by shells from Dewey's guns, but is now undergoing repairs.

To the stranger every day seems like a "Fiesta"—feast day. There are so many of them and each is celebrated with so much pomp that the month is almost a continuous holiday. The people are never so happy as when arranging or taking part in some elaborate religious procession, which they spare no trouble or expense in making as gorgeous as possible.

Catholic priests wear their cassocks at all times about the town. When carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick they are always preceded by a boy ringing a bell, and on such occasions all kneel, no matter at what they may be engaged.

The Filipinos are very fond of music and many of them are artists of no mean ability. A native band, employed by the Navy Department, plays in the navy-yard every afternoon and five evenings each week. Their programs include all kinds of music, from the "Georgia Camp Meeting" to the productions of the oldest masters. Many Filipino girls, as young as twelve years, play the harp with much skill.

American soldiers have not only brought the Stars and Stripes, but they have also introduced the American game, baseball, and their Filipino brothers are not slow in picking it up. Many of the latter could give our boys at home quite a battle, although they had never seen the game four years ago.

There are very few horses in this country They do not seem to be able to stand the climate. Small, tough ponies are used for driving and light work. About a dozen mules, which were captured by the Marines in China, are seen around the town, hauling stores for the Government. Cereboons are the beasts of burden. Another name for them is "Steer Buffalo." They are very slow but powerful animals.

Carramates—two-wheeled carts, with a top or hood—are mostly used for driving or hack purposes. There are some Victorias, owned by wealthy residents.

Dogs are scarce, and cows are unknown. Some pigs and a few monkeys can be seen from time to time. Lizards are numerous. In almost every house they can be seen crawling about the walls. They are quite harmless. In fact, some people make pets of them.

The native fruit consists chiefly of manges, pineapples and bananas. I have not yet cultivated a taste for the manges. The pineapples are good, but the bananas are small and generally tasteless.

Some nineteenth century improvements have reached here. There is an electric-light plant, but few places are yet illuminated by electricity. Small oil lamps hang out in front of every house, and oil is also used in the Government buildings and in the navy-yard. The telegraph and tele-

phone are in use and there is also an ice plant—an institution greatly needed and much appreciated in this climate.

Most of the money in circulation is Mexican silver, and as a Mexican dollar is worth less than fifty cents, a man requires the service of a boy or a cart to help him carry it away when he receives even an ordinary amount in the course of trade.

There is much business prosperity here at present, owing to the expenditures by the Government for improvements, and the fact that there are about a thousand soldiers, many white navy-yard employes and officers who put into circulation much money. Whether or not American occupation is advantageous to the Filipinos as a whole, I do not at present propose to say, but I am certain the inhabitants of this town have found it a God-send.

It was now the middle of the day and very warm. We lost no time in getting our baggage ashore, and, following the directions of those who seemed to know, at once took the carramatas, the hansom cabs of this country, and started for the place where we were informed we could secure quarters. Passing a number of work-shops of various kinds, boat sheds and office buildings, down a beautifully-shaded avenue, by a large, one-story barracks where soldiers were loitering about, we came to the navy-yard gate, over which floated the Stars and Stripes. Everything in the yard was in first-class condition. The buildings indicated that many improvements had been recently made. After crossing a large, level, open place, which I have since come to know as a parade or drill ground, we reached the town proper. Along a narrow but clean street, on each side of which were peculiar-looking houses of one or two stories, we went, passing countless officers, Chinamen carrying all kinds of freight on their shoulders—they seem to be the pack mules—women with broad, flat, basket-shaped affairs on their heads to protect them from the sun, and, on top of which, they balanced other baskets full of fruit, vegetables and provisions.

Bugle notes were heard on all sides and about the whole place a military air prevailed. Constant laying on of the whip by our driver caused our pony—there are no horses—to go along at a good rate. We were soon at the end of our ride and pulled up in front of a very respectable-looking house in the Calle—street—Real.

I have now been here almost two weeks and have my bearing fairly well. Many things have interested and impressed me and I will recount such as occur to my memory, commencing with the house in which I live. Its description will practically be a description of all the better-class houses in the town, and, very likely in the Islands. It is not built of bamboo, such as most of the houses are in which the poorer natives live. In fact, there are few of the latter within the walls of Cavite. Immediately beyond they can be seen in great numbers. Ours is a two-story structure—no houses have more—the lower one built of stone, plastered on the outside, and the upper one of wood. Save for carriages, horses, dog, chickens and, now and then, a monkey, the first floor is not used, as it is said to be unhealthy to sleep close to the ground. All the wood is hard and hand-cut and has not that regularity and finish found in American houses. The frame is made of huge trees almost in their natural state. Cloth takes the place of plaster for the reason that earthquakes are frequent, and plaster falling into the eyes or on the furniture would be very annoying. The rooms are all large; little, if any, drapery is used; no carpets and few rugs are on the floors, which are all polished. Balconies completely overhang the narrow sidewalks, and in the grooves of their railings slide the windows. The latter consist of frames containing a multitude of small lattice-work squares, into which are placed thin, flat sea-shells, which admit light but cannot be seen through. I have often read of shell roads, have seen shell dishes and other articles made from shells, but never before did I see a shell window. Their opaqueness causes no inconvenience, however, as they are seldom shut.

Although our stay in the nation's new possessions had been a pleasant one, it was with no feeling of regret that we saw the shores of Luzon fade from view. The weather was delightful and we made a pleasant, though uneventful, run of seven hundred and twenty-eight miles, reaching the outer side of Hong Kong Island on the night of March 15th, where we "laid to" until the next morning. At day-break we steamed through Tathong Channel, passing Tunglung and Junk Islands, then through the very narrow Lyemun Pass into Hong Kong Bay. As we threaded these narrow approaches to this "Gibraltar of Asia," we were deeply impressed with the safety of the place from all attacks by hostile fleets. Soldiers' barracks and defenses were to be seen on all sides, and it is certain that no ship can ever reach Vic-

toria to which the British Government is unwilling to give entrance.

Hong Kong is an island eleven miles long, and from two to five miles wide, and lies but a very short distance off the mainland of China, opposite the mouth of the Canton river. The city of Victoria faces Kowloon peninsula, which the British have recently leased for a period of ninety-nine years.

The island consists of a broken ridge of lofty hills, with few villages of any extent and scarcely any ground available for cultivation. There were few, if any, trees on it at the time the English first occupied it, but many have since been planted and are fast covering the hills with their green foliage.

The harbor is one of the finest in the world, being absolutely protected and having a rear of about ten square miles. As we came to anchor, we found it thronged with merchantmen and the men-of-war of all nations. Sampans swarmed about us in hundreds, each manned by one or more women who steered, sculled, cooked, sewed, drove bargains, and with their sister boatwomen, chattered incessantly. Many of them had infants tied to their backs by slings, but went about their business as though entirely unencumbered. They were all decently dressed and some of them pretty and attractive. After breakfast, a few were allowed aboard to solicit laundry work, and in that way we first came in contact with the females of the "Chinese Empire." They all wear wide, baggy trousers reaching to their ankles, and loose coats which come to the knees. Their costume is a very comfortable one, particularly as they live so much in boats.

A striking feature of this fort is the bumboat. In other places we have visited, these consisted of small boats which were rowed out to the ship and from which the bumboat men and women carried their goods to the forecastle and spread them out for sale. Here, however, one large junk, owned by a native named "Charlie," had a monopoly. This junk, which is fitted up as a store, is pulled up to the forward gangway at each meal time, and all who wish to purchase go aboard. Fruit, cakes, candy, nuts, and almost everything else a sailor might wish, are found in it.

As soon as colors were seen, eight o'clock, saluting guns began to boom from the various vessels, and echoed and re-echoed from the surrounding hills. Bugle calls were heard at all times from every quarter, launches plied back and forth, sea-going and smaller junks with their odd-shaped sails, glided by, and, in all, the harbor presented a scene of the greatest animation.

At two o'clock we left the ship for our first experience on Chinese soil. As soon as we landed at Pedder's Wharf, a motley crowd of riksha men and chair carriers rushed about us; we were scattered in a short time all over the city and surrounding hills. Each afternoon, during our nine days' stay in the port, we went ashore, returning usually about midnight, and became fairly well acquainted with the city and its environs.

Victoria—the proper name for the city—is magnificently situated; the houses, many of them large and handsome, rising tier upon tier from the water's edge to a height of over four hundred feet on the face of the peak, while many buildings are visible on the very summits of the hills, more than eighteen hundred feet up in the air. The streets are well paved with asphalt and concrete, and are admirably suited for riksha riding; many of them are delightfully shaded by tall trees. Queen's Road, the principal thoroughfare, rather narrow, extends from one end of the city to the other, and is lined with shops stocked with all the luxuries as well as the necessaries of two civilizations. The sidewalks are very narrow, which, no doubt, accounts for the fact that Chinamen always walk in single file. The European business quarter occupies a small part of the middle of the city, but, with this exception, all the lower levels are covered with a dense mass of Chinese shops and tenements. The Eastern part of the city is particularly known as "Chinatown" and there the streets are extremely narrow, steep, and closely packed. The population is estimated at two hundrew thousand Chinese and ten thousand Europeans in the city, and fully twenty thousand more Chinese on the boats in the harbor.

There are two delightful trips for the tourist about Hong Kong; one to "Happy Valley," the other to the peak. In making these we saw most of the places of particular interest on the island. We first took rikshas and directed our coolies to go to "Happy Valley." The Queen's Building at once attracted our attention. Near it were the Hong Kong Hotel, the Telegraph Building, the Post Office, and the Hong Kong and Portuguese Clubs. Passing the Clock Tower, at the head of Pedder Street, we went west on Queen's Road, seeing, en route, the Central Police Station and Law Courts; Murray Barracks and the Navy-Yard; the Military Hospital and Arsenal; the

Royal Naval Hospital; and thence through the gap to Wongnei Valley, familiarly called "Happy Valley," because here are located the Mohammedan, Catholic, Protestant, Parsee, Hindoo and Jewish Cemeteries. With the exception of the last named, they all lie side by side on the right of the road and are separated from it by a high wall. The Protestant Cemetery, in particular, is very beautiful; a number of coolies being constantly engaged in caring for the walks and watering the flowers and shrubbery. In it are numbers of large monuments erected to the memory of the British soldiers who died in China. The Jewish Cemetery lies a little further on, beyond Wongnei Village. They are all well cared for and in excellent condition.

Opposite the cemeteries are the race-course and recreation grounds. In the latter, men and women were engaged in tennis, golf and other athletic games. No races were run during our stay, and we were informed that February is the big racing month.

Returning, we happened by the parade ground just as the Bombay Brass Band was giving its afternoon concert and were agreeably surprised by the excellence of the music. Officers and enlisted men in uniform, stylishly-dressed men and women were standing in groups, or walking about, and the distinctive costumes of many nationalities were to be seen. This is evidently the popular airing place for foreign residents and visitors.

With the assistance of two additional coolies to each riksha, we succeeded in climbing the hill by the Anglican Cathedral and the Government Offices to the Government House, where lives the Governor of the Colony. It is the pride of the Colony and occupies a commanding situation in picturesque grounds, pleasingly laid out near the centre of the city. The beautiful Botanical Gardens, with their aviaries and orchid houses, are just above, arranged in terraces, with slopes and walks bordered by beds of tropical plants and flowers. The Catholic Cathedral and St. Joseph's Jesuit College are on the east side of these gardens.

Almost at the gate leading to Government-House grounds is the lower terminus of the inclined railway. Here we paid off our rikshamen and took a car for the Peak. Stopping at two stations where sectional roads lead around the face of the hill, and along which are built some of the most palatial private residences of Hong Kong, we at length reached the Peak Hotel, the upper terminus of the railway. This is only about half way up to the summit, however, and the rest of the distance is made in sedan chairs, each carried by two coolies. An excellent concrete walk winds in a circuitous trail to the top. About half way up is a large barracks, said to be the finest on the island. It was formerly the Mount Austen Hotel, a delightful health resort. We stopped here for a few moments, were shown about the buildings and grounds and enjoyed the hospitality of our British cousins by joining them in a pot of "af-n'-af."

From the summit of the Peak, which is surrounded by a signal station, can be seen the entire city and island, the surrounding islands, and Kowloon peninsula. The view was magnificent. There beneath us, as in a picture, was the bay filled with merchantmen and the men-of-war of all nations; junks and sampans by the thousand; the Queen's Road running through the city like a writhing serpent; off to the right was the race course and "Happy Valley;" to the left, the crowded "Chinatown" with its thread-like streets filled with a moving mass of humanity; and opposite was a Kowloon peninsula with its immense dry-docks and warehouses. It was a sight never to be forgotten, and we feel safe in saying that the person who visits Hong Kong without going to the Peak, misses the greatest and best attraction of the island.

It was almost dark when we reached Queen's Road again, rather tired and hungry. After a dinner of many courses, for which the Chinese are famous, we started out to see the city by electric light. And I may as well state here that it is excellently lighted. The rikshas were brought into use once more and we flew about from place to place. The streets were crowded with a promiscuous mass of people. Mingling together were Turks, Mohammedans, Jews, Europeans, Hindoos, Japanese, Javanese, Malays, Parsees, Indians, Cingalese, half-castes of all nationalities, and everywhere Chinese coolies carrying poles, buckets, baskets, sedan chairs, or trotting before rikshas. English soldiers and sailors were also numerous. We saw three kinds of policemen; English, Indian, and Chinese. It is said that the Indians are much feared by native criminals. They are all tall and muscular and can be recognized by their large red turbans.

The Chinese theatre proved quite a novelty for a while, but as we could not understand what was



AMERICAN FALL FROM GOAT ISLAND.

Ice Mountain and Ice Bridge Below.



American Rapids Ice Bound.

going on we remained but a short time. The Chinese Market on the Queen's Road, in the eastern part of the city, was an interesting sight. It was crowded with natives, and offered for sale everything desirable in the culinary line. Upon inquiry, we found all kinds of produce very cheap. The native stores are usually quite small, but it is remarkable how much business they manage to do in them.

In all, we found Hong Kong most interesting. There is a democratic spirit among its people which tends to make one feel at home. Of course, we realize that it is not a purely Chinese city, and does not give a correct idea of those people and their characteristics. Everyone who lives in Hong Kong, whether native or foreigner, except perhaps the soldiers, is there for the purpose of trade, and, in consequence, for mutual advantage,—cordial relations are promoted on all sides. We could not help, however, but admire the tact and capacity of the Chinese merchants for business. They are not excelled by any people in the world. Here we found them free to follow the lucrative channels of commerce and labor, and the results which they have produced called forth our praise and wonder. The city of Victoria, with its solid granite buildings, its magnificent esplanades and palatial residences, is the handiwork of this much-maligned people. We know that in the beginning, the impetus was given by the English, but by Chinese industry and labor the island rocks have been hewed and fashioned into a city that has no equal in Eastern Asia.

It is the wish of all that we may have an opportunity to visit this delightful English colony at least once more before leaving the Asiatic Station.

It was cold and misty at 6.30, on the morning of March 25th, when we left Hong Kong, passing through the same channels by which we had entered and turning north, bound for Amoy. For a time we steamed through a fleet of junks, and, in fact, never lost sight of them entirely during the run of two hundred and ninety-six miles. Although much rougher than at any time on the trip from Cavite to Hong Kong, we experienced no very severe weather. There was a marked drop in the temperature as we advanced north and we felt quite comfortable in our heavy clothing and underwear.

About 11 a. m. on the 26th. we entered the harbor of Amoy, made picturesque by the many islands which form it, and the high, rocky hills behind the city. Like Victoria, Amoy is built on an island—Hiamun—which is located at the mouth of the Pei Chi river, sometimes called the Dragon. This island is about forty miles in circumference and contains a number of small villages as well as the city. Several forts could be distinctly seen as we approached.

We anchored in what, I believe, is called the outer harbor, and a great part of the city was hidden from view by the Island of Ku-lang-su. In the inner harbor were numbers of junks and sampans. The German gunboat *Tiger* was the only man-of-war present when we arrived. The third-class French Cruiser *Bugeaud* came in during the afternoon of the 27th.

The same kind of Sampans is used in this harbor as in Singapore. They are unlike those of Hong Kong. Each has two eyes painted on the bow, in accordance with the Chinese belief that "no eye—no see." The junks, too, are different from those of Hong Kong, having square instead of bat-wing sails. We saw no women in any of the boats as in the port just left. The men are all large of stature and would make excellent soldiers. They continue to wear the turban which they assumed when conquered by the Tartars, to hide the tonsure and queue imposed on them by the conquerors.

Many novelties, carved from soap-stone, in which the surrounding islands abound, were brought to the ship by the bumboat people and offered for sale. It is needless to say that many of them were bought. Sailors are always good purchasers. The crew was entertained at meal times on the forecastle by native jugglers and acrobats, who exhibited with much skill.

The houses are huddled together along the water front without any regularity and many of them are in a sad state of dilapidation. Even for China, this is considered a dirty city, and the streets are very narrow and irregular. Although the greater part of the population seems to be poor, there are many wealthy Chinese merchants in Amoy who live in beautiful houses on the hills above and beyond the city. On these hills, also, are temples and monasteries, built in romantic situations among the great granite boulders, which tower hundreds of feet in the air.

The Europeans reside chiefly on Ku-lang-su Island, and their houses of varied colors, built among the rocks and surrounded by parks and gardens, present a beautiful picture to vessels in the harbor.

The population of the city is ninety-six thousand, while that of the whole island is about four hundred thousand. Thirty-five hundred people live on the island of Ku-lang-su, of whom three hundred are Europeans.

Amoy is the See of a Catholic Bishop and there are several Catholic churches located there. Two foundling asylums are conducted by Spanish Dominican Sisters. There are also numbers of Protestant Missions and the Masonic order is represented by a lodge.

Tea and sugar are the principal exports, and that Amoy is a place of much commercial importance is evidenced by the fact that twelve countries are represented by consuls and two others are contemplating the establishment of consulates.

There are two reasons why this port is of special interest to Americans. One is, that for the past fifteen years it has supplied more tea to our country than any other two ports in China combined. The Formosa oolongs are brought from the island of Formosa, just opposite, now Japanese territory, and here graded, matted, packed and shipped to the United States. It is said that fully eighty per cent. of all Formosa teas find their way through this port to our country.

The other reason why this port is interesting to us, particularly at this time, is on account of its close association with the Philippines. There are estimated to be about one hundred thousand Chinese in the Philippine Islands, and more than ninety per cent. of them are from Amoy and its surroundings. The Chinese spoken there is the Amoy dialect, which is quite distinct from the dialects of Canton and Shanghai. Much of the wealth of these Islands is under control of people of this place. Many of them have married Filipino women, and the half-castes in the islands number hundreds of thousands. At present there are several hundred Filipino women living in Amoy, the wives of men who have returned from the Philippines.

Preparations were made to leave the port at midnight, March 27th, but none of us thought of remaining up to note the departure. The Captain, however, had a little surprise in store, and shortly before midnight we were rudely awakened by the call "Fire Quarters." Of course that routed us out, so we all had the pleasure of seeing the lights of Amoy fade from view as we started for Shanghai.

It was the intention of the captain to take the ship up to Shanghai, if possible. Owing to the two mud bars in the river this could only be done with very favorable spring-tides. Before leaving Amoy, he telegraphed for a pilot to meet us at the "Bell Buoy." Early in the morning of March 30th, we knew that the mighty Yang-tse-Kiang was near, as the sea had lost all of its beautiful green and was a muddy color. At noon the pilot came aboard and took us across the outer bar. As the tides were not most favorable, the captain decided to remain at Woosung, sixteen miles below Shanghai. We anchored about two miles out in the stream and the low-lying mud-shores were most uninviting. The Chinese Cruiser, Hai Chi, was the only man-of-war present.

Woosung is remarkable chiefly as an anchorage for vessels too large to proceed over the inner or second bar. Here the mail steamers lighten their cargoes and send their passengers up to Shanghai by tender. The first railway in China was built from Woosung to Shanghai by foreign capital. It was afterwards purchased by the Chinese, who tore up the rails, threw them into the river, and sent the locomotives to Formosa, where they rusted on the beach. It was rebuilt, however, in 1898, and is now extensively patronized. General liberty was not granted in this port owing to its unhealthy condition, but some of the crew had the pleasure of visiting Shanghai. The best way to go to that city, for one wishing to gain a good idea of its commercial importance, is by steamer.

The river banks, with their villages and fields, grew busier as we ascended, the stream became crowded with anchored ships and ship-yards; and the noise of industry filled the air. Factories, cotton-mills and filatures crowded the shore, and we could scarcely believe that this rushing, bustling, feverishly-busy place was in Asia at all. After passing the wharves we found the bund lined with magnificent six-story stone buildings, and everywhere a modern air prevailed.

Shanghai lies in a vast plain, the nearest hills, only three hundred feet in height, being thirty miles away. The surrounding country is very fertile and is sometimes called the "Garden of China." Rice, cotton and grain are the chief products. The conveniences of inland transit are very great, as rivers, canals and creeks run in all directions, and fully one half of the commerce of the whole Chinese Empire passes through this port.

There are two distinct cities; the old native or walled city, and the foreign city, usually called

the "Model Settlement." This latter is the largest foreign settlement in China, having a foreign population of more than five thousand.

The American and English concessions, lying side by side, along the river front, are now one international city, under the control of a board of foreign consuls and residents.

The French maintain a separate municipal government. Originally, Chinese were not allowed to reside within the limits of these concessions, but now the native population numbers more than two hundred thousand. The old walled city is chiefly interesting as an exhibit of contrast. It remains in its inert, unchanged, unwashed condition, while side by side with it is the "Model Settlement," with its broad, clean streets, up-to-date buildings, beautiful public gardens, electric lights and all modern conveniences. In this city the riksha does not enjoy a monopoly of the passenger traffic. An improved wheel-barrow is also used for conveying human as well as other freight. In one matter, that of postal accommodation, Shanghai is perhaps oversupplied, there being British, French, American, Japanese, German, Russian and Imperial Chinese post offices. There are five daily, and four weekly papers. One of the dailies is published in the French language. Four native daily papers are also published. Churches of almost all denominations are found here. Trinity Cathedral is said to be one of the finest specimens of modern ecclesiastical architecture to be found out of Europe. The Jesuit Fathers have a large college and orphan asylum at Sicawei, about a mile outside of the city, which have been located there for more than a century. They also maintain a museum of natural history and an astronomical and meteorological observatory. In connection with the latter there is a time-ball on the French Bund, and the Fathers hope to introduce Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy between Sicawei, Shanghai, and Woosung for signaling purposes. Under the direction of this institution, a complete system of meteorological observations, embracing the whole of the China Seas is now carried out, and much useful information is furnished mariners.

The Bubbling-Well Road is the fashionable driveway for society, and on it we saw many smart turnouts and people of all nationalities.

We awoke on Sunday morning, April 13th, to find ourselves once more among the islands of this delightful country which afforded us so much pleasure last summer. After the neglected and infragrant shores of China, Japan seemed fairyland, an ideal, adorable place, where beauty, order, and the charm of cheerful people surrounded us. Carefully following the channel which leads to Nagaski harbor, we passed Pappenberg, familiarly known as "Massacre Island," where, in the 17th. century, it is said, thousands of Christian martyrs were rushed at spear-points over the high cliff into the sea, rather than go through the form of tramping on the cross. Takashima Island, where most of the coal used in China and Japan and by the Asiatic fleets of the various nations is mined, was close by.

Nagaski's harbor ranks with the most beautiful in the world. Green mountains, terraced and wooded to their very summits, surround it, and the town seems to run down from the ravines, while temples, tea-houses and the villas of foreign residents cling to the hillside and dot the groves on the heights.

W. Bradley.

Couvent de Lorette, Curepipe,
Mauritius.

Ma chère Beatrice:

La Révérende Mère m'ayant témoigné le désir que vous aviez d'entrer en correspondance avec une des élèves du couvent, c'est avec un bien grand plaisir que je me suis proposée, heureuse de pouvoir vous rendre quelque service en vous parlant un peu de notre chère petite île Maurice.

Je vais commencer par vous donner des détails sur notre couvent, ce qui vous intéressera j'en suis persuadée. Nous avons trois maisons de l'Institut à Maurice, une à Port Louis, une à Quatre-Bornes, et la maison mère à Curepipe—c'est à celle de la mère que je me trouve. Nous sommes à peu près 130 élèves à Curepipe et tous les ans il y en a une certaine quantité qui se présentent aux examens du Collège Royal, l'année dernière sur trente-cinq qui ont composé, vingt-sept ont été reçues, dont vingt ont passé avec honneur, et une a obtenu la médaille. Nous nous présentons également pour les examens du Cambridge où j'ai déjà été reçue, qui sait si nos feuilles ne se sont pas rencontrées sur la même table!

Les religieuses sont au nombre de quinze, en comptant les novices,—c'est à Curepipe que se trouve le noviciat. La Révérende Mère vous envoie la photographie de notre chapelle, elle est assez pauvre comme vous le verrez et doit paraître bien petite à côté de vos chapelles du Niagara,

cela ne nous empêche pas de bien l'aimer et d'y prier avec ferveur!

Maintenant passons un peu à Maurice elle-même. Je vous enverrai de temps à autre quelques vues qui vous feront comprendre plus facilement les endroits que je tâcherai de vous dépeindre. Notre île est bien petite, elle compte 373,336 habitants, elle se divise en neuf districts qui sont; Port Louis—où se trouve la capitale—Pamplemousses, Rivière du Rempart, Flacq, Grand Port, Savanne, Rivière-Noire, Plaines Wilhems et Moka; tous ces districts se trouvent au bord de mer, sauf les deux derniers qui sont à l'intérieur. Le principal produit de la colonie est la canne à sucre, nous avons aussi de la vanille et autres produits de moindre importance; les usines sucrières sont nombreuses et très intéressantes à voir. Nous avons un très beau jardin botanique aux Pamplemousses, c'est le troisième du monde entier. Je vais tâcher de vous en donner un faible aperçu; les étrangers qui viennent à Maurice tiennent à le visiter. En y entrant, vous voyez des plates-bandes émaillées des fleurs les plus rares, qui embaumment l'air de leur suave parfum; ça et là sont jetés des lacs dans lesquels se reflètent de beaux cygnes; des kiosques entourés de verdure et de fraîcheur. D'immenses allées sillonnent le jardin, elles sont formées de centenaires dont les branches sont toujours vertes et se rejoignant en forme de voûte servent d'asile à une multitude d'oiseaux qui égayent les promeneurs par leur gazouillement. Au fond du jardin, comme sortant d'un bouquet de verdure, se trouve le tombeau de Paul et de Virginie au-dessus duquel est placé leur groupe sculpté par un Mauricien actuellement à Paris, M. D'Epinay. Vous devez connaître, sans doute, le roman que Bernardin de St. Pierre a écrit sur Paul et Virginie. je ne pense pas que leurs dépouilles reposent véritablement en ce lieu, c'est plutôt un monument elevé en leur mémoire; leur histoire elle-même n'est pas tout-à-fait véridique, cependant il y a au fond quelque chose de vrai.

Continuons notre description. Un peu plus au loin se trouve un charmant kiosque, où la Duchesse D'York s'est arrêtée pendant sa visite au jardin, et tout près on voit le pin qu'elle-même a planté, il est soigneusement entouré d'une haie. Vous avez aussi de longues allées de palmiers et de lataniers qui respirent un calme profond; puis de grands bassins dont quelques-uns sont couverts de nénuphars et d'autres remplis de poissons d'eau douce. En général toutes les raretés de l'île, en fait d'arbres, de plantes, ou de fleurs, se trouvent réunies dans ce jardin et disposées avec art par d'habiles mains.

Je ne vous en dis plus pour aujourd'hui craignant que ma lettre ne soit trop longue. J'espère avoir bientôt le plaisir de vous lire.

Recevez mon affectueux souvenir.

Votre toute dévouée,

MARIE D'EMMEREZ.

LORETTO ACADEMY,
SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich.

MY DEAR IRENE:

Since you were such a good girl all summer, satisfied with picture post-card records and a few hasty descriptions of my lovely sojourn amid favourite haunts, I will now recompense you by a more detailed account of my delightful trip. Just betake yourself to your most comfortable cosy corner and make yourself as snug as possible, for I warn you of the need of a little relaxation occasionally between the lines, or should you be overcome with emotion, you can lose consciousness gracefully. As you were a witness to my ecstasies on reaching Canadian soil, I need not make further comment thereon, except to say that they were prolonged until I found myself back again at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., when "A change came o'er the spirit of my dreams." The two days' journey to St. Anne's—ignoring the one awful night—was really not the pleasantest part of our experience. With what Holmes expressively calls "a headachy sense of existence" intensified, even the beauties of nature scarcely appealed to me, though I must confess to revelling in the gorgeous feast of trees along the way. Such glorious trees I never saw before, high up on hills, low down in valleys, arching above us, and enhancing the beauty of the far-stretching landscape. No wonder they put everything else in the shade!

When we reached St. Anne's, the feeling of utter weariness predominated, and I must confess to an inclination to real loneliness, as my dear companion and myself realized that we were, indeed, strangers in a strange land, but once we entered the magnificent Basilica, which is but a few steps from the Station, we found the one Lord, the one Saviour of all to welcome us here, as in our own little chapel, and every sensation vanished save that of gratitude and love. After united prayers of thanksgiving we repaired to the

Franciscan Convent, which was to be our abode during our too brief stay. The situation of this institute is simply ideal for those who love Nature in its really exalted aspect, and who, in consequence, do not object to climbing seemingly interminable stairs. The climax is well worth the ascending process and I was grateful to have a heart in good working order, otherwise the palpitations would have been mighty. The front verandah gave a view of the river,—not so pretty as St. Mary's,—but one must not be too fastidious, so after making a comparison altogether favorable to our lovely river, we sought other objects of admiration. Our room in the rear of the house gave us full scope for ecstasies. As far above me as I could see were impenetrable clusters of trees all the way up to the summit of the mountain. A grotto of our Lady and a sign "Allée de la Passion," indicated a footpath through the seeming maze, but this was exclusively for the community, and I had to satisfy myself with imagining what a vision of beauty it must be. My eyes never grew weary of the sublimity of the scene and I often reflected that if this world is so wondrously beautiful, what revelations there will be on beholding what "eye hath not seen, or what it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive."

The exercises of our pilgrimage were very devotional. They began with an evening procession around the grounds of the church, all bearing lighted tapers and alternately praying and singing. Don't be alarmed, I did not "lend the music of my voice," but prayed very earnestly. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed—and a French sermon. The next morning, Masses were said or sung from five o'clock to eight and the church was thronged with worshippers. Such a magnificent evidence of faith was beautiful to witness. Scenes like these it is, that make one's heart glow with enthusiastic love for the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. We had a very eloquent English sermon and with the blessing of devotional objects, the veneration of the relic of "la bonne Sainte Anne" and solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, our pilgrimage ended. As we did not leave till late that afternoon we assisted at another Benediction in the Franciscan chapel, which was very devotional. The nuns, who dress entirely in white, occupy the choir separated from the rest of the chapel by a kind of grating that is in appearance a golden gate. The fascinations of this lovely spot were completed by the chanting of the Office, while the organ pealed forth in solemn—almost monotonous tones. It was a scene to poetize about, but I penetrated farther than the merely effective aspect and saw even more than the little chapel on the heights surrounded by Nature's fairest adornments, the rising incense, the spotless garb, the golden grating,—I realized more fully than ever the beauty of that "better part."

One interesting episode of our stay here was making the acquaintance of a Franciscan priest who had been chaplain to the Loretto nuns at Ascot, England, for some years, and who was so pleased to glean some information about the branch in America. We enjoyed several delightful talks, as he was bright and animating, his conversational capabilities befitting an Oxford student. Seeing his real interest in Loretto I produced the last copy of the RAINBOW, which I left with him for perusal, and I was more than amused at his criticism. He found its standard far above the level of any school journals he had seen, in fact he expressed himself simply amazed at such productions, mostly from young girls. I expected the inevitable "but" to terminate his complimentary remarks—and it came. *But* he found it hard to believe that some of the productions were the emanations of juvenile minds. "For instance?" I ventured to remark. "Here," he said, emphatically, opening the journal at a well-known article, entitled "Books of the Day," and which he declared he expected to see signed Professor somebody. I smiled and inquired if there were any others that caused him a doubt, and was still more amused at another emphatic "Here," pointing out "The Power of Literature." I was happily able to vouch for the authenticity of both productions, but had hard work convincing him that such style was natural. I only succeeded when I quoted a few passages from letters written by both aspiring litterateurs, which I had just received, but it was a revelation to him that girls in their teens should be such deep thinkers and have such a vocabulary at command. This led to a discussion, of course, as he upheld the superiority of simplicity in the juvenile element, while my argument was in favor of what is natural. I must confess to a few qualms of conscience lest I had been instrumental in causing the "Soul's Awakening" before the time, in my dear girls and imbuing them with "the hopes and fears of women," when they should be gay, laughing maidens with thoughts that concerned noth-

ing beyond the fleeting hours. If I am guilty, I cry "Peccavi," but, I imagine you at least are whispering, "Absolvo te." I was really sorry when our interesting chats were over and the good-bye time arrived that sets its seal on summer friendships. Though we have no hope of another meeting, I have pleasant memories to dwell upon and I often find myself smiling as I recall a few particularly bright remarks.

We did not leave the famous shrine without another visit to take our farewell of the beautiful church where everything breathes piety. It would take volumes to recount the attractions of this place, it seems almost beyond description, you have to see and to feel before you can really understand its power to influence everyone that is favored with a visit. Our French was in great demand, and that companion of mine was kind enough to let me monopolize the conversation, so unlike her, you know. People took it for granted we were French, and, on one occasion, a young woman accosted me in that language and we conversed for some time before we discovered the ridiculous mistake on both sides, when we launched into English, feeling slightly more at home with the native tongue. On our first arrival we were greeted by a gaunt-looking female, who held out a hand to each, saying blandly, "I know you are Irish." We never could remember her name, so, *entre nous* we call her "Miss Kentucky," as with other gratuitous information she told us of her Southern home.

We remained in quaint old Quebec just long enough to have a view of the principal places of historic interest. The Citadel is especially assuring against hostile attacks, but I must not recount the mysteries of the place, considering your nationality. We saw a steamer bound for the North Pole, and as it was an exceptionally warm day we meditated taking passage, but the thought of all the broken hearts of the girls we would leave behind us made us heroic enough to resist the temptation. Perhaps the pretty boat we saw a moment before inspired us with fidelity to local ties, it was named "Kathleen." Our visit to Laval was very instructive and delightful. You can imagine the joy of that companion of mine on beholding the Science Department, and her ecstasies on examining a new kind of dynamo. The man in charge of this latter kindly offered to explain all its intricacies, whereupon I became absorbed in something else, leaving the scientists to their thrilling occupation. When the investigation terminated, the electrician said in an amused tone: "I offered to explain everything to this lady, but I find her as *au fait* as I am myself. I never met anyone so well informed." Of course, I was neither surprised at the compliment nor at the blushes of that companion of mine. The Seminary chapel is something to dream of, the architecture, the exquisite marble altars, the countless relics, all make it a most beautiful house of prayer. The picture gallery is famous for its large collection of old masterpieces and the Museum is indeed an old curiosity apartment. Here I beheld all sorts and conditions of "beasts," sufficient to haunt me in dreamland, supplying copious material for nocturnal horrors during a prolonged future. Our guide must have entertained doubts about our comprehensive abilities in any language but English, and heroically undertook to offer explanations in what he probably considered that tongue. It rather taxed my gravity, to say nothing of that imperturbable companion of mine, to hear his invariable translation of the verb "porter," as "wore." In speaking of a demonstration that took place on the finding of Bishop Laval's remains, when the iron casket was borne in honor through the historic city, ornamented and surrounded by floral offerings, he pointed to all, which are kept in a glass case, remarking emphatically: "Dey *wore* all dose ting trew de street of Quebec." As this phrase became stereotyped, I was on the point of disgracing myself, when fortunately some *Indian* curiosities caught my eye and I smilingly remarked that such specimens made me feel quite at home, for, of course, they really *wear* those "ting" in the street of the Soo! Do they not?

Our visit to Montreal, the city of churches, was brief but very pleasant. The Gesù was particularly attractive for us, as it was conveniently near and afforded us the privilege of hearing several Masses daily. A beautiful drive to the top of the Mountain gave us a glorious view of the city. A winding road, shaded by beautiful trees, brings you gradually to the summit, so you hardly realize the elevation until you reach the top. A lovely trolley ride is out to Back River, where the Sacred Heart Convent is delightfully situated, and where we received a cordial welcome and spent a pleasant afternoon.

The attractions in Montreal are endless, but, as our object was decidedly not sight-seeing, we were satisfied with our limited view. The charms of nature, though great, were wholly subservient

to the charms of human nature which proved especially strong, so that it was with deep regret I left the spot where I realized fully that I was "somebody's darling," but this pleasant assurance was not to end just yet. It was resumed most convincingly in dear old Ottawa, the loveliest city in—well, to be careful about geographical locations—my estimation. Here we received the most gracious hospitality from the Grey Nuns, and enjoyed to the fullest extent every moment of our short stay. The convent is greatly enhanced by the beautiful chapel and by the recent building devoted to the use of the Alumnæ. It consists of two very large square rooms, a reception room and a library. The former is magnificently furnished, each article being the gift of some old pupil, testifying loudly to the gratitude of he Alumnæ who take this very desirable method of perpetuating their memory in their Alma Mater. The library is simply fascinating with its exhaustless store of literary attractions. Here the Alumnæ have their fortnightly meetings and I know from experience what a success the sister in charge can make these charming reunions. Her great literary ability and her enduring influence over her "girls," as they will always be to her, ensure a delightful issue to anything she undertakes. Ottawa is so vastly improved within recent years, one would scarcely recognize it. Were I a Liberal, I would attribute this to the fulfilment of Sir Wilfred Laurier's promise to make it "the Washington of the north," and were I a Conservative, well, I suppose I wouldn't. However, without wavering in judgment, I enjoyed the attractions to my heart's content. The new "driveway," as it is called, is a revelation of beauty at every turn. The paved road all along the Canal, is bordered on the other side by parks of rare loveliness, and this for miles, culminating in the entrance to the Experimental Farm, which exhibits every rural attraction one could imagine. The trolley rides to suburban haunts give glimpses of fairyland scenes of fun and frolic for young people and quiet nooks for meditative minds, so there is always some place to while away happy hours. The Parliament grounds looked specially lovely with the glorious statue of Queen Victoria, the central figure. It was my companion's first view of the magnificent Library and she was lost in admiration. I am sure she realizes now the advantages of living in such a literary atmosphere. The Senate Chamber and House of Commons were very interesting, as Parliament was in session and we had glimpses of venerable senators and prominent members. Even this had to pass away and all too soon we found ourselves en route for Toronto, where we remained but a few hours, as the superior fascinations of Niagara Falls were held out to us and we gladly succumbed to them. The great old cataract looked as sublime as ever in spite of the inartistic surroundings, resulting from the so-called improvements. The moonlight view of the Falls was majestic in the extreme, rivalled only by a sunrise vision I shall never forget. The landscape was covered with a heavy mist, through which the tops of shrubberies were peeping. I could only compare it to a silver fleece spread by the fairies over night and left as a recompense for early risers. It is useless to attempt describing the winsome power of everything in this charming land of the Rainbow, one has to spend enchanting hours within the precincts to fully realize the extent of its attractions.

I must recount an amusing episode of my stay here. An eminent Professor of Ethics in a celebrated college honoured the Falls by a visit, and a mutual friend of ours was very desirous I should meet him, having preluded our introduction by a recital of our mental capabilities as magnified in her estimation. I suppose expectations were slightly elevated on both sides, but the conversation began with the usual conventional phrases. Gradually it became a most appallingly one-sided affair, so I settled myself to become an eloquent listener, only to fail disgracefully. As it neared the time of embarkation for slumberland, I actually "nodded, gently napping," and as the monologue flowed on to physiological psychology, I was more influenced by the "sandman" than by the man of Ethics. The kindly hour of parting arrived and I had enough consciousness left to realize that I had made fully three noncommittal remarks before posing as a sleeping beauty! The several morals resulting from this thrilling tale are too obvious to need comment on my part. My friend had the heroism to introduce me to the President of a distinguished college, a few days after, and I trust that I redeemed myself. He was a charming man in every sense of the word, characterized by that delightful simplicity that one never fails to find in the truly great. We spent a pleasant and profitable hour, that I shall be glad to live in retrospect until another happy occasion of a meeting presents itself. We left

the Falls regretfully after the pleasantest fortnight amid the most congenial surroundings, but duty was calling us back to the land of Stars and Stripes, and like good little children we responded.

We travelled by rail to Detroit, and as we had some delay in making connections, it afforded us the enjoyment of a visit to the Sacred Heart Academy at Grosse Pointe, where we had been assured of a welcome. The convent is beautifully situated on Lake St. Clair, the grounds stretching far back through a lovely shaded avenue to glorious stretches of country, where the birds were holding high carnival and where at a safe distance, I beheld some species of my bovine antipathies.

I spent some pleasant moments in the library, greeting our old literary friends we find everywhere, and more than mere moments in the lovely chapel of Gothic architecture, with chaste marble altars and frescoing of conventionalized lilies. At the end of the vestibule near the chapel is a picture of singular beauty, painted by one of the nuns. It represents Mater Admirabilis seated in an attitude of repose with her work resting on her lap, a work basket beside her, on which rests an open book. The perspective is wonderfully real. Standing at a distance the impression is startling and one feels impelled to stop and admire each time one passes to enter the chapel. The gracious hospitality we received tempted us to prolong our stay, but there was no yielding to such. "The United Empire" was sailing at three o'clock and we hardly expected it would wait for even such distinguished passengers as that companion of mine and my worthy self. After a wretched hour's waiting at a most unattractive wharf, where I found it very difficult to idealize my surroundings, we gladly boarded our steamer and sailed for the dear Soo. It was bleak and cold and drizzling, but we did not mind in the least, we had such delightful reminiscences that actual reality was only secondary for the time being. Gratitude "stood out prominently" to our dear friends, through whose unlimited kindness we were enabled to see our most venturesome air-castles fully completed.

Thanking you for your interesting letters along the way and hoping this protracted recital has not taxed your strength, with best wishes for your future, in which that companion of mine joins most heartily, believe me, Yours very sincerely,

DOROTHY B.

YPSILANTI, Mich.

DEAR SISTER D.:

Never again will I utter those words, "stranger in a strange land," lightly or carelessly, but with due feeling and reverence, for now Experience has taught me their true significance. It is certainly a striking contrast to find yourself suddenly transplanted from a circle of loving friends into a land of unknowns. This sensation, combining with unphilosophic reflections on the minus quantities, forms an algebraic medley worse than quadratics. However, the sense of loneliness quickly vanished for one not less egotistical, but more satisfactory and more invigorating. With the realization that I was alone, on my own responsibility, came a feeling quite gratifying to pride, of Self holding sway over Self. Though Nature has not distributed her charms so profusely here as in our northern clime, where the red man and his descendants are the reputed objects of interest, Ypsilanti is not without its charms, still I will forbear giving a description of Huron River, for compared with St. Mary's, whose beauties I believe must be exceptional, it fails to inspire me with enthusiasm. The College where we seekers of knowledge are spending some interesting hours, is delightfully situated on an eminence overlooking the city, thus commanding a glorious view of the rising and setting sun, and where we may "walk with the gods together on the hills."

The other day, casting a hurried glance around the room, I was amazed to find myself in the midst of a class, so many of whom had passed the "years that bring the philosophic mind." I was at first disposed to attribute the prevailing colour of grey or shining brightness to some freak of light, but finally came to the conclusion that teaching is evidently not a mere "pass time" during the few years that intervene between graduation and the purchase of a trousseau, but a noble profession to which many men and women unselfishly devote themselves with financial compensation barely sufficient to cover the needs of daily life. As to the college professor, I think you feel impelled to pay him a certain reverence, so intent does he seem on the accomplishment of his work.

To me, however, the most charming feature of the course is the lectures, which are undoubtedly grand. A lover of elocution and literature could not fail to be enraptured with those delivered by Mr. Clark, of the University of Chicago. He dwells most forcibly on Reading. "How to

Read" and "What to Read" and the necessity of learning to extract from the printed page, the wealth of thought contained therein. He deplores with great vehemence the want of leisure to improve the mind or soul with the vast treasures so abundant in literature. He illustrated the "How to Read" in his admirable rendering of some of the choicest selections of English Literature, among which were Browning's "Prospice," Kipling's much admired "Recessional," that amusing conversation in the "Old Curiosity Shop" between Richard Swiveller and the Marchioness, and many others. But great as is my love for literature I could not, as he did, give to it the power that belongs to Religion alone, or Religion aided by Literature. He has the culture, he has the soul of the poet, an almost irresistible eloquence, an unselfish love for humanity, as his one desire seems to be to transmit to his fellow creatures his love and appreciation of literature and everything that makes life attractive, but with all this there is one great void for which nothing else will compensate, and that, you will know, is what was ever the prevailing element in our literary rambles—the spiritual element. But remembering your advice in regard to reading, I assimilated myself to the powerful speaker, and what was missing in a man whose intellect seemed so broad and all-embracing, I supplied for myself to the greater solidity of my enjoyment. The same sentiments prevailed in the deep and fascinating discourses on Sociology, given by the brilliant lecturer, Mr. Vincent, professor of Sociology in Chicago, who, though sufficiently broad-minded to give his audience a laugh at his own expense, by relating some amusing circumstances of his earlier life, had not the keenness of perception to realize that broad and noble as were his own views and theories on life, great as was his sympathy for Humanity and extended as were his studies of the human mind, they were not in full, the same views nor the great love imparted by the Divine Teacher of Sociology, the Saviour of Humanity.

The other evening I was compelled to have recourse to "pinches" to assure myself that my dream of travelling was not being realized, and that I was sitting on an ordinary seat in the Lecture Hall, enjoying scenes from other lands, so beautifully illustrated by Colonel French and explained and described in his genuine, forcible manner. Had I seen his pictures of Mt. Pelée before, after, and during that awful eruption, and heard his remarks, before reading the description of Pandemonium in "Paradise Lost," I do not doubt that it would have aided me in understanding that magnificent description of the heated regions.

You will begin to think of the babbling brook, and pray to be delivered from so sad a fate as being exhausted by so shallow a stream, unless you soon see the Yours sincerely,

IRENE NESBITT.

LONDON, England.

DEAR SR. F.:

Finis! This is the word which has at last to be written of a season which, after a series of social functions of unusual brilliancy, has ended with one of the most brilliant of all to the auspicious sound of wedding bells. Few brides surely have ever been followed to the altar by more numerous good wishes than was Lady Marjorie Gordon, and her marriage was emphatically something more than a mere fashionable "society wedding." For, on this occasion, it may truly be said that the democratic milieu vied with the aristocratic world to do honor to a bride and bridegroom who carry with them in their married life the sincere good wishes of all Liberals wheresoever they may be. That Lady Marjorie Gordon made an ideally charming bride goes without saying, and her serious, yet girlish beauty, was fittingly enhanced by her ivory silk robe veiled with Irish lace, for whose makers Lady Aberdeen has always been so kindly mindful.

You met Lady Marjorie, did you not, during her father's term of office as Governor-General of Canada? Her *Wee Willie Winkie*, which she edited at the time, was on your exchange list, too. Lady Aberdeen still speaks of the receptions given to her in the convents in Canada, all of which she thoroughly enjoyed.

A brighter wedding day could hardly have greeted a bride. Brilliant sunshine flooded Kensington, High Street was astir with excitement long before the appointed hour, and as carriage after carriage deposited its convoy of guests at the church of St. Mary Abbot's, the crowd grew momentarily denser.

During the half hour allowed for their assembling, Mr. Henry Bird gave an organ recital, and punctually at one o'clock, the hour fixed for the ceremony, the choir and clergy were at the west end of the church to meet the youthful bride, who

was accompanied by her father, the Earl of Aberdeen. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Peterborough, the Rev. S. G. Gardiner, and the Rev. Canon Pennefather, Vicar of Kensington, officiated. After the nuptial benediction had been pronounced by the Archbishop, the choir chanted the Psalm, "The Lord is My Shepherd," whilst the clergy and newly-married couple proceeded to the sanctuary, where the Archbishop spoke a few words, in which he emphasized the solemn responsibilties upon which the bride and bridegroom had both entered. On the conclusion of the address the choir sang "I to the hills will lift mine eyes," and, whilst the bridal party retired to the vestry to sign the register, rendered "Blessed be God, the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

The strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March accompanied Captain Sinclair and his bride as they came down the aisle, the latter with her veil thrown back, looking very sweet and winsome, and a few minutes later the rest of the guests followed to go on to the wedding reception held by Lady Aberdeen at Brook House, Park-Lane, which was attended by a numerous company.

The bride and bridegroom left later in the afternoon for Gwydyr Castle, Wales, lent to them by Lord and Lady Carrington for the first part of the honeymoon, after which they will go for a cruise on Captain Sinclair's yacht, the Alruna.

Numerous cablegrams, conveying greetings from Canada, including one from Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the National Council of Women, were received.

T. D. C.

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sr. F.:

Some one has said that to the intelligent person, this World's Fair is a "bouquet of art," but, to the ordinary individual it is a "feast of peanuts."

It seems too bad that some of the educators in your Institute cannot avail themselves of this opportunity. There are hundreds of ladies belonging to religious orders to be seen daily on the grounds. While it is true you have given up the world, I'm sure there was nothing said about our St. Louis *Louisiana Purchase Exposition,* and in that case, it "lets you out." Well, at any rate, I will send you a map to study, in case you change your mind and come.

The cascades send over 95,000,000 gallons of water per minute. We are at last having regular St. Louis weather, hot is not the name for it, but it is better for business than so much rain and mud as we have had all spring, and until this week. The Boor war cost $3000 per day, and you can easily understand that all were anxious to have fair weather in order to make even the cost of the exhibit.

There is a wonderful horse, valued at $1,000,000, trained by a colored man of considerable ability. This horse is named "Tim Key," and he is well up in mathematics, can outspell most boys of fourteen years, and do other clever things, such as get money out of a cash register. He certainly is a study for those interested along the lines of animal training. He can read, do problems in arithmetic—in multiplication and division—bring the different denominations as called for—not always in the same rotation—as we saw by two performances we attended. No matter how he does all this, it must be conceded that he is a very intelligent, or, to use a common word, *smart* animal. Perhaps Mr. Darwin might *try* to explain the feat, but, at the present time, the people here are kept guessing.

The Tyrolean Alps is a remarkable attraction on the Pike, when one sees that it is a flat piece instead of mountains and streams, as it would appear, so well done is the work. The first cool day will find me viewing the pictures in the U. S. department Art Palace. It is said that this art collection is the most complete ever attempted.

In the Manufacturers' Building there is an exhibit of magnificent costumes from Vienna, Paris —wonderful creations of lace, velvet, silk, fur, and flowers, all on the one garment. There is one particularly fine fur wrap, valued at $12,000. When the duty is added there is no telling what it will cost. Now don't think I only see *such things* as women's *finery.* I spent hours in the Liberal Arts' Building, looking at the wonderful carving on ivory of the Chinese. There is an elephant's tusk carved to represent every avocation of the Chinese nation. It took years and years to make, or rather work out. I also saw there a ball carved out of ivory, that contained six others, also carved. I saw several that contained three, one inside the other. And one that had nineteen, and one that had twenty-four. Think of it, not any one larger than our ordinary peach!

The Japs, too, have remarkable and marvellous carved things, and very fine paintings on velvet.

One cannot help being impressed with the great patience of the Oriental, expressed so forcibly in the carving and inlaying of metals and woods. In the Palace of Varied Industries they have the grandest display of any nation in ivory, bronzes, gold and silver ornaments, inlaid furniture, embroideries, and cut velvet work. This particular work has impressed me more than anything else, along that line. It is so soft and lovely and artistic that I must own some piece of it. In this building is a Temple, a representation of one six or seven hundred years old, also the furniture in it was reproduced after a good deal of study and time, and at a great cost. It represents the simple tastes of the peasantry and shintos and the gorgeous splendor of the Buddhists. Their architecture is beautiful. Light and cheerful, the house decorations are always suggesting some scheme of nature. For example, in one of the rooms, called the "Hall of Spring," the ceiling is panelled, and, in the centre, on pale blue background, are embroidered swallows flying in all directions. The sides of the room are also panelled and embroidered in cherry blossoms. The chairs and settees are decorated in cherries and birds. The windows extend across one side of the room and have dainty bamboo shades, painted in floral designs. Pretty bric-à-brac is placed in little recesses and nooks here and there. Before leaving Japan I must tell you of its magnificent embroideries in silk, on silk. There is nothing else like them in the Exposition. The piece that impressed me as most wonderful was one representing the heads of a lion and lioness, the latter asleep whilst the lord and master watched. The shading was so exact and the finish so smooth that one could think it was really fur. This piece was about 22x24 inches. It took three and a half years to complete. There are hundreds of pieces of birds of all kinds of plumage. An immense one, five feet long by seven wide, represents a lonely garden scene with two big peacocks and a number of white cranes in the midst of the most beautiful flowers and foliage. It took about ten years to make this. Next my attention was arrested by the unique garments, elaborate in embroidery, gold, and costly fabric, showing all kinds and styles of robes worn by the different castes. I spent more than an hour looking at a small case of carved ivory. To say that the figures are fine or grand or wonderful is not to do them justice. Rather may I say that in the scheme is wrought out more forcibly than pages written on the subject could do, the true character of the nation. Physically and mentally we have a lesson. Spiritually and morally? I am questioning.

Well now, dear Sister, are you not tired of Japan? Yes, I saw Ireland's display of granites in the Mines and Metallurgy Building—coal, bog, and all sorts of minerals. I haven't done Great Britain and Ireland yet. There are some exquisite laces from the Emerald Isle, but I have all these to see some day.

In considering the World's Fair, it may not be thoroughly understood that it is an exhibition of processes rather than products, and in this particular feature it is calculated to be more of an educator than was the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago, in 1893. One sees almost every industry not only represented but being demonstrated, thus showing, in some instances, the varied methods used in the production of an article, each having a certain amount of method. It is remarkably interesting to watch the process of silk making, from the little greenish caterpillar, in all its changes, to the result of its work, elaborated in some costly garment or rich fabric.

The grandeur and beauty of the landscape gardening is beyond me to describe. The sunken gardens between the Palace of Liberal Arts and Mines and Metallurgy are now at their height of perfection, the cool season being especially favorable. I visited the Mines and Metallurgy Building yesterday, and was gratified to see the fine exhibit Canada has there—coal, mica, asbestos, and other minerals. Models of every kind of mining are to be seen operating, and I was very much interested in a miniature gold mine in operation. Little figures, about 2½ inches long, dressed in the garb of miners, little mules carrying packs on their backs, and all the machinery and paraphernalia necessary to the operating of a well-equipped mine, were there. Besides being a most interesting object lesson, it certainly was a wonderful piece of mechanism. Japan is well represented here. We find the Japs far advanced in mining, and the products of their country equal those of any other. Japan is astonishing the world in more ways than one—not excepting war methods. In the manufacturers' building they are there with an exhibit larger than that of any other country. Their mattings, window shades, trunks, leather novelties, straw braids, silk—anything and everything—all expressing so much

more art than the same articles that Americans make. They seem to combine the beautiful and useful so many more times than we do.

This is a Fair of many views. If one came to see only the buildings and floral designs, she might feel well repaid for the time and trouble. To watch the lighting up of the buildings and grounds in the evening at 7.30 is certainly a magnificent sight. The electricity is turned on, section by section, then it glows very gradually and finally bursts into the grandest illumination the world has ever seen. Different colored lights are thrown on the cascades, with charming effect. We sat on Festival Hall Hill one evening and enjoyed the beautiful panoramic scene before us. Then came the thought of what the hand of man had done. It had turned the River Des Pères out of its course, uprooted huge trees and planted them here and there, made the arid plains bloom and smile with the loveliest gardens imaginable, and all in so short a time that it will seem as though we had dreamed when December comes—and the Fair will be ancient history!

The Pike, for the most part, is not interesting to any but a certain class who demand a certain sort of entertainment that is not very elevating and instructive, in the right way, but one is not obliged to go there. So many attractive sights meet the gaze elsewhere that it does not cause a flickering sensation thrown up in the face of all that art has to give us.

Pictures do not in any respect convey an idea of the magnitude and magnificence of the Exposition. Think of it! Your LITTLE house could be tucked away in a corner of the Educational Building—and we would have to get a search-warrant to find it. Now, will you believe we have a big Show? And the Educational Palace is not so very large contrasted with the Transportation Building, or Agricultural Building, which has twenty-three acres under roof.

I must not write another word. With love to you and those whom I know.

Very affectionately yours,

EMILY TUPPER-BENDIT.

LORETTO CONVENT,
Calcutta, India.

DEAR SR. F.:

Rev. Mother Provincial's Jubilee will be on the 25th. of December. You cannot imagine how difficult it is to keep energetically at work in this climate—we have about two months of moderately cool weather. During the remainder of the year we are either roasted or stewed, the roasting goes on from the middle of February till the middle of June, then the monsoons break and there are heavy rains till October. During the rainy season one feels in a perpetual stew, and fevers are very prevalent. We wear white habits from March till the end of November. The Jesuits, Christian Brothers, and all religious do the same, otherwise they could not live and labor. The great heat necessitates a daily change of garments—you can fancy what the laundry work is. Fortunately native men attend to it altogether. We come out from our baths before 9 o'c., looking quite presentable, but it is not uncommon to get into a gharri—cab—into which the rain pours, so that before we reach our schools, at 9.30., our costume is decorated with various streaks of color—generally red—from the cushions. Therefore, the dry season is less inconvenient, though the heat is more intense.

We have two convents in hill stations—Darjeeling and Simla—there the climate is quite cool, consequently, the boarding schools are large. When the nuns become delicate in the plains, they are often sent to the hills for a year or two—a few are sent every year for the May holidays, which last a month. Our novitiate is at Darjeeling, that the novices may have the benefit of the air and thus become strengthened for the labors which await them later. We have convents at Assansol, Lucknow, also a native mission in the Sunderbunds, where there are only three nuns, the others are native Sisters—"Daughters of St. Anne"—who are being trained to the religious life by our Community. It is hoped that in time they will be able to do much good among their own people. Now they help in the schools, do house work, and accompany the nuns when they go to the villages to instruct or visit the sick.

In Calcutta there is most work—boarding and day-schools—including all the standards from the kindergarten to the B. A. Electric fans are in motion all day over teachers and pupils in class rooms, refectory, chapel, community room—everywhere. In the other schools we have only the old punkahs, pulled by a coolie, who often falls asleep and is rudely awakened by a child calling from the window, "Zorse tanno," when the poor man rouses himself a little.

At Entally, a suburb, we have a second-class

boarding-school, an orphanage, and a nursery. The three establishments contain five hundred children. Then there are three parochial schools, each with a free and a pay department separate, so you see white garments and fans are a real necessity.

Do not forget to send me the literary contributions for which I have asked. Your pupils seem more advanced than ours, who, as a rule, leave school young. This, together with preparing for examinations, is an obstacle to their real education. Affectionately,

S. M. Pancratius.

New York.

Dear Sr. F.:

Just a line to say that I have three volumes full of things to tell you—kind Fates be propitious, and ordain that I may get them down!

Do you know, Sister dear, that I am wrestling—yes, that's the word—with an essay on Memory—the treasure-house of Memory. My heart was moved to its very foundations one day, kneeling before an altar of the Sacred Heart, in the glowing month of June, by happy memories, which the faint, sweet fragrance of the June roses, wafted to me from the altar, awoke. The mingled perfumes of the flowers stole so sweetly over my senses that I was steeped in their essence, and I closed my eyes, and yielded myself up to the joy and pain of memory. I knew no present, but roamed once again in the dewy, flower-strewn meadows of childhood, and gathered armfuls of roses and pinks and lilacs with my playmates and helped Sister Teresa to adorn the altar of the Sacred Heart; and the hush of the sanctuary was on me again, and the solemn stillness and peace of the little chuch. What a sweet retreat, full of solace and comfort and hope is memory to the wayworn and weary traveller on the hard, stony highway of Life!

What think you of my idea? If you approve of it I will work away. If my effort does not startle the whole literary world, then it will be found in your waste basket. Don't you think it is an over-lettered world, Sister—and that my production would be the last straw?

Affectionately,

Margaret.

School Chronicle.

September Sixth—The erstwhile silent halls again reëcho the laughter and merry sound of girlish voices. Fair maidens seek once more the classic shades of their Alma Mater, relinquishing—all too soon—lingering vacation joys for the more serious, if less pleasant, duties of school life. Oh, for a modern Joshua to stay the sun! Verily is September, in its glorious halo of autumnal radiance, the month of sacrifice!

How quickly new forms and faces replace the old!—from the scene—and desk—of so many Vesuvian eruptions — and interruptions — our bright-eyed Dorothy beams a welcome to the lonely new-comer, and a "let-us-be-merry." The effervescent spirits and bubbling mirth of the maid with the golden curls are contagious—poor Mistress Dorothy can't be good at all times.

The "blasts" continue to gladden our hearts with their gentle jar—we had fondly hoped for other music.

September Eighth—One of our "sweet girl graduates" of '04—Caroline Babcock—chooses the better part and, as Sr. Constance, is now preparing to "instruct others unto justice," at Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

September Thirteenth—Members of the S. C. L. meet—Officers are elected—Maud Merle, President; Estelle Forrestel, Vice-President; Bertha Henry, Secretary; Jeanette Powers, Treasurer; Gladys West, Club Librarian.

Estelle Forrestel contributed a paper on Literature, Journalism, &c.—"Within the last twenty years there have been changes in the world of literature that almost amount to a revolution. Literature has taken its place among the professions; and if its most magnificent pecuniary prizes are not what they once were, at all events, the numbers of those who obtain a livelihood by it have multiplied almost indefinitely. It needs little capital—I had almost said—no brains—although the man who professes to instruct or amuse his fellow-men should be none the worse for some education and knowledge. But it is shown every day that a wonderfully small amount of brains will go a very long way, and that the more delicate susceptibilities of the mental fibres may be quite a secondary consideration. Versatility and a happy picturesqueness of expression; self-assurance and a serviceable memory; superficial sharpness of vision; may be counted upon to sup-

ply any shortcomings in the intellectual power. Cultivation and knowledge should be useful, but it is more than likely they may prove snares to their possessor. For they may tempt him into frittering away invaluable time, by weighing his opinions and verifying his facts. Elaboration of style is, of course, gone out of date—a writer has either the art of expression, or he has it not; and rapidity of execution is to be placed before everything else. The habit of reflection is to be scrupulously avoided, if one means to make an easy income by the pen. What the public looks for nowadays, even in the quarters that might be expected to be most fastidious, is dash rather than deliberation; sensation rather than solidity; sparkle more than depth; and picturesqueness far more than precision. The world has taken to travelling by electricity and transacting even trivial business by telegraph, so the men and women who have the suggesting of its ideas and convictions can, least of all, afford to lag behind."

Bertha Henry took as her topic, "Higher Education," "which is still an experiment, as far as forms are concerned. We have not yet reached the best methods—and probably never shall. For in common with all things that live there is continual change and progress. The women of a century ago would not be sure of their own identity were they confronted with the educational advantages and opportunities enjoyed by the women of to-day."

"The value of a good book" formed the subject of Maud Merle's paper. "Books exert a mighty and potent influence on education. In this busy, bustling world we are apt to forget their value. It is only by companionship with good books and by reading the great thoughts of great men that we become familiar with our mother tongue. Barrenness in the use of English is noticeable even among our educated classes. There are certain masters at whose feet we must sit—Newman, Spalding, Ruskin, &c."

September Fifteenth—An alarm sounded at Fort Loretto—Major Maud attacked by a formidable enemy, while returning from an eight o'clock constitutional—for once in the annals of history an exciting event occurred on the road to Drummondville. The regiment, panic-stricken at the appearance of the huge rodent, retreated in disorder—the commanding officer being the first to flee—now there will be a change in the oft-repeated line in our diaries—"Went for a walk to Drummondville, saw two horses, three cows—oh, horrors!—one dog, and a man!"

September Nineteenth—Rev. J. Butler, D. D., O. C. C., of Dublin, Ireland, celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the convent chapel, and later addressed the students in the assembly hall, on the influence of woman in society—the dignity which marks gently-bred womanliness—the refinement of speech, manner, action, which, blending with the substantial results of skilful teaching and faithful study, make educated ladyhood.

In the afternoon, Dr. Butler favored us with a lecture, descriptive of the "Mountain Home of Nazareth"—now Loretto. With him we visited that humble home and its holy occupants, trod the lowly ways consecrated by the model Child, and entered Joseph's workshop. To all—but especially to those unacquainted with the history of the House of Loretto—the speaker's vivid portrayal was most interesting, and the lessons gleaned, fraught with timely instruction.

Dr. Butler's extensive travels in many lands, deeply religious mind, and soft, musical voice, eminently qualify him for the narration of reminiscences, evidently very dear to his heart.

September Twenty-fifth—By a system—yet unknown to Marconi—the words, "half holiday and trolley party," were flashed from room to room. One who has not been a student here can never know the thrill of passing beyond the limits of the metropolis, Drummondville. I fear that living in the midst of the wonders which people travel thousands of miles to see, we grow too accustomed to thoroughly appreciate our privilege.

Once en route, one is impressed by the grandeur of the rapids—the vast expanse of rushing water churned to an angry foam—the deep gorge, worn by the unceasing flow of the river—the great stone wall, overhung with masses of foliage—here and there in the dense green a bright red or yellow dash heralding approaching winter.

As the car stopped at the foot of the hill leading to the scene of the battle of Queenston Heights, we were greeted by the familiar strains of Uncle Remus' violin, and reluctantly whirled away to another hill, down which our trolley crept into the quaint little town of Queenston. Behind us Brock stood tall and stately, and with one accord, we greeted him.

Pen cannot depict the glories that met our gaze as we alighted at the convent gate—glories

rarely equalled in our northern heavens—the sheen of a clear, silver moon on the great cataract—the ascending spray tinted by the struggling moonbeams—the starlit canopy, mysterious in its depths—all awakening the soul to the contemplation of the Great Artist.

GLADYS WEST.

Personals.

Paradise Regained!!!

"I s'pose God thinks I'm dead now." "Why?" "'Cause I didn't say my prayers last night."

"What is the matter with the two of you?" "She says I have a post mortem cat around my neck, and I haven't, it's mink."

Boadicea was the lady who had trouble with the Pope.

We must give up being so "twosome."

"Were you all alone?" "Yes, with my thoughts." "What perfect solitude!"

"Lady, don't put my eye out"—to her of the elongated hat pin.

"If you are not more particular about your fingers at table I will have to provide you with finger bowls." Mazelle—"I won't *wear* them."

"A mad dog is not a subject for laughter"—Nobody knows the right story about that mad dog that made the jubilarians jump three feet in air.

"Well, Kitty, you are seven years old now, you have the use of reason." "What's that?" "You know when you are doing right or wrong." "Oh, that's nothing. Our Tiny is only five and she knows that."

Most of the *illusions* in "Paradise Lost" are from the Bible.

Hold your breath and breathe twice, if you want to get rid of *he-cups.*

The train came on *unschedoodled* time.

"I really don't know what will suit you except an expurgated edition of Mother Goose."

King Henry 8 was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anno Domini in 1086 he had 435 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and executed. The second was revoked. She never smiled again but she said the word calais would be found on her hart after her death. The greatest man in his rain was Lork Duke Sir Garret Wolsey. He was born at the age of 17 unmarried.

Much is written nowadays about the accomplished woman, the woman who has had a college education, or a course in music, or a thorough training in one or more of the languages. Her praises are sung and the whole community knows of her achievements. But what about the resourceful woman? The terms are surely not synonymous. Oftentimes a woman of very little training possesses a natural aptitude for meeting all the problems of everyday life. She knows how to plan, she can see her way clear out of any emergency, she is an indispensable person. Perhaps the main difference between the two, if a comparison is to be drawn, is that the accomplished woman always has something to fall back upon to help her out of her difficulties, and the resourceful woman does not recognize them as difficulties. The one is entertaining, the other is useful.

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
The largest and best hotel at the Falls. Write for rates.
INTERNATIONAL HOTEL CO., - PROPRIETORS.
S. A. GREENWOOD, Manager.

KORTEN BROTHERS CO.
SUCCESSORS TO
OTTOMAN CAHVEY CO.

Wholesale Coffees, Teas, Spices, Baking Powders and Extracts.

CHICAGO.

We work in our Customers' interest ALWAYS.

TELEPHONE 95A.
M. MORSE & SON
UNDERTAKERS AND PROFESSIONAL
EMBALMERS
Main St., - - Niagara Falls South, Canada.



THE GREAT GORGE ROUTE PASSING THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

The Only Way to See

NIAGARA FALLS,

RAPIDS, WHIRLPOOL, ETC.,

The Great Gorge Route

.. American Side. ..

Every point of interest on the river seen without leaving car seats. Cars pass through the main streets at Niagara, past all hotels and depots. Round trip 75 cents. For rates, information, etc., address

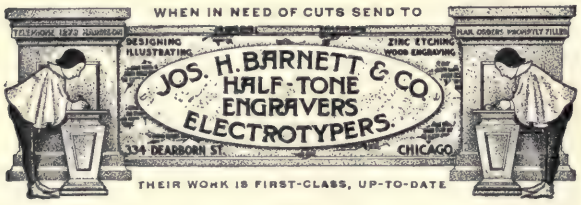
BERT L. JONES,

GENERAL MANAGER, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

G. E. Curtis, Photographer,

Cor. Main and Falls Streets,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Views of the Falls, Portraits.
The New Platina Finish a Specialty.



F. W. OLIVER CO.,

Hardware and Kitchen Furnishings,
Contractors', Mill and Electrical Supplies,
Sheet Metal Work.

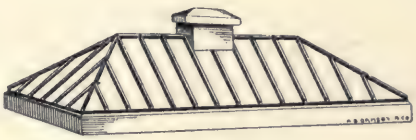
251 Second Street,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

FRED. C. SCHOTTIN,

BOOK-BINDER,

Books Bound in All Styles
at Moderate Rates.

62 EAST HURON ST., : : BUFFALO, N. Y.



A.B.Ormsby, Limited

CONTRACTORS AND
MANUFACTURERS OF

"METALLIC"

ROOFING,
SIDING,
CEILINGS,
CORNICES,
CORRUGATED IRON,

Skylights and Fireproof Windows
Glazed with Fireproof Glass.

Corner Queen and George Streets,
TORONTO.

Vol. XII January 1905 No. 1

Here the golden-rod fearless flaunts late its rich dow'r,
As of blossoming sunshine each stalk bears a show'r
Of the heart-filling raptures fond fancy might tell,
That revive in the hues of the dainty harebell:
Like a joy-bell, in greeting it bursts on my view;
And it lingers to toll me an autumn adieu.
'Tis the morning sun, breaking thro' purple and mist;
It bedecks the Isle's bosom, a rare amethyst;
Or the late Indian summer, whose grey-purpled haze
Like a heaven-wide harebell bends o'er the sweet days.
And these dainty charms tender, adversity mock;
For it asks, when all fails, but the cleft of a rock:
Whence it teaches a perfect trust casting out fear,
That the God of the summer is Lord of the year.

* * * * * *

I have neighbors whose freehold laws cannot define,
And their claim to this Isle is more sacred than mine.
On the one I call daily; she waits till I come,—
Tho' I see her retiring, she's never "at home":
But her children receive me,—an ill-manner'd brood;
They present but three gaping mouths begging for food.
When the storm breaks at night, with that mother-bird near
And her God watching over, trust conquers my fear.
With the birds and the angels we truly have part,
When the grace of His presence surcharges the heart.
Poor immortals, who wander the earth o'er and o'er,
In pursuit of that peace which eludes sea and shore;
Know,—the cot or the palace that bids Him as guest,
—Or this green little Isle—is the home of the blest!

* * * * * *

When adream in my hammock, the charm of the spell
Is the message breeze-borne from the Mission School bell;
For it tells of devotion the loving, the rare;
—First to God, then to neighbor, to self the least share.

Well the death crowning zeal of the "Black Robe"[1] is known,
For the centuries past have amaz'd handed down
All the history sad of that day long ago,
When on Massacre Island the sun set in woe;
There the martyr Père Aulneau slept never to wake,
While his blood consecrated these isles and this Lake.
From baronial halls[2] he'd withdrawn his young life;
For his God fac'd the wilds, and the Sioux scalping knife.
And the quiet Gray Gown of the good Sister mild,
Wins the life-long regard of the shy Indian child.
For them Sister D'Eschambault[3] will spend her last breath,
True to God, and her race that was faithful to death:
Thro' her veins flows the blood of Verandrye,[4] the friend
Of the martyr'd Père Aulneau, and true to the end
'Twas her forbear De Vaudreuil[5] rul'd this expanse,
When o'er Canada last wav'd the lilies of France.
And her Grandsire D'Eschambault de Vaudreuil[6] stood
Page devoted, while flow'd Marie Antoinette's blood.
But most loyally noble of all her proud name,
When she tells of the Indian blood she may claim:
And to her none are greater, that earth ever trod,
Than the little souls ransom'd by blood of a God!

* * * * * *

In the dusk and the dawn pleasing picture we see
When the blue of the smoke blends with green of the tree,—
Where the Indian's campfire reminds of the past,
Tho' the present foretells that its day cannot last.
Oh! no craft of the pale-face the waters can woo
With the elegant ease of the birch bark canoe.
And no garb of our fancy may ever presume
To the picturesque grace of the buskin and plume.
By the red-man discerning, we're well understood
When we plan for our profit and not for his good;
Then our proud, silent brother—cajole as we may—

Moves his heart with his wigwam, the farther away.
Ah! 'tis well, while his birthright we take as our own,
There are souls consecrated, to serve him alone.
Ev'ry spot of rare beauty our pref'rence may know,
Has been dear to his heart since the long, long ago.
In the song of the bird, in the leaf, in the air,
Is a spirit to witness him everywhere:
Should his presence depart from these blest solitudes,
All his story would well from the heart of the woods!

* * * * * *

Is it wonder the world's greatest oarsmen should come,
That the champion Gaudaur should choose here a home?
Where for five golden summers his sceptre held fast,
Nay,—his speed as an oarsman may ne'er be surpass'd!
To replete all the glories of water and sky,
Like a glance of the lightning his boat would flash by:
While so gracefully ever, his kingship he bore;
Like the fan of a lady the wave of his oar.
But our handsome and genial Canadian dar'd
Evil fate, for a day when untrain'd, unprepar'd;
Tho' the keen eyes of friends saw him far from his best:
—'Twas a long-despised[7] laurel th' Australian could wrest.
And the fateful day came, when the world's multitudes
Woke to watch the rare race on this Lake of the Woods.
With what pain of pride conscious, our eyes sought the track,—
Cheering ever and always our own Red-and-Black;[8]
With our nerves tense as death while the shells homeward flew!—
But the last stroke brought luck to the Orange-and-Blue.[9]
To the stranger a duty was owing; but yet
How we chok'd as we cheer'd him, we cannot forget.
Then our water belov'd made for mournfuless moods;
There were tears and true sorrow on Lake of the Woods.
O!—save one—had all monarchs of earth lost their crowns,
Than that "Good-Oar"[10] our king had surrender'd to Towns!

* * * * * *

'Mong the mourn'd, that the annals of memory keep,
Who beside these lov'd waters have fallen asleep,
One a journalist[11] young; let his epitaph tell
In a line from his lips, that he here resteth well;
That his soul soar'd aloft from this earth's sordid goods,
—"All pervaded by beauty of Lake of the Woods."
There's another,[12] whose name to the years will go down,
In profession of law winning early renown,
Reaping all the high honors appointment allow'd;
—Of whom townsmen and Canada well might be proud!
Like a meteor splendid he rose in our sight,
Then with undying brilliance pass'd into the night:
—To a higher court call'd; when perchance reconcil'd
To the heav'n of this Lake, and ador'd wife and child.
We remember, in flush of his manhood and pride,
When his train for the east bore him glad to his bride;
We remember once more, in the night and the rain
All the sad moving East of his funeral train
To the same beauteous island[13] again we may turn;
There the "Faithful Companions"[14] made blessed sojourn:
Of that sisterhood sweet, one an artist allied
To her Country's true artist, and poet, and pride;
—When world-weary, heart-broken, he spoke but to crave
Of his ever dear Ireland a welcoming grave.
Gerald Griffin with kindred knows undisturb'd rest,
Sister Magdalen Griffin sleeps far in the West,—
In her lonely grave here she completes sacrifice
Of her Erin on earth for the one of the skies!

* * * * * *

There was one[15] lov'd the Lake in the Summer's fair prime,

And who brav'd all the blasts of its bleak winter time,
Then whatever his missions of mercy might meet
Could not daunt, for the Doctor knew never retreat;
Like the kindred he claim'd:—But let history tell
Of the Chisholm so brave; and the bold MacDonell
Who at Queenston Heights rallied our men from the shock,
And who fell leading onward the soldiers of Brock.
Thus for many a year as for many a day,
Self-forgetful he liv'd, and love came not his way.
But at last to the life lone and loveless had come,
In a fond wife and child all the blessings of home.
Ah! the fair little son that no earth pow'r might save,
Left the happy home cradle for lone little grave;
And that father, who ne'er o'er his own woes would weep,
By the little turf cradle has lain down to sleep.

* * * * * *

An attendant unfailing, this Isle waits to map
From the Portage the route thro' the dark Devil's Gap—
Where the Visage Satanic a boulder uprears;
We may pass, but that changeless face mocks at the years.
What a thrill wakes the view when on edge of the night
The majestic "Keenora" bears down on our sight!
Grandly onward she comes looming higher and high'r;
Tho' the wave pierce her color'd lights, pillars of fire.
To her mandate "Make room!" smiting island and lake,
All the loudest and deepest of echoes awake;
Like when far Scottish highlands are thund'ringly stir'd
By the wild, loud defiance of king of the herd.
So our queen of the waters past fairyland sweeps,
To Fort Francis enchanting her constant course keeps.

* * * * * *

When the shadows creep near, and the fond bird resigns
All his drowsiest notes to the murmuring pines,
Then I turn to the thought of my Log Cabin door,
To the welcome of home,—what of life could give more?
—There are neither rich hangings nor dust-dealing dross,
On these walls padded close with the greenest of moss;
But "The Angelus" dear; "In the Desert" so wild
—The Madonna keeps watch o'er her slumbering Child:
With some pictures that blithe little maids would display,
Fondly treasur'd but worth not the giving away.
Here my redolent couch sweet with balsam and spruce,
Gives to even the dreaming of dreaming, a truce;
Till my Lethean slumbers are gracefully stirr'd
By the gladness of morn, and the call of the bird.

* * * * * *

All the magic breath'd over trees, islands and floods,
Since the dawn has its home on this Lake of the Woods!

IDRIS.

---

1. The Indians call the priest the "Black Robe."

2. The Rev. Father Aulneau, S. J., massacred in June, 1736, was one of the family of the "Lords Aulneau" of La Vendèe, France.

3. Sister D'Eschambault is "Superior" of the Grey Nuns in charge of the girls in St. Anthony's Mission, or Indian Industrial School.

4. Sieur La Verandrye was son of the celebrated explorer.

5. The Marquis de Vaudreuil, last French Governor of Canada.

6. Louis D'Eschambault de Vaudreuil was page at the court of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and was in attendance when, all disguised, they were recognized at Varennes. He put forth stupendous efforts to save the royal family; after the king had been put to death he still hoped that the queen would be spared. Again in disguise, he stood faithful beside the scaffold until the head of poor Marie Antoinette fell from her shoulders; then hurrying through the mob, to where three horses were waiting, accompanied by two friends he made his way to the English Court, whence as aide-de-camp to H. R. H. Edward, Duke of Kent, grandfather of Edward VII, he came with the Duke and his regiment to Canada, placed his fortune at the disposal of H R. H. in the British colonization of the country, settled down in Canada and never returned to France.

7. Towns did not beat Gaudaur's best record.

8. Red-and-black, Gaudaur's colors.

9. Orange-and-blue, Towns' colors.

10. "Good-oar," our favorite pronunciation of "Gaudaur."

11. David K. Brown.

12. Barrister Henry Langford, B. A., C. A., and sheriff of the district.

13. Tunnel Island.

14. "Faithful Companions of Jesus."

15. Dr. Allan Scott MacDonell.

The Virgin Mother.

O Beauty, Beauty, God's immortal daughter,
The fairest efflorescence of His love:
Thy smile is like the light of laughing water;
Thy shade, the glory of the stars above.
Thou art the magic one, the golden dove,
That, moving on wide wings of lambent light,
Fillest with ravishment the cosmic grove,
And with thy splendor and effulgence bright
Enrapturest the heart, concentred into sight!

O Mary Maiden, all that's soft and tender
Of love and light, and gentleness and grace,
And all that's loveliest of gloom and splendor,
Meets in the magic music of thy face;
Beams in thine eye, wherein the soul may trace
That purity, which, as the priceless gem
Of Christian woman, holds the proudest place;
Gleams on thy brow, and with a diadem
Crowns thee, O Royal Rose, of David's royal stem.

Purer than crystal in its native mountains,
Than coral-combs beneath the placid sea,
Pure as the diamond-dew of flashing fountains,
Or sunlight on the lily of the lea,
Or pearl-pink clouds that sail the heavens free,
Thou shinest forth, the diamond without flaw,
The star with naught to dim its brilliancy,
O brightest beauty that the skies e'er saw
Since they began their march in God's eternal law.

O House of Gold in which the Christ-child dwelt,
How beautiful a temple thou must be!
How pure those virgin lips the Christ-child felt,
When He upturned His angel face to thee,
And laughed and prattled in thine arms with glee!
O Virgin Beautiful, how pure thine eyes,
Bright with the chrysoberyl's brilliancy,
That dared to look into the blue purprise
Of His whose purity was purer than the skies!

O Mary, garden gay of red-lipped roses,
O Vale, with bird-voice music most divine,
O Paradise where every joy reposes
On flowery banks as red as almandine,
Fair fount of diamonds in whose waters shine
The sparkling summer lights of golden grace,
O Tree of cinnamon, whose perfume fine
With redolence fills God's own dwelling-place,
Thy breath of balsam breathe upon my burning face!

O Morning Star, O Tower of Ivory,
O Jewel flashing with the brilliant light,
The splendor of thine angel chastity,
Turn thou the glory of thy beauty bright,
The dazzling radiance of thy brow bedight
With gold and hyacinth and diamond,
Upon me, Lady of the lilies white;
Touch thou my heart with thine angelic wand,
And living streams will gush, O Mother fair and fond!

Give me to be thy docile child, Mary,
Give me to love thee with the love of truth:
Give me to know thy crystal purity,
O Queen of Beauty, brilliant with the blooth
And dazzling splendor of eternal youth!
Speak to my heart in accents sweet and low:
Oh, whisper kindly words of golden sooth,
Speak as thou spakest in the long ago,
To Jesus, Mother mine, O Maiden pure as snow!

Fill thou my heart with mystic music, Mother,
Music that takes its silver touch from thee:
Fill me with tenderness for Christ our brother,
For Christ thy Son, mirificent Mary,
O Light of stars along the flashing sea.
For thou canst give to those that love, adore thee
And keep their spirits pure and white of blee,
Thy children sweet who kneel them down before thee,
Joy like to theirs on high who hover round and o'er thee.

Give me to drink at the pellucid fountain
The golden waters of immortal youth:
Give me to climb the rugged iron mountain
Where stands the Temple of Eternal Truth,
Of Right, triumphant in her might and blooth.
For thou art Wisdom, crowned and constellated
And clothed with power strong as death in sooth;
And thou canst give to souls illuminated
Love far beyond the stent of mind to matter mated.

And now, in lieu of fresh and full-blown roses
And garlands sweet as heavenly lavender,
In lieu of silver song with silver closes,
Song full of incense and the breath of myrrh,
And all those charms that make the pulses stir,

Accept these humble strains, O Lady sweet;
And if they be not smooth as minever,
But crude, inconsonant, and incomplete,
Accept them for the heart I lay me at thy feet!

J. JOHNSTONE.

A Day in the Scottish Highlands.

("ALBA.")

EARLY one bright, crisp September morning, a good many years ago, there drove up to our door a handsome specimen of the quaint little vehicle known as a dog-cart. Therein were seated a gentleman and a lady—Captain D——, temporary commandant at Dumbarton Castle, and his wife, a beautiful young Englishwoman, who had but a few days before joined her husband at his present picturesque and historic garrison-post. A pre-arranged drive up the beautiful valley of the Leven as far as the village of Balloch, and thence an excursion by steamer up one or more of the Highland Lochs was the order of the day; and presently W—— and myself were perched on the two available seats of the dog-cart and bowling briskly out of the little town, realizing our superior advantages over the passengers by the leisurely omnibus just starting on the same errand from the door of the "Elephant."

The clear, frosty air, just enough of it to make velvet bonnets and plaid shawls comfortable, brought bloom to our cheeks as we drove along the road on the right bank of the river. Hills which would be called mountains anywhere but in Scotland, formed continuous chains on both sides of the valley; while straight ahead, in the hollow between the two ranges, and at a distance of twenty-five miles, rose up the vast cone of Ben Lomond, which, sharp cut as it was in the pure, clear air, and seemingly not more than four or five miles away, a very slight veil of mist would have completely obliterated from view, leaving nothing between the ranges but sky.

It did not take our spirited horse long to cover the five miles which brought us to Balloch, the point where the Leven emerges from the southern extremity of Loch Lomond, to find its way with but little meandering as far as the Firth of Clyde, its permanent home. It was here the steamer lay waiting for us; and with Mrs. D—— we went on board to wait for the rest of the passengers, while the captain kept guard over the horse and dog-cart till such time as his groom, who was coming up by the omnibus, should arrive to take them back to the castle. We had not very long to admire the beautiful prospect, and count the tiny pebbles at the bottom of the limpid Leven; the omnibus soon put in an appearance, and the party of excursionists joined us on board. It consisted of a few young Dumbartoners bent on showing the glories of the Highlands to a small bevy of school-belles from Glasgow; and a gentleman tourist on whose nationality we could not pronounce, but who had contrived by dint of head and other gear to render himself such a comical spectacle that the girls immediately fell to making fun of him—which the school-belles attempted to do in Italian of dubious pronunciation.

As the steamer moved off, we arranged ourselves to take in all that was charming; and the lovely scenery, the rich foliage blazing in scarlet and gold set off by the dark evergreens, the surrounding hills and velvet lawns sloping to the water's edge, would have absorbed our artistic souls, as they were well entitled to do, had it not been for the splendour of the scene which burst on our view with startling suddenness as we cleared the shrubbery—the magnificent sheet of Loch Lomond, still and smooth as a mirror, resplendent as a silver shield. Not large enough to let us lose sight of its hilly shores, it was yet large enough to reduce the more distant stretches to a thread; and the pure ultramarine of its fathomless waters delighted the eye no less than did the unbroken placidity of its smiling face.

Our course, which at first promised to be straight across, gradually took a strong bias towards the left, with the result that the north-western coast began to loom up loftily. Familiar with Highland scenery as depicted on the canvases of Horatio Macculloch and others, this was our first introduction to the reality; and the feeling of awe with which the approach to that region of grandeur inspired us was as powerful as it was unexpected. The narrowing of the loch, the gradual approach of the mighty mountains on either side, the solitude, and the absolute stillness were so impressive that our party by tacit consent allowed conversation to lapse; an example which might have been followed with good effect by the rest of the company, whose giggling grated unmercifully.

As we ascended the loch, which was now stud-

ded with islands, the numberless cataracts descending from the lofty summits introduced a new and picturesque feature into the landscape; and the rush of the falling waters harmonized so perfectly with all which met the eye, that its effect was directly opposite to that of the giggling. Glen Luss, and other branching valleys afforded vistas of enchanting Alpine beauty, evidently much appreciated, to judge by the many handsome residences which dotted their slopes. A few villages nestled by the lake-shore, at all of which the steamer duly and dutifully stopped. The Ben, about half way up the loch, on the eastern shore, lost much of its apparent height through the aeriel perspective; it did not show much higher than the surrounding mountains.

At Glenfalloch, the lake tapered away into the stream which gives name to the valley, thereby creating a feeling of disappointment; for the Falloch, being in its native state a mere rivulet, had been deepened and widened into a ditch, in the interests of the steamer, and of intending passengers by the omnibus in attendance; thus supplying only a paltry fag-end termination to the grand loch. Here we went ashore for a few minutes, and got our feet for the first time upon Highland heather. Sketching became the excitement of the moment, and W——, who was an adept at pencilling, employed my shoulder as an easel for the drawing-book. The conditions, however, were not favorable. Long, wet grass interspersed with rocky boulders and large pools of water and swamp, made standing and strolling alike disagreeable; and when the signal-bell rang, we returned, nothing loath, to the steamer, and retraced the way we had come, as the Trossachs and Loch Katrine did not enter into our programme.

On reaching Tarbet, about mid-way down the lake, we went ashore, intending to follow the mountain road between that place and the little village of Arrochar at the head of Loch Long. We had been told in Dumbarton that the drive along the side of Loch Lomond afforded a far richer display of its Alpine glories than did the sail on the lake itself. We did not believe it could do so—till we crossed over to Arrochar. That mountain road, a short mile more or less, has left an imperishable memory. It was, for practical purposes, an excellent one; and its frequent undulations and half-turns, lying white under the glowing afternoon sun, revealed a succession of foregrounds and middle distances, of tints, lights, and shadows never to be forgotten.

If the upper extremity of Loch Lomond was a little disappointing, that of Loch Long made up for it. It is not, like the other, a sweet-water lake, but a *fiord* or arm of the sea; and its emerald-green waters presented themselves to our view reposing in an amphitheatre of surpassing beauty, whereof the walls were stupendous mountains, much loftier than those of Loch Lomond, although none reach the altitude of the Ben.

The steamer which was to convey us on the remainder of our journey lay out in the curve of the lake; and a ferry rowboat, owned and manned by the fishermen whose small stone cottages, grouped half-way down the grassy slope, constituted the village of Arrochar, lay close inshore. As we took our places in the ferry-boat, a touching detail presented itself. Among the bare-footed children who were playing around was one, a little boy of about six years old, who appeared to be a special favorite with the boatmen. The rough-handed, weatherbeaten Highlanders interlarded the leisurely process of putting on their coats with a loving byplay of fooling with the child; and the happy smile on the little white face, as one stroked his hair, and another patted his shoulder, showed that he was accustomed to be made a pet of, and liked it. He clung lovingly to their jackets as they came towards the boat, and then the mystery was explained. The poor little fellow was stone-blind —a victim of opthalmia.

Loch Long, while excelling Loch Lomond in grandeur, fell short of it in variety; although the number of castles and country-seats that adorned its abrupt slopes showed it to be not less a favorite place of residence. Here and there we could see a poor Highlander with no attire save his kilt, endeavoring to cultivate a few feet of arable soil far up the mountain side. One superb spectacle Loch Long affords, to wit, its confluence with Loch Goil, another arm of the sea similar in type. The blending of the twin *fiords,* and the double vista presented can be but poorly depicted in words. On the present occasion the effect was heightened by the mist which had begun to fall with the decline of day, and which, dimming somewhat the details on shore, seemed to widen and emphasize the expanses of water, now presenting a surface of cold, glassy grey.

By the time the steamer reached the Firth of Clyde, and turned its prow eastward towards Glasgow, night had fallen; and so intensified

was it by the rapidly thickening fog that nothing could be seen on either shore. At the mouth of the Leven, a ferry rowboat came alongside with passengers for the ascending trip, and to carry home the Dumbarton residents. But for the glow from the neighboring glassworks, it would have been a critical matter to get into it in the otherwise inky darkness which defied lamplight at twelve inches' distance, and which only showed a blacker shade where the abrupt crags of Dumbarton-rock loomed up close at hand. At Captain D——'s request, the ferry-boat pulled close inshore, permitting him and his wife to avail themselves of a path round the rock, thus shortening considerably their road to the castle. The rest of us pursued our way up the dark, glassy river; the great red glow of the furnace-fire, as it streamed over the inky depths, and touched up the prominences of the historic rock, putting a crown worthy the pencil of Rembrandt on the experiences of our Day in the Highlands.

Elocution Recital.

ON Friday, October the fourteenth, with a feeling akin to satisfaction that another week of delightful study was over, we entered the assembly hall as the bell rang out three. It was one of those glorious autumn days when one might fancy Spring but awakening, for the air was soft and balmy and all nature seemed glad. On such days we delight to roam about the campus to revel in the wondrous beauty of our environment, but that afternoon all our interest centered in the rare treat that awaited us—Mrs. Mae Baker Robinson's dramatic recital of selections from classical authors, previous to beginning her work as teacher of elocution at the Academy.

Mrs. Robinson had no sooner made her appearance on the platform than she won the hearts of her audience. Her gracious and dignified bearing, her rich and expressive voice, her clear-cut and unaffected delivery, and her unmistakable general culture, at once revealed the sincere, earnest woman, and the accomplished artist.

She began her programme with an extract from Thomas Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*,—the story of Charlotte Corday.

Mrs. Robinson at once created the atmosphere of the time, and enabled her audience to follow in sympathy the culminating events in Charlotte's life. The stately figure of this young Norman woman, her mistaken zeal in behalf of her country, her decisive movements through the city of Paris, her purchasing of the weapon with which she accomplished her purpose, her entrance into the home of Marat, the so-called "friend of the people," her trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal, the pronouncing by her judges of her doom as a murderess, her journey to the *Place de la Révolution* amid the shouts of the Parisian mob, and her execution there,—all these scenes were brought out in a series of vivid pictures, which Mrs. Robinson painted in broad, certain strokes, betokening a perfect knowledge and mastery of the technique of her art. In her impersonation of Marat, Mrs. Robinson suggested the voice and manner of the fever-stricken old man, and his ferocious thirst for the blood of the enemies of his cause. In the trial scene, Mrs. Robinson indicated with beautiful contrasts the judicial manner of Charlotte's accusers, and Charlotte's own frank and unequivocal confession of her crime.

For her second number, Mrs. Robinson chose a strongly emotional poem, entitled "Jamie." This she began in a colloquial manner, which, for a few moments, left us uncertain whether she was expressing her own thoughts or reciting the words of her author; which gave a naturalness to her manner that made us forget the literary form of the poem, and riveted our attention upon the story itself. It was a new story to us all, but, as Mrs. Robinson proceeded, we found it a story of absorbing interest, a story that sounded the very depths of a motherly woman's heart. Here Mrs. Robinson proved her great power in dealing with pathos, for she swayed her audience at will, and before she had concluded, many of her listeners were moved to tears.

In contrast to the two preceding selections, Mrs. Robinson recited "The Royal Princess," by Christina G. Rossetti. For the interpretation of this poem Mrs. Robinson is peculiarly well fitted.

She has the face, the figure, and the voice that most readily suggest the dignified princess—her discontentment with the wealth and luxury with which she is surrounded, and her grand resolve to go forth in the face of great danger to right the wrongs of the people.

There was a classic beauty in Mrs. Robinson's rendering of this poem, every gesture, every attitude, and every inflection being true to the char-

acter and expressing the spirit of the high-born lady.

In conclusion Mrs. Robinson recited two short poems, the first, "One, Two, Three," by H. C. Bunner, and "Jane Jones," by Ben King. Of the first of these Mrs. Robinson gave a dainty rendering, bringing out with delicate touches the sweet tenderness of the poem. In her recital of "Jane Jones" she so fully portrayed the droll humor of the piece as to excite the utmost merriment on the part of her audience and elicit the heartiest laughter and applause.

Of Mrs. Robinson's success in imparting a knowledge of her art to her pupils we all felt assured—after such an artistic performance there could be no doubt whatever.

The work she has since done has confirmed the favorable impression that she created on that enjoyable occasion. ROSE MARIAN.

Hallowe'en and its Witchery.

We do desire and fondly ask
Your presence at our Hallowe'en Masque.
The hall will be changed by the magician's wand
To the Forest of Arden's enchanted land.
So come ye at seven and "fleet the time"
'Till nine shall ring from the church's chime.

THUS ran the invitation to the weird yet merry festival of ancient and honorable repute, with which the charming, piquant month of October, in cap and bells, ends its life each year. Ah, what happy hours and strangely picturesque people it brought!

For some time before the merry-makers entered the hall, a passer-by in the corridor might have heard the far-off jingle of a fair jester's bells, or had a fleeting glimpse of some bewitching maiden disappearing around the corner in bright-colored array, or flitting from room to room with garments of various designs and hues, awaiting the finishing touches. "A year of calamities!" exclaimed one, as she glanced into Bertha's room—for further details of the disaster apply to Major Maud, at the *Information Bureau.* "Oh, my tail is coming off, somebody is treading on it," piped a tiny voice from below; and "this powder won't stick," chimed in another—catastrophes which, I regret to say, elicited only peals of laughter from unsympathizing listeners who, with the selfishness characteristic of the age, were intent solely on personal adornment. How exciting it all was!

Hark! The grand march! Slowly the procession enters the brilliantly-lighted hall, decorated with autumnal spoils of field and wood, from every available point of which Jack-o'-lanterns scowl savagely, or smile jovially—two immense ones sit grinning benevolently on the stage, as Liberty—Gladys—a stately figure, robed in the dear red, white and blue, advances, bearing aloft the banner she loves so well. Her train is carried with inimitable grace by the G. D. Twins, their dusky faces covered with expansive smiles, their woolly heads crowned with gay bandannas—sparkling eyes are great tell-tales—even under a mask. Poor Kathleen and Jenny! Can you ever become white again!

The suppressed laughter and comments of the on-lookers, who are making strenuous efforts at recognition, at last find vent in bursts of merriment at the toot of a horn—"Who is the clown? Who is the clown?"—Only those who know Bertha intimately could establish her identity, for she does not let every one know how high she desires to soar, and how glorious the life of a clown is.

On they move, courtly knight and fair lady, peasant maid and Dutch matron, Scotch lassie and coquettish senorita—big folk and little folk—witches in peaked hats, carrying broomsticks, and pretty enough to bewitch any one without the aid of magic, Indian braves and Colonial girls—at whom we noticed Martha Washington glanced rather furtively—and a charming Maid of Erin, in flowing green drapery, golden cinture and sunburst. Her tender, wistful gaze rests on a B. A., in whose conversation she is deeply interested—we are pleased to see Rita in such distinguished company—but is not learning characteristic of her race, and are not our Irish friends among the readiest to catch the spirit of this most neglected holiday and its mystic traditions. Who has not heard of the gay Killarney parties that sally forth with bells and brooms, prepared to make the welkin ring? The Irish Melodies lend themselves admirably to the mysteriousness of the occasion, and no doubt, the national predisposition to be merry is another important element in the success of these affairs. There is a well-known Hallowe'en air, the words of which are all in the Irish tongue, and are among the gems of Irish literature—it is to be regretted that no English version of them exists. The great Archbishop of Tuam, whose noble pen won distinction through

the translation of Homer's Iliad into Irish, is said to be the author of the words and music of this Hallowe'en production.

Revelry is now at its height, the unmasked beauties are merrily tripping through the mazes of the dance, when, lo! from the portals of the "old house"—of scary memory—emerges the ghost!—followed by other spectres in tragic pantomime—whose ideas of location, by the way, are extremely vague—and a fiery being whom, for reasons connected with the possible future, I am loath to libel or describe. The almond-eyed ladies swoon, the Indians give their war-whoop, the clown blows his horn, the poor country girl almost dies of fright, dainty Dolly Varden hides behind her huge fan, old Mother Hubbard fervently wishes she had brought her doggie, and vows she will never again go anywhere without him—though I doubt if that under-fed animal would have done much good—but Liberty waves a flag of truce and order is quickly restored among the panic-stricken revellers. The terror of the audience is expressed in uproarious laughter.

When the excitement had partly subsided, the opening number of the programme, a sprightly chorus, was rendered with fine effect, the accompanist being the talented young student. The Dutch maid followed with a solo—the high soprano reminded us curiously of Maud. The ghost—Lucille—had materialized sufficiently to sing "The Gypsy Maid," Karama, in embroidered kimono, championed "Mother's Fool," the Indians gave the tribe dance, and joined with zest in the games, the witches—some o' them black, some o' them green—sat in the light of Jack-o'-lanterns and practised palmistry, delighting their patrons with their predictions and revelations, but the darkies' rhythmic movements were the pièce de résistance—and brought down the house.

All too soon the winged hours took flight, leaving as bright a memory of Hallowe'en as our fondest hopes had anticipated.

ESTELLE FORRESTEL.

There is one charm within the reach of everyone—the grace of good manners. Some faces are fairer than others, some voices are naturally musical, while others are harsh, but each can be sweetly courteous. Instead of envying another the charm of manner by which she has won her way into hearts, resolve to possess it for yourself.

The Late Jean Léon Gérôme.

GÉRÔME, one of the most celebrated of French painters, and one of the best known members of the Academy, passed away at the age of eighty, on the fourteenth of the first month of this year. His death was sudden and quite unexpected, for he appeared in excellent health the day before; in fact, he worked all day on his new statue, destined for the Salon, and attended a dinner of the members of the Academy in the evening. Exceedingly vigorous, and a very handsome type, Gérôme appeared considerably less than his age.

He was a pupil of Delaroche, the greatest painter of his generation, and for a long time showed in his work many of the characteristics of his master. Later, his style changed to some extent, becoming broader and more supple, but the splendid draughtsman always showed through. In those days, a painter learned how to draw, whether he ever learned anything about color or not. Each year he exhibited at the Salon, and each year increased his fame until 1878, when he exhibited ten pictures and two groups of sculpture, receiving the medal of honor for the one and a medal of the second class for his sculpture. At this time he was, perhaps, at the apogee of his fame as a painter. Since then he had paid more attention to sculpture than to painting, and with equal success. He tried to revive antique sculpture, that is, sculpture beautified and rendered more life-like by the application of color. At first, the public showed itself very unsympathetic, and Gérôme had many disappointments, but he continued in the path he had marked out for himself. He worked in all sorts of materials, ivory, bronze, marble and gold, sometimes using several in one work. The result was that his statues were exceedingly decorative and true to life, and the public, reluctant to accept innovations in art, was ready to acknowledge at last the artistic value of his ideas in sculpture. He was the pioneer in colored sculpture, and sculpture in ivory and precious metals, and though many artists have followed in his footsteps since, no one has, perhaps, achieved as great results. As draughtsman he was simply incomparable, and sculpture was, probably, his true vein.

Gérôme's world-renowned pictures cover so wide a range of subjects that it is impossible to give many particulars about them. "Napoleon before the Sphinx" shows his remarkable powers

of invention, and his fertility of ideas. The incident was suggested by the Egyptian campaign of the great Emperor. On the vast plains of the desert, rising solemnly from the burning sands, stands the great, mysterious stone figure, the origin or the meaning of which no man has been able to explain. In the distance are the legions of the French army, while on his horse, calmly, and with speculative eye, sits the marvel of his age. The little man, humble of birth, without influence or money, rising by the force of circumstances and his own indomitable will and character to the mightiest position among the rulers of the earth, gazes steadfastly at the storm-beaten, time-worn monument of past ages. The contrast is full of suggestiveness.

Or let us take his "Thirst." What wonderful strength is here! On the hot, shimmering, sun-dried sands, crouches the mighty King of Beasts, a very baby in his weakness, overcome by the desire to wet his parched tongue, and panting for a drop of water. What awful loneliness! What fearful solitude, and what a dreary waste!

It were more pleasant to turn to the glimpse he gives us of the great Oriental city whose housetops, minarets, and spires gleam under the brilliant Eastern sky, where the pious Mussulman calls the faithful to prayer. Here may be noted the artist's wonderful powers of observation, and the extraordinary finish—nothing, apparently, escaping his attention. So, too, in the "Pasha's Runners," the coloring and composition of which are simply marvellous. In the "Bull-Fighter" we find the artist as much at home in Spanish scenes as elsewhere.

The painstaking care observed by the great master in imparting instruction, is recalled by a former pupil, who has a distinct recollection of his student life at the Beaux Arts in Paris.

"The master had the reputation of severity, and as he also had the power of instantly dismissing any pupil, even the turbulent crowd of Beaux Arts students was awed into silence in his presence. His air was that of the best and most serious French officer.

His words were few, and he never really lectured to his classes. When, however, a pupil seemed to him especially promising, he would often stop before the young man's work and discuss it with grave care. Sometimes such criticism led the master into a little disquisition on principles or methods, and then as he talked, first one and then another of the pupils would leave his own work and draw near to hear what was going on.

When a man failed to show capacity for learning, Gérôme was prompt to send him away. He apparently had a strong conscientious feeling against permitting a man to waste time in studying an art in which he could not reasonably hope to excel.

If a timely word of severe criticism seemed likely to help a pupil, Gérôme never hesitated to administer it.

Now and then the criticism took some such form as this: 'You are not thinking of the matter in hand. You have in mind some picture that you have seen elsewhere.'

Perhaps the word of criticism would be merely a reminder to the pupil to note the living model before him and draw only that. Sometimes Gérôme would take the charcoal from a pupil's hand and show how a line should be drawn, calling attention to the departure from the model.

If a pupil were painting in colors, Gérôme would now and again point to the work and call attention to the fact that the pupil had applied a shade of blue instead of a shade of green. When a pupil perpetrated an enormity, the master's voice was raised in something like anger as he pointed out the error.

If nothing in the way of verbal criticism reached a pupil, there was a chance that the master's opinion would penetrate when once in three months he took the work of all, lined the canvases against the wall and numbered them in the order of merit. This he did with enormous patience and pitiless severity. It was a proud man who then had first choice of the place before the model as the result of this adjudication.

Gérôme's personality was so impressive, he was so manifestly a man of power and knowledge, that he was an extremely effective teacher. This was felt even by the pupils whose work least betrayed his direct influence; even they acknowledged the soundness of his teaching.

The grave dignity and seriousness of his demeanor never failed of its effect upon pupils, and the devotion that he showed to his work as teacher, much of which was mere drudgery, impressed the whole school. His industry as an instructor was the more impressive from the tradition that his salary from the Beaux Arts was a mere trifle, not more than enough, it was reported, to pay his cab hire, and that at a time when his own work as a painter was extremely profitable."

Among the important historical and artistic objects which Gérôme willed to the various museums of France, is the cushion of purple velvet, worked with golden bees, on which the crown of Napoleon was placed during solemn festivals, also one of the gray hats which he wore, and various precious jewels. All these have gone to the Chantilly Museum, which now belongs to the Institute of France, having been willed to the members by the Duke d'Aumale. Gérôme was an intimate friend of the Duke, and it was his desire that Chantilly should be the last resting-place of the relics which he had collected during his long life.

MAUD MERLE.

Notre Dame de Noël.

Her mantle shades His blooming cheek,—
The dear blue mantle 'neath whose fold
We joy to hide when hopes grow weak,
And love itself seems waxing cold.

Her eyes are fixed upon His face;
She sees nor crib nor straw nor beast,—
Only the Child of her embrace,
Only her God, her King, her Priest!

Mark how He nestles at her breast!
(His ivory throne her virgin knee);—
Shall we not love that bosom blest
To which the Christ clings tenderly?

Shall we not praise the lily-bed
Whereon the Holy One reposes?
The House of Gold, wherein His head
Is pillow'd upon thornless roses?

O Mother, as the years roll on,
And Christmas visions come and go,
The more we love thy Blessed Son,
The dearer, sweeter thou dost grow!

Life's Bethlehem is rude and wild,
Our errant thoughts on hazards bent;
But, entering in, we find the Child
With thee,—and, through thee, are content.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

To know the love of God does not mean the impoverishing of our lives, by robbing them of their other sweet relations. Rather, it means the enriching of these, by revealing their true beauty and purpose.

Island Reveries.

"Tho' the clock stands at the noon
I am weary; I have sewn
Sweet, for thee, a wedding gown."

WHAT a world of sweetness and poetic pathos is embodied in these three lines! They take possession of the imagination, and fix themselves in the memory: the labor of love pursued with all diligence, while heart and brain have been more busy with the hallowed past than the quick fingers with the momentous present! Stitch upon stitch has incorporated a wondrous charm, to survive until the last thread shall part.

This enchanted robe is the prophet and herald of happy home-life, and the trusted talisman that is to ward away every evil, and to bring all protection and happiness to the favored one whom it will encompass.

The Religious, who at the call of the Master sacrifice everything to obey His call and to imitate Him in the consecrated life, are, at profession of vows, vested in the dress peculiar to the order or community, which has been specially blessed to be worn throughout life and known as the "holy" habit; it enfolds them in the grave, and bears testimony that they have fought the fight and been true to their vows.

Ever since, tearfully and sorrowfully our first parents made them garments of fig leaves, reminders of their lost Eden, our raiment besides being a corporal necessity, possesses psychological interest for us and psychological influence upon us.

Paradise regained is symbolized in the immaculate baptismal robe which envelopes the infant fresh from the regenerating waters of baptism and pure as the angels, or our first parents before the fall.

Raiment, apparel, or dress, is eloquent of the mind and its moods; it is influence and result, cause and effect.

Generally speaking, our costume is regarded as part of our person or personality; this fact seems always evident, although the reason may sometimes be inexplicable.

Dress furnishes an important subject for thought and research; it brings before our eyes the procession of the centuries, the public and private, the social and political, the warlike and

peaceful, and the religious and irreligious life of the nations.

The history of the individual can be read in chapters afforded by the suits of clothing he or she has worn.

In Holy Writ there are many references to raiment, and descriptions of apparel.

Following the terrible sentence pronounced upon Adam and Eve by an angry God, appears the pitying love of our Heavenly Father in the words—"And the Lord God made for Adam and his wife garments of skins and clothed them."

At the wooing of the beautiful Rebecca, by proxy for Isaac, the climax is reached, when Abraham's messenger, his "servant and ruler over all, put ear-rings on her to adorn her face, and bracelets on her hands."

Jacob, the favorite son of Rebecca, clothed his own favorite son, Joseph, in a superior and distinctive garment, the "coat of many colors"; this he thought due to the elder son of his beloved and lost Rachel.

Anna, the devout mother of the little Samuel, having promised her child to God, fulfilled that vow by taking him to the temple in Silo and leaving him there, when "the child was as yet very young." How interesting to us becomes the mention of the "little coat" made by the pious mother, and taken yearly to the temple for her child.

What love and prayers she stitched into it! Yes, and—sometimes—tears. Serving in the house of the Lord, Samuel "being a child was girded with a linen ephod."

Does not the description of the Giant Goliath's magnificent brazen armor enable us to appreciate fully his warrior dignity?

In direct contrast is the untrained simplicity of the shepherd whom the Lord raised up to slay the impious mocker: "And Saul clothed David with his garments, and put a helmet of brass upon his head, and armed him with a coat of mail. And David having girded his sword upon his armor, began to try if he could walk in armor: for he was not accustomed to it. And David said to Saul: I cannot go thus, for I am not used to it; and he laid them off."

In David's lamentation upon hearing of the tragic death of Saul, he wails—"Ye daughters of Israel weep over Saul, who clothed you with scarlet in delights, who gave ornaments of gold for your attire."

What a mystery and how cruel, seems the moral law of the Old Testament!—"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

Mother Eve leaving her beautiful Eden, does not elicit scalding tears as does the story of Respha, whose sons, Armoni and Miphiboseth, borne to King Saul, together with five others of his sons, were delivered by David to the revengeful Gabaonites, who crucified them "in the first days of the harvest when the barley began to be reaped."

What of poor Respha? Ah! mother-love could not save them, but mother-love could follow and partake their agony.

Her raiment rendered to her poor body—past feeling—no more of protection or comfort than was left to her broken heart: "And Respha the daughter of Aia took haircloth, and spread it under her upon the rock from the beginning of the harvest, till water dropped upon them out of heaven; and suffered neither the birds to tear them by day, nor the beasts by night."

Who but a mother could survive the loathsome, scorching atmosphere by day, and the desolation and manifold horrors of the night?—and throughout a period of six weeks!

That proud mother had seen her sons arrayed only in kingly apparel; now when even heaven seemed to mock her sons of the king, she would in sympathy, have only haircloth for herself.

Well did King David come to her aid, and bury her dead with Saul and Jonathan, in all becoming honor.

When the Queen of Sheba visited the magnificent court of King Solomon, among other wonders "the half of which she had not been told," was "the attendance of his officers and their apparel," and "the order of his ministers and their apparel."

Only disgust was the effect of the adorning of Jezabel, the infamous wife of the wicked King Achab of Israel: Jehu the prototype of "furious" drivers and the newly-anointed King of Israel, elected by the Lord to exterminate the house of Achab, after having slain King Joram, entered Jezrahel. "And Jehu came into Jezrahel. But Jezabel hearing of his coming in, painted her eyes with stibic stone, and tired her head, and looked out of a window. . . . And Jehu lifted up his face to the window and said: "Who is this?" And two or three eunuchs bowed down to him. And he said to them: "Throw her down headlong;" and they threw her down and the wall was sprinkled with her blood, and the hoofs

of the horses trode upon her. And when he was come in, to eat, and to drink, he said: "Go, and see after that cursed woman, and bury her: because she is a king's daughter."

Jezabel's seductive tiring was changed for the ghastly cerements and the humble canopy of the grave.

Far different in result from the tiring of this wicked queen of Israel, was the robing of the virtuous and pious, the "exceedingly beautiful" Judith, widow of Manasses and descendant of Reuben, eldest son of Jacob. When Holofernes, the great general of the mighty Assyrian king, Nabuchodonosor, invaded Israel and besieged Bethulia, Judith, fearful of the abominations and horrors that would follow his triumph, laid the matter before the Lord: "And it came to pass, when she had ceased to cry to the Lord, that she rose from the place, wherein she lay prostrate before the Lord. And she called her maid, and going down into her house she took off her hair-cloth, and put away the garments of her widowhood. And she washed her body and anointed herself with the best ointment, and plaited the hair of her head, and put a bonnet upon her head, and clothed herself with the garments of her gladness, and put sandals on her feet, and took her bracelets, and lilies, and earlets, and rings, and adorned herself with all her ornaments. And the Lord also gave her more beauty: because all this dressing up did not proceed from sensuality, but from virtue: and therefore the Lord increased this her beauty, so that she appeared to all men's eyes incomparably lovely."

The Lord strengthened Judith's arm and she slew the captivated Holofernes: the leaderless Assyrians were easily routed, and they fled, leaving their valuables in the hands of the pursuing, victorious Israelites. "And all the time of her life, there was none that troubled Israel, nor many years after her death."

Another valiant daughter of Israel, pressed into her people's service, as did Judith, the enticements of elegant attire:

"In the days of Assuerus, who reigned from India to Ethiopia, over one hundred and twenty-seven provinces," his queen, Esther, the daughter of "Mardochai the Jew," resolved to venture her life, in supplicating the king for mercy towards the Jews, who at the instigation of the revengeful Aman, were all to be massacred "on the fourteenth day of the twelfth month, Adar, of this present year." How differed her habiliments of sorrow before the Lord the searcher of hearts, and the gorgeous apparel that concealed her aching, fainting heart, when she dared to enter, unsummoned, the presence of the king! "Queen Esther also, fearing the danger that was at hand, had recourse to the Lord. And when she had laid away her royal apparel, she put on garments suitable for weeping and mourning; instead of divers precious ointments she covered her head with ashes and dung, and she humbled her body with fasts: and all the places, in which before she was accustomed to rejoice, she filled with her torn hair. . . ." "And Mardochai commanded Esther to go to the king, and petition for her people, and for her country. . . ."

"And on the third day she laid away the garments she wore, and put on her glorious apparel. And glittering in royal robes, after she had called upon God the ruler and saviour of all, she took two maids with her, and upon one of them she leaned, as if for delicateness, and over-much tenderness, she were not able to bear up her own body: And the other maid followed her lady, bearing up her train flowing on the ground. But she with a rosy color in her face, and with gracious and bright smiles, hid a mind full of anguish, and exceeding great fear. So going in she passed through all the doors in order, and stood before the king, where he sat upon his royal throne, clothed with his royal robes, and glittering with gold and precious stones, and he was terrible to behold."

"And God changed the king's spirit into mildness"; Esther was granted her petition, and her people were spared.

When the world had witnessed the magnificence and grandeur of kings for four thousand years, can we wonder, humanly speaking, that the proud princes of Jerusalem refused to accept the king who came to them "wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger"?

John the Baptist, who by prayer and fasting in the desert, had prepared himself to announce the coming of Christ, is personally presented to our mind's eye, in the words—"And John was clothed with camels-hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins."

Jesus Christ, referring to John the Baptist asks: "But what went you out to see?—a man clothed in soft garments? Behold they that are clothed in soft garments are in the houses of kings."

The Blessed Virgin, according to the tradition

of her country-women, wore always brown; painters represent her in white or blue.

That the Master's garments were white is also agreeable tradition, because of the transfiguration, when according to St. Matthew—"His face did shine as the sun and his garments became white as snow."

St. Mark—"His garments became shining and exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller earth can make white."

St. Luke—"His raiment became white and glittering."

What could be sweeter than Christ's presentation of the lilies—"And for raiment why are you solicitous? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow: they labor not neither do they spin. But I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these." "And if the grass of the field which is to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, God doth so clothe; how much more you, O ye of little faith!"

Who does not envy that last loving testimony, the privilege of Joseph of Arimathea in furnishing the winding-sheet that enshrouded the dead Christ!

St. Matthew tells us—"And Joseph, taking the body, wrapped it up in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new monument, which he had hewed out in a rock. And he rolled a great stone to the door of the monument, and went his way."

St. Mark—"And Joseph buying fine linen and taking Him down, wrapped Him up in the fine linen and laid Him in a sepulchre which was hewed out of a rock, and he rolled a stone to the door of the sepulchre."

St. Luke—"This man went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus: and taking Him down he wrapped Him up in the fine linen and laid Him in a sepulchre which was hewed out of a rock, and he rolled a stone to the door of the sepulchre."

St. Luke—"This man went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus: And taking Him down he wrapped Him in fine linen, and laid Him in a sepulchre which was hewed in stone, wherein never yet any man had been laid."

St. John—"And after these things, Joseph of Arimathea (because he was a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews), besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus. And Pilate gave leave. He came therefore and took away the body of Jesus. And Nicodemus also came, he who at the first came to Jesus by night, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight. They took therefore the body of Jesus, and bound it in linen cloths with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury. Now there was in the place where he was crucified a garden: and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein no man yet had been laid. There, therefore, because of the Parasceve of the Jews, they laid Jesus, because the sepulchre was nigh at hand."

St. Matthew describes the angel who appeared to the holy women at the tomb of the risen Saviour—"And his countenance was as lightning and his raiment as snow."

St. Mark—"They saw a young man sitting on the right side clothed with a white robe."

St. Luke—"Behold two men stood by them in shining apparel."

St. John—"And she saw two angels in white sitting one at the head, and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had been laid."

From creation to the coming of Christ, true believers seem to have imitated especially the decorum of dress prescribed in Holy Scripture for the priesthood: while the garb of the Gentiles, such as the Egyptians and Assyrians, manifests principally in the dressing of the hair and head, the thraldom of the strange gods whom they worshipped. This is portrayed on the great monuments which have brought their glories down to us through thousands of years.

The outlandish head-dresses and the disfiguring curled beards of the Assyrians give them an unearthly look.

We naturally turn to Egypt as the great nation of antiquity, the cradle of the arts and sciences.

The House of Pharaoh wore on the forehead the golden, coiled serpent, in token of their descent from the gods.

We cannot judge of their taste in dress, or whether their robes were elegant or inelegant; because we have only the attenuated figures that represent the ancient Egyptians, and these were subjected to the proportions allowed by a religious chart. Fat and lean were, as it were, put through the same mill; the result was the "jumping-jack" representations that make us wonder if those ancient individuals were ever really in earnest.

They wore the symbols of their thousands of pantheistic gods, just as Christians wear the emblematic cross.

The Greeks borrowed the highest and oldest

civilization of the Egyptians and passed it on to the Romans, together with evidence of a more artistic temparament; perhaps in the realm of art, unlike the Egyptians, they were free to copy nature. Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, procured from Tyre in Phoenicia the famous Tyrian or imperial purple dye, which was furnished by a little shell-fish or mollusc found on the Phoenician shores; each little mollusc gave its single drop of blood, and these precious little drops were appropriated for the garments of kings.

Whenever I look upon the red-purple of a bishop's robes, I think of that little shell-fish of the Levant!

Athens was founded by Cecrops the Egyptian in 1556 B. C.; therefore it is not matter for surprise that on a vase commemorating the meeting of Menelaus, king of Sparta, and his recreant wife, Helen, the latter should wear the Egyptian arrangement of dress, and also the serpent-like jewel on her forehead, in imitation of the daughters of the Pharaos. The vengeful Menelaus looks half Assyrian, half Egyptian.

Beginning with Alexander of Macedon, we admire the Greek and Roman warriors in their attractive helmets and armor, generally.

The ancient Greek and Roman lady, from the elegant and high coiling of her hair, to the sandalling of her feet, was the personification of grace.

The arch of Titus in Rome, erected A. D. 70, in honor of the conqueror of Jerusalem, shows us the laurel-crowned short curls of the graceful-robed victors as they triumphantly bear the seven-branched candlestick and other sacred trophies from the Lord's fallen Temple.

The candidate for public office, the "candidatus" of ancient Rome, donned a white—"candidus"—garment, as public token of his honesty and purity of intention.

How becoming to some Canadian politicians, our Gamey-Lott, would be that white garment.(?)

The classic, flowing robes of the olden time disappeared with the vast forests of Northern Europe, which had protected southern climes from the cruel north winds.

What a brood was sent forth by those same wild forests,—the Huns, Vandals, Goths, Visi-Goths, and others as fierce! Some of these added horns to their head-gear, which, doubtless, rendered them terrifying as their savage hearts could wish.

To the English-speaking world, is especially interesting, the history—even in matters of dress—of the ancient Britons; although we may not pride ourselves upon the fact that they clothed themselves in the untanned skins of wild beasts, and stained their limbs with the blue juice of a plant called "woad."

Following the victorious eagles of the Romans to "Insula Britannica," we behold in sympathetic admiration, their opposer, the warlike Queen Boadicea.

The "Monumenta Historica Britannica" informs us that Boadicea was of the largest size, had a profusion of yellow hair which fell down to her hips, and she wore a large, golden collar; she had on a parti-colored, floating vest drawn close about her bosom, and over this she wore a thick mantle connected by a clasp. Such was her usual dress, but at this time she also bore a spear, that she might look more formidable to all.

There is much of grace in the present-day Greek, Turkish, and Syrian national costumes; but their charms of color, elegance and variety of appointment are surpassed by the "Kilts and Tartans" of the Highlands of Scotland!

The costume of the Scottish Gael seems an elaboration of the ancient Irish dress, with many embellishments. The country-women of the Highlands have their "plaids" or tartan shawls; the country-women of Ireland have their long mantles or cloaks.

Besides "Insula Sacra," "Hibernia" and "Erin," Ireland was also known as "Scotia," and its people as "Scots." Some of these people, settling in "Caledonia" gave the name of "Scotland" to that country. They, of course, took with them their language, the "Gaelic," still spoken in Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland. The two countries had constant and friendly intercourse for years, perhaps for centuries; so that the poems of "Ossian" are claimed by both the Irish and Scotch.

The Irish, like the Scottish Highlanders, name traditional localities of the country as the "part" of respective families or clans, but they have lost, if they ever possessed, the incomparable tartans of Scotland.

Ah, how beautiful are these plaids seen in the finest worsted cloth or "tartan," the colors of which are furnished by glen and brae!

Every clan has at least three plaids,—the ordinary, the hunting, and the dress tartan. No other clan may claim or copy; for the color and

number of threads, that go to make up these "blocks" and "checks" are counted and legally registered. There is no danger of claim or copy: should the plaid which he has inherited be ugly as sin, and should his neighbor's be all-beautiful, no true Scot would change his nature sufficiently to admit this disadvantage even to himself.

Were it otherwise, surely the "McInnis" tartan would have been discarded centuries ago; it is so ugly that it would drive even a Highlander to drink! This irredeemable plaid is of two colors, a hideous red and yellow; its pattern is an indescribable jumble of red and yellow alternating threads, forming infinitesimal stripes.

This is only one exception to hundreds of beautiful tartans.

The black and white unbroken check of the "Shepherd" plaid and the red and black unbroken check of the "McGregor" or "Rob Roy," are generally pleasing.

The McDonald, McKinnon, Campbell, Gordon, McKenzie, McKay, Grant and Matheson, are quiet enough for any lover of the tartan; these plaids show a prevalence and combination of dark green and purple-blue.

The green and crimson of the "Lindsay" and "MacNab," appeals to the artist eye.

The McPherson hunting tartan, with its rare, fawn-brown blocks, is charming in color combination, and suggestive of calm October days.

The McLean red and black, broken check, is a joy forever.

The Elliott blue and black is dismal as to colors, and like the Johnson, its blocks and checks seem out of proportion.

The most gorgeous and striking of them all, especially from the military point of view, is the "McLeod." Poets have sung of its floating grace in quick response to country's call. The McLeod tartan has only two colors, yellow and black, but the large, broken check shows exquisite color arrangement.

When Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of loyal Highlanders, donned the kilts and tartans, he exercised his royal prerogative, by changing to smaller proportion, the red and the blue "blocks" of the Royal Stuart tartan.

His bare knees did not trouble him so much as the loudness of the pattern.

The Stuart dress tartan was much affected by Queen Victoria and her family; for this reason, it is sometimes called "Victoria" plaid.

Lycurgus of Sparta, who lived 884 B. C., and who aimed at making the Spartans a nation of soldiers, abolished distinction of dress, and habited the people in coarse, inelegant clothing.

The Scottish Highlandmen are brave and hardy as any Spartans, their dress is not only serviceable as was that of the Spartans, but it is also rich, elegant and beautiful.

The Highland costume allows the bare knees, which is perhaps the only point of resemblance to the Spartan requirements; and let those who cavil at this, be reminded that covering in so far as it weights or confines the knee, hampers its movements especially in the climbing of heights, and is good preparation for that weakness of the knees which is one of the first symptoms of waning strength.

Who would not feel a tender interest in the loyal tartans that covered the brave hearts who were "out" with "the Chevalier" in '15, and prince Charlie in '45?

There is yet a tear to shed with the survivors of dark Culloden Moor, in the Jacobite song:

"He rolled him in a Hielan' plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely;
And slept beneath a bush of broom,
O! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

Royal purple covers the tartan which enfolds all that is mortal of Prince Charlie in his kingly tomb, erected to the exiled Stuarts in St. Peter's at Rome, by George IV. of England. While the dome of the world's great basilica is their canopy, let us hope that although their earthly crown was denied them, they have succeeded to the "incorruptible crown"!

In the reign of Edward the Confessor, French fashions in dress were adopted by the English court: nine centuries have proved that they came to stay.

The polite nation has been quite willing to set the fashions for the world; the other nations have accepted terms. These fashions, intolerant of the Egyptian adherence to rule, come in forms so varying that each succeeding mode mocks the preceding; sometimes the world—of women—is tall and thin, in trailing skirts, high heels, tie-backs and tight-sleeves; at other times short and stout in short padded skirts, crinoline, inflated sleeves and low heels!

Until the nineteenth century, any adopted fashion survived for an "age"; now the time of trial is but a year!

The present-day modes dictate to one and all; so the poorer of us are whipped along in the wake of the wealthy, and oh, the striving and the heartache!

There is "imitation," cheap and tawdry stuff; but if we delight in the genuine, we add a scrap to our wardrobe this year, another scrap next year, and so on with calculating anxiety until the grave opens to receive the worthless body, while the poor soul, lacking, perhaps, the clothing of good works, shivers before the judgment seat!

But let us change this mourning fashion, and go back to pleasanter review!

The Crusaders, in addition to more or less nationally distinctive armor and blazonry, were distinguished by the crosses of various colors worn on the shoulder; the English wore white, the French red, the Flemish green, the Germans black, and the Italians yellow.

Knighthood belongs to the glories of the much-maligned Middle Ages: Ah, that it meant now what it did then!

The knight-postulant wore the Roman "candidate's" white robe, but with all the difference between the natural pagan, and the Christian-schooled man.

How many of our Twentieth Century "knights" could qualify in the requirements of character exacted by the vows of knighthood?

One of the triumphs of Christianity was and forever will be, the Knights Templars. These knights were noblemen's sons who formed themselves into a community, took the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and in return were promised "Their salt and labor and toil enon." In their vocation of protectors of Christians from the Turks on their way to and from the Temple of Jerusalem, they wore over their armor a long white coat or cloak, on the breast of which was a red cross. In Spenser's "Faerie Queen" is reference to the Templar:

> "And on his brest a bloodie cross he bore,
> The dear remembrance of his dying Lord."

The palmer, or pilgrim for the Holy Land, donned the coarse habit of a monk, wore sandals on his bare feet, and often bordered his hat with scallop shells; the founder of the House of "Plantagenet," when on this pilgrimage, through humility wore in his hat a sprig of broom, the "planta genista."

When the Romans withdrew from Britain in the beginning of the fifth century, the Saxons took their place; and during the six-and-a-half centuries, known as the Saxon period, titled ladies became proficient in the spinning of flax and wool, which they wove into linen and woolen cloth, and then made into long cloaks and tunics for ther lords, and into gowns and cloaks for themselves. They were also skilful in tapestry embroidery, which they hung around the draughty walls of their dwellings. The Saxon serf was clothed in untanned hide, and wore sandals of boar-skin with leathern bandage extending half-way up the leg.

When William the Conqueror and his knightly Normans took possession of the English throne and court in 1066, many novelties in dress were introduced; homespun fled the court and gave way to silks, satins and furs. "The gallant of this time, closely shaven, with long hair curling on the shoulders, wore a loose doublet reaching half-way down the leg, girt with a gold-embroidered belt. Over this was a short cloak, richly furred and laced with gold. The shoes were the strangest article of dress. They had very long toes, pointed and twisted like the horns of a ram; and the fashion grew to so absurd a length that the toes were fastened by chains of gold or silver to the knees. A bonnet of velvet, and long hose fastened to the doublet by very many strings, called points, completed the costume.

The Norman ladies wore a kirtle or undergown of silk, over which was a loose wide-sleeved robe reaching the ground."

As to the Plantagenet period, from 1154 to 1399, the following is an interesting paragraph: "The dress of Edward of Windsor's (Edward III.) court may be taken as a specimen of the fashion prevailing during that period. The exquisites wore coats, half blue, half white, with deep sleeves; trousers reaching scarcely to the knee; stockings of different colors; and shoes with toes so long that they were fastened by golden chains to the girdle. Their beards were long and curled; their hair was tied in a tail behind; while a close hood of silk, embroidered with strange figures of animals and buttoned under the chin, enclosed the head.

The most striking part of the ladies' dress at this time was a towering head-dress like a mitre, some two feet high, from which floated a whole rainbow of gay ribbons. Their trains were long; their tunics of many colors. They wore two daggers in a golden belt."

Of Richard Cœur de Lion, the second of the Plantagenets, the "Chronicle of the Crusades" records that upon the occasion of his marriage to Berengaria of Navarre—"The king bounded into his saddle glittering with gold spangles interspersed with red, while on the hinder part two small lions of gold were turned towards each other with their mouths open, and one pointed to the other on each of the four legs, as if stretched out to devour. The king's feet were decorated with golden spurs, and he was clothed in a vest of rose-colored stuff, ornamented with rows of crescents of solid silver, like orbs of the sun shining in thick profusion. He was girded with a sword of proved metal, with a handle of gold and a woven belt, and the mouth of the scabbard was fastened with silver. On his head he wore a hat of scarlet, ornamented with the shapes of various birds and beasts worked with the hand, and sewn in with orfray work by the needle. He carried a staff in his hand, and the manner of his bearing it proved him to be a soldier of the highest order, and afforded the highest gratification to all who saw him."

Of Richard's successful combat with the Turkish or Saracen Sultan Saladin, "Ellis's Early Metrical Romances" state—"The king arrayed in splints of steel, which were again covered by a complete coat of mail, his helmet surmounted by the dove perching on a cross, the symbol of the Holy Ghost; his shield emblazoned with three leopards, on his shoulder; and bearing in his hand the spear, on whose point was engraven the holy name of God, only waited till the terms of the battle between himself and Saladin should be publicly read and assented to by both parties, and then suddenly springing into the saddle, set spurs to his steed and flew with the rapidity of lightning to the encounter." Richard willed his heart to Rouen, France.

All that is left of the "lion-heart," so splendidly habited and accoutred, is shown in Rouen Cathedral in a little "leaden box covered with silver leaf, 6 inches in length and breadth, and 5 inches in height. This inner box contained (when it was opened in 1838), what had all the appearance of a reddish-colored leaf, dry, and bent round at the ends; within the lid is the following inscription:

"Hic Jacet Cor.
Richardi
Cor—Leonis.
Dicti
Obit MCXCIX."

The "Black Prince," eldest son of Edward III., was so-called from the color of his armor which, after all, was not dismal in effect, for it served as good background to his decoration. Of the magnanimity of this Prince of Wales, the following from "Rapin" is proof; after the victory of Poitiers, having taken prisoner King John of France—"When they made their entry into London, the Black Prince rode on a little black pony beside the King of France, who was mounted on a stately white courser, adorned with costly trappings."

In Canterbury Cathedral, "Over the grave of the Black Prince, is erected a stately monument of grey marble with his portraiture of copper-gilt; the ends and sides are garnished with escutcheons, also of copper, enamelled with his arms and devices, and superscribed with the words 'Houmont' and 'Ich Dien.' On an iron bar over the tomb are placed the helmet and crest, coat of mail, and gauntlets; and, on a pillar, his shield of arms, richly diapered with gold. On a fillet of brass is circumscribed a French epitaph, and on the south side of the foot, and north side of the tomb, are verses in that language."

This is perhaps the only splendid tomb in England that was not desecrated and plundered during the "Reformation." As it is in the crypt, it doubtless was overlooked and forgotten by the despoilers.

Queen Eleanor, wife of Louis VII. of France, afterwards queen of Henry II. of England, insisted upon accompanying Louis on a crusade which, assisted by her "Amazon Guard," she succeeded in bringing to naught. Agnes Strickland tells us, "These women sent their useless distaffs as presents to all the knights and nobles who had the good sense to keep out of the crusade. The king was encumbered by the immense baggage which the female warriors of Queen Eleanor persisted in retaining in the camp, at all risks. The baggage, containing the fine array of the lady warriors, which had proved such an incumbrance to the king, was plundered by the Arabs and Saracens, and the whole army was reduced to the greatest distress."

The first of the Plantagenet line, although having married this Eleanor, the divorced wife of Louis VII., fell in love with "Rosamond, the fayre daughter of Walter Lord Clifford," Queen Eleanor, it is said, in jealousy compassed the

death of the fair Rosamond; a ballad published in 1610 makes the enraged queen say:

"Cast off from thee those robes (she said),
That riche and costlye bee;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught
Which I have brought to thee."

Robin Hood and his "merrie men" wore their "Lincoln Green" in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I. Robin's dying request is given in "The Robin Hood Garlands and Ballads":

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet,
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet."

When Henry III. of England married "La Belle" Eleanor of Provence on the 4th. January, 1236, and when six days later she was crowned, contemporary historians agree in narrating that Canterbury and London presented scenes of "most extraordinary magnificence." According to Agnes Strickland—"The most remarkable feature in the coronation of Eleanor of Provence must have been the equestrian procession of the citizens of London, who on that occasion claimed the office of cellarers to the King of England. They ventrously mounted swift horses, and rode forth to accompany the King and Queen from the Tower, clothed in long garments, embroidered with gold and silk of divers colors. Their steeds were finely trapped in array, with shining bits and new saddles, each citizen bearing a gold or silver cup in his hand for the royal use, the king's trumpeters sounding before them; and so rode they in at the royal banquet, and served the king and that noble company with wine, according to their duty." They numbered three hundred and fifty. What would Edward VII. do with his six million "cellarers"!

"The most sumptuous and splendid garments ever seen in England were worn at the coronation of the young queen of Henry III. The peaceful and vigorous administration of Pembroke and Hubert de Burgh had filled England with wealth and luxury, drawn from their commerce with the south of France. The citizens of London wore at this splendid ceremony garments called cyclades, a sort of upper robe, not only made of silk, but of velvet worked with gold. Henry III. who was the greatest fop in his dominions, did not, like King John, confine his wardrobe precepts to the adornment of his own person, but literally issued benefactions of satin, velvet, cloth of gold, and ermine, for the apparel of his royal ladies. No homely dress of green cloth was ordered for the attire of his lovely queen; but when a mantle lined with ermine was made by his tailors for himself, another as rich was given out for Eleanor. The elegant fashion of chaplets of gold and jewels, worn over the hair, was adopted by this queen, whose jewelry was of a magnificent order, and is supposed to have cost her husband thirty thousand pounds, an enormous sum if reckoned according to value of our money. Eleanor had no less than nine chaplets for her hair. For state occasions she had a great crown most glorious with gems, worth fifteen hundred pounds at that era; her girdles were worth five thousand marks."

Of the Lancastrian kings, Henry IV., Henry V. and Henry VI., who reigned from 1399 to 1461, although Henry VI., the founder of Eton, was a pious man and a good king, we seem especially interested in all that concerns Henry V.—hero of Agincourt, King of England, and King of France.

For purposes of comparison and imitation, it doubtless was interesting to King Edward VII. and the Duke of Norfolk to know that at the coronation of Henry IV.—"The dukes, earls, and barons wore long scarlet robes, with mantles trimmed with ermine, and large hoods of the same. The dukes and earls had three bars of ermine on the left arm, a quarter of a yard long, the barons had but two. All the squires and knights had uniform cloaks of scarlet lined with ermine."

When Henry V. returned to England after the victory of Agincourt, upon his entry into London —"He was simply attired in a purple robe, and rode gravely along, attended by a very small retinue, his thoughts being apparently occupied with gratitude to Providence for his triumph, and he seemed wholly indifferent to the honors rendered him by his grateful subjects."

These "grateful subjects," upon the death of their illustrious king, laid his earthly remains to rest in Westminster Abbey with all becoming magnificence. The plundering "reformer" descendants of those who had fought beside him at Agincourt, when they desecrated the temples of the Lord, and the tombs of their kings and their forefathers, left the tomb of Henry V. in the ap-

pealing condition still presented to—sight-seers (!), and described by the Abbey "Guide"—"The Purbeck marble tomb has lost its ancient splendours; the figure is now a shapeless oak block; the head, sceptre, and other regalia, all of solid silver, and the plates of silver which covered the body, were stolen at the end of Henry VIII.'s reign"!

This is bad enough, but we can best realize the ghoulish heathenism of the desecrators, by taking as example the achievement of one of the more refined of the fraternity. Pepys, author of "Pepys' Diary," writing in 1669, boasts that he saw—"by particular favor, the body of Queen Katherine of Valois (wife of Henry V.), and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a Queene." This is given without comment in "The Deanery Guide to Westminster Abbey," compiled by "the Dean's daughter" and "Authorized by the Dean, 1898"! The fair compiler continues: "In the eighteenth century the bones were still firmly united, and thinly clothed with flesh, like scrapings of tanned leather"!

Thus, in a so-called Christian country, could with impunity be insulted, the sacred remains of a revered, anointed queen, wife of a great monarch, mother of a saintly king, ancestress of the Tudors, &c., through the Stuarts, of our King Edward VII!

While the "Reformers" in England were desecrating and plundering the graves of their forefathers, their Calvinist brethren in France were also busy; in 1562, headed by Chastillon, they tore open the tomb of William the Conqueror at Caen, "but finding nothing more than the bones of the Conqueror, wrapped in red taffeta, they threw them about the church in great derision."

At the present time, fearful of the desecrating hand of a godless government, religious communities are removing from France the remains of their illustrious dead.

The beautiful and high-spirited Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI., and daughter of the impoverished Duke Réné, reached England sadly lacking in "wedding garments"; she left the country, indifferent to all earthly trappings, but vainly begging the dear bodies of her murdered husband and son.

In the Lancastrian period, began the great civil wars, which continued through the Yorkist period, and ended with the union of the rival houses in the Tudor sovereigns.

"During the Wars of the Roses, social improvement stood still,"—fashions also, we hope!

The Tudor period extended from 1485 to 1603; the sovereigns of this line were Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary I., and Elizabeth.

The country people wore doublets of russet brown leather. The courtiers of Henry VIII. stuffed their clothes as the king grew fat, in order to flatter his vanity. His fifth wife, Katherine Howard, introduced pins, from France; these helpful adjuncts to the toilet were, at first, very expensive, so "pin-money" was a certain sum allowed to their wives by men of means.

The farthingale, a large hooped petticoat, was a fashion from Spain introduced in Mary's reign. Ruffs of plaited linen were worn on the neck and wrists, by both sexes. These were first held out by wood or ivory; but in Elizabeth's reign they were stiffened by yellow starch.

Three thousand dresses were found in Elizabeth's wardrobe after her death.

In this era the gentlemen wore their hair either short and curled, or set up on end. Their beards were long and pointed.

The costume of the yeomen of the Queen's Guard, commonly called "beef-eaters," gives a good idea of the dress worn by men in the Tudor period. This uniform in red and black may be seen on the "beef-eater" guardians of the Tower of London.

Walter Scott gives a description of Tudor court costume in his vivid picture of "the favorite Earl," upon the visit of Queen Elizabeth to "Kenilworth," the magnificent castle of the Earl of Leicester:

"The favorite Earl was now apparelled all in white, his shoes being of white velvet; his understocks (or stockings) of knit silk; his upper stocks of white velvet, lined with cloth of silver, which was shown at the slashed part of the middle thigh; his doublet of cloth of silver; the close jerkin of white velvet, embroidered with silver and seed-pearl; his girdle and the scabbard of his sword of white velvet with golden buckles; his poniard and sword hilted and mounted with gold; and over all a rich loose robe of white satin, with a border of gold embroidery a foot in breadth. The collar of the Garter, and the azure garter itself around his knee, completed the appointments of the Earl of Leicester, which were so well matched by his fair stature, graceful gesture, fine proportion of body, and

handsome countenance, that at the moment he was admitted by all who saw him, as the goodliest person whom they had ever looked upon."

Escorting the Queen to his castle doors:—"Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host as of her 'Master of the Horse.' The black steed which he mounted had not a single white hair in his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the Earl at large expense for this royal occasion." "Onward came the cavalcade. . . . The Queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity."

Familiar to us is the portrait of this Queen in her royal splendor of great, be-gemmed ruff; long, pointed, be-jewelled bodice; magnificent, furred robes; and high-dressed hair crowned with jewels and feather.

As we look, we mentally observe—"This gorgeous, unbending finery lends the dignity that makes a queen."

The world's favorite portrait of Mary Queen of Scots is that, the original of which is in Blair College, Scotland. The royal gown is of red velvet; the bodice has yoke of yellow satin quilted in diamonds by chains of pearls; down bodice front is row of pearls; the sleeves, close-fitting at the wrist, show deep lace cuffs; the beautiful face is framed in side curls and a cap which comes low to the upper forehead, but is bowed out at the sides; from the cap depends a graceful white veil.

Our mental testimony is—"This Queen's personal grace would change the meanest garment into royal robe"!

Gorgeous, unwieldy, overwhelming finery was not the delight of Mary Stuart.

Upon the day of her execution "she dressed herself with a stern magnificence. On her head she had a dressing of lawn, edged with bone lace; a pomander chain, with an Agnus Dei about her neck; a crucifix in her hand; a pair of beads at her girdle, with a golden cross at the end of it; a veil of lawn was fastened to her caul, bowed out with wire, and edged round with bone lace; her gown was of black satin, pointed, with a train behind, and long sleeves to the ground, set with acorn buttons of jet, trimmed with pearl; and short sleeves of black cut satin, with a pair of purple gloves of whole velvet, underneath; her kirtle was wholly of figured black satin; her vest was unlaced in the back, of crimson satin, and its skirts of crimson velvet; her shoes were of Spanish leather, the rough side outward."

When Sir Thomas More, in denying the spiritual supremacy of King Henry VIII., incurred the royal displeasure, his wife, it is said, regretfully resigned her red velvet gown, which she had worn as the wife of the Lord Chancellor of England, and in which she had often welcomed the king to their home. The sage Sir Thomas comforted her with the reminder—"The verdure of the fields, the foliage of the trees, and the wildest blossom, put to shame the hues of the richest robes; the stars of the firmament outshine the most splendid jewels. Trust the God who made them all."

Among the revels at Kenilworth, in honor of Queen Elizabeth's visit, was a "merrie jest in imitation of a country bridal," chronicled by Laneham: "There were sixteen wights, riding men and well beseen; the bridegroom in his father's tawny worsted jacket, a straw hat with a capital crown, steeplewise on his head; a pair of harvest gloves on his hands, as a sign of good husbandry; a pen and ink-horn at his back, for he would be known to be bookish; well-beloved of his mother who lent him a muffler for a napkin, that was tied to his girdle for fear of losing it. It was no small sport to mark this minion in his full appointment, that, through good tuition, became as formal in his action as had he been a bridegroom indeed. The morris dancers followed with maid Marian, and the fool; bridesmaids as bright as a breast of bacon, of thirty years old apiece; a freckle-faced red-headed lubber, with the bride cup; the worshipful bride, thirty-five years old, of color brown bay, not very beautiful indeed, but ugly, foul, and ill-favored; and lastly many other damsels for bridesmaids, that for favor, attire, for fashion and cleanliness were as meet for such a bride as a tureen ladle for a porridge pot."

Of the fashions that pertain to the seventeenth century—the Stuart period—we are told: "The Cavalier and the Roundhead present a striking contrast in their dress and habits. Bright colors, profuse ornament, and graceful style, marked the costume of the Cavalier. His richly-laced cloak, over which lay an embroidered collar, his broad-leafed hat of beaver with its tall white plume, his

silken doublet of the Vandyke pattern, his flowing love-locks, gilt spurs, and slashed boots, made up a figure the most picturesque in our history. The Puritan Roundhead wore a cloak of sad-colored brown or black, a plain collar of linen laid carelessly down on the plaited cloth, and a hat with a high steeple-shaped crown over his closely clipt, or lank, straight hair."

The latter long-faced worthies must have made the subject of dress very interesting for their women folk,—especially those of loyal, royal sympathies, such as Cromwell's wife and daughters! Many a heartache went with the dainty, forbidden finery, ere woman's genius evolved the simple, graceful guise of the Puritan "Priscilla."

"From the days of Queen Anne until after the accession of George III., the gentlemen wore coats of silk or velvet with broad stiffened skirts, long waistcoats with flaps reaching over the leg half way to the knee, three-cornered cocked hats, knee breeches and high-heeled shoes with buckles sometimes sparkling with diamonds, but oftener with stones of paste. Both sexes wore powder in their hair. The most remarkable part of the ladies' costume was the hoop, an article of dress which needs no description in our day. A curious custom was that of spotting the face over with patches of black plaster: in the 'Citizen of the World,' Goldsmith's Chinaman speaks of sending to his friend a map of an English face, patched according to the fashion.

These "patches" seem to have exhausted human ingenuity; succeeding fashions seem but to be the old ones coming and going in a circle.

Our beloved Queen Alexandra, at the famous "Devonshire" ball, showed a preference among costumes, by affecting that of Marguerite of Valois, first queen of Henry IV. of France: The "Elizabethan" collar, sleeves in series of puffs, and shoulder train, we would pronounce quite modern.

By the way, although our Queen looks lovely in anything, it seems a pity that she hides her beautiful forehead behind unacceptable frizzes; this mode of wearing the hair, and loyally copied by them, is positively disfiguring to her plain daughters.

Familiar to many is the picture of the beautiful Alexandra taken with the Prince at the time of their marriage: her lovely hair is parted in the middle of her fine forehead and drawn gently back, giving a charming grace of expression, which extends even to the embroidered sacque, and ample, crinolined gown.

King Edward VII. is said to be the most tastefully-dressed gentleman in the Empire; this is rather difficult to understand, for the present fashion of men's dress allows and describes but the hideous "five cylinders"! The hard, glaringly-starched, ghastly shirt-bosom, completes the ugliest costume ever worn since the loss of paradise!

At the last session of the "National Council of Women of Canada," one of the brightest and most intellectual delegates, a leading officer, and acknowledged artist in "sketching," voiced her impatience with the never-ceasing change of fashions in women's dress. Her plea was—"Could we not have something permanent, following the prevailing modes in artistic lines, and of material rich as the wearer might prefer; but upon the adopting of which, we might for a couple of years at least,—rest from our labors?"

After the meeting, the speaker was sought out by another delegate quite in sympathy with her suggestions; upon a reiteration of her remarks, the speaker added—"Our grandmothers were not forever changing fashions; they wore gowns of good material, and their 'brocades' have come down to us beautiful as ever." Just here, a delegate who had been absent from the meeting, broke in with "Brocades? Oh, how lovely! I have always wanted a brocaded silk gown!" ! ! Imagine the discomfiture and hopelessness that took possession of the artist face!

Whether we clothe in the royal purple of Herod, or in the humble fabrics of the Immaculate Mother,—He who wore the poor swaddling clothes of Bethlehem has in His boundless love, given to one and all of us the privilege of singing:

"I have food with which the angels
Would all delighted be;
And robes of dazzling brightness
Are now awaiting me."

IDRIS.

One of the rarest qualities in human nature is justice in judging character. We take snapshots of criticism and we think we are clever; we develop quickness in discovering evil motives, and flatter ourselves that we know the world. No one can ever read character aright unless she has sympathy and charity—the vital elements of justice.



THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Immaculata.

Could she, that Destined One, could she
On whom His gaze was fixed for aye
Transgress like Eve,—partake that Tree,—
In turn the serpent's dupe and prey?

Had He no Pythian shaft that hour,
Her Son, her God, to pierce the foe
That strove her greatness to devour,
Eclipse her glories? Deem not so!

O Mary! in that First Decree
He saw the assailer, sent the aid;
Filial it was, His love for thee
Ere thou wert born; ere worlds were made.

One Innocence on earth remained
By grace divine, not nature's worth,
And welcomed—thro' His Blood unstained—
Redeeming Sanctity to earth.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Winter Reveries.

WINTER is here—the days of feathery whiteness when the cold Northwest comes sweeping down the valleys, robing the pines in lustrous pearl, and far and wide scattering on the hillsides glittering snow-diamonds—the confetti of the gods.

Winter is here—for the leaves lie dead. It is the same forest road we are treading and where once oddly-shaped mounds of snow called forth exclamations of delight, now it is a pleasure redoubled, for we see Winter's king tenderly blanketing the ferns and wild woodbine and powdering the cedars with glistening frost.

Winter is here—go not with bowed head and crouching form but look up into the sky and see the halo of lingering autumnal light. Fair Wisconsin, as I gaze into the stirred sea of restless red gold waves I cannot help wondering if the same sunset is smiling on you. The magnificent coloring! See how the golden red blends itself into a celestial scarlet and purple and seems to move with something of an ethereal spirit from the pink and lavender to a heavenly blue, in the midst of which hangs the crescent moon of silver. If this be earth, what must be Heaven! But why enumerate His goodness? Come and behold with your own eyes—the majestic pines heavy with clusterings of white, the entwining river that forms a dazzling diadem against the banks of balsam and evergreen, the crystal lake in the heart of the hemlocks!

The white-breasted winter birds scatter at the drumming beat of a neighboring partridge in flight, and the woods seem fairly alive with squirrels and porcupines. Across a shallow stream the busy beaver has piled his strips of bark, while the native badger peers from out his hollow stumps in curious impudence. Perhaps we may be so fortunate as to get a glimpse of a magnificent buck, as he stands palely outlined against the deep shadow, half in fear, half in defiance—how he holds his proud, antlered head!

The marsh stretches before us in tumbled whiteness, the fireflies no longer flit over it, and, although apparently devoid of living things, its shelter is the haven for the summer woodsnake, the turtle and the frog. The cranberry bush and the wild arrowroot have blossomed and died and the tireless knock of the woodpecker no longer disturbs the air with its echo.

Where are our friends, the little prairie blue stem, the wild iris and the meadow marguerite? Over the snow wastes a few dainty birches rear their heads, and amongst the larches and saplings of hazelwood a timid rabbit ventures. Such is winter in the forest where Nature's heart seems pulseless and yet is throbbing below with a teeming world of animal life.

Come for a few moments out of the shadow of the pines and may we be pardoned for intruding upon the family circle of the humble cottager, where, gathered around the old fireplace, enchanting Memory tempts us to again listen to the sweet strains of "Annie Laurie" and "Home, Sweet Home."

Christmas is here and causing the world to be happy; we are doubly so, for we can enjoy the real Christmas in these years. Before the thought of pleasure, comes the thought of praise and thanksgiving we owe to our kind Father, and, as we feel the awesome magnificence of Christmas night, we gaze into the Heavens and the Eastern star seems to lead us to Bethlehem to worship the Holy Babe, while the immense domain of the Winter king tells of an Awful Purity above!

LOLA A. BEERS.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
By the Students of Loretto Convent,
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

MAUD MERLE, ESTELLE FORRESTEL,
BERTHA HENRY, GLADYS WEST,
BEATRICE BECK, ROSE McCORMICK.

Subscription price, $1.00 per year, in advance. Address all communications to

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

JANUARY, 1905.

The closing hours of the departing year are suggestive of thoughtful retrospection. What memories linger in the music of the swinging bells in countless steeples as they sadly sigh out the Old, and merrily ring in the New Year, waking the echoes of the half-forgotten past and stirring the soul with recollections of the days that are no more. How many, alas, as they listen to the chiming of these monitors of passing time, escape the sad retrospect of ruined plans and shattered dreams. How many have found fortune fickle, ambition ashen, friends false, and even love cold! For too many the New Year's bells, with their riotous music and exultant melody, awaken recollections only of lost opportunities, unfulfilled ideals, and aspirations now forever cold in the tomb of wasted days.

Oh, little year,—faint atom in God's sight,—how much of hope and aspiration, how much of misery and despair, how much of changing and unchanging fate, is bound within the compass of the swift-flying hours! Thou hastenest to be numbered among the innumerable that have gone; but at thy setting shall arise the star of a new year sparkling with the rays of promise, though thou be darkling with yearning unsatisfied and hope unfulfilled.

"The Cambridge Loretto had a rare privilege, during the summer," writes our *Correspondent*, "tickets to attend the lectures given at the meeting of the British Association at the University. The utmost courtesy was shown to our Religious as well as to those of other Communities who were present. Father Cortie, S. J., the great astronomer, of Stonyhurst, was there, and visited 'The Elms'—our convent.

There was no end of savants and scientific men. Three thousand people flocked to the great seat of learning, hobnobbing with hoary sages, and enjoying the entertainments, garden parties, &c. The different Councils sent over one hundred teachers to attend lectures suited to them, for three weeks, and paid all their expenses, even the railroad fares."

*

From the new foundation in Madrid comes the cheering announcement—"The house is exceedingly pretty but rather small. We opened on the twenty-third of October with twelve boarders—and a promise of very many more—all daughters of the nobility. Arrangements have just been made for one of General Bourbon's daughters. The General is Duc d'Anjou. He calls himself King of France—but nobody else does. The family lives next to us. Our garden is not extensive, so every day, after dinner, the pupils go with a nun to one of the 'Paseos.' At that hour these places are very quiet, and all enjoy the walks.

The Provincial of the Jesuits, Father Pagasartemdua, and the ex-Provincial, Father Vigo, are exceedingly kind."

*

We have received from Benziger Bros., New York, "Moral Briefs," by Rev. John H. Stapleton, a book of ninety-nine chapters, which briefly deal in turn with the great bulk of practical opinions in dogma and morals to be answered in the conscience, in the house, in society, and in eternity at the tribunal of God. For those who would improve the opportunities of self-train-

ing, these *Briefs* furnish fine material unmixed with the preachy condescension or the cant and unreality so often found in books pretending to a like office as this well-printed volume.

The scope of the book is hinted at in the third chapter, entitled "Conscience," wherein the author instructs his coterie of disciples and enables them to answer every question aright. So well does he discharge this task that whoever masters the volume will have the light to answer, yes, to what is lawful, and, no, to what is wrong. In the words of the author, his conscience will re-echo with promptness and unfailing accuracy the decrees of the law of God.

Nor will his service be aught but rational; for the writer, true to the promise set forth in his subtitle, reasons with his disciples as he moves along, never forgetting that it is incumbent upon him to elucidate and give the why and the wherefore and the whereunto of all he inculcates. He mounts the rostrum gracefully, modestly, yet he always teaches as one having authority and delivers his message as one sure of his ground and conscious of the absolute truth of his doctrines and principles.

This book tells us what we have to do in order to live in harmony with the divine will. Wherefore, after giving due cognizance of God's law, and its binding force, the author considers immediately the breach of the law. As a wise doctor, he points out the usual evils and passions which lead the soul to rebel against the decrees of heaven. Dealing briefly with the seven furies which conspire to place man in opposition to God's will, the writer passes to a consideration of the Commandments, treating luminously and trenchantly the great questions which cluster around this divine summary of the law.

In this volume of little more than three hundred pages, we have an excellent and unique handbook of morals. Nowhere else in the English language are these great and vital questions treated so briefly and so readably, without any technicalities or superfluous matter whatever. "Moral Briefs" should find a place in every home.

"The Rosary—Scenes and Thoughts," by Rev. F. P. Garesché, S. J., published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

In this little book the great Jesuit missionary offers us food for thought on each decade of the Rosary, "meditation in which consists the real spirit and sweetness of the devotion; thoughts arising like a song to which the prayers are the accompaniment, the sustaining and harmonizing chords."

Just to say that Father Garesché furnishes food for meditation will be sufficient to thousands of readers who remember him as one of the most engaging of speakers—never dry nor dull even on the most abstruse subjects, but especially irresistible when the great Mother of God—and of men—is his theme.

*

"The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary," by Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D., published by Benziger Bros.

It is the purpose of this little book to add one more voice to the choruses that are singing the praises of Mary Immaculate. In its pages is briefly shown how the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was foreshowed in the Old Testament; how it was believed and held by the common consent of Christians in the early ages of the Church as something necessarily supposed by Mary's preëminent dignity; how it was referred to, though in vague terms, by early writers and preachers, how a feast was at length instituted in its honor, and how from that time it first entered into the domain of theological discussion. Not the least interesting chapter of the book will be that which treats of devotion to Mary Immaculate in the New World, from the days of Columbus to our own times.

*

"The Way That Led Beyond," by J. Harrison (Benziger Bros.). Those who have read the author's first book will, we are sure, warmly welcome this new story. There is the same truth, the same fidelity to high ideals, as in "Kind

Hearts and Coronets." One is better for reading it. The very fact that the characters are so living seems to imply that similar problems may arise in the world we know. It is well to have the question of right and wrong so presented as to make one enjoy the consideration of it—to make us despise the wrong and exult in the right.

The plot of this story is forceful, eventful, dramatic. One scarcely knows what will be the end, and then the unexpected happens in the most natural manner.

From Xaviera Pomeroy's first entrance on the scene, through all her temptations and struggles, exasperated as one may be at times with her coldness and repression, one is conscious of a keen sympathy. Perhaps this is the secret of this author's success—the placing of the reader from the outset in sympathy with the character portrayed. Coming from a world where she has known triumphs as well as heartburnings, Xaviera seeks to hide herself with her own relatives; to seek the protection they can give her, and to make up to them, if possible, for a past that has been shadowed by disappointment.

All the problems she had to face follow her to this quiet mountain home, where it is impossible for her to get away from them. She has fled from temptation to find that here she must "make with temptation issue." How she battles, and how she conquers, let the story tell.

*

Benziger's *Catholic Home Annual* for 1905, with its wealth of illustrations, sprightly stories, interesting special articles, and reliable calendars, is a joy to the eye and quite up to the standard of excellence that has always characterized its pages. The firm hold it has had for the past twenty-two years in the homes of the people, is an assurance of its worth.

*

Every child should have a copy of Benziger's *Young Folks' Annual* for 1905. It is unusually good. Its bright and interesting stories and pleasing pictures will be welcomed, we are sure, by the many boys and girls who eagerly look for its appearance.

*

"The Ruler of the Kingdom," by Grace Keon, published by Benziger Bros., is one of the most readable of short stories.

About three years ago this author's writings began to be noticed in the leading Catholic journals, and since then her stories have appeared regularly every month.

The art of short-story writing is at once the most difficult and the most enjoyable feature of fiction to-day. To be able to write a good short story is to have reached the apex of imaginative art. To be able to attract, to interest, and to appeal to all that is highest in heart and mind, to tell home truths winningly, to move to tears or laughter at will, to touch the heights of high ambitions, and to lead from the depths of despondency into the clearness of a perfect sympathy with an all-wise Providence—to do all this, or one of these, in the compass of a short story, is to prove there is truth in the saying that to him who understands the art of fiction there is no phase of life hidden, since he can delve into what phase of life he will.

One will always read good short stories—but they must be *good,* is the dictum of the reading public. All that can be said in the praise of short stories, can be said of "The Ruler of the Kingdom." Of the fourteen stories which are gathered in this book there is not one which will not impress strangely, even in this day of demand for strong and clever short-story writing. No sooner is the first story finished—and when each comes to a close, there is the sensation of regret on the part of the reader—than one can begin again and feel in sympathy with the next, be interested at once, to the very end. All those things that make a difficult art are here: attraction, interest, pathos, dramatic fire, descriptive power, vivid language—and always honesty of purpose and true Catholic faith.

"Shadows Lifted," by Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J., published by Benziger Bros.

This new book by Father Copus approaches more nearly to a novel than either of his published works, and yet, at the same time, it is a thoroughly interesting college story, dealing with many of the characters which have already appeared in "St. Cuthbert's."

Partly a college and partly a family, or home, story, the book possesses a double interest, and certainly the family history will prove thrillingly interesting, relating, as it does, some weird and wonderful circumstances. It is safe to predict that "Shadows Lifted" will acquire a large share of popularity, and it is doubtful if the facile pen of the author will ever produce anything better.

*

On the twenty-ninth of November, the Death Angel culled one of the fairest flowers that ever bloomed in Loretto's garden—Marie Speranza Ford, in religion Sr. Anna, O. S. F. Dear little "Pansy," as she is affectionately spoken of at Loretto, died at the American Provincial House of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, at Hartwell, Ohio. During her brief life, even in the world, the poverty and simplicity, taught by St. Francis of Assisi, had a great attraction for her. "The riches of poverty"—of detachment from worldly possessions—was a favorite motto of hers, and when nearly three years ago she chose her place for life in the ranks of the humble, useful Congregation of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, no one among her friends was surprised. Her three years' probation was not quite finished, but she was allowed the great privilege of making her profession on her death-bed, and died happily with her bridal wreath still fresh on her brow, on the feast so dear to Franciscans—the day dedicated to all the saints of the Franciscan Order. Many martyrs, popes, kings, queens, great artists and scientists are included by name in this list of Franciscan Saints.

Although born in this country, "Pansy" was passionately and intelligently devoted to Ireland, knew the history of her many struggles for freedom of faith and of flag; and when she was leaving the world for the convent, her daily-used Litany of St. Patrick for Ireland's freedom, was one of her bequests to a loved friend.

Of her life in the Community her friends only know from mention in her letters of her great joy at brief periods of hospital work in Covington and Cincinnati, and at being allowed to play the organ for Mass and Vespers. With the true humility of St. Francis, the Sisters furnish no records, except that she faced death joyously, even impatiently, as the consecrated bride of Jesus Christ should. She sleeps in the holy habit of St. Francis in the little cemetery at Hartwell. May she rest in peace, and may her memory help us to remember that sweet and light is the yoke of Christ.

*

As we go to press, the sad announcement of the death of Mrs. Walter M. Lee—née Elizabeth Rauber—reaches us.

Never was pupil better loved at Loretto than the dear Elizabeth, whom it has pleased our divine Lord to call to Himself in the flower of her young womanhood—only three short years ago she was married in the church from which her burial took place, on the third of December.

During the impressive funeral services, held in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. R. O'Brien eloquently eulogized the beautiful life and many virtues of the deceased—a blessed assurance of future immortality, for she died in the full, serene faith and hope of a Christian, having received the Viaticum shortly before her departure.

"Mrs. Lee," says the Wellsville *Reporter*, "was a beautiful character. Of her the poet Halleck's words were true—none knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise. She was bright, sincere, amiable and unselfish. She filled with unexceptionable fidelity and sweetness the spheres of life of a daughter and of a wife.

Having so well passed through the experiences of life which were allotted her, we have reason to hope that she is in the abode of peace and light, that blessed home which Christ has prepared for His saints."

To her sorrowing and bereaved husband, mother and sisters, we beg to tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

The Eve of Mary.

Sing out, and with rejoicing bring
Shepherds and neatherds to their King—
  Their King who lies in stable-stall,
With straw for all His plenishing;
  Who in His hands most weak and small
  Doth hold the earth and heavens all:
Sing loud, the Eve of Mary!

Bring in the soft ewes and their rams,
And bring the little crying lambs;
  This stable's wide enough for all.
Bring hither all the bleating dams,
  And bid them crouch around the stall,
  And watch the wonders that befall
Earth, on the Eve of Mary.

This mother-maid with drooping head
Hath but a straw-heap to her bed;
  Yet, did she list, would angels come
And make a palace of her shed.
  With myrrh and music bring Him home—
  'Mid these glad mouths the one mouth dumb—
Here, on the Eve of Mary.

But rather would she lie below
Thatched roof, and hear the north wind blow,
  And pattering footsteps of the rain.
Aye, rather would she play her throe
  And take her joy; to quit all pain
  His lips are on her breast again—
Sing low, the Eve of Mary!

Sing low, indeed; and softly bleat,
You lambling ewes, about her feet,
  Lest ye should wake the Child from sleep.
No other hour so still and sweet
  Shall fall for Mary's heart to keep,
  Until her death-hour on her creep—
Sing soft, the Eve of Mary!

NORA HOPPER.

Mr. Rummell's Recital.

VARIETY is not only the "spice of life," it is also one of the chief elements that contribute to our enjoyment of art. The greater the consistent variety in a work of art, therefore, the longer and more fully will it hold the interest of those who contemplate it. An artist's standing, also, is largely to be judged by the variety of subjects he treats, or the variety of methods of which he is master. Beautiful as is Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," for example, it added nothing to his fame when it appeared, for in it he had revealed no mastery of poetic technique, no grasp of human life that he had not already shown in his earlier work. His fame *was* increased, however, and his rank as a poet advanced by subsequent works, for in these he gave evidence of powers that he had not manifested before. In forming one's estimate of an artist, therefore, it is necessary to study the whole of his work, to know the full range of his sympathies, the full sweep of his technical achievements.

On Monday afternoon, December 5th., we had an opportunity to learn more of the art of Mr. John Rummell of Buffalo, already well known to us as an interpreter of Shakespeare. On this occasion he recited a number of pieces taken from different authors, and proved to us conclusively that we had not yet found his limitations. He had several surprises in store for us, and disclosed powers of which we did not yet know him to be the fortunate possessor.

Mr. Rummell began his program with a beautiful poem entitled, "The Soldier and the Pard," by Bayard Taylor. The story is given in the words of the soldier himself, and this imposes upon the reciter the task of impersonating the narrator, and making the blank verse seem like impromptu human speech. In this Mr. Rummell succeeded admirably. Never once was the literary form of the poem forced upon the attention of his audience. Instead, we were made to feel the presence of the soldier, and to follow him through his romantic experiences with the beautiful pard in the African desert. Very vivid were the pictures presented to the imagination. The little grove of date-trees clustering about the spring of fresh water in the midst of the burning sand; the creamy white pard with her tawny-spotted fell; the glowing sunset, midnight in the desert, the morning sunrise lighting up the

sandy waste; the playful sporting of the pard, who so deeply loved her human friend,—these and many other pictures passed before the mind's eye as the speaker proceeded, holding the attention of his hearers at every point, and making them forget their actual surroundings in the complete realization of the scenes presented. It was with almost breathless anxiety that we followed the story as it approached its tragic climax. The soldier's horror and grief upon having, in his unjustified suspicion, slain the noble pard, and his utter desolation of heart as he mourned the loss of his affectionate companion, were expressed with the same manly sincerity and power that Mr. Rummell has so often shown us in his rendering of the strong emotions in the great tragedies of Shakespeare.

Of a totally different nature was the poem that followed. In this, "The Cataract of Lodore," by Robert Southey, he revealed to us what can be done by the human voice in interpreting the rush and roar of a waterfall. What most of us would have read as a mere string of words was made by the reciter fairly to quiver and dance with life, to call up pictures of a swirling, tumbling stream of water, and to suggest the wild madcap music of its many varied sounds to the ear.

We had heard Mr. Rummell frequently at Loretto before this occasion, but always in some play of Shakespeare. We therefore knew how effectively he interprets the tragic, the pathetic, the heroic, and the comic passages in literature, but we had yet to learn of his mastery of the various dialects. In his next selection, "Brother Anderson's Sermon," by Thomas K. Beecher, he gave us an excellent impersonation of a colored preacher, the dialect, the voice, the facial expression, the manner being all perfect, and manifesting a close study of the characteristics of the negro race, as well as exceptional cleverness in reproducing their peculiarities of speech and action. The quiet humor of the story was also carefully brought out, and fully appreciated by his audience.

A still more striking proof of Mr. Rummell's skill in assuming the speech habits of other races was his rendering of La Fontaine's fable, "Le chêne et le Roseau." Having given an outline of the story in English, he proceeded to recite the exquisite little poem with the true Parisian accent and the dramatic spirit in which it would be sure to be read by any cultured Frenchman. In the preceding selection, he eliminated the r's in the regular negro fashion. In this, he gave the rich guttural r of the Parisian, so difficult for most Americans to acquire, while every one of the distinctively French vowels was formed in the most perfect manner, and the peculiar inflections and intonations of the language so well managed as to indicate close and careful study of what has been pronounced the most beautiful and refined of all the modern tongues.

In an English version of a poem entitled, "The Benediction," by François Coppée, Mr. Rummell again gave us a series of vivid mind pictures, and held us spell-bound with the thrilling story.

Then he gave us another character study in "The Minister's Housekeeper," by Harriet Beecher Stowe. In his impersonation of Sam Lawson, he presented the typical "down East" Yankee, reproducing the nasal twang and the peculiar dialect of his class. This story introduces a number of different Yankee characters, besides the learned Doctor of Divinity and his clever young housekeeper Huldy. But as they are all presented by the uneducated Sam Lawson, they are all made to speak his dialect. The reciter showed, however, how Sam entered into the spirit of each, even of the learned Doctor, and had the inborn gift of presenting well-differentiated impersonations of them, even while he could not in the case of the minister reproduce his cultured accent. The rich humor of the story was evidently enjoyed by the reciter as he proceeded, and his enjoyment was fully shared by his delighted auditors.

The finest of the serious pieces that Mr. Rummell presented to us on this occasion was Charles Dudley Warner's "A-Hunting of the Deer." The beautiful pictures of wood and meadow, brook and ravine, mountain and valley, lake and village, of the motherly doe and her pretty, affectionate fawn; the tender pathos of the story, its fine climaxes and tragic close, were all handled with the utmost skill by the reciter, and with a nice appreciation of the artistic value of each. One excellence that is always apparent in Mr. Rummell's work was especially marked in this selection, namely, the beauty and variety of his tone-color. Every contrast in the thought and sentiment of the piece, and they are numerous and of many kinds and degrees, was rightly and effectively shown in the quality of the voice. Now the tones were tender and caressing, now sparkling and crisp, now hushed and awed, now round and full and resonant, now harsh and ex-

cited, now plaintive and appealing, now elastic and triumphant, now cold and cruel, now breathy and full of fear, now stern and full of rebuke, now sarcastic and cutting, now mournful and despairing, ever and always interpreting the exact shade of thought, the exact mood of the narrator, or of the lovable creature who is made the unfortunate heroine of his story. It is in such work, especially, that Mr. Rummell shows how closely and minutely he analyzes his author's text, and how capable is the voice with which he interprets it. Those who were already familiar with the story could not but have received a more exalted conception of its beauty and meaning, and upon those to whom it was new it must certainly have left a deep and lasting impression.

Still another dialect did Mr. Rummell show his mastery of when he recited "Father Phil's Collection," by Samuel Lover. The rich Irish brogue rolled from his tongue with delightful ease and fluency, and the manner of the priest, as he lectured and scolded and bantered his congregation in turn was admirably sustained. The reading of the names of the subscription list was quaint and amusing in the highest degree. At every point the humor was fully brought out, and evoked many a hearty laugh from the audience. Each of the different characters in the story had his own voice and individuality, even though he spoke only a sentence or two. On the whole, this piece gave Mr. Rummell his best opportunity to show his power as a humorist, and, like an accomplished artist, he made the most of it. The pathos of the concluding paragraphs was given in fine contrast to the humor that preceded, and the beautiful lesson of the story, therefore, could not but be impressed deeply on everyone who heard it.

Mr. Rummell concluded his program with "The Notary of Périgueux," a humorous story from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's book of sketches in prose, entitled "Outre-Mer." The several climaxes were very skilfully handled and promptly followed by a burst of laughter from the audience. The "point" of the story was most carefully worked up. At the conclusion, the amusing explanation of the mystery was so readily apprehended that the reciter's last words were uttered to the accompaniment of a merry ripple of laughter that grew louder and heartier as he finished, and must have told him, no less than the applause that followed, how thorough had been the enjoyment and appreciation of his varied program, and of the remarkable versatility he displayed as he rendered it.

BERTHA HENRY.

"To Wish You Well."

The blessed Xmas time
E'er cometh well;
And hearts and bells achime
Ring to its spell!

Of long, long years ago,
—All else forgot—
One message lives aglow,
And dieth not;

Borne by a tiny card,
Whose space affords
The gems in mem'ry's guard,
—Four little words:

In innermost retreat,
Heart depths may tell
Of little legend sweet—
"To wish you well."

That still it warms my breast
Why should you know?
—All peacefully you rest
'Neath purest snow.

While of the Child divine
The angels tell,
I lift this heart of mine
"To wish you well"!

IDRIS.

The Mystic.

IN the study of Literature, as in the systematic treatment of any subject which we resolve to conquer, have we found it most profitable to classify distinguished men of letters, their characteristics admitting of great individuality and diversity of views.

Our present endeavor shall be to delineate the Mystic in all his undefinable rites of spell and charm, and to attain this end, we shall weigh all evidences, favorable and unfavorable, then strive to justly balance and decide whether he be worthy of praise or blame.

Sanctioned by the approbation of the leaders in the critical world, Browning has for many years



"And Angels Taught Him."

retained the appellation of a decidedly obscure poet. In his poem "Sordello," Tennyson, it is said, found but two intelligible lines, the first and last:

"Who will may hear Sordello's story told—
"Who would has heard Sordello's story told."

Mrs. Browning, whose sweet, slender face graces many a poetic group, is likewise accused of a vein of obscurity underlying her works, but not nearly akin to the fathomless depths of her husband's mysticism. Although even in this slight degree, we can excuse it on her part, readily assuming that it existed through the happy union of thought.

Another type of pronounced mysticism is found in Sir Edwin Arnold, author of the popular "Light of Asia." As for this work, the very subject, the handling of Oriental rites and occult paganisms, seems to us to be above the intuition of other than an adept in their ceremonies, brought up under all careful superstitions of caste. Thus how natural their impossible lucid portrayal when in the artist clearness of vision is lacking!

But despite all this we find that which is farthest from obscurity and nearest The Light, most beautifully expressed in the lines:

"Ye are not bound. The soul of Things is sweet;
The Heart of Being is celestial rest:
Stronger than Woe is Will; that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best."

Another well-known instance is Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," truly spoken of as a "melody, strange and unearthly," beyond equal in the characteristic weirdness of its chanting metre.

Thomas Moore in his fantastic "Lalla Rookh" handles a subject greatly akin to the "Light of Asia" as respects the treatment of Eastern theories. A perusal of this poem, in its resemblance to some glittering, sun-kissed stream, is as enthralling as the passing of any train of the resplendent Oriental pageantry which is made a feature of the work itself. Though aside from these, the author had to contend with the same difficulties under question and naturally attendant upon such a strictly foreign theme.

But what does a world of acquiescent readers think, could excel in this "strange, outlandish imagery," or in the least sense liken to the exquisite little "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam so ably translated by Edward Fitzgerald?

This poem may be regarded as a natural expression of the life and delicate sensibilities of this dreamy, dark-eyed people, for whom, with its lore of magic wonders, its ingenuity of old-time prophecy, and ominous happenings so characteristic of the "story-loving East," Nature is a fabulous object, peopled with the deities whose sway over all the workings of fate conjure up for their high, poetic temperament such wealth of imagination as characterized the "Rubaiyat," in its own words:

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

Thus is their warm, southern soul wed to such Elysian fancies. It is a beautiful thing to notice in Omar Khayyam his numbering of the seasons as determined by the sound of the nightingale's appearance or the first blowing of the rose, and moreover, from a critical point of view all this panorama of loveliness ascribed to an indefinite, all-seeing "One" the "Invisible," the "Voice," "Fate," which fact determines the truth of the extracted verse:

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went."

But to find "good in everything," an instance in the course of the poem lately designated by Carlyle as the "Pot Theism," or Pot and Potter, bears in the opinion of other than theologians, good resemblance in all these its pagan features to the more spiritual dogma of Man and Maker. Could a ray of Christian enlightenment, divinely sent, have pierced that poet's brain as he modelled his theory, or could he have spoken from the heart when he wrote—

"Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in men's eye much wrong:
Have drown'd my Honour in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a song."

For does not our Revealed Book tell us "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour."

"I often wonder what the vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell."

It is true that, among the ancients, chosen men, guided by divine inspiration, have renounced all kindred affections to become hermits of austere life and practices. But nowhere in the dissolution that so plainly marked the decay of early Eastern empires do we imagine a contradiction to the theory of "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

To dwell upon the exquisite loveliness in its enumerated expressions, and the profusion of beauty scattered throughout this poem requires the touch of worthier pen than mine.

To conclude, we cannot pass over the almost Christian sentiments:

"The worldly Hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

Thus in Fitzgerald's transfusion of this musical verse into English, its flowers of thought are not made exotics, but, to carry out the figure, have become "open Sesame," adapted to bring forth good fruit in the productive soil of cultivated minds—

"This is the meaning of this mystery,
Which to know wholly ponder in thy heart,
Till all its ancient Secret be enlarged
Enough—the written Summary I close,
And set my Seal—*The Truth God Only Knows.*"

This kind of writer we think professes no immediate dogma nor article of Faith but we can attribute transgressions against rules of clearness to many causes. We find it violated most frequently by poets, whose license in diversification of figures lends a garb of word-coloring perhaps too rich and massy for the slight thought it clothes. Obsolete idiom, inexactness of details and similar minutiae are all inimical to the lucid element in writing. The main cause seems the attempt to bring the hidden knowledge of some veiled mystery within the comprehension of our little minds."

Dr. Lewes, in his "Success in Literature," says one must once have seen and felt that object of which he writes, although he does not disregard imagination mixed with memory. Symmetry of sentence-structure, a well-ordered mind, knowledge of subject and avoidance of word-trumpery—all tend to a lucid expression of the author's thoughts.

But not to criticize too severely, we can see where the use of new words or allusions would be so much meaningless matter to unlettered people, who, because the expressions used do not strike their ears as household words, are beyond the weighty matter of the subject. Moreover, we do not always know what old object of affection he is idealizing and holding too sacred to be bandied about by irreverent tongues, though but remotely connected with his external life.

So if we are not able to divine his meaning and what seems prosaic to us in his ecstatic transports, we must sometimes humbly acknowledge that:—

"The fault is in ourselves that we are underlings."

As to the effect produced by obscure meanings on our doubtful decisions, the author must bear in mind that his writings are the medium between himself and an expectant world and may inculcate far different theories from those he entertained and did not insinuate clearly by his cumbrously-moulded thought. So, while we do not deny the art of many prettily-said things, we see the room which can be left by faulty lines for misinterpretation.

Does one side of the scales seem to out-balance the other, and unfavorably? No, we answer; it is not such a detrimental element to the mystics' niche in the temple of Fame, for as students we seek the new and unexplored; for us the revealed depths of many a poet's so-called mysticism show hidden pearls of the ocean-cave, which would stand obdurately in the way of less reflective minds.

KATE SHIRLEY.

The First Snow.

Like snowflakes fall Thy mercies, dearest Lord,
Soft in the morning and the evening light;
And may our hearts, like the awaiting sward,
Lie on Thy august footstool, pure and white!

And may their whiteness know no touch of hate,
No blot of malice or uncharity!
May they reflect that Heart immaculate
Which, of all hearts, is nearest unto Thee!

L. M.

Strength for the Day.

Strength for the day! At early dawn I stand,
Helpless and weak, and with unrested eyes,
Watching for day. Before its portal lies
A low, black cloud—a heavy iron band.
Slowly the mist is lifted from the land,
And pearl and amber gleam across the skies,
Gladdening my upward gaze with sweet surprise.

I own the sign; I know that He whose hand
Had fringed these sombre clouds with ruby ray,
And changed that iron bar to molten gold,
Will to my wandering steps be Guide and Stay,
Breathe o'er my wavering heart His rest for aye,
And give my waiting, folding palms to hold
His blessed morning boon—strength for the day!

RACHEL ALSOP.

To Helen Butler Langmuir, on her First Communion Day.

Sweet Child and blest! we come with rev'rent tread,
Into His presence who thy feast hath spread,
His highest gift, here offer'd for thy sake;
Adoring angels wait, but may not take
This "meat indeed," which strengthens for the fray,
The burden and the heat that knows life's day!
Temptation's cruel league may be withstood
But by the Saviour's "Body and His Blood."
Oh! would, dear child, that they might share with thee
Foretaste of Heav'n, whose needs the direst be!
To witness here, both earth and skies find "good,"
Thy soul transfigur'd in its heavenly food!
See, drawn from far by ties of love and home,
Thy mother's mother to this banquet come!
Lo! choirs of angels part, and saintly train
—Who ask from time this priv'lege to retain—
Approach; by Canterbury's Martyr[1] led
To pour their blessings on thy little head:
While tow'rds him loving leans the gentle shade
Of pious Maud,[2] the faithful Syrian maid,
The Emir's daughter, who of old pull'd down
The Crescent for the Cross, in London Town.
O'er Islam's early charms the vict'ry won—
Her promise from just Heav'n of saintly son,
This Prince[3] who wag'd the warfare of the Cross
In England's Court and held its honors dross!
Approving Heav'n has ne'er to him denied
Who seeks it not, the claim to earthly pride:
Thus to the kin inheriting his name,[4]
Kind Providence vouchsaf'd a glorious fame.

* * * * *

Leave proud Kilkenny's[5] tow'rs and rev'rent come,—
Thy fam'ly glory's still the "Martyrdom"![6]
Here, best may be discern'd, O! little child,—
The worlding's heights too oft by sin defil'd:
Beware his[7] weakness, who for earthly line
Could loyalty to Heaven's King resign.
Be true to blood that in thy veins has met
Of Becket, Butler, and Plantagenet![8]
Heaven's earnest sweet thy reason's dawn affords,
May all thy days but know thee as the Lord's:
In life's review may path thy feet have trod
Show straight and upward to the throne of God!

IDRIS.

1. St. Thomas Becket, son of Gilbert Becket the Crusader, and a Moslem Emir's daughter.

2. The Syrian Emir's daughter before her marriage to Gilbert Becket became a Christian and was baptized "Maud."

3. Before the birth of her son she had a dream or vision of the purple robe enveloping her infant, which he afterwards wore as "Prince" of the Church

4. The Archbishop had two sisters, "Mary" and "Agnes," one of whom married Theobald, Chief "Butler" of Ireland, hence the family name. The Butlers have been Earls of Carrick and Ossory, and Marquesses and Dukes of Ormond.

5. Kilkenny Castle, the great stronghold of the Butlers.

6. "Martyrdom" is the name given to the spot in Canterbury Cathedral where St Thomas Becket suffered martyrdom

7. Walter Butler, Earl of Carrick and Ossory, who because Sir Thomas Boleyn's mother was a "Butler," through family pride took sides in Ireland with the sanguinary party of her great-granddaughter, Queen Elizabeth, his kinswoman. After years he returned to the practice of his temporal and spiritual duties, but the Old Faith was lost to his children and the Butlers.

8. The contemporary Butler married a daughter of Edward III.

Stores of undigested facts are apt to sterilize the mental powers. Real growth only follows the quickening of thought germs, sown as often in the dark and in silence as amid the bustle and heat of the excited assembly.

Ruskin's Ideal Education for Girls.

AS "Star differs from Star in Glory," so our literary Luminaries possess varied refulgent powers, each destined to bring light to spheres and minds and moods so widely diversified, that there is scarcely a subject upon which the meditations of some brilliant intellect does not shed a radiance; but nearly all unite in making Education the subject of reflection. We are saved from being bewildered by the multitude of works on this important question by the sweet remembrance of the happy hours spent with our old and often-quoted friend, John Ruskin, in "Queen's Garden," and we know that we cannot review too often or instill into our hearts too deeply the truths he then taught, especially the ones relating to the Ideal Education for Girls.

Following his ideal in detail, we are immediately convinced of the wisdom of what Ruskin declares to be the first requisite in the Education which is, in conjunction with Time, to transform the maiden into the "Perfect woman nobly planned," the naïve girl into the majestic Queen, whose domains Love and Peace pervade. And this first essential is in Ruskin's own language "such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty. Quick as we are to agree with our present guide on the obviousness of this necessity, we are no longer easily convinced of the indispensability of his second, and no less important, demand to "make her happy, if we would make her lovely," for certainly we have all witnessed the irresistible charm of persons who seemed so perfectly happy themselves that it was impossible for them not to diffuse some of their superabundant joyousness about them. To strengthen his assertion, Ruskin further declares that "There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature, there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or effort, which will not be indelibly written on her features with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence and the charm from the brow of virtue."

Then when her health is insured, as far as care can insure it, and her life made as happy as "vital feelings of delight" can make it, comes the pleasant task of filling her mind "with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and its natural tact of love." In this, too, our ideas are in perfect harmony with Ruskin's and they continue to be attuned to his, while he as beautifully pictures the absolute necessity of girls being trained in habits of courtesy and having the very essence of hospitality instilled into their hearts. We cannot help appreciating the exquisite sentiments simply expressed. When he tells us "It is of no moment, as a mater of pride or perfection in herself, whether she knows many languages or one: but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger and understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue."

With the exception of theology, Ruskin believes "that a girl's education should be nearly, in its course and material of study, the same as a boy's, but quite differently directed." After the next statement, which unmistakably implies that the principal object a girl should have in studying is to be able to sympathize with her husband, our concurrence ceases, and some of us, who are even far from boasting of any "new-woman" ideas, are immediately on the defence. For some girls, and most likely for the English girls for whom the lecture was written, if their future spouses had been selected for them even before their education commenced, we can understand how an education with such an aim might be, not only practicable, but highly laudable; but for ourselves, for instance, such an object would prove decidedly detrimental. It would certainly be most ridiculous for a girl who is by no means sure whether she will ever have an opportunity to marry, or even whether she would care to take such advantage, if presented; to study with the purpose of sympathizing with her husband. It would seem far better for her to accustom herself to sympathizing with a larger sphere than the purely imaginary realm which may or may not materialize and claim her for its queen. But we must not wander into subjects, supposedly so far beyond our depths, as matrimonial prospects, so to return to another condition in which we *do* agree with Ruskin, we will accept the graceful compliment he pays to girlhood respecting Literature. After advising serious reading, our counselor says that a good girl may with every confidence of safety "be turned loose into the old library every wet day," and that she will know instinctively what books she should read and which are better left unread. In regard to Art, in this ideal education, girls' tastes should be formed by having the best models before them, that is, the "truest, simplest, usefullest."

"Not only in the material and in the course, but yet more earnestly in the spirit of it, let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's," is another of Ruskin's requests, and he makes us realize the justice of it when he pleads for an appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in us as are in our brothers, by deprecating the system of education in which "children's courage or sincerity would not be thought of half so much importance as their way of coming in at a door."

And, lastly, when, in addition to asking that we may enjoy the blessing of intercourse with nature, he implores for us "not only noble teachings, but noble *teachers*" he has *our unreserved* sympathy, and we congratulate ourselves on being educated *partly* according to Ruskin's *ideal* plan, and *wholly* on Loretto's *real* one.

KATHLEEN M. MARSHALL.

Spes Nostra.

No day is ended till its sun hath set,
Nor life completed till death's sombre gloom
Steals o'er its twilight, and the yawning tomb
Engulfs its sin and sorrow, toil and fret.
Who most has cause to mourn with vain regret
A guilty past, and dread eternal doom,
May if he will his future course illume
And reap the saints' rich, golden harvest yet.
For she, the Mother blest whom Jesus gave,
All potent advocate at Mercy's throne,
Lends willing ear when contrite sinners crave
The sweet compassion she has ever shown
To bruised reeds. Ah! who would not be brave
When Heaven's Queen doth make his cause her own?

A. B. D. N.

St. Catharine's Day—And a Silver Jubilee.

IN deference to the dear Jubilarian—Sr. Ildefonsa Mahoney—the festal celebration of the patroness of our literary aspirations and labors was anticipated on the 21st., and, in the added lustre of a silvery radiance, the festivities were exceptionally brilliant. There was no blare of trumpets to announce the event—not on history's page, nor on tablet or monument, is the unwritten heroism of these twenty-five years of labor and self-sacrifice, of faithful service and unremitting toil, to be found. To the Religious it is enough that God knows—enough that in eternity's imperishable record her name be placed. In solitude of soul Sr. Ildefonsa celebrated, during the early morning hours, the precious honor conferred upon her a quarter of a century ago, and, wandering back on the wings of memory over all the changeful scenes, poured out her heart in thankfulness and praise to God for the protection and manifold blessings he had vouchsafed to her during the course of those silver years.

The divine services were most inspiring. Especially appropriate were the festive "Jubilantes in Aeternum," rendered chorally by all the pupils, whose resonant voices rang out in unison with the spirit of the glad occasion, the "O Cor Amoris," by F. Lessmann, S. J., and the beautiful hymn, "Star Forever Fair," by L. Bonvin, S. J.

During the afternoon we were en fête, as was befitting the occasion, but the members of the Literary Circle, who were to give the Entertainment of the evening, were busy making preparations, so as to leave nothing undone that could tend to make the function a success.

Precisely at seven, the doors were thrown open and the audience gazed with mingled admiration and pleasure at the scene. The stage, brilliantly lighted, adorned with luxuriant ferns and exquisite flowers, interspersed with silver bells, formed an effective background for the radiant group of St. Catharine's girls who, in compliment to the loved Jubilarian, burst forth into the gladsome chorus, "Hail! Happy Day!" followed by a tribute to the scholar-saint of Alexandria, the teacher of proud philosophers on the banks of the old historic Nile. Lovers of elocution, as an art, had a delightful treat in this number, which gave ample scope to the elocutionary abilities of the fair interpreters, as was evidenced in pose and inflection, in every shade of pathos and variation of tone, on through the range of feeling that was called for by the selection.

Particularly well rendered were "Two Little Irish Songs," by Maud Merle, who was heartily encored. Then the sweet strains of Liszt's "Liebestraüme," played with much expression by our talented musician, Josephine Fleming, floated on the air; and a pretty *morceau* for violin and piano, delicate and tender, was a charming finale to the first part of the programme.

What shall I say of "The Duchess Transformed," that dainty bit of comedy—with such a

striking moral—that elicited peal after peal of laughter? Each of the characters evidenced the careful training of a skilled teacher, and each added to the pleasure of what proved a most enjoyable evening—a decided artistic triumph.

Mrs. Irving-Clark's violin playing was a revelation of how near instrumental music can attain to the definiteness of articulate speech in its unlettered expression of feeling. With a charming personality, Mrs. Irving-Clark combines a style and technique at once brilliant and attractive, marvellous execution, a soul for music, in fact, all the attributes necessary for complete success.

The day will long be remembered as a link binding the past, so full of happy memories, to the future, replete with golden promise. It will serve as an inspiration to seek the things that are above, as well as a realization of the happiness of those who have chosen the better part, and whose lives have borne fruit a hundredfold.

May the gleams and strains of this auspicious day be to dear Sr. Ildefonsa a foretaste of what is infinitely more desirable than all human commendation, the glory and joy of a perennial Jubilee, such as earth can never know, midst the sweet-voiced greetings and congratulations of the white-robed multitude that no man can number, and reaching its climax in that cadence—the sweetest that ever fell on listening ear—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

BEATRICE BECK.

PROGRAMME.

Hail! Happy Day!

Recitation—A Tribute to Saint Catharine from Four of Her Daughters.

MAUD MERLE, GLADYS WEST, ESTELLE FORRESTEL, AGNES MUDD.

Instrumental Solo—"Liebesträume" . . . *Liszt*
JOSEPHINE FLEMING.

"Two Little Irish Songs" . . . . . *Löhr*
MAUD MERLE.

Violin Solo—"Simple Aveu" . . . . . *Thomé*
KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

Piano accompanist, BERTHA HENRY.

"The Duchess Transformed"—Act I.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The Duchess of Southumberland, GLADYS WEST
Lady Flora, her daughter, . LUCILLE MCGUIRE
Mrs. Muff, wife of the banker in a provincial town, ... MAUD MERLE
Alice, Isabella, Winifred, } her daughters { JEANETTE POWERS, ESTELLE FORRESTEL, AGNES MUDD
Madame Grosdenaples, a French maid . . . . . BEATRICE BECK

Violin Solo—"Kuywiak" . . . . . *Wienawski*
MRS. IRVING-CLARK.

Piano Solo—2nd. Mazurka . . . . B. GODARD
VERONICA ALTENBURG.

ACT II.

Violin Solo . . . . . *Selected*
MRS. IRVING-CLARK.

Ave Maria . . . . . *Vincent*
JUBILANTES IN AETERNUM.

Two Verdicts.

What shall be said of me when all is done?
And I lie quiet in my dusty bed?
Of my long fight with Fate, alas! unwon,
What shall be said?

"Tears for the fallen; silence for the dead;
And be not righteous overmuch, my son!"
So the world's wisdom. But an angel read
This from on high: "He failed; and one by one
Delivered up the gates beleaguered.
Yea. But he struggled. He need never shun
What shall be said."

PILGRIM.

The Golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.

WITH that grandest gift of God—Faith—we have joyfully awaited this auspicious day on which the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception is celebrated with imposing solemnity. How our hearts throb with exultant joy and what sweet reflections steal softly upon our souls at thought of that other December day, fifty golden years ago, when the majestic figure of the great Pontiff, Pius IX., appeared to the eyes of the world, as he proclaimed the consoling, and most beautiful of all the dogmas of our immortal Faith—the most cherished prerogative of our Blessed Lady.

From the veriest dawn of Christian years, Mary has been the inspiration of the noblest conceptions in music, poetry, and art. Music has entranced millions of human hearts with its pleading *Ave Marias*. The canvas has glowed, as it never glowed before, with that face so fair. And poetry has chanted her beauty in every tongue. Chaucer, the "Morning Star of Song," paid glowing tribute to her. Where is the reader of Dante who has not lingered in admiration over the sublime hymn to the Mystical Rose, in the Paradise? Where the admirer of Petrarch who does not frequently dwell with increased pleasure on those tender sonnets offered by a melancholy heart to the most stainless of creatures? The ardent Tasso celebrates his gratitude for her protecting care in most soul-echoing strains; while at the beginning of his immortal epic, he hails her as having for her coronal the everlasting stars. Other votaries of the muse have vied with their tuneful brothers of Catholic faith in placing wreaths of sweetest poesy at Mary's feet,—notably Byron, Shelley, Southey, Scott, Milton, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Edgar Allen Poe, Holmes, Longfellow, Rossetti, Keble, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Hemans, Bryant, Willis, &c.

In a poem, entitled "Our Lady of the Deep," Ruskin addresses her:

"O lone Madonna—Angel of the deep,
When the night falls, and deadly winds are loud,
Will not thy love be with us while we keep
Our watch upon the waters, and the gaze
Of thy soft eyes that slumber not, nor sleep?"

To-day, within the peaceful shades of Mary's own Institute we have honored her with offerings of sacrifice and prayer. During the first Vespers of the solemnity, the pupils, bearing lilies, passed in procession to the chapel, chanting the Litany of our Lady of Loretto, and laid their spotless tributes at her feet. From the altar, aglow with flowers and waxen lights, the face of the Madonna seemed to smile a benediction on her children, while the soft rays of the sanctuary lamp filled the heart of the worshipper with sweet yearnings for a closer union with the Eucharistic King.

With such preparation on the eve of the great festival, gladly did we receive our divine Lord, on the following morning. The *Missa de Angelis,* rendered by the entire school, divided into two choirs, was most devotional; and the beautiful *Tota Pulchra Es,* by G. Ferrate, written especially for the occasion, and dedicated to the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, appealed to every heart.

But, surely, the sweetest, holiest memory of this Golden Jubilee will be cherished by the little one—Helen Langmuir—whose heart, after many weeks of earnest, fervent preparation, became for the first time, the home and shrine of the Eucharistic God. Sweet memories of the day when we first enjoyed this sacred privilege, filled our hearts—and many eyes were suffused with tears.

Rev. A. Werner, O. C. C., the celebrant, preached a most impressive and touching sermon, appropriate to the occasion, which vividly recalled to his hearers promises and resolutions once made, but, alas! in the lapse of years, forgotten; and increased, if possible, their devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God.

At the twilight hour—that hour peculiarly dedicated to hymns of praise in our Lady's honor—a reception of Children of Mary, followed by Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament, was a fitting close to the day's proceedings.

It is evening, and now that the ceremonies are over, we view from the grounds the magnificently-illuminated convent, from the cupola of which a statue of our Lady, with its starry crown of electric light, serenely looks down upon the foaming flood—truly the Mother is glorified in the works of her Son, for beyond, the roaring cataract is tossing its seething waters heavenward.

We linger for awhile to contemplate the sublime grandeur of it all—the solemn stillness of the night, the full moon hanging like a golden lamp in the blue arch above, the peace dwelling within our convent home—and then, with heartfelt gratitude to God, join in a hymn of thanksgiving, as in spirit we hear these words of complacent love addressed to her who was to become His Mother—*"Thou art all fair, O my Love! and there is not a spot in thee."* ROSE MARIAN.

Elocution Recital.

ON Tuesday evening, December the twentieth, the students of the elocution department, under the excellent guidance of Mrs. Mae Baker Robinson, of Buffalo, gave a very interesting recital in the assembly-room, and delighted all who were present.

Each pupil gave evidence of having made

marked improvement in all that pertains to the art of public speaking,—voice quality, enunciation, literary interpretation, gesture, attitude, &c.; and each recitation was commended by hearty applause.

The performance, on this occasion, proved that Mrs. Robinson's method of teaching cannot fail to produce artistic results, for she not only inspires her pupils with enthusiastic love for the study, but teaches them to think and to analyze for themselves, so that they learn to work creatively, instead of by mere imitation.

We shall watch the progress that these young ladies make in this beautiful art with great interest, and feel sure that their achievements will warrant our most sanguine expectations.

PROGRAMME.

Impromptu . . . . . *Rheinhold*
Miss Beatrice Beck.

"The Little Fair Soul" . . . . . .
Miss Eleanor McManus.

"The Intruder" . . . . . *Edmund V. Cooke*
Miss Coffey.

a. "Opportunity" . . . . *Edward Rowland Sill*
b. "The School Ma'am's Courting" . . .
. . . . . *Florence Pyatt*
Miss Dindruff.

"Murmuring Zephyrs" . . . . *Jansen-Niemann*
Miss Jeanette Powers.

"Harmosan" . . . . . *Richard French*
Miss Florilla Webb.

"The Prairie Fire" . . . . . *Alice Carey*
Miss Bertha Henry.

"The Lucky Horse-Shoe" . . . *James T. Fields*
Miss Edna Maloney.

"Damon" . . . . . *Stange*
Miss Maud Merle.

"The Legend of the Organ Builder" . . . .
. . . . . *Julia C. R. Dorr*
Miss Josephine Ellis.

a. "The Tapestry Weavers" . *Anson G. Chester*
b. "The Delinquent" . . *Paul Lawrence Dunbar*
Miss Maud Maloney.

"The Bird and the Rose" . . . . . *Horrocks*
Miss Lucille McGuire.

"Dickens in Camp" . . . . . *Bret Hart*
Miss Agnes Mudd.

"Au Matin" . . . . . *Godard*
Miss Rita Simpson.

"The Masque of the New Year" . . . . .
. . . . . *Arranged by Elsie Wilbor*

"Just be Glad" . . . . *James Whitcomb Riley*
Miss Gladys West.

"Holy Child of Bethlehem" . . . . . *Bullard*
Miss R. Sheedy, E. Lilley, M. Leary, A. Mudd, and E. Dindruff.

"The Tola of Mustard Seed," *Sir Edwin Arnold*
Miss Estelle Forrestel.

"The Galley Slave" . . . . . *Henry Abbey*

"Who Gave the Bride Away" . . . . . .
Miss Maud Merle.

"Holy Night" . . . . . *Adam*
Full Chorus.

Jeanette Powers.

Amongst Women Blessed.

Dark was the world, the hours with death were shod;
No hope!—tho' roses bloomed beneath the sky;
No joy!—tho' brimming cups were lifted high;
The slaves that brought them writhed beneath a rod
That threatened death; and at a Cæsar's nod
Vice virtue was, and holy truths were lies;
When women grow unholy all hope dies,
And there is left naught but the power of God!

Aspasia, Cleopatra, these thy love,
O ancient world! how wretched was thy fate!
Mercy and pity, purity were dead,
And all sweet acts that these are motives of.
Men looked to God and cried, "Too late! too late!"
Then came the Virgin, angel-heralded.

Maurice Francis Egan.

St. Cecilia's Day in Rome.

By Rev. J. R. Teefy, LL. D.

THE traveller who is not pressed for time and who is something more than a mere sightseer would, in visiting Rome, do well to follow from church to church the religious festivals. It opens up the most hallowed memories of these churches. It brings one for a brief hour into a closer union with the martyr whose blood purpled the sands upon which the visitor is treading, or with the confessor who

lived and died in yonder corner. Let us take an example. It is the afternoon of the 21st. of November, 1904. Already the sun is lengthening the shadows of the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin. Her relics in St. Mary Major are put away, and the Holy Mother is making way for one of her sweetest, purest, bravest children, St. Cecilia. We must cross the Tiber, where her church is situated, in order to attend first vespers. It is really her house. Here she lived with her husband Valerian, whom she so wonderfully converted by her prayers and heroic virtue. Cecilia was a noble, rich Roman lady who lived in the time of Alexander Severus. The rather lengthy extract of her life in the Pilgrim's Guide to Rome will not, we hope, weary our young readers, as it explains in words what the Church repeats in painting and sculpture:

"Cecilia very early in life vowed her virginity to Christ; nevertheless she was affianced to a young noble named Valerian. On the wedding day, under her golden bridal robe, she hid the hair-cloth which macerated her flesh. . . . When she found herself alone with her husband, she thus addressed him: 'I have a secret to confide to you, but it is absolutely necessary that you should swear to keep it.' Valerian swore that he would do so. 'I have,' said she, 'for lover, an angel of God who with a drawn sword guards the virginity of my body.' 'If you wish me to believe you,' said Valerian, 'let me see that angel.' Cecilia replied: 'If you believe in the true God, and you promise me to become baptized, I will let you see him. . . . Go to the third mile in the Appian way.' Valerian followed the direction given, recognized the old man Urban and was baptized by him. On his return Valerian discovered in the nuptial chamber the angel discoursing with Cecilia. He held in his hand two crowns made of roses and lilies; one he gave to Cecilia, the other to Valerian, saying: 'Keep these crowns, they are roses and lilies from Paradise which I have gathered for you. As for you, Valerian, because of your belief, ask whatever you will of the Lord.' 'I have no greater friend than my brother; I ask, therefore, that he may see the truth.' The angel replied: 'Your wish pleases the Lord.' A few moments afterwards, Tiburtius, Valerian's brother, entered, and after a short interview desired that he might also be conducted to Urban to be purified. From that hour the two brothers passed their time in burying the bodies of the martyrs.

"Almachius, the pro-consul, had them brought before his tribunal, and placed, whilst awaiting sentence, under the care of the guard Maximus, whom they converted with all his family. Maximus was beaten with rods and expired under the blows. Then Cecilia was brought in turn before Almachius.

"Many crowded around the tribunal, and wept at seeing such a beautiful young maiden. 'Oh, good young men,' said Cecilia to them, 'do not weep over my beauty nor over my youth; I am only about to exchange them for a much greater beauty and for a youth more durable. Do you believe what I tell you?' 'We do believe it,' they replied, and to the number of forty they were baptized by Urban.

"Cecilia, being recalled, replied with a firmness entirely Christian. Almachius, being angry, and wishing that she should die without publicity, ordered her to be reconducted to her house, and to be enclosed in her *sudarium* or bath-room, which was heated seven times greater than usual in order that she might be suffocated. Cecilia, however, suffered nothing. The pro-consul thereupon sent a lictor to decapitate her in the bath-room. At the third blow the lictor left her half dead, it being contrary to law for the executioner to strike more than three times. The Christians found her thus bathed in her own blood, and during three days she still preached and taught like a doctor of the Church, with such sweetness and eloquence, that four hundred pagans were converted. On the third day Pope Urban came to visit her. The saint said to him: 'Father, I have begged this delay of three days, so that I might hand over to you my treasures—the poor whom I feed. I bequeathe to you this house, so that by your care it may become a temple of our Lord.' Then thanking God that He considered her, a humble woman, worthy to share the glory of His heroes, and with her eyes apparently fixed upon the heavens opening before her, she departed to her heavenly bridegroom upon the 22nd. of November, A. D. 280."

Then she was laid in a coffin of cypress wood, in the very position in which she had rendered her soul to God, lying upon her side, her arms extended, her hands clasped and her face turned to the ground. And the faithful poor carried the cypress coffin and buried St. Cecilia in the Catacomb of St. Calixtus. An oratory was erected on the place of her martyrdom; and both the house and the tomb were for a long time objects

of special devotion. Time passed and the Catacombs were more or less abandoned. The exact location of St. Cecilia's tomb was forgotten. And when Pope Paschal I. (A. D. 817-824) set to work to have the bodies of the martyrs transported from the Catacombs to the churches of the city, he was particularly anxious to find the body of St. Cecilia. For a long time his efforts were fruitless. But one day the saint appeared to him and revealed the exact spot where she lay with her husband, Valerian, and her brother-in-law, Tiburtius. True it was. There they found her upon her side just as she had died, and loving hands had laid her many a hundred years before. Back to the city, to her own house, now a church, they bore her in triumph the following day.

Well nigh another seven hundred years passed when the titular cardinal of the church opened the tomb of the martyr, when the embalmed body of Cecilia was found as it had been by Paschal, presenting the appearance of a maiden asleep. Pope Clement VIII. and all the people of Rome crowded to take a look upon the saint and venerate her remains. But before she was again encased in a cypress coffin a statue was sculptured by the most celebrated artist of the day—showing the saint in her sleep of death.

Much of all this beautiful life is told in stone and frescoe. There is the statue of the saint placed upon her tomb beneath the high altar, on the right hand side opening from the church are two chambers in the house of St. Cecilia. One of these is the very bath-room in which she had been immured, actually retaining the pipes and heating apparatus of an ancient Roman bath. Only one of the frescoes commemorating Cecilia's life and the finding of her body still remains in the church. At the end of the right aisle is the dream of Pope Paschal. The rest were destroyed, but copies of them—nine in number—are to be found in the Barberini Library.

The church itself has been lately restored and decorated by the munificence of Cardinal Rampolla. The crypt, which has been almost entirely restored by him, contains copies in mosaic of many of the events in the life of St. Cecilia. Numerous Christian sarcophagi and tablets adorn the adjacent rooms.

Vespers are starting. We must hear a portion of the service sweetly sung by the Cecilian choir, but irreverently disturbed by curious sightseers. The music we leave for others to discuss. That first antiphon still rings in our ears: "Cantantibus organis Cecilia Domino decantabat, dicens: Fiat cor meum immaculatum et non confundar." These very walls around had echoed with her angelic voice singing and praying that her heart be kept pure—and for nearly eighteen hundred years generations were coming still, some from near, some from afar, to honor the saint of God and beg the same grace.

The scene changes. It is the morning of the saint's feast—and we must be off to the Catacombs to hear mass in her tomb. We proceed down by the gate of St. Sebastian and along the Appian Way—the road the Roman legions used to take, the road the martyr Valerian took when he went to seek the Bishop. Near the Church of Saint Sebastian we enter a garden, in the middle of which is a doorway leading down to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. After proceeding down about twenty feet and passing along a couple of narrow corridors, we come to a chamber larger than most of these. In it is an altar all prepared for divine service. By the side of the altar, and reaching like a shelf into the side of the chamber, is the tomb of St. Cecilia, separated from the rest of the chamber by an iron railing. The dull, dark earthy walls are relieved by beautiful festoons of flowers, whilst the earthen floor of the tomb, which contains a statue of the saint as they found her, is covered with flowers and evergreen. Wax lights not only served the altar, but adorned the tomb, and relieved the darkness of this little chamber. Here were huddled together as many as could find room—coming from various countries. You could hear around you French, German, English and Spanish, and you could distinguish the students of the different colleges by their uniforms. The ceremonies had not space, for people were crowded to the very altar. But nevertheless the soul was full of faith and prayer and worship during the sweet, yet trying, hour of High Mass in the tomb of St. Cecilia. How like a similar gathering in her own day, when the bishop at the altar offered the same oblation! "Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day and the same forever." This thought of St. Paul was ours as we came back to daylight and somewhat fatigued, wended our way home.

Happiness is a great power of holiness. Thus kind words, by their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so of winning men to God.

Programme of Russian Composers, Rendered by the Advanced and Intermediate Students.

Foreword . . . . . .
Miss Rita Simpson.

Nocturne . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*
Miss Jeanette Powers.

Romance Sans Paroles . . . . . *Davidoff*
Miss Dindruff.

Essay . . . . . *Glinka*
Miss Mary Leary.

The Lark . . . . . *Glinka-Balakirew*
Miss Lucille McGuire.

Sérénade Roccoco . . . . . *Meyer-Helmund*
Miss Veronica Altenburg.

Elégie . . . . . *Youferoff*
Miss Georgiana Cannon.

Essay . . . . . *Rubinstein*
Miss Elizabeth Robinson.

Melody in F . . . . . *Rubinstein*
Violin Solo, Miss Kathleen O'Brien.

Prelude . . . . . *Rachmaninoff*
Miss Estelle Forrestel.

Petite Mazurka . . . . . *Sapelnikoff*
Miss Beatrice Beck.

Essay . . . . . *Leschetitzky*
Miss Fannie Coffey.

La Piccola . . . . . *Leschetitzky*
Miss Elinore Lilley.

The Two Larks . . . . . *Leschetitzky*
Miss Josephine Fleming.

Russian National Hymn . . . . . *Lwoff*
Semi-Chorus.

In this crowded world, with its intercourse and jostling, with its network of relationship—with its mingled web of life, we are each alone. Below the surface there is a deep, and below the deep there is a deeper depth. In the depth of the human heart there is—solitude. There is a limit to the possible communion with another. We never completely open up our natures to even our nearest and dearest. There is a bitterness of the heart which only the heart knoweth, there is a joy with which no stranger can intermeddle; there is a bound beyond which even a friend, who is as our own soul, becomes a stranger.

En Voyage.

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west
The wind that blows—*that* wind is best.
My little craft sails not alone,
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas.
What blows for one a favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail
Whatever breezes will prevail
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering heaven at last.
Then whatsoever wind doth blow
My heart is glad to have it so,
And blow it east or blow it west
The wind that blows—*that wind is best.*

Caroline Mason.

In the Forum of Justice.

Pass, pass, pass! Thou hast had thine hour
To sow in and reap. Is it thistle or flower?
'Tis the seed is at fault, though Jove's hand
stayed the shower.
Make way for thy comrade with double thy
dower.

Halt, halt, halt! There was given thee grace
To begin with the best and their records efface,
Had thy sandals been winged. Step down from
the race;
One swifter than thou art would run in thy place.

Cease, cease, cease! Thou hast had thy chance.
Must a Pallas attend thee to ward off mischance?
Let fall thy vain weapon; a thousand advance
To rush on and conquer with thy broken lance.

Grace Denis.

The Christ-Child's Birth.

The Syrian sky with sheen was all alight,
And night's full moon hung over Bethlehem,
When all at once, like some surpassing gem
Whose sudden splendor flashes on the sight,
The stars that sentinelled the azure height
Beheld another rise, whose faintest hem
Eclipsed in brilliancy the whole of them;
And downward darting through the dreamy night,
Singing sweet carols as along they swept,
Myriads of angels clove the ambient air
With swift white wings, which on and onward kept
Till they were flooded in the starlight where
Thy fair face smiled above the Babe who slept,
Madonna, on thy bosom softly there.

W. D. Kelly.

Value time; cultivate a taste for good reading; realize your special needs, and you will not require a teacher to tell you how often you should read. Relish will stimulate desire, and a good use of time will furnish many occasions. The examples are numerous of men in the intervals of their work, and of women during leisure moments left by household cares, who attained a considerable degree of culture by diligently employing these spare hours in reading. "Poor, indeed, is he, who, though possessing all else of material things, fails to secure his rightful inheritance of the writings of immortal men whose quickening spirits breathe and pulsate in their works, long years after their dust has mingled with their mother earth."

Persistency is characteristic of all those who have accomplished anything great. They may lack in some particular, they may have many weaknesses and eccentricities, but the quality of persistence is never absent in success. No matter what opposition the successful man meets or what discouragements overtake him, he is always persistent. Drudgery cannot disgust him, labor cannot weary him. He will persist no matter what comes or what goes. It is a part of his nature. It is not so much brilliancy or intellect or fertility of resource as persistency of effort, and constancy of purpose, that gives success. Persistency always inspires confidence. Everybody believes in one who persists.

The House of Loreto.

Low nestled in the heart of Galilee
Lay Nazareth, in days of old when came
Archangel messenger, in God's own name
Saluting Her who would the mother be
Of the Emmanuel; and unto thee,
O blessed house—whose walls, the very same
That now do make Loreto's holy fame,—
Was borne that *Ave* sweet and heavenly!
The Saviour's feet, His deeds and words divine,
Have sanctified thee, humble place of rest!
To Galilee the pilgrim goes no more,
For Mary's home is now Loreto's shrine;
And lo! *"Hic Verbum caro factum est,"*
O'er portal writ, says, "Kneel and here adore."

T. A. M.

Sympathy is the master-key that unlocks all hearts. A strange, intangible quality it is, apparently lacking in some, latent in many more, until keen suffering awakens their need and reveals to them "the healing cheer one heart can to another bring;" and this in its turn evokes a responsive thrill within themselves. None but those who have gone through deep waters can really have fellow-feeling with those who are struggling against the waves. Only those who have felt their own arms grow numb and their hearts weary when rowing hard against the stream, can fully enter into the sense of depression and discouragement when, after long toil, one finds the tide still flowing strong, and the gates of Eden gleaming yet far off.

Sincerity.

To be sincere. To look Life in the eyes
With calm, undrooping gaze. Always to mean
The high and truthful thing. Never to screen
Behind the unmeant word, the sharp surprise
Of cunning; never tell the little lies
Of look or thought. Always to choose between
The true and small, the true and large, serene
And high above Life's cheap dishonesties.

The soul that steers by this unfading star
Needs never other compass. All the far
Wide waste shall blaze with guiding light, tho' rocks
And sirens meet and mock its straining gaze.
Secure from storms and all Life's battle-shocks
It shall never veer from any righteous ways.

M. Smiley.



MOTHER AND CHILD.

Letter-Box.

ROME.

DEAR BEATRICE:

I am sure you will wonder at my writing to you. My name is most probably unknown to you, as yours was to me till a few weeks ago. But, though a continent divides us, yet the same garden shelters us, though we be buds of different plants, yet the same gentle hands have toiled for us, the same light of learning and virtue has shone on us and given us life. I say *the same,* for one in every part of the world, is the spirit which leads the good, sweet, learned Ladies of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary; one the faith and love which urges them to choose the most noble path on earth! And here, too, on the banks of the Tiber, they are admired and dearly loved by a great number of pupils. One of these pupils I glory to call myself, and I am sure you are proud to bear the same name.

Indeed, I was most happy when my dear mistress told me I might write to some of the young ladies of the Loretto Academy in America. In a copy of the July RAINBOW, which the Editor was so kind as to send me, I saw some portraits of them.

May I tell you why I chose you among so many? First, I admired your pretty, fair face, then I read your clever *critique* on "Ideals," and liked it very much. Your noble sentiments were mine exactly, and I hoped that a durable link, grounded on the likeness of feeling and thought, might in future, bind our souls together. Finally, I was drawn to you by your own name, which is so dear to every Italian girl.

Do you admire that Florentine girl of old? Do you like your great namesake, and understand the high idealism which she embodies? If so, may I give you a few thoughts on that sweet "Beatrice," whom the genius of Dante has immortalized?

The divine mission of woman is reflected in her. Dante calls her "la donna mia," and woman she was in the full sense of the word. For the charm of woman lies in her gentleness and purity, and her strength in her faith, and her love.

Beatrice's sweetness and innocence, shining on her brow and breathing unearthly beauty, drew to her the passionate soul of Alighieri, so full of earthly aspirations and cares. From the very first, with awe and love, he sang her praise. He called her—

"Una cosa venuta
Di cielo in terra a miracol mostrare."
(Vita Nuova. XXIV.)

She reminded him of the angels around the throne of God—she brought him what he needed most—peace. By a look from her mild eyes his anxieties and sorrows were soothed. Indeed, no mean glory would it have been for any Christian girl to soothe and purify the generous and deep soul of the greatest poet of Italy—perhaps of the world!

But Beatrice was too beautiful for this poor valley of sorrow and sin, and the Lord called her to shine in His heavenly country. As a falling star in a dark sky she lighted for an instant the sombre night of the poet's soul, and then vanished, leaving him in a darkness greater than before. And why? God knows best. A being of earth was unfit to lead on the right path the lofty and passionate spirit of Dante. Had she remained in this base world, she could not have fulfilled so well the task which God had assigned her. But her wisdom and strength and grace divinized enabled her to raise him from the abyss to which he had sunk. When his political schemes were baffled, his most lawful ambitions checked, his dearest hopes vanished, when, in his great sorrow, alone he wandered in the

"selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte,"
(Inferno I.)

and when sin and despair sought to obtain possession of his soul, Beatrice pitied him—Beatrice no longer an earthly being, but a blessed spirit, resting in God, faithful to the poet in spite of his faults and shortcomings and falls, sent him a guide.

Virgil says, in the first Canto of Purgatory, explaining the wonderful way in which Dante has been saved:

. . . "da me non venni
Donna scese dal ciel per li cui preghi
Della mia compagnia costui sovvenni"

and down the poet went through the dark regions of Satan; then, repenting of his sins, up the cliffs of Purgatory.

Only then was he fit to behold again his "Donna." She appeared to him in the Terrestrial Paradise. But while, like heavenly music, her

severe, though loving, reproaches sounded in his ears, awe-stricken, the poet dared not raise his eyes. At last, he gazed on her, he saw her crowned with olive branches, clothed in purple and green, and wrapped in a long white veil;—as though to teach all women that the only arms which succeed in rescuing their poor lost brethren and bringing peace to their souls, are ardent charity, steadfast faith, and firm hope in God.

Beatrice looked into the depths of God's holiness, Dante gazed on her, and, like a fire whose flames ascend to the sky, they fled upward to heaven. All along the way she taught him and opened to his wondering spirit the fathomless source of Divine Wisdom. As they ascended from the pale moon to Mars, from snowy Jupiter to the Empyrean, she became brighter and brighter. The rays which surrounded her were so dazzling that poor Dante was obliged to close his mortal eyes to the glory of the Eternal Kingdom. As the moment drew near in which he should be allowed to gaze on the Beatific Vision, Beatrice vanished, and returned to her place among the other blessed spirits.

Her mission was fulfilled. Alighieri was no longer the lost pilgrim wandering benighted in the dark forest, he was in the light, now, he might quench his soul-thirst at the very fount of Truth and Love. Even Beatrice's presence dared not stand in that dread moment of revelation between God and His creature!

Do you like the gentle figure of this girl whose purity and sweetness were the means of rescuing such a soul as Dante's? Do you not consider her an ideal woman—in her life as well as in her triumph? "We all have ideals, we must have them," you say. And is it not a noble ideal for any Christian woman to set before her to comfort those who suffer, to illumine with the light of Truth minds in the night of error, to bring one poor shipwrecked brother safe into the harbor of Religion, as sweet, simple Beatrice did?

These feelings your name and your noble article awoke within me, and, as I looked on your portrait, I thought I saw in your eyes a yearning after that purity and brightness which shone from the countenance of that Florentine girl of old.

May I hope that to us, too, will be given a true Beatrice who, by noble aspiration, shall encourage us to the highest heights of goodness and beauty.

Of what would you like me to speak in my letters? No warmer love than mine did Horatio and Regulus cherish for the Eternal City, and with no greater pride did the old sons of the Empire repeat: "Civis romanum sum!" Therefore, I would be so glad to describe to you some of the beauties and glories of my country, and to tell you of the men who immortalized its name! . .

With kindest expression of affection,

I remain, my dear Beatrice,

MARIA CONCETTA SILENZI.

TORONTO.

MY DEAREST ALICE:

I was very much interested in reading the last number of your Convent Magazine, THE RAINBOW. And you may take my word for it, as an old journalist, of some experience, that it is one of the very best publications of the kind that I know of. Every article of the contents is well written, the selections are admirable, and the "get up" of the work, in style, paper, letter-press, etc., worthy of all praise. The name—THE RAINBOW—is also exceedingly well chosen, and like the Divine Promise of the Bow set in the heavens, is in itself a token that gives assurance of the success and safety of the pupils intrusted to the care of the Community of Ladies of Loretto at the celebrated Convent of Niagara Falls.

With fondest love for yourself and Kathleen, believe me, always,

Your affectionate Grandpapa,

W. H. H.

ST. MARYS, Pa.

DEAR GIRLS:

As our old Club day looms on the horizon, and I am drawn into the whirl of the ever-busy life of the world, the binding link of loyalty to my Alma Mater has been strengthened, if possible, by remembrance such as the members of the S. C. L. evinced in the dainty favors sent to their absent sisters.

A few odd fancies caught my eye, last week, as being appropriate for the present *staff*, and by which I am to be represented on St. Catharine's Day. The Kodak may be the property of our expert photographer, Estelle. Surely, a Club festivity should not be allowed to pass without a lasting souvenir of the occasion—now Estelle, on you I confer the honor of taking a snap shot of the members, including Sr. F., and sending me a proof.

To my Pennsylvania friend, upon whom you

have allowed the arduous duty of Secretary to devolve, I send a writing desk, with a plentiful supply of stationery to insure *prompt* replies to my letters, and encourage that rare accomplishment in which we must not allow ourselves to be surpassed by those delightful old dames of the French Salons, who wrote such clever impressions of people and events and described the tragedy or comedy which was going on before their eyes—whose epistles were but a charming accident of their more charming lives, like the petals which the wind shakes from the rose in its bloom. Ah, that was letter-writing! One would be tempted to wish that the days of the French Salon were back did not that time involve a by no means model social era. Now-a-days, whether by reason of telegraphs or telephones, or hurry and a fast rate of living, of the multiplicity of newspapers and books, people have no time to read or write letters. It is such a pity, for in a letter, the writer is at her best.

Remember, Bertha, you will always find in me a sympathetic listener.

To Gladys, our efficient librarian, a set of books, with an appropriate cabinet, will, I know, be acceptable. One request—reserve a special place for the forthcoming volume, entitled, "The Trials of An Edmonton Maid," whose appearance the literary world is anticipating with unfeigned interest.

Miss McCormick will pardon the liberty I take in addressing her—being unacquainted—but a mascot for a Club is indispensable—so to this esteemed young lady—the mascot.

For my western friend, from the "windy city," a dress suit case for travelling abroad to some great music centre—preferably a land of nightingales, that she probably will rival in the near future when the great divas must look out for their laurels, will be appropriate and useful, therefore I send one.

And last—but by no means, least—to dear Sr. F—a souvenir of the day, "'sweets for the sweet" —and after they have gone, a little postal box or basket.

I know the other large boxes will not encumber the *staff*—an echo of the old-time joy has already reached me. What a privileged band of girls we were! I have never since ceased to congratulate myself that it was given me to be one of them, for I love to recall the incidents of those days—some sweet, some absurd, all dear to memory.

I must not prattle any more, as your moments are passing so quickly that you can barely read what has already been said by

Your loving sister,
PHILOMENA LION.

LONDON, England.

DEAR SR. F——:

The King and Queen of Portugal arrived at Portsmouth yesterday, amid the booming of guns, the blaring of trumpets, and a great display of naval magnificence. The day was gloriously fine, and the waters were radiant beneath the sunshine which poured down from a cloudless sky. The sea outside the harbor was smooth, and the voyage from Cherbourg was made under the pleasantest circumstances. Indeed, but for the denuded branches of the trees, it might have been one of September's golden days rather than a day in mid-November, so mild and balmy was the air.

Portsmouth, which is well accustomed to pageants, and therefore not easily moved by their occurrence, displayed unusual interest in this spectacle, and many hundreds of people went to Southsea's now deserted beach, on Monday night, to gaze upon the lights of the fleet, which was anchored at Spithead. It was a very pretty scene, on which the moon cast its pale beams to enhance the impressiveness of the long avenue of yellow lights stretching from the Spit Bank Fort nearly to the Isle of Wight, and marking the lines in which the silent monsters lay.

Yesterday morning, at an early hour, the spectacle was less beautiful, but more grim and suggestive. The ships, gaunt and grey in their dingy war-paint, swung easily to the tide, and, in the dull light, the flags with which they were gaily dressed could not be discerned from the shore, so that the craft assembled in their honor seemed to offer an austere and scowling welcome to the approaching monarch and his consort. But, as the sun gained strength and swept away the lingering haze, even the grey sides of the leviathans took on a smiling air as they reflected back the light, and the Portuguese standard at each mainmast and the rows of parti-colored flags and streamers became visible, fluttering gladly in the pleasant breeze.

It was a remarkable fleet of battleships and cruisers which had been assembled to greet the Sovereign of Portugal on his arrival. Some thirty ships lay there, in five columns, between

the Spit and "No Man's Land" forts and the beautiful island beyond—a brave display of Britain's naval might—a powerful and quite modern fleet of which the nation might well be proud. As the destroyers of the Portland flotilla, rushing out of the harbor, tore past the anchored monsters, on their way to meet the approaching convoy, their sombre black hulls and air of rakishness made the onlooker forget for a moment, in the presence of so many potent engines of war and destruction, that they were really hastening on an errand of peace.

Dom Carlos and Queen Amélie slept during Monday night on the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which had arrived at Cherbourg during the day; and soon after six o'clock, yesterday morning, the voyage across the Channel began. The cruisers Kent, Bedford, Essex, Berwick, and the destroyers Syren and Lee, which had been temporarily detached from the fleet at Spithead, acted as the convoy.

The South Jetty, which was appointed as the place for the disembarkation, was decorated with flags and bunting, and its surface in front of the railway line where the Royal train was to draw up, was resplendent in its carpet of crimson cloth. Naval and military officers, in their gayest uniforms, walked to and fro, and a guard of honor of marines awaited the coming of the Prince of Wales, who had spent the night at Admiralty House, as the guest of Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson.

As the Royal yacht approached the harbor, the escorting cruisers swung into their places among the anchored fleet, and the destroyers made a line between the Victoria and Albert and the shore, and accompanied the vessel to the harbor entrance. Then, from every ship in the lines at Spithead and in the harbor the roar of the Royal salute broke forth, the deafening crack of the guns near by mingling with the dull reverberations of the discharges outside the harbor. The guns of some forty ships rent the air simultaneously, giving a clamorous welcome to the Royal guests; on the Eclipse and the newer ships a red line of marines on guard stood out against the dingy grey of the after and forward bridges, and the bluejackets lined the quarter-deck and the sides, while the lads of the Freja manned the yards.

Ere the smoke which filled the harbor died away, the Victoria and Albert had drawn near the jetty, and the figure of King Carlos, in the uniform of a British Admiral, was descried on the upper bridge, whence His Majesty was surveying the animated scene with evident interest. At the three mastheads of the yacht flew the white ensign, the Portuguese standard, and the Union Jack; and at this moment the lads on the Freja broke out into cheers, and the strains of several bands were heard from various quarters. As the yacht was being moored, Queen Amélie appeared on the lower bridge, in conversation with the Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Ambassador, whose breast was covered with Orders, and Rear-Admiral Sir Wilmot Fawkes. Her Majesty looked charming in a grey dress and hat, and appeared to be in excellent spirits.

After a few moments of waiting, the yacht was alongside, a crimson-covered gangway was raised, and the guns resounded once again to announce the arrival of the Prince of Wales, who ascended the gangway and extended a welcome to Dom Carlos and his Consort.

Then, those who had been attached by the King and Queen of England to their Majesties, were presented. The Ambassador and the personnel of the Portuguese Legation were also received.

There ensued a long interval, during which the Royal party remained below at lunch. At last the train drew up on the jetty, composed of six Great Western coaches, and a very handsome saloon for the Royal guests and the Prince of Wales. From H. M. S. Excellent came one hundred sturdy bluejackets to form a guard of honor, and one hundred men of the Royal Marine Light Infantry formed another guard on the farther side of the gangway.

Just before the disembarkation, Lieut.-General F. Green Wilkinson and a deputation of officers of the Oxford Light Infantry, which regiment the King inspected at Chatham, on his last visit, were received by their Colonel-in-Chief, and the Queen accepted from them a beautiful basket bouquet of lilies, orchids, and other flowers.

The Marines' band struck up the National Anthem once more, as the august personages began to disembark, and a third Royal salute was fired by all the ships in the harbor. The Queen was the first to come ashore, wearing a jacket richly trimmed with fur, and the King and the Prince of Wales, who wore his admiral's uniform, followed her.

The King, accompanied by the Prince, inspected the guard of honor. Their Majesties were received by Sir Evelyn Wood, commander-in-

chief of the Southern Command, and Vice-Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, and escorted to the Royal train, which, soon after one o'clock, began the journey to Windsor.

Fog hung over the valley of the Thames all yesterday morning—not the black veil which hid London, but a pearly grey mist, through which the copper disc of the sun peered dimly. This lasted until nearly two o'clock, and then it gradually rolled away. At first the grey towers of Windsor Castle showed in dim outline, like some fairy stronghold, then, as the sun broke through the fog, they stood revealed with the Royal Standard floating from the round Tower. The train station at Windsor had been beautifully decorated, and the platforms were covered with red carpet.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra drove up to the station at a quarter-past three, by which time the platform had been filled with bright uniforms. The Sovereign's escort of the Royal Horse Guards was drawn up near the wall, and the guard of honor of the 2nd. Grenadiers stood at attention on the platform. The Mayor and Corporation of Windsor were waiting to present an address to Dom Carlos. At twenty minutes past three, the "City of Warwick," one of the Great Western's new engines, brought the train to a stand at the Windsor platform. The two Kings exchanged Royal greetings, as did the two Queens. Then Dom Carlos, with a knightly bow, kissed the hand of Queen Alexandra, and King Edward greeted Queen Amélie with a like Royal courtesy. Miss Doris Shipley, the daughter of the Mayor of Windsor, presented a bouquet of Cattleya orchids and lilies to Queen Amélie, and a bouquet of Odontoglossum orchids and lilies to Queen Alexandra.

The two Kings with the Prince of Wales drove away in the first carriage. The two Queens and Princess Victoria followed in the next, and the members of both Royal suites came after. Accompanied by the escort, the Royal procession proceeded to the Castle, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the great crowd that had assembled.

There will be a State Banquet in the evening in St. George's Hall, which will be lined by the Yeomen of the Guard, after which their Majesties' guests will repair to the State Drawing Room, where a band of music will perform.

D. C.

St. Louis, Mo.

My dear Sister F——:

The charming little Souvenir of St. Catharine's Day is admired and appreciated, and serves to remind me that I promised to send you a few more notes on the Fair.

The President's visit to the World's Fair will, no doubt, be the crowning event in the history of this great Exposition, as well as a grand finale to the victory that the Republicans have scored in Missouri—the whole state having voted the Republican ticket. Extensive and elaborate preparations are being made to ensure a royal welcome to President Roosevelt and family, who will be the guests of our city for a day or two—"President's Day" having been set for the 26th inst.

I will try to tell you about a few of the interesting articles that I saw in the Imperial Chinese section, in the Palace of Liberal Arts. One sees there ancient and modern bronzes, silk embroideries, carved ivory, carved jade stone, carved lacquer ware, all sorts of beautifully-embroidered gold thread upon satin screens, fans, pillow covers, garments, furniture, carved and inlaid with pearl and gold and ivory; cutlery and silver ware up-to-date and very costly as well as very artistic; and I am told that the green jade stone is destined to be much used by our western people, as it is as costly as the diamond.

I was enabled to get some interesting data from a young Chinese gentleman, who was graduated from the University of Pekin, and who graciously answered my numerous questions. Having asked him to show me the most ancient article in the exhibit, he led me to a large glass cabinet in which are displayed only the rarest things, and there he pointed to a bronze tankard that is used in sacrificial ceremonials, and which was made twelve hundred years before Christ and given as a reward for military services by the emperor of that time. In the same cabinet are to be seen the famous *Peachblow* vases, five inches high, made for the exclusive use of the emperor, two hundred and fifty years ago. The vases are made of the best porcelain that has ever been produced, and on them is a small bit of green coloring, which was self-developed, the change of color having taken place in the firing of them. The vases are valued at $10,000 each. The bloom was obtained after years of trying for it, and now is a lost art.

Next we viewed the rare old Cloissoné ware, that, properly speaking, should be called the

Ching-tai ware, it having been made five hundred years ago, during the reign of Ching-tai.

Then we came to the ancient lacquer carving. The *youngest* box that I saw was four hundred years old, wonderfully carved, having had seventeen coats of lacquer before it dried hard, ready to be wrought into curious designs. A small lacquered cabinet was valued at $17,000. This is also a lost art.

You, no doubt, know that the jade stone has a sentimental as well as a money value in China. A very small piece runs into big money. It is difficult to mine and very scarce, and not until the pirates surrendered some of it, at the time of the Boxers' war, could much of it be obtained. This jade is held in sacred esteem—having a medicinal as well as a talismanic value to them. China manufactures all kinds of up-to-date commodities. In textiles the work is truly wonderful and elaborate. The immense elephant's tusk, that has carved thereon the whole history of the Chinese nation, was procured four years ago, in India. The man who did the work had no design, but carved it from memory as he worked on. The tusk weighs 80 lbs. net. It would take six weeks to do justice to this extensive and interesting display, and before closing I must tell you that I saw two balls that contain others carved inside, the one twenty-eight balls in all, and the other twenty-five. This, I thought, was the limit on carved balls, and so it is, as the man who first did this work has passed on to the reward of his patience, and his son succeeds to the art, but can only reach the 21st ball, having found the limit of his well-carving. And now I must ask you to hear a little more about Canada's exhibit. In the Mines and Metallurgy Building, I saw a piece of radium not as large as a hen's egg, worth $37,500, and by means of which was photographed a picture through an inch and a half board, after nine hours' exposure. It happened that while I was there, five Sisters of St. Joseph came in, and the attendant gave us all a very interesting lecture on the chemistry of the minerals of the country.

You know that Canada has the largest and best mica and asbestos beds in the world. And she is not far behind in gold, when not considering South Africa and Australia. I was informed that the only reason why Canada does not show up more of her valuable resources is because the mining laws are inadequate and people will not venture. It is at present in the hands of a few who are not especially anxious for greater developments. But the time is coming when trusts and combines will be a thing of the past. "May that time be!"

Shall I tell you what most interested me of every thing that I saw? Well, it was the potteries of all nations and climes. I visited the exhibits over and over again and shall just name a few that were delightful to examine. The pity is, they are seemingly so costly, not that they are not worth it, but the prices asked, when all the expenses of bringing them here and displaying are taken into consideration, place them beyond the reach of the moderate purse. In the Varied Industries, Holland has some old and modern delft, that is beautiful—it got the Grand Prize. The Dutch fine art potteries and tile works, called the Plateelbakkery De "Distel" ware, are unique in design and coloring, and very beautiful. It was first made in 1631.

The royal Copenhagen, the royal porcelain and art potteries, at the Hague, Holland, called the Rosenburg, were among the finest of their particular line.

The Eton ware is, indeed, unique, and entirely original with Sir Edmund Eton of Clevedon Court, Somerset, England. It is the work, as he puts it himself, of a "country baronet and two bootboys." All the best work is designed and finished by his own hands. The pottery is called the "Sunflower pottery," and is said to have achieved a decided success by the temperance of its forms and the rich qualities of its colors. The vast number of potteries is beyond imagining, and those of our own country rank among the very best, viz.: the Grueby, of Massachusetts, the Rookwood of Cincinnati, Ohio, and the Teco, which has only lately been in the market. When one remembers that none of these potteries duplicates any design, it seems marvellous that the designs can be varied sufficiently to find sale as original work. I feel as though I had said simply nothing about all this grand work, which should be seen to be appreciated, and this collection will likely never again be made in our time, so near us, at least. In the Educational Building, ceramics is no small portion of the school art work. In the advanced grades, it is quite extensively taught. Basket weaving is also largely taught in many grades. Geography is taught by relief work and product maps, i. e., the products of the countries arranged on the maps in small portions or in small vials, as re-

quired. I have even seen the photos of the representative men and women stuck on the maps so as to instill into the minds of the pupils a great regard for their best men and women. All this varies the method and helps to make the subject more entertaining for some.

I have not had time to do the Educational Building very well. There is so much in it, and, of course, the chances to see a good deal of it can always be had without much trouble, so I have paid most attention to foreign exhibits.

Our State Buildings or Homes are worthy of a passing mention, since they have been erected at considerable cost, their decorations and appointments being beautiful and artistic. Each has been dedicated with suitable ceremonies by representative men and women of the state—and very enjoyable have these functions been.

In these homes are rare china and bric-a-brac, that have been used in the households of some of the late presidents and members of congress. Our State Home—the Missouri Building—was built at a cost of one million dollars.

The only permanent buildings I know of are the Art Gallery, the U. S. Government and the German Buildings.

In this German Home are exquisite tapestries and gold and silver plate of the emperor. Many fine pieces of furniture, jewelry, lace curtains, and a diamond necklace valued at $250,000. Here the Germans have held many functions, and connected with it is a German restaurant. The Philippines' exhibit is very interesting—they show advancement in their methods since Uncle Sam has been dealing so closely with them, but I do not feel a special interest in the foreign people that come to a fair—they are not representative, and one is apt to misjudge the whole country because of what is seen of these who are brought here more as a curiosity than as a demonstration of education and development. The Aino is a queer type of the Japanese—the most primitive living in Japan. These people prove that they will have no innovations, still adhere to old methods, and live exactly as they have for hundreds of years.

There are tribes of all kinds and conditions of Indians. The Indian school shows good work along all educational lines, and their band is considered one of the best. They are very imitative, and for this reason one must not criticize. Will you pardon hastily-written description?

I will look after your interests in current literature and will send you some magazines and books.

Carol and Hilda are well, and send their love to you.

The weather is warm and balmy and there is no reason why the attendance at the Fair will not keep up. We usually have a glorious autumn to compensate for the heat of summer—although we cannot complain about the heat this year.

Good-bye, and best wishes for a pleasant Thanksgiving Day—ours will be a week from to-day.

Affectionately yours,
EMILY TUPPER-BENDIT.

ROME.

DEAR RAINBOW:

To-day I assisted at solemn Pontifical Mass at S. Maria Maggiore—so called because, of all the churches in the city dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, it is by far the largest.

This church was originally built in consequence of a vision which Pope Liberius had, in 352, to whom the place for building it was miraculously pointed out by a great fall of snow, on the 5th. of August; and which is annually commemorated by showers of white roses falling from apertures in the roof, in imitation of the miraculous fall of snow.

To my mind, S. Maria Maggiore is one of the most beautiful churches in Rome. The ceiling is after the same style as you see in the Servite church in Chicago, but it is one mass of gold. The first gold brought from America was given for that purpose. The nave is adorned with forty marble columns of the Ionic order, and of perfect proportions, taken from the temple of Juno Lucina. The walls are one continued blaze of mosaic paintings, depicting scenes from the Old and New Testament. The pavement is of mosaic, also, and its crimson and violet hues temper the white and gold of the walls. The canopy over the high altar is supported by four porphyry columns, at least sixty feet high, and, immediately under the altar, is a little chapel lined with the rarest and most precious marbles—alabaster, lapis lazuli, &c. Nearly on a line with the main altar is the Borghese chapel, built by Paul V., superior, perhaps, to any chapel in Rome in the richness of its marbles and its exquisite paintings and sculptures. Over the magnificent altar of jasper and lapis lazuli is preserved a painting of

the Blessed Virgin, by the Evangelist St. Luke. Directly opposite this is the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, containing also beautiful paintings and sculptures and the cradle in which our Saviour was laid—which is annually exhibited here on Christmas Day. The relics in this church are without number. Imagine it lighted with electric lights and thousands of candles, and you have a picture of what I saw this morning.

* * * * * *

I paid a visit yesterday to the home of St. Bridget and tried to get into the church of St. Agnes, but found it locked. Then I went to the tomb of St. Felix and remembered you all. A few days ago I saw the arm of St. Francis Xavier.

The Epiphany is, I think, the greatest day for the Romans—at least, the noise which one hears all night long would seem so to indicate. It corresponds, with its noise, to our New Year's day, and with its giving of gifts, to our Christmas. It is also called by the Romans "Buona Pascha"—of which they have three. All during the octave of the Epiphany, there is said, in the church of St. Sylvester in Capite, a different Mass every morning, according to the various rites of the Eastern Church—Maronite, Armenian, Syrian, Chaldean, Ruthenian, &c. It is most interesting and instructive. What strikes one most is the singing and musical accompaniment—sometimes weird and incongruous—but in the Mass of the Ruthenians, this morning, I listened to the sweetest and best harmony that I have ever heard.

You wonder how I spent my holidays? They were devoted to the Vatican. But, oh, how much time it would take to see this vast and rich assemblage of artistic and architectural beauty—the productions of the master minds of all times and all countries—which has not been, is not, and most probably will never be, equalled within such a space in any part of the world. Hall after hall, room after room, floor after floor, are filled with treasures beyond my powers of description. In subsequent letters I shall do my utmost to give you some idea of its history and contents. For the present, I wish to speak of a ceremony at which I was present—the beatification of Joan of Arc. You know her history, her deeds and her death, so I shall speak only of the function in the Vatican. After many years of minute and diligent examination, the Sacred Congregation of Rites decided that the life and virtues of Joan were heroic. The Pope chose the Epiphany as the day for the solemn publication of her beatification.

We entered the Vatican at 10.30—admission was by ticket—and, after winding our way up several flights of marble stairs, were ushered into the Throne Room, after some delay—the Italians always delay. The ambassadors of France, Austria and Hungary entered, in full uniform. Then came an array of Bishops, Monsignori, and minor clergy. After a little pause, the papal guard, in magnificent uniform, with swords drawn, announced the coming of His Holiness. He entered, clad in white, accompanied by his assistants, and ascended the throne. The picture was beautiful. The Pope's costume was in striking contrast with the red hangings of the room, the purple cassocks of the bishops, and the scarlet robes of the three cardinals who were present. After the reading of various documents, and the vote of thanks of the Bishop of Orleans, the Pope spoke to the audience in a low, sweet, penetrating voice. The scene was most impressive and never to be forgotten.

* * * * * *

After a good night's rest, I rose early and wended my way along roads rendered famous by the great ones of Pagan and Christian Rome, passing the Coliseum, and the Arch of Constantine, until I arrived at the Roman Forum, where the church of S. Francesca Romana is to be found—built by Leo IV., in the year 850. On my way home I experienced a Roman hail-storm, a very small affair, and which does not at all indicate that we have cold weather.

In one of my former letters I endeavored to give you some idea of the grandeur of S. Maria Maggiore, but, unless words were gems that would flame with many-colored lights upon the page and throw a tremulous glimmer before your eyes, it were vain to attempt a description of this most princely chapel!

I spoke of one of the chapels that contains a relic of the manger in which our Infant Saviour was laid—it is interesting to note that St. Ignatius of Loyola said his first mass in this chapel; and it was also in this spot that St. Cajetan was granted the privilege of receiving the Divine Infant in his arms.

Before the picture of the Blessed Virgin, supposed to have been painted by St. Luke, I make my thanksgiving every morning. Before this same picture once knelt St. Francis Borgia, St.

Stanislaus, St. Philip Neri, St. Charles, St. John Berchmans, and many other great saints.

This church also contains the body of St. Matthias the Apostle, at whose tomb I have said mass.

* * * * * *

There is a church here near the Pantheon, belonging to the Irish Dominicans—St. Clement's—built on the very spot where once stood the paternal house of St. Clement. For years and years this church was considered a perfect specimen of a fourth century edifice. But, one day, a certain Irish priest discovered a door, and, on opening it, found that it led down. After some clearing had been done, they came to the original church of the fourth century. The altar was still standing, the pulpit was in place, in fact, everything pertaining to a church was here, and can be seen to-day. The walls contain some pictures of the early ages, a beautiful one of the Blessed Virgin, and several paintings, the subjects of which are taken from the lives of St. Clement and St. Ignatius, bishop and martyr, whose bodies are deposited under the high altar. The mosaic pavement can still be seen.

One day, another door was found, leading to what proved to be no other than the house of St. Clement, in which the Christians used to gather together. Here, too, was discovered what was probably a house of worship for one of the gods of Persia, and which dates back to the first century of our era. Going down again they found what, to all appearance, must have been the Roman mint, dating from the second century before Christ. Judging from the way time has concealed all these things, one can imagine what is still under the Rome of the present day!

This church has a most beautiful mosaic of the twelfth century, representing the Crucifixion.

* * * * * *

Here I am among the ruins of Pompeii. The city is situated not far from Mt. Vesuvius. It is as you know, first mentioned in history in the year 310, B. C. Its inhabitants were of Greek origin, but, like most places of any importance, it soon became perfectly Romanized, and, after the first earthquake of the year 63, A. D., it was rebuilt in the new Roman style, composed of Greek and Italian elements. This fearthful earthquake destroyed a great portion of Pompeii, its temples, colonnades, theatres, and private dwellings. The people set themselves at once to rebuild it, but, before it was completely finished, it was overtaken by the final earthquake of the year 79 A. D. They were given warning and many fled, still, about two thousand were lost. The city was buried, and for seventeen centuries it was as completely lost from view as if it had never existed. Excavations, begun in 1860, have resulted in bringing to light about one fourth of the old city. From what is now seen we can easily imagine what a magnificent city it must have been. The houses with their beautiful paintings—although very pagan—the luxuriant gardens filled with perfect marble and bronze statues, the fountains of every size and variety, have now nothing that surpasses them. The temples and theatres—all of marble—show that, after all, the art of building has not made so much progress; while the bronze ornaments—lamps, doorplates, kitchen utensils, &c.—are really something the like of which I have never seen. And glassware and vases, together with gold and silver ornaments, make one believe that these are some arts that have been completely lost. The mosaics still to be seen on the floors are very beautiful—one relating to the life of Alexander is simply beyond description. When you see these things you wonder how they have existed so long and retained their beauty and color. Surely there must be something in the workmanship and in the materials that is unknown to us to-day. Considering the life of ease and comfort, the sensuality and paganism of those people, one realizes what Christianity has done in changing the face of the old civilization, and feels that all things, like this city, must come to utter destruction, if God is not the ruling spirit.

I think I could now read with the greatest delight what I read many years ago—Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii."

In Pompeii there is a celebrated shrine, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, as Queen of the Rosary. It is remarkable for the great pilgrimages that are made to it every year. I said Mass at this shrine. I do not think I ever saw so much devotion. The church contains one of the finest organs in Europe. I heard it and I also heard the singing of the people, and I must say that, if we could only have this singing all over the world, then the Pope is correct in his endeavor to take the singing out of the hands of a few.

Now it is time for me to take a little rest, as we are going up to the top of Mt. Vesuvius on horseback, to-night, and will not get back until one o'clock in the mornng.

We have just finished our supper, and a carrage is waiting for us. After a drive of over an hour, we find ourselves at the foot of the mountain, where our horses are in readiness. It is a most beautiful moonlight night. We mount our horses and begin our ride up the side of Vesuvius, which rises in isolated majesty from the Campanian plain to a height of 4275 feet.

At first I was rather uneasy on my horse, but the guide told me that all Americans could ride, and, as a consequence, he insisted on urging my horse to go at full speed. After a ride through the luxuriant vineyards, which yield the famous "Lachrymæ Christi" wine, and which are interspersed here and there with gardens and cottages, presenting a picture of teeming fertility, we arrived at the "Casa Bianca." Here we were met by a woman, whom I shall never forget—a regular highwayman—who wanted to see how much of our money she could get, but we proved more than a match for her, as a German was our spokesman—it is hard to get ahead of a German when there is question of money. Having bought our torches, we were reinforced by two more guides, who said they would eat macaroni at our expense—but I fear they went without it—we continued our march. For about one hour and a half we kept going round and round the mountain, which every now and then would send forth a flame, making things look like day, until finally we arrived at the old crater which destroyed Pompeii. Here we dismounted and began our march on foot. Soon we were at the lava beds. At first they were cold and hard, but very difficult to walk upon. Soon they became warm, and before long we found ourselves walking over beds of fire, the crust alone being hard. After a short walk, we saw in the distance what seemed to be a burning lake—it was the lava beds. A more beautiful sight I have never seen—one burning mass, like molten lead—just picture its effect upon the sky! We approached as near as we could, and, taking a stick, lifted the lava into the air, as if it were lead. To appreciate this you would have to see it. I looked at it as long as possible, and then started for the hotel. The ride was devoid of all interest —except the trouble we had in paying the guides, but this one must always expect in dealing with Italians. We arrived at one o'clock in the morning, tired out, but well pleased with our journey.

* * * * * *

Now let us finish our trip and take a carriage for Castellamare. The road follows the Bay of Naples, through some very picturesque mountain scenery, to this busy trading and fishing town, lying at the base and on the slope of a spur of Mount Sant' Angelo. It occupies the site of the ancient Stabiae, which was destroyed at the same time as Pompeii. The town contains one main street, and the houses and inhabitants remind one of Naples. One day I took a walk up the mountain to the ruins of an old castle, built by Charles I. of Anjou, in the thirteenth century. The road from Castellamare to Sorrento is most delightful—on it were the favorite residences of the early Romans. Augustus, Agrippa, and others had their summer homes here. Sorrento is the ancient Roman town of Sorrentum, of which nothing now remains but a few subterranean cisterns. Situated in the midst of luxuriant lemon and orange groves, with the sea on one side and deep ravines on the other, Sorrento is said to be one of the most delightful places to live in. The climate is almost perfect, and the walks through the woods most interesting. It was, as you know, the home of Tasso.

We came to Sorrento with the intention of going to Capri, but the sea was so rough that it was impossible. We were somewhat disappointed at not seeing the Blue Cave, but fully compensated by the lovely scenery at Cosenza, an old Roman town, which now contains one of the King's residences. The palace, grounds and cataract are most beautiful.

REV. D. DUNNE.

School Chronicle.

Hallowe'en! Day of eerie fascinations, evening adventures, "unco tales and funny jokes," when even those who are young in heart, if not in years, are seeking the dim pages of their memories for ghost stories, and "mingling a little folly with their wisdom."

Abundant and convincing proofs of a disposition *to celebrate* might have been witnessed as it neared the "nicht o' Hallowe'en, when a' the witchie micht be seen," during those delightful after-school conferences when surprising feats in dressmaking were performed, and couturières developed in amazing numbers. After sundry fittings—and more than sundry rippings—all was ready for the Masquerade. How cosmopolitan Masquerades are! Where else would one encounter so many characters, so many different nationalities consorting in such perfect peace!



Carlo Do

THE SORROWFUL VIRGIN.

Liberty towered proudly above them all. Dorothy Manners—a creation in blue and white—leaned gracefully on the arm of an advocate of Woman's Rights—oh, for the woman whose chief care in life is her devotion to the three K's! Kickapoo, the bashful Indian maid, her hair thickly braided with beads and bright bits of ribbon, her arms and throat clasped with wampum bracelets and necklace, walked beside her Big Chief, wrapped in a dark blanket crudely decorated with the war paint and feathers of his tribe. Sweet Priscilla clung timidly to the arm of Mother Hubbard, while Martha Washington —rather small to be the mother of so large a country—in pink silk and plumes, escorted a gay little peasant in crimson and green.

The multi-colored train streamed through the folding doors, a few graceful figures were made, and then a large circle with Liberty in the centre. The music ceased. There was silence and utter darkness, save for the weird light of some Jack-o'-lanterns, whose ghastly smile cast a fantastic shade over the masked faces below. A door at the side of the stage opened and a figure in white issued forth, wand in hand and carrying a small candle, which lit up the skull and crossbones on her tall head-gear. Behind her with bent form glided a reddish apparition, bearing a huge Jack-o'-lantern. Noiselessly they descended the steps, the startled procession was broken into groups, the opening chorus was sung, and the programme proceeded. Viola tripped from the pages of Twelfth Night, and recited. A daughter of the fatherland sang an old German ballad. What a picture she was in the quaint, rich headdress of the women of Würtemberg—a tall semi-circular crest of richly embroidered velvet fastened to a close-fitting quilted cap of silk, which encircled her head from ear to ear, with four wide streamers of ribbon swaying from side to side as she kept time to the odd melody of the song. And then the gay fishwife from Boulogne-sur-mer came singing a little French ditty, all in her holiday attire—the usual short skirt, ample apron of blue, and round flaring cap of fluted muslin. A Philippine maid and a Hindoo advanced to render their tuneful duet,—the former in a long loose robe of bright silk, her flowing hair her only mantilla; the latter in thin muslin garments, girded in at the waist by a wide sash —ears, neck, hands and feet loaded with ornaments—a striking contrast to her more simply-attired sister. The goddess of the tambourine? Yes, and gypsy and jester—like a page from Scott—charming pictures in black and yellow, and pointed cap, covered with tiny bells.

Then the ball!—the long-wished-for ball! What surprising combinations took place. Here two dainty Japs were dancing, a triumphant gleam in their almond eyes. There *die dicke Charlotte* and the senorita from sunny Spain were gracefully treading a measure—while the clown and the "Old Boy"—as Agnes called him —were vainly endeavoring to dance a Paul Jones.

Alas! the only figure missing from that brilliant scene was the Russian beauty. Where was she?—you ask. Probably, away in some corner sulking over the last victory—which she did not win.

There in the window seat, engaged in earnest conversation, sat Liberty and Big Chief. Talking politics and the coming election? Are we right in conjecturing that Liberty favors the cowboy?

Refreshments after the dance, and then the last Jack-o'-lantern closed his weary eyes in sleep, the unwelcome sound of the clown's horn echoed through the hall—a signal for the musicians to play "Home, Sweet Home."

A treasured souvenir of the day is a gift of walnuts, containing miniature pictures of the St. Louis Exposition, from our dear and ever-thoughtful friend, Mrs. Bendit. A complete set of charmingly artistic post cards, presented also by Mrs. Bendit to the young lady who was the first to guess what one word a certain number of others might make. Bertha Henry was the fortunate winner.

November third — Beatrice — alias Madame Grosdenaples, our tardy senior—relinquished the gaieties of Edmonton, which she was loath to leave, some weeks ago, for the land of apple-trees. Madame Grosdenaples has brought some very startling fashions with her, in which tarpaulin upper benjamins play a prominent part. Oh, for budding spring and an Easter bonnet! Then! then! oh, ecstasy! a jerry hat—a confection with yellow daffadowndils!

November fourth—Once more we welcomed dear Mother Seraphina back to this Loretto, and were glad to learn that she had not forgotten her Niagara girls. Some whom she left in the full glory of short skirts and demure braids, have been transformed by these cruel years into young ladies in trains and pompadours—conspicuous

among whose recollections, is one of sundry prostrations before an historic clock.

November fifth—Chippewa! Freedom! The world! found an answering echo in every heart, as the conductor rang off innumerable fares and the car dashed along the river front through the land of the blasts—which are really not so nerve-racking down there as the messengers we receive lead us to think. To say that the work of construction going on beside the rushing waters is interesting would be to give faint expression to the thought—amazing—marvellous—are the only words that can express it. What years ago was a vast wilderness, the very birthplace of nature in all its grandeur and glory, is now the centre of a busy world of labor; where, in past years, we gathered wild flowers, is now the scene of employment for hundreds of men, but never can the hand of man restore this glorious home of nature or make it what it was before electricity was dreamed of—or the blasts were sent to soothe our weary hours.

Will it be merely a matter of time till the cliffs over which the Niagara used to plunge in a magnificent sheet of green and silver, become a dry ruin? Are we so bent on wealth that not one spot is sacred from its seeking? Must all that is beautiful and lifting in the world be marred and despised if it does not bring a return in coin? Are progress, happiness, natural charm and public right so strange that commercialism laughs in scorn and wonder when it hears of them? Save Niagara, if only as a protest against the assumption that the American people are wholly sunk in selfishness and greed.

November sixth—The Italian Consul to Buffalo, Mr. G. Banschetti, Mrs. Banschetti, and the charming little daughter of the house, Genevieve, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Chiericati, were conducted through the convent this afternoon. As our distinguished guests passed through the various apartments, new beauties met their astonished gaze on every side and elicited their unbounded admiration. During the course of conversation, we ascertained that the relatives of one of the party had been educated by *le Dame Inglesi* in Vicenza—the name our nuns bear there—and then the welcome was, if possible, more cordial.

November eighth—An echo of wedding bells rung in Belmont, N. Y., for the bridal of Angeline Mapes. The *staff* adds its felicitations to those already showered upon Mr. and Mrs. Chester Eckbert, and prays that unalloyed happiness may be theirs.

November ninth—"Roosevelt is elected!" Joyful announcement made simultaneously in every corner of the house, just as Republicans and Democrats had a hot political discussion—can these serious young ladies really be the same who, a week before, had been deep in the mysteries of a Masquerade costume? One would rather say a group of elderly politicians discussing the respective merits of both parties.

November fifteenth—A meeting of the S. C. L., at which competitive essays were read. It were vain to attempt a description of these quaking hearts and burning brows. The new members of the Club crossed the threshold of the *sanctum,* on this memorable day, the fruit of many sleepless nights—in the shape of a type-written manuscript—clutched tightly in their hands. The critics calmly took their seats—as is their wont. One could easily guess, upon hearing Agnes' essay, that she is from Chicago, because of the scathing rebuke administered to these widows who went in weeds to a Masquerade, forgetful of their dead. You wonder what will be the fate of such hard-hearted people? I will tell you. Probably, another veil—but not a black one, this time. Her realistic picture of a ghost was one to steal the color from the cheek of the fair Dutch maid. Maud has never quite outgrown her fear of ghosts and—

Genius seemed to be burning in one grand blaze on Tuesday—Josephine's flow of language was remarkable, to say the least. And now, let me warn you that if, in after years, you should happen to come across a book, entitled "The Trials of an Edmonton Maid," do not read it. Beatrice will tell you the reason—you may ask her. It is too bad we cannot impress on the rising generation the fact that the world is already overcrowded with inferior writers.

November seventeenth—Lady Flora finds it rather embarrassing to keep her rendez-vous with Dante and Semiramis, and so has decided to change her trysting-place to the "Do-Drop-Inn," far from Parepa Rosa's "Will my lady please?" and the mournful wail of the "Lost Chord." where she will be lulled to sleep by the music of the "Swan Song," without the rude jarring of that disturbing intellectual machine; while Queen Bess is contemplating a change of abode on account of the earthquakes which confuse her ideas —and scatter her belongings.

November twentieth—Reception and banquet in honor of St. Catharine, given by the S. C. L. Many were the sighs and longing glances that followed the gay procession passing so tunefully to the banquet hall. But the musical part of the programme was forgotten as an unconscious "oh!" plainly expressed admiration of the scene mingled with compliments for May and Bertha, who acted as hostesses on the occasion. The flower-decked room was one to create a thrill in the most matter-of-fact individual—one might fancy herself bidden to dine with Queen Titania, so light-hearted was the company that gathered around the table, in creations of silk and lace—sable garments would ill befit St. Catharine's Day.

Festoons of Nile green and mauve—our Club colors—were draped from the corners of the table to the ceiling, fastened in the centre by a golden scroll, bearing the name we love so well. Masses of pink carnations — the Club flower — interspersed with delicate maiden-hair fern, formed the centre-piece, while silver candelabra with mauve and Nile-green shades, cast a soft radiance over everything. At each cover was a cluster of carnations, tied with the Club colors, carnation favors filled with bonbons, and place cards, engraved S. C. L., in gold.

The window seats were hidden in a bower of palms and yellow chrysanthemums, from the midst of which shaded lamps cast a dreamy light—the chandeliers were almost concealed by the season's flower. Every one was in exuberant spirits, toasts were appropriately given, and then during a lull in the conversation, the President was called on for a speech, which she made in a charming manner—Maud possesses the secret of the good after-dinner speaker—knows how to say something interesting and in few words—in fact, to make it short and sweet.

Strains of music lured our steps to an adjoining room, and the remainder of the evening was spent in music and song.

Miss Foster, of Kingston, Jamaica, was guest of honor at the banquet and took a leading part in adding mental flavor to the delicious viands by graphic descriptions of the many interesting spots in her native isle.

Among her gifts to the dear Jubilarian was a curiously-wrought basket, made of the "Strainer or Tree Sponge" that grows wild in Jamaica. Within this basket were many products of that distant isle—moss picked from rocks of Port Royal Mountains, St. Andrew; Dagger Plant, from St. Anne's; Lace Bark from the trunks of trees in Manchester; Pond Rush from Clarendon; and "Job's Tears"—beads that grow by the inland waters of that "Sweet Island of Springs and Spicy Breezes."

Favors were sent to the following absent members of the Club, in recognition of their loyalty and many courtesies to the present ones. Miss Berenice Golden, Bangor, Maine; Miss Stella Martin, La Salle, Ill.; the Misses Formosa, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss McCann, Baltimore, Md.; Miss J. Hallam, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Lion, St. Marys, Pa.; Miss Eileen O'Connor, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; Miss Fitz-Gerald, New York; Miss Irene Ducey, New York; Miss Durgin, Bangor, Maine; Miss Hefferan, Erie, Pa.; Miss Mabel O'Brien, Welland, Ont.; the Misses Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Day, Guelph, Ont.; Miss Kyle, Colorado Springs, Col.; Miss Freeman, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. J. Callahan—née Josephine Hardin—Chicago, Ill.; the Misses Merle, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Loomis, Lockport, N. Y.; Miss Henry, East Brady, Pa.; the Misses Hennessey, Lynn, Mass.; Miss Simpson, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Prudence Van Depoele, Lynn, Mass.; the Misses Kean, La Salle, N. Y.; Miss Mudd, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Quinn, Straight, Pa.; Miss Locke, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Dennis, Charlotte, N. Y.; Miss Diamond, La Salle, Ill.; Miss Josephine Ellis, Niagara Falls, Ont.

November twenty-first—The Silver Jubilee festivities have brought us welcome visitors from the Abbey and Hamilton—M. M. Stanislaus, M. M. Dosithea, Sr. Barbara, Sr. Ledwina, and Sr. Emily. Religious and pupils alike gave them cordial greeting, and rejoiced to witness their delight during the evening Entertainment—how much giving pleasure to others enhances our own!

December first—A delightful surprise—Rev. J. Lynch, C. M., Niagara University, and Miss Helena Goessmann, New York, gladden us with their presence in the study hall and are enthusiastically welcomed.

Miss Goessmann very graciously acquiesced in our desire for a "talk," and took for her theme "the higher education of women." Any misconceptions or erroneous ideas concerning the much-discussed topic that might have existed were quickly put to flight by her lucid statements, which carried with them all the force of conviction. "Education does not consist in the mere

knowledge of one's native tongue and literature —a knowledge which few have acquired, for language is not merely words, words, words, but the choice of words—but also in a thorough mastery of at least two modern languages, and the ability to converse fluently and intelligently in them."

Miss Goessmann drew a parallel between the average American girl and her German sister, who is educated not only in her own language but also in French and English. When Miss Goessmann went abroad, she was imbued with the idea that Americans generally have, on their first trip to a foreign land—and which, alas! they rarely abandon for the correct one, as she did—that the education of German girls is chiefly in housewifery—their favorite volume, a cookery book. What was her surprise to meet at a coffee party, numbers of ladies speaking English with an elegance and sweetness of tone difficult to define. Some one suggested that the charm lay in the sound of her native tongue in a strange land, but her heart told her that it was the purity with which it was spoken that had impressed her, for during that whole afternoon she had not heard one word of slang.

How many American girls are there who can converse intelligently in French and German? And what is the cause of their inability? Are we not just as bright as other nations? Yes, and most people will tell you, brighter. It is because they content themselves with passing a few examinations and imagine that they know all that is to be known, when, in reality, they have barely a foundation. Disillusionment comes when they associate with educated people. It may not be too late to learn—but think of all the pleasure they might have had of an intellectual kind, the gems of literature—to which translations can never do justice.

Father Lynch supplemented Miss Goessmann's opportune remarks with amusing anecdotes of persons who had gone abroad without a sufficient knowledge of the language of the country and the complications that were the result. He then dwelt on the position of woman at the present day as compared to what it was in past ages, the dignity she has attained and the respect paid to her since the introduction of Christianity. "Let us call to mind the fact that woman's position was low and degraded before the time of our Lord. If we take the nations of Persia, India, Thracia, then if we go to Egypt, which was the mother of civilization, and which was regarded as having attained the highest level until the splendors of Rome, and pass from it to Greece, in all its splendor and material civilization, we find that woman had no honored place even in the sanctuary of her home. The change in her condition was brought about by our divine Lord who, for the first thirty years of His life was subject to Mary, the model of all true womanhood."

December second—Our hearts go out in tenderest sympathy to Kathleen and Alice Ridout, who have just been called home to the funeral of their loved grandfather. Only a few weeks ago, a precious birthday letter—part of which is reproduced in our columns—was received from the venerable and scholarly grandsire, whose daughters and granddaughters have been passing for well-nigh thirty years through the portals of Loretto.

December fourth—Mass celebrated by Rev. F. J. Walsh, C. M., Niagara University. An impressive sermon on the Gospel of the day. In the afternoon, an eloquent and instructive discourse —"Mary Immaculate is to Christian art what the Incarnation is to Christianity." Father Walsh has added another delightful memory to the many we retain of his visits.

December sixth—It was our pleasure to entertain, during the past few days, Miss Linda Oullahan, of Stockton, California, and to show her the beauty of our superb surroundings in winter garb. How beautiful our "Lady of the Snow" must have appeared to this daughter of the land of roses! The ice-jewelled trees and glistening snow-crystals, upon which we daily gaze, were a marvel to her—only one regret remained—there was no sleighing—and Miss Oullahan had never enjoyed a sleigh-ride.

December seventh—Miss Helen McTierney is our guest for a few fleeting hours, on her return trip from Paris, France. We would fain enjoy the sunshine of her genial presence for many days, did we not know of the many claims on her time and attention in her native city.

December twentieth — Already visions of Christmas float before my eyes, and the approaching sound of New Year's bells is wafted to me as I sit wrapt in thought. Words of joy and gladness seem to flood my paper, and, as the beautiful picture of home and fireside rises before me, the outside world in its mantle of snow is forgotten in the thought of Christmas-tide. Ere I lay my pen aside with other memories of the dying

year, I seem to hear an echo of the angels' song—"Peace to men of good will."

In the cordial spirit of the season, we wish that the fullness of blessings, ushered in by the Infant Saviour, may brighten for our friends the incoming year, and that if storms must, indeed, come, there may always be sunshine and a RAINBOW.

GLADYS HAYDN WEST.

Personals.

"The last number?" "Très bow."

There are no felicities for bathing in the Niagara River.

I tink de Irish take French leave.

"If there's a collision I hope our train wins, don't you?"

"C'est la juste punition de mon petit orgueil—It is the just punishment of my little ear."

"What did you say is the matter with her?" "That she is affected with a slight optical indecision."

The only means of communication the colonists had was on horseback, and in this way it took quite a long time for a letter to get to Europe.

"Why are the days longest in summer?" "Because the sun goes in in winter and comes out in summer—because the snow is so deep that it keeps the sun from shining so soon, and it comes later and goes sooner than in summer when there is no snow—because in the winter the snow makes it darker."

"If you were to personify ship what gender would you give it?" "Masculine, because it would be a man-of-war."

"I have a supreme dislike for apples in allopathic doses."

"I'm the only children we've got."

"Composition is the art of bringing simple ideas into complication."

"Pshaw! That old serpent couldn't have tempted me with an apple, 'cause I don't like apples." "But 'spose somebody told you not to eat them?"

The receptions at Do-Drop-Inn continue to be popular.

"You need not sprechen mit me in Deutsch. You sprechen English, I very vell ondersthand your meanness."

"I asked him for a copy of *Prometheus Bound*, he said he hadn't one, but he could get it bound for me any way I liked."

"Weren't the *Boxers* disappointed on Thanksgiving Day?"

"You need a cold to say these words in German."

"What is a hyperbole?" "A great exaggeration." "Give an example." "You are an angel."

"Combien de genres y-a-t-il?" "Deux. Le genre humain et . . . je ne sais pas l'autre."

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers," isn't a quotation, it's only a line of poetry.

"A volcano is a hole in the ground that ashes come through, the top is called the equator."

"Capite dimisso"—their heads being dismissed.

"I blay aggompaniments zometimes."

"Do they wash here by water or by electricity?"

"Now I know what *idiom* means, and slang must be the *idiotic* part of the English language."

"New York is bounded on the north by Mexico and Spain, on the south by Jersey City and Japan, on the east by Texas—no, by Maine—and on the west by Hudson Bay and Yucatan. It's mostly in the frigid zone; the climate is moist and dry; the exports are bananas, and—er—oh! —potatoes, whales and other fruits, and woolen goods and rye, and—and—a-n-d—I b'lieve that's all I know."

"Beside the rushing waters of a quiet flowing stream
There stands Loretto Convent, palside and serrine.
Beside the rushing waters of a quiet flowing stream
Stands a pallid mansion mids Niagara's sheltering greens.
(But I don't care)
And in this pallid mansion—"

—Here inspiration evidently deserted our poetess, or she was overcome by emotion!

Rose is on the verge of bankruptcy—since her trip across the river—she has a distinct recollection of that ten cents paid on the bridge.

"A chicken! A chicken! My ——— for a chicken!"

"With whom was Bruce fighting?" "The Spider."

"I would like to see Jupiter and Venus. Where are they?" "Over there, at the Hospice."

JOHN L. ANDERSON,
FERRY STREET,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED MEATS OF ALL KINDS.
TELEPHONE CONNECTION. **POULTRY IN SEASON.**
Niagara Falls South, Ont.

Established 1864.
COLE & McMURRAY,
Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating, Furnaces, Stoves and Ranges.
Hardware, Paints, Oils, Glass, Sewer Pipe, etc.
Niagara Falls, Ont.

NIAGARA ICE CO.
PHONE 148-X.
Spring Water Ice. First-Class Service
Orders by Telephone Promptly Delivered.
F. H. BOULTER, Manager.
Niagara Falls South.

Member of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants.
EDWARD GUNNELL,
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT AND AUDITOR,
141 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.
Telephone, 3536 Cortlandt.
General Accounting and Auditing, Corporation Accounts, Partnership Accounts, Investigations, Inventories, Cost Systems for Shops, Factories and Manufacturers.

TELEPHONE 95A.
M. MORSE & SON
UNDERTAKERS AND PROFESSIONAL EMBALMERS
Main St., - - Niagara Falls South, Canada.

Kindergarten Supplies, Science Apparatus,
AND ALL KINDS OF
SCHOOL SUPPLIES.
THE STEINBERGER-HENDRY CO.,
37 Richmond St. W., TORONTO, ONT.

..THE STAR BAKERY..
High-Grade Fruit Cake, Delicate Bonbons, Delicious Jelly Rolls, Cakes of all kinds, Toothsome Sweetmeats.
Our Homemade Bread is still in the lead.
Cream Bread is the choice of many bread-winners.
Wedding Cakes on hand and made to order.
W. J. MANUEL, Ferry St., Niagara Falls, Ont.

The Catholic Book and Religious Goods House.
Manufacturers and Importers of Vestments, Statues, Chalices, etc , etc.
Society Regalia, Badges and Banners.
Publishers of THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY,
The only book of its kind in the United States.
Complete Edition, $1.25, and postage, 16 cents.
The M. H. Wiltzius Co.,
413-417 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

R. F. CARTER ELECTRIC CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
And Contractors for Electrical Works.
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
The largest and best hotel at the Falls. Write for rates.
INTERNATIONAL HOTEL CO., - PROPRIETORS.
S. A. GREENWOOD, Manager.

Korten Brothers Co.
SUCCESSORS TO
OTTOMAN CAHVEY CO.
ESTABLISHED 1875
Wholesale Coffees, Teas, Spices, Baking Powders and Extracts.
CHICAGO.
We work in our Customers' interest ALWAYS.



MARY MAGDALEN.

NIAGARA RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XII. *NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., APRIL, 1905.* *No. 2.*

To "Alba."

Lady! 'Tis not my muse high soaring seeks,
When to poetic realms with thee I hie.
No inspirations sought could satisfy
My fond desire. It is my heart that speaks.

For I would fain descry the impress made
By thy dear form replete with potent grace,
Reflecting in the calmness of thy face
The noble sentiments by which thou'rt swayed.

Fair benisons of many winter days
Rest on thy snowy hair, yet in thy heart
Sweet springtime blooms, and summer's subtle art
Prepares rich votives ripe for autumn's praise.

Thro' cultured paths has been thy pilgrimage
To destined shrine, where hallowed are thy years
So fully spent, that nothing in arrears
Shall stand against thee on the judgment page.

Thy talents well bestowed by lavish Hand,
With thy untiring care have multiplied.
'Tis meet the full reward be not denied
Where hoped for, in that beatific land.

The best thou had'st, has been thy holocaust:
Of mother's gifts, the fairest offering
To undivided service of thy king
In cause where valiant deed is never lost.

Now in thy day far spent, Oh! rest thine eyes
On record fair as is thy chosen name—
"Alba!"—May angels sweetly sing the same
To greet thine entrance into Paradise.

DOROTHY B.

Island Reveries.

"We must prevent the sun to bless thee, O God, and adore thee at the dawning of the light." (Wisd. xvi., 28.)

"O God, my God, to thee will I watch at break of day." (Ps. lxii., 2.)

There are two hours of the day, one of the morning, one of the evening, that may be called the hours of the soul: when refreshed by the repose that separates us from yesterday, with the white page of the day before us, in the hush while our loving Creator is waiting for our acknowledgment and offering, the immortal soul strives to respond, and if we will but turn to our kind heavenly Father, this hour of communion and consecration becomes the forecast of the day.

When to attend early Mass is made possible, what a joy and elevation of spirit attends us to the outer world, and particularly if we go to partake that supersubstantial Bread which is the life of the soul!

We walk in the exhilaration of the promise—"From the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the nations; and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation." (Mal. 1, 2.)

This clean oblation was prefigured by that of Melchisedech the High Priest, who, under the Old Law, while all others offered a bloody sacrifice foreshowing the crucifixion of Christ, offered the bread and wine to prefigure the Blessed Eucharist.

To our religious services attach not only the associations of Holy Writ or sacred history, but also incidents in connection with the Christian worshippers of the ages.

How interesting to us who still enjoy all the

privileges of praying ground, are any revelations of the interior and spiritual life of our brethren who once walked the earth as we do now, and were personally known to us, or have come to us veiled in the pages of history.

How complicated is thought! In all the exhilaration of the Sabbath entrance into the house of God, in all that supreme joy which fills our souls as heirs to the kingdom, with the first notes of the "Asperges" is recalled the rejection of King Robert the Bruce, after the slaying of his cousin, the "Red Comyn," before the altar of Dumfries Church. When Bruce presented himself at church he was met at the door and refused permission to advance farther, for the reason that he had committed murder and profaned the temple of God. Not for him were the joyful numbers, "Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, O Lord, and I shall be cleansed; thou shalt wash me and I shall be made whiter than snow."

For the space of a year there was no blessing invoked upon Robert the Bruce; during Mass he knelt in penance at the church door, and to him was left but the prayer, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy great mercy."

When Bruce was dying, he called Queen Alice, their children, Lord James the "Black Douglas," and others of his kith and kin, that they might hear a public confession of the anguish that filled every hour of his life after the murder of Comyn, and also his statement that the blow was not premeditated, but was the result of unpardonable provocation.

It is said that the avaricious and cowardly Comyn threatened to betray Bruce and his plans to Edward I. of England; that Bruce instantly felled him, then in horror rushed out of the church, whereupon his attendants hurried in and finished the work of dispatching Comyn.

Bruce had another life-long regret: he felt that during the years spent at the court of Edward I., he had sinned against his country, and had been a willing Moses at the court of Pharaoh.

Earthly glories and consolations could not satisfy the great heart of the hero of Bannockburn, the savior of his country; for the penitent Bruce had longed to make a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, and his dying request was that the Douglas should carry that heart to the Holy Land.

I have journeyed over the sacred soil of Bannockburn, where Bruce expiated the sin of disloyalty to his country, by leading the Scots to victory and independence; and I have been thankful that the ignominious defeat was suffered by Edward II. of England, and not by his father, "the Great Plantagenet."

Bruce was not permitted to seek solace for the sorrow of "Dumfries" in the temple of the earthly Sion; but we trust his tears have been wiped away in the heavenly Jerusalem.

Here, before the altar of the Lord, and only here, in the presence of God where all men are equal, is there true communion of soul among the members of the church militant, the church suffering, and the church triumphant!

In the Kyrie "Eleison" we feel ourselves united with every soul on earth, in the fellowship of need, and upon the vantage ground where time is still ours.

The jubilant "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" possesses a charm ever new, and in a flash of thought we are at Bethlehem, see the shepherds watching on the hillside, and hear the angels' "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!"

As the service proceeds I find myself anticipating the commemoration of the passing from the Old to the New Law by the removal of the Book from the Epistle to the Gospel side of the altar; for to my lips readily rises the testimony—"How wonderful, O Lord, is thy name through the whole earth! I will bless the Lord at all times: His praise shall be ever in my mouth. Be Thou my God and protector: in Thee alone I put my trust. O let me never be confounded!"

What sublime pathos and eloquence in the plea —"In te Domine speravi: non confundar in aeternum!"

In the "Credo," at mention of Pontius Pilate, thought becomes busy with the after life of the gloomy Roman governor, who had not the courage of his convictions as had Longinus, the Roman soldier who pierced the heart of Jesus. It is said that Pilate never knew peace of mind after the Crucifixion. He was transferred as governor to Southern Gaul, where he died; "Mount Pilate" is known as the site of his burial.

At the "Offertory," with the sanctity of the chalice is recalled the mystic legends of the "holy grail," the cup out of which our Redeemer drank at the last supper.

Tradition tells us that Joseph of Arimathea brought that sacred cup to Glastonbury, England; and there it disappeared. Was its disappearance symbolical of the dark time coming,

when the chalice of the Lord should be forbidden in England? It has been proved beyond contradiction that throughout persecution, the Blessed Sacrament had an undesecrated abiding-place in that fair country; and the day may come when the holy grail will be returned to longing eyes. This would be coincidence in keeping with that of St. Joseph's thorn-tree at Glastonbury, which still blossoms annually at Christmas-tide.

As to every other relic of the Saviour's time, in imagination we hear good people say: "It could not be the original article; too long a time has elapsed."

The British Museum treasures innumerable cups and vessels that antedate the holy grail by many centuries!

Numerous sacred vessels, hidden during periods of persecution, have been unearthed; and perhaps among them is the Saviour's cup!

I once asked a religious what part of the Mass seemed to appeal particularly to her; she answered "The 'Sursum Corda'." Invariably with the response, "Habemus ad Dominum," I "lift up my heart" in petition for Sister M. C.

At the "Pater Noster," the words "Fiat voluntas Tua" possess a peculiar fascination, and seem to ring out more forcibly than the rest.

Ah, "Thy Will be done" is the crucial test; and it is but mockery on the lips of the half-hearted Christian. It is not compatible with the plan of life which the world has laid down for us. There is no convenience in being submissive and grateful when we want so much more of this world than has yet come our way; besides this, we must keep a watchful eye on our more fortunate neighbor (Christian, also), who is trying to leave us far behind. Generally speaking, it is only the sorrow-burdened, spirit-broken, whom we hear making Christian submission in the honestly-uttered "Thy Will be done." Should this not give us pause?

The "Sanctus" and "Agnus Dei" bring the presence of that greatest and most Christian of musical composers—Mozart. In music for the church, his deeply religious nature found its natural expression. How perfectly he enjoyed the beauties of the Faith is best shown in his own words: "Ah," he said one day to a friend of another creed, "you have your religion in the head and not in the heart; you do not feel the meaning of those words, Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem. When one has been, like myself, introduced from the tenderest infancy into the mystic sanctuary of our religion; when, with a soul agitated by vain aspirations, one has assisted at the Divine service where music translates these holy words, Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini—Oh, then it is very easy to place everything of earth at and under His feet, and with freed, risen spirit to sing our Hosanna in Excelsis."

In his humble, forgotten grave, all that is mortal of the spiritual Mozart has indeed found the fullest "peace" that this earth can bestow.

O, is not the "Dona nobis pacem" the one common prayer of poor humanity!

The "Communion" suggests the "proving" of themselves by all who would approach the Lord's table, where all men are equal; in this connection comes thought of the "proving" of Louis XV. of France, and his mistress, Madame de Pompadour, who, becoming penitent, but having given public scandal, were obliged to do public penance by walking in penitential garb to the Church of "The Madeleine," and there professing sorrow for the past, and purpose of amendment.

Daniel O'Connell, the great "Liberator" of Ireland, was compelled, very much against his will, to fight a duel with his persecutor, D'Esterre. Unfortunately for O'Connell's kindly heart, he killed his opponent. After that he provided for the bereaved family of D'Esterre; but feeling that he had blood upn his hands, he always covered them by wearing gloves when he went to Holy Communion.

When we look into the faces of those returning from the heavenly banquet, we know that they are in possession of the supremest bliss possible to the soul outside of Paradise.

Some years ago, during a jubilee, three friends by agreement went side by side to the holy table. One of them remains; the other two, I trust, are in the enjoyment of the Eternal Festival. We prayed for one another then, and I feel that they now do not forget me!

Holy Communion is the vitality of religion, the life of the soul; without it our religion is nothing, our interior existence but blankness or profitless confusion.

Once that we have sat at the Lord's table nothing short of the heavenly manna can satisfy the cravings of the immortal spirit; those glimpses of heaven opened by comparison show this earth but an arid desert. Ah, who would not in the misery of mortality take our loving Redeemer at His word in Holy Writ—"He that eateth My

flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up in the last day." This consolation enables us to lose sight of the coldness and ghastliness of the grave.

Of fervent communions, one is ever paramount in my mind; it is that last, unique communicating of "Mary Stuart."

"Her place was on the mountain top; her home was in the storm." Her life was one of supreme sorrow; her death one of supreme joy. With not an hour to live, but in the prime of life and her splendid intelligence, she walked into the divine Presence and partook that "bread of life," self-administered. She entered her oratory, and the world was shut out forever; this life ended, to her, at the foot of the altar. Her remaining moments were communings with her God, her all; the parting with her faithful attendants, the black-draped scaffold, the curious spectators, the stroke of the executioner, were a reality to others, substance of a dream, and remote to her.

The reading of the Gospel of St. John at the conclusion of Mass recalls to Canadians an interesting scene of four centuries ago; we see Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, reading the Gospel of St. John in faith, hope, love and pity over the sick and afflicted Indians who besought him to heal them.

* * * * * *

In the exultant exaltation of the "Magnificat" we find a traditional fascination in the words, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat; and hath exalted the humble." The obstinate, pitiable vanity of human nature is exhibited all the way down from "King Robert of Sicily" to the late Grand Duke Sergius of Russia.

In the Church's psalm of praise is mingled the echoes of the discovery of America, the landing of Columbus and his first act thereupon—that of rendering gratitude to God by the singing of the Te Deum.

The "Miserere" seems a wail from all the evils that have befallen humanity from King David's time to the present. What pathetic pages of history are bound up in it!

Young Henry V. of England, the hero of Agincourt, and conqueror of France, when near his last, requested a number of monks and the members of his family to recite the penitential psalms. At the words, "Deal favorably, O Lord, in Thy good will with Sion, that the walls of Jerusalem may be built up," he interrupted them in order to declare that it had been his intention, after settling affairs in France, to proceed to the Holy Land in the interests of Jerusalem.

Among the thirty Stuart children in the grave of their ancestress, Mary Queen of Scots, in Westminster Abbey, is a little four-year-old daughter of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. The little sufferer's mother perceiving that she was dying, told her to pray; the little failing voice replied, "I cannot say my long prayer (the Lord's Prayer), but I can say my short one." Then with the petition, "Lighten my eyes, O Lord, that I may never sleep in death," the little soul winged its flight.

The singing of the "Libera" invariably reminds me that five centuries of British history were completed by the funeral solemnities of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, performed at Frescati, Italy, by his brother Henry, Cardinal of York, or loyally speaking, Henry IX. of England and I. of Scotland. He was brought to his cathedral church in a sedan chair. Taking his place before the altar, he began the "Libera," but blinding and choking tears compelled him to pause; religious fortitude quickly mastered fraternal and patriotic affection, then throughout the service he proceeded with composure. On the coffin of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" were the royal regalia of Scotland and the decorations of St. Andrew and St. George. Black-mantled mourners were there from Scotland, England, and all the courts of Europe. With that "Libera" the Cardinal king made the sacrifice of his rights to the crown of Britain.

The story of Mozart's "Requiem" is familiar to all; the coming to him of a youthful stranger, who engaged him to compose a "Requiem" for an unnamed friend, left money for the work, then departed in mystery.

Can we wonder that the supersensitive, spiritual Mozart should recognize in the stranger a heavenly messenger of death, and the required requiem—his own! He composed it in that firm conviction; and the end justified his prophecy.

The great master was angelic in his genius, and in the purity of his life. He glorified God with all the fulness of his genius; surely angels now sing that requiem over Mozart's humble, lost, and nameless grave.

The "prayer" or "Act of Resignation" of Madame Elizabeth of France, sister of Louis XVI., would be eloquent on the lips of all needy mor-

tals. During the long months of her voluntary imprisonment with the Royal Family she was the comforter of poor Marie Antoinette, and, when that queen was taken, of her little daughter, the Princess Louise of France. Madame Eliabeth suffered death by the guillotine, but her "Act of Resignation" was ever on the lips of Madame Louise to the close of her long life, and it has come down to us with an added halo from the eulogy of Bossuet, who says: "Recite these words with a tender piety, for they have been dictated by the Holy Ghost himself, who has at the same time consecrated them to the praise and eternal glory of Jesus Christ."

"Prayer" or "Act of Resignation" of Mme. Elizabeth: "What will come to me to-day, O my God? I care not. All that I know is that to-day will bring to me nothing that Thou hast not foreseen from all eternity. That suffices for my tranquillity, O my God. I adore Thy eternal designs and I submit with all my heart. I wish all, I accept all, I make Thee a sacrifice of all; I unite this sacrifice to that of Thy dear Son, my Saviour; asking Thee in His name, and by His merits, that patience in all ills, and that perfect submission which is due to Thee in all that Thou wouldst wish or permit."

* * * * * *

I have before me the poems of James Alexander Tucker, B. A., the talented young Canadian poet, whose brilliant career was interrupted by death, in December, 1903.

A preface by Reuben Butchart and Joseph T. Clark, a prefatory memoir and poem by Arthur Stringer, an "In Memoriam" poem by Miss Jean Graham, are all eloquent, brilliant and inclusive to the full.

I knew in his boyhood the gentle poet of brave and devoted spirit; and I rejoice in the certainty that I possessed his sincere friendship. He was a manly boy with charm of manner worthy of the days of chivalry; no gentleman who ever won the distinction of knighthood could be more worthy than J. A. Tucker.

Here is a poem, "On the Moor," which I knew him to compose at eighteen. How touching is the introspection, the vivid imagery, the comparison, and the trust in God, expressed by the thinker—the boy in his teens!

"As one who wanders on a moor at night
Seeking the house-light that shall guide him home,
Till, blinded by the darkness beating down
From the unmoving vault o'er all the earth,
He sees a hundred false, imagined lights
One after other, and the way is lost,—
The true light mingled with the false so that
He knows not which be true and which be false,
But weary falls asleep in deep despair,
And lies till morning wakes and shows to him
The great unquenched light which shines o'er all
And close at hand the home he sought by night,
Yet seeking failed to find; even so the soul,
Benighted here, wanders in search of truth,
Confused by Will-o'-wisps, and shall not know
Which light be true, which light be false, until
The future morn of God break through the night,
Showing the haven of the soul at hand."

His sympathetic, artist soul breathes in the lines, "To a Discouraged Artist":

"This life here is all incomplete—we see but an arc of the ring;
Some day you will paint me great pictures, some day you'll be able to sing
Songs that will shame Petrarca's, or carve from the hard, white stone
The clean, soft curves of a Venus fair as Praxitele's own.
Why?
Because, friend, our own dumb bosoms feel always at home with the best;
As the best rises, we rise with it—like bubbles that climb the wave's crest;
We sit with the greatest as equals—we eat of the high priest's food—
No temple so glorious, so holy, we are conscious that we intrude!
Think you such heavenward impulse will not work its ultimate will?
This life's but the upward slope—the next, or the next, is the hill!
The hill from which Raphael or Shakespeare looked out with calm sweep o'er the plain,
The hill they have left for a higher and the one it is yours yet to gain."

The singer of his country's charms and endearments, now reposes in the warmth of Canadian sunshine and snow; in the contemplation of his pen picture of "A Winter's Day in California," the lines grow dim as their beauty becomes more appealing:

"This afternoon upon the hills
The winter sun rests strangely sweet;

The valley, dreaming at their feet,
With murm'rous music thrills.

"Music of zephyrs in the palms,
And scented eucalyptus trees;
And chattering of shrill kildees
Round distant, reedy dams;

"Far off the mountains lapped in haze,
High-throned—like hoary kings of old,
Gilt in their purple and their gold—
Look forth with lofty gaze;

"Forth o'er dominions rich in stores
Of corn and oil, and gold and wine,
And flocks of sheep and herds of kine,
Clasped round by shining shores.

"What son of Canada could forget
'Mid all the sensuous charm and glow,
That frugal land of sun and snow
That holds his heart-strings yet?

"No, mid this lavish, rare display
Of Nature's bounties, rich and free,
My heart, dear country, turns to thee
In love this winter's day;

"And would not give one foot of thy
Rude soil, one white December blast,
For all these valleys, verdant, vast,
For all this languid sky!

"These make not nations; only hearts
Strong as the vasal rocks, and pure
As limpid northern streams, endure
When all else sinks and parts.

"Yea, more; for strength is born of toil,—
In bitter sweat man eats his bread;
And where the sweets too thick are spread
The virtues rot and spoil."

Every poem points a moral; life's lesson is taught in "Retribution":

"Fain would I loose, with these weak, helpless hands,
The cords in ignorance and folly spun,—
Fast-knotted skeins of misspent yesterdays
That round my feet in hopeless meshes run.
Yesterday's follies limit our to-days:
The gods keep tally—beat against thy bars;
Strive to undo thy past; look up and see
The fix'd inexorable pathways of the stars!"

How true to "Life's Shaping Moments" do our passing years find the lines:

"Things we deemed greatest, looked at from the distance,
Have oft had little bearing on life's course;
The trivial (as we judge) with strange insistence,
Doth tinge the years with gladness or remorse."

The music, the sweetness of James Tucker's heart could not be repressed; it was indeed "Joy in Sorrow":

"But though the world is gray and lone,
The song-birds and the flowers flown;
Tho' on each writhing wind is blown
The dirge of summer overthrown,
Man is not wholly bow'd.
From some unguessed, unfathomed spell,
He feels a joy he cannot tell;
Oh, in the wild night it is well
One star is still allowed!"

He teaches the sweet lesson of contentment in "Wayside Flowers":

"Wilt thou never rest or tarry,
Never leave the dusty road,
Never cheat the cares that harry,
Never flee the fears that goad?
Ah, hard by the pathway growing
If thou wouldst but hear the truth,
Sweetly are the blossoms blowing,
Thou hast dreamed of from thy youth.
Wilt thou ever onward ramble?
See! the flowers thou wouldst greet,
While thou treadest rock and bramble,
Die unnoticed at thy feet."

Worthy of a St. Thomas à Kempis is "The Conflict":

"When with pain and bitter restless grieving
Thou despairest of thy long'd-for goal,
Trembling for the issue, and believing
All the world is leagued against thy soul:
Inward turn thine eyes in deep reflection,
Cleansed from grime of battle, dust of mart,
Thou shalt find within the true defection,
See the real conflict in thy heart.
'Tis not outward things that taunt and mock thee,
All the world must help thy soul to win;
But yon legioned enemies that daunt thee
Are the spectres of thy faults within."

The warring, selfish, grovelling world of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow are the "Persecuted and Persecutors":

"Two only in God's universe—
Two wretched beings, hateful, base;
The stars have power to grind and curse,
The years have warrant to disgrace;
He who in hate shouts 'Crucify!'
And he who, knowing well the Right,
Stands by, nor draws his sword to fight,
Because his vile heart fears to die."

To Canada and Canadians the early death of James Alexander Tucker means the loss of a legion!

* * * * * *

The "little brown men" of Japan, like Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" cheating at cards, are proving to Christian nations that they, too, can slaughter their fellow-men in smart, up-to-date, ambitious warfare, which they are making very interesting for humiliated Russia. We now take the Japs seriously, with solemn respect.

What an aspect is presented to the world in the present condition of Russian affairs! The attending circumstances are of vital importance to Christendom, and to every thinking individual on the face of the earth.

Russia represents three classes,—low-class degraded humanity, intellectual Christianity in bonds, and high-class degraded humanity.

The low-class Russians are miserable beyond the comprehension of us who in our British Constitution are born entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They are worse than degraded; as those poor supplicants put it, they were indeed "brutalized" by the death-dealing grapeshot of the emperor, in front of the magnificent "Winter Palace" which they had reared for him—the head of their church, their "little father" or pope!

Intellectual Christianity in bonds, is the thinking, the artist, the student class, to which all true genius even of the aristocracy gravitates, in the determination to live the life of free men and women, or die!

The blowing up of the monster Sergius, and in his so-called sacred retreat, seems but fitting finale to the career of one who defied change or repentance of murderous policy.

We shudder at thought of innumerable "advantages" misapplied and abused. Of whom should we expect manly virtues and graces if not from a prince?—Christian especially—the privileged creature set up by a people to represent their nobility, their dignity; and at what sacrifice conceded and exacted! Immediately the innate vanity of pampered human nature reverses the order, and the people belong to the prince and not the prince to the people; the miserable ingrate "by divine right" justifies himself in measures the extreme of cruelty and oppression.

What could be more contradictory than the fact that three most unpopular "reactionary" Russian ladies of highest rank, are pictured clothed in priceless jewels, the wealth, the property of the oppressed people whose grievances were in the opinion of these ladies, justly relieved by measure of grapeshot.

Could we easily imagine that change so great could come over one of the trio, the pretty little, dancing little Dagmar, daughter of the poor Prince of Prussia, who on the gravel walks wore out her little shoes all too fast for that father's slender purse! Now, as ex-Empress she continues to vest herself in the barbaric riches of a people whom, in their misery, she would ungratefully chastise with scorpions,—but all by "divine right".

How different the formative influences surrounding her sister Alexandra, our beloved queen! The mind naturally reverts to King Edward's Irish policy, their Majesties' visits to Ireland, and their joint efforts towards righting the wrongs of centuries.

The weak and peace-loving Czar, finding himself between the de'il and the deep sea, his "reactionary" advisers and assassination, has, in desperation, promised to the Russian people a constitution.

If Russia is not for the Russians, if they may not individually aspire to ownership of the land, surely, as Count Tolstoi maintains, they will still be at the mercy of the property holders. However, a government in which the people will have representative voice, is a good beginning; the intellectual class will look after the land and all other laws.

Russia as a country, the Russians as a people, had always been barbarous and barbarian to the writer, until at the Chicago World's Fair the palace of Fine Arts showed Russian art pre-eminent, especially in four masterpieces in oils—"The Parents of Moses," "The Cossack's Answer," "Columbus and Mutiny," and "The Landing of Columbus." The genius, perseverance and inspi-

ration of the Russian student and artist, are wonderful.

"The Parents of Moses" presents that scriptural subject with a pathos of detail that is not offered by Holy Writ. The ark has been made and laid over with pitch by the mother-hands; the pretty, smiling babe has been placed therein, the cover of the ark is ready, and the vessel of pitch is smoking on the fire. The poor, heart-broken mother has fallen on her knees beside this strange cradle, her hands clasped in agony of supplication, she raises her eyes to heaven, but the lids are heavy and drooping—nature is exhausted! The father, with stern countenance has taken a seat near by, where with downcast eyes and clenched hands, he inwardly rebels against the tyranny of Pharaoh. The little sister Miriam has thrown herself down in an abandon of grief. Oh, the sublimity of the artist's inspiration, and the worthy response of hand and eye!

"The Cossack's Answer," an immense canvas lent by the Czar Alexander III., takes us back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the Cossacks were an independent nation, and the scourge of the Turks from whom they wrested, to liberate, Christian prisoners. The long-suffering, exasperated Sultan of Turkey, has sent his messenger to Syerko, the Cossack Atman or chief, to notify him that unless he surrender immediately and unconditionally, the Sultan will wipe him and his Cossacks out of existence. "The Cossack's Answer" is the climax scene. Syerko and his officers are in bivouac on the open, and grouped round a table. Some have been playing games, some drinking, others polishing their weapons. Syerko's scribe is seated at the table, the Sultan's messenger waits behind him pale with anger, while portly Syerko, splendid in gorgeous costume, standing at the head of the table and holding his sides for very merriment, loudly laughs the defiant answer—"Tell him to come on!"

While in rapt admiration before that great work of art, I was possessed by the conviction that its fearless atmosphere should reassure the whole royal family in the face of all Nihilist terrors. Alas! it did not save the Grand Duke Sergius!

My farewell visit to the White City was a special pilgrimage to say a last good-by to "The Parents of Moses" and "Syerko."

How the Cossacks have degenerated! To-day, with their whips, they are the "Turkish Janissaries" of the Czar, the terror of all Russians who strike for the freedom once represented by he Cossacks.

Strange to say, the Russian artists surpassed all others in their treatment of "Columbus and America's discovery."

"Columbus and Mutiny" pictures the "Santa Maria" in a storm, rolling at the mercy of the waves, and the crew mutinous, when suddenly the clouds part, a ray of sunshine falls athwart the ship, and indications of approaching land are found. The sunshine is so vivid that many beholders fancy the effect produced by artificial light.

"The Landing of Columbus" presents in the central foreground the imposing figure of the Discoverer; he stands alone, his followers have fallen back; the half-circle of space surrounds him like a halo!

The Russian artist's conception seems almost divine.

One Russian artist, the painter Verestchagin, degraded his heaven-given genius when he accepted the invitation of Admiral Makaroff, and the patronage of tyranny. Did Verestchagin's presence on board doom the "Petropablovsk"? Is it wonder that Makaroff, Verestchagin, and the "Petropablovsk" were destroyed!

How many-sided is life! The lady superintendent, late of the Czar's nursery, to her intimate friends tells of the simple home life of the imperial family. Last autumn she left the Russian royal children to return to England, at Christmas time, notwithstanding troubles abroad and at home the Czarina remembered her by sending her gold and silver souvenir spoons from herself and her little daughters. The eldest of the latter, Grand Duchess Olga, wrote a sweet letter to the friend of all her baby days.

This lady brought from the imperial home a beautiful tablecloth, of Russian drawn-work, made by Russian peasant women; this beautiful article has found its way to Canada.

When examining it admiringly, I wondered whether the thousands of thoughts worked into it had been loyal or disloyal to the "little father" whose money purchased it.

* * * * * *

Our new Governor-General, Earl Grey, "has said it," at Montreal!

The Grey family motto is "To serve the king with good will"; to this motto the Earl has been true, perhaps all his life, but certainly from the

moment he set foot on the ship which brought him over. He is earning his salary,—at least the portion of it which he will take back with him!

Has Earl Grey come for the salary part? No! He is here in the full comprehension that he has been called to high distinction in being appointed Governor-General of Canada. He is determined to do honor to this privilege.

Lord Grey thoroughly appreciates Canada and Canadians. In the study of Canadian history his "good will" has enabled him to draw honest conclusions, which he is not afraid to affirm. In his first public speech at Montreal he put to shame the "bad" will of the mischief-making faction who unceasingly insult the Canadians of Quebec on the ground of "nationality." Feeling it good to be there—among the Canadians of Norman blood—he congratulated them upon their Norman descent of which he is proud, as are also the majority of the British aristocracy, and I may say of the English people who have sufficient intelligence to recognize that their very surnames have come down to them from Norman French ancestors—or when the name is Saxon, by constant intermarriage they have their quota of Norman blood.

How stupid all the prating about the wonderful Anglo-Saxon race! There is no Anglo-Saxon race—in the British Isles, in Canada, or in the United States!

Unschooled Englishmen, whose ancestors lie in English graves with French epitaphs, upon coming to the New World, where they exploit the idea that "Jack is as good as his master," immediately "heave a brick" at the "French," the Canadians of three centuries!

Now if the Quebec Canadians are always to be designated "French-Canadians," let us in all propriety remember that Lord Grey is a "French-Englishman."

Bearing in mind that the French-Canadians were the discoverers, the explorers, and the Christianizers of our country, and that since Montcalm's defeat and Wolfe's victory in 1759, government officers and emigrants from England, Ireland and Scotland have increased the population of Quebec and Ontario, our Governor-General asserts his hope and confidence in the amalgamation of these Celts and Saxons as in the mother country.

Edward VII. is proud of his descent from the kings and queens whose mother tongue was the "polite" language!

Any man who, through ignorance or ill will, would speak or write in order to promote race discord, especially between the French and English-speaking people of Canada, should be promptly deprived of his rights as a citizen!

* * * * * *

What has become of the "strenuous" life? Do not recall it, I implore! We are now sighing for the "simple" life; we have attained the impossible in the complex life, and never restful, never satisfied, we look back to the quiet of the fabled "good old times," or around us to the serenity enfolding the lives of the few among our contemporaries who are true to the convictions of independent thought.

The customs of the age permit the simple life to the very rich and the very poor; the wealth of the former procures the many hands that unobtrusively manipulate the noiseless machinery of the exterior life; the very poor lead the simple life, necessarily. The Home of Nazareth, the sanctuary of the Holy Family, was one of the poorest and humblest this earth has ever seen; but trust in God ruled there and brought perfect peace and contentment.

The majority of us are neither very rich nor very poor; we do not pause to be thankful for the goods, of which we are undeserving, but we continue the struggle for the unattainable; we must have all the modern conveniences affected by the millionaire—or imitations of them—so we fill our homes and lives with complexities, perplexities and superfluities, which invade even the grave!

The home life of the housewife whose two hands must do all, is as complicated or "improved" as that of her wealthy sister who commands a staff of servants. In fact, the average woman has no time left to live her life; it has all been taken up in preparation. To visit her home is to succeed to a variety of continuous disturbances; her conversation will not permit one to lose consciousness of these annoyances.

Do not hope, because your neighbor is of literary turn of mind, that you will be treated to a new thought. No! the disturbances intervene —your time is simply wasted. Take a book, seek a corner, and stay at home!

* * * * * *

But a-book-and-corner paradise on earth may be invaded by one class of disturbances—the

critics. The enchanted atmosphere, however, soon proves fatal to them; but with their dying breath they will pick to pieces the sweetest poem —the wild rose of literature—in the pretension that its beauties and defects are shown petal-by-petal! But the elusive, indefinable charm survives in spite of them; it permeates the soul of the fascinated reader, it haunts the memory, it ennobles the imagination.

Such a poem is "Janette's Hair," and—let me confess—the sweetest thing to me that has ever been written. Why? I cannot tell; an angel might fear to scatter its petals!

No critic should be allowed to touch it who has not written its equal!

Here is the poem:

Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle my hand in your hair, my pet;
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white;
Your beautiful dark brown hair, my pet.

It was brown, with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jewelled, and kissed,
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled, and brown, my pet;
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old dear story, my pet;
They were grey with the chastened tinge of the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips,—but I have not the words, Janette,—
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the spring is young, and roses are wet,
When the dewdrops in each red bosom are set,
And they suited your golden hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
But so gentle the bondage my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet;
In the darkness and desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

The author of this rare poem was Charles G. Halpine, who left his native Ireland when a young man and came to America. He connected himself with the Boston and New York newspapers, became Adjutant-General in the Civil War, and died registrar of New York county, in 1869, aged forty-one.

He was noted for his humorous gifts, and wrote over the nom-de-plume of "Miles O'Reilly."

The transcendant sweetness of Halpine's poem has haunted me all my life; a pilgrimage to the last resting-place of its author, I would consider greater privilege than that to Stratford on Avon!

IDRIS.

Matilda of Canossa.

THE Castle of Canossa stands out on the slopes of the mountain of Modena, commanding the beautiful valley which the Enza fertilizes. Within the gloomy walls of that ancient manor, Matilda of Canossa was born, in the middle of the eleventh century. From her father, Bonifazio, Duke of Tuscany, she inherited a large realm and a strong mind; from her mother, Beatrice of Lorena, sweetness of heart and beauty of countenance. The chronicler of the time called her "the great Italian, the great Countess." She was, indeed, the greatest woman that the Middle Ages could boast of. Truly did she deserve the title of the "Joan of Arc of the Papacy," which succeeding historians gave her, for, during her long, well-spent life she struggled and fought for the glory of God and the triumph of His Church.

The private virtues and the warlike deeds of Matilda were pictured by Domnizo, the faithful chaplain of Canossa, in a Latin poem, as full of grammatical errors as of beautiful description and interesting detail. He tells us that Matilda did not enjoy like others the happy thoughtless-

ness of childhood. The cares of state which she inherited so young, the sad condition of the Church, of which she was a devoted child, the slavery of Italy under the yoke of the German Emperors, early darkened the fair dreams of her fancy and wounded her passionate soul. Hers was a noble destiny, and God sent her a guide to prepare her for it. Anselmo, Bishop of Lucca, was the master and friend whose wise and powerful influence subdued Matilda's natural vehemence. Schooled by him, her soul, already so noble, unfolded all its beauty and developed its strength.

Many times, when walking to and fro, in the towers of her dark castle, gazing on the green valley below, while a holy fire burned in her heart and gleamed in her eyes, she repeated to herself the ardent words of Anselmo, felt what God expected from her, and longed to devote herself unreservedly to her high mission. She had not long to wait, for she was scarcely fifteen years old when, in 1061, the Archbishop of Parma, elected Pope by the German Emperor, passed over the Alps, and, at the head of the Imperial army, marched towards Rome. At the dreadful news Matilda trembled, not through fear, but moved by a sudden inspiration. "The time has come!" a voice whispered. "Go, fight and win! God is with you." And she went. The soldiers of the anti-pope saw a slender, white figure on a bold steed, hurrying here and there, at the head of the Tuscan army, and heard, where greatest was the danger and most difficult the defense, a sweet, gentle voice comforting, directing, exciting. Was it an earthly being, or an angel from heaven? It was a weak, simple girl; but before her the arms of the enemy shivered to pieces and the heavy Germans fell to the ground. Thus, Alexander II., the true Pope, was safe.

The fame of this victory reached the uttermost parts of the world, the name of the fair maiden, pure as beautiful, sweet as strong, simple as mighty, re-echoed through the land. Many a brave knight sighed for her, many a great prince claimed her hand—but in vain. In the days of her childhood, kneeling at the Lord's feet in the chapel of her castle, she had uttered a dread, solemn promise: "The Church of Christ and the land of my birth shall be my only love on earth." She had given it while an ethereal light glowed in the dim aisles, and a golden halo encircled her pure brow.

Now, the Normans, from the Neapolitan coast on which they had landed, threatened Rome and its freedom. The Papal and Tuscan armies united to fight, but there was not a valiant captain to lead them to victory. While Matilda besought God to send this champion, Geoffrey of Lorena offered to put himself at the head of the army if the Countess of Canossa would consent to become his wife. No human pen could describe the amazement, suspense, and anguish of her soul. What was she to do? . . . Time pressed. The Normans boldly marched to Rome. . . . The Church and its head were in danger. . . . And was it not for this beloved cause she had offered her whole self? Be it so! To serve them only would she sacrifice the dearest wish of her heart, for them she would give all she had, . . . for this was the will of God.

This time, the fertile fields of the Neapolitans saw the Christian amazon riding at full speed among the legions of soldiers; the bright southern sun glittering on her helmet, the blue sky echoing the sound of her voice. And at her side galloped the man to whom she had given herself as a prize—a reward. Was it his valor, or her great sacrifice which assured the victory? I know not, but, from that hour Rome was safe from the attacks of the Normans.

History tells us of Matilda's unhappiness with her husband. French by birth, and German by choice, Geoffrey was bound to the Empire as Matilda was devoted to the Church. Disliking all that she loved, scorning all that she worshipped, thoughtless, reckless and cruel, he grieved her noble soul. The calm and peace of the Castle of Canossa did not suit him, so the two lived apart—he amidst the pleasures and corruption of the German Court, she in her silent, ancient manor.

Once the sad news reached the Countess that Geoffrey had been murdered at Aversa, by order of the Duke of Fiandra. She could but mourn and pray, and devote herself more than ever in her freedom from all earthly bonds, to the Church, which needed her assistance sorely, for the long quarrel concerning *Investiture* had begun. Gregory VII. and Henry IV. confronted each other; the one representative of a divine, everlasting power; the other of human wretchedness and rebellion. During this prolonged struggle, in which the great Hildebrand exhausted his energy, his force, his life, Matilda of Canossa, like a guardian angel, remained always at his side, now entreating for the repentant Henry, now

leading the Christian army against him, now comforting with her womanly gentleness the broken heart of the aged Pontiff.

The stately walls of the Castle of Canossa saw the German Emperor, despoiled of all kingly insignia, in pilgrim weeds, treading barefoot the snowy ground, waiting for the pardon of the offended Gregory. The wind which whistled through its lofty towers, repeated, in the dead silence of the night, the broken imprecations of the monarch, angry, exhausted, humbled! And when, after three long days, he could kneel at the Pontiff's feet, he saw Matilda standing near the throne, Matilda beaming with pity and tenderness, rejoicing to see at last the strayed sheep come back to the fold, and resting with the good Shepherd!

Burning with indignation, thirsting for vengeance, humbled but not subdued, Henry hated the grand old man who had so severely dealt with him. The following spring, as Gregory, travelling towards Germany, crossed the Po, he would have fallen into the hands of murderers employed by the treacherous Emperor, had not Matilda been with him. Her womanly instinct told her of the danger, her manly courage led the Pope back safely to Canossa. There she had the happiness to entertain him as her guest, for three months and, "like another Martha," Domnizo says, "she willingly made herself his servant," while he, like Christ in the far-away home in Bethany, spoke to her of the heavenly kingdom in which his soul lived, amid the cares and sufferings of his earthly career. With attentive ear she listened to his words, tenderly calling herself "Peter's daughter." As Peter's daughter she gave to Gregory and his successors forever the realm she had inherited from her ancestors. She did not know, as she besought him to accept it as a token of devotion, she did not dream how much blood it would cost the Church, how many struggles it would cause!

Was it the remembrance of these happy days at Canossa and of the sublime teaching of the Vicar of Christ, which strengthened and supported this Christian heroine in the time of trial that followed? Like the bravest captain she, faithful to the last, fought for Gregory, when, besieged in the Castle of Sant' Angelo, he could but pray and wait. And when aged and broken-hearted, he went to die at Salerno, she still defended the rights of the Church. So grand was she in her unfaltering fidelity, in her unshaken faith, that even Henry V., the son and successor of Henry IV., admired her and wished to see her.

Once more, in her Castle of Bibianello, Matilda met a German Emperor. Henry, stained with the blood of murdered priests, proud of his triumph over the Church whose head was his prisoner, bent to the pure Countess of Tuscany, noble and great and beautiful still, in spite of age, with that beauty which is the outcome of a grand character.

But her long career was hastening to its close. The December of the year 1115 found her weary and weak, yet she assisted at the Christmas Midnight Mass, in the Abbey of S. Benedetto, near Mantova. There in her carved stall she knelt and sang with the monks and people. In the sweetness and peace of that hour, she, whose lot in life had been to fight, felt the time of rest approaching. Next year she would sing the glories of the new-born Child in heaven!

Six long months she waited for the coming of the Lord; six long months of suffering and prayer, which transformed the busy Martha into Mary. . . . In June she died, kissing with tender, ardent love the crucifix, and crying out in a burst of her old-time boldness and holy confidence: "O Thou whom I served during my whole life, serve me now!"

Thus the great Countess passed away. But the memory of her noble deeds did not die with her. For centuries and centuries the figure of Matilda was the personification, in Italy, of the grace and nobility of her race. And fathers of old told their little ones the history of this heroine and saint, who had fought and died for her religion and her country—the two most sacred causes for which man can fight and die!

MARIA CONCETTA SILENZI.

Oh, That I May Grow!

Oh, that I may grow!
I see the leaves out-pushing hour by hour,
With steady joy the buds burst out aflower,
Urged gladly on by nature's waking power,
Oh, that I may grow!

Oh, that I may grow!
What though Time cuts his furrows in my face,
My heart may ever add grace unto grace,
Graces with added days still keeping pace,
Oh, that I may grow!

M. BABCOCK.



MATER DOLOROSA.

Mrs. Bancroft's Letters.

THE letters written by Mrs. George Bancroft to friends at home, while her husband was United States Minister to the Court of St. James, and now published in book form, under the title of "Letters from England," have a decided historical interest, because of the glimpses which they give of men and women who filled an important place in the social and political world of Great Britain in the middle decades of the nineteenth century. They do not touch upon political matters, and are concerned solely with social events, and with impressions which the writer gathered in the course of her residence abroad. As wife of the American Minister, Mrs. Bancroft occupied a high social position, and saw the political and social world of the English court and official circles from a vantage ground that was accorded to few people from over seas. How much she enjoyed this, and what good use she made of her opportunities, the pages of this attractive volume are the best evidence.

"We had to-day a delightful visit from Rogers, the Poet, who is now quite old, but with a most interesting countenance. He was full of cordiality, and, at parting, as he took my hand, said: 'Our acquaintance must become friendship.' Then came Miss Murray, the Queen's Maid of Honor, who paid me a visit of three hours. She is to me a very interesting person, though a great talker—a convenient fault to a stranger. She is connected with half the noble families in England, is the granddaughter of the Duchess of Athol, who governed the Isle of Man as a queen, and the descendant of Scott's Countess of Derby. Though sprung of such Tory blood, she thinks freely upon all subjects."

Mrs. Bancroft was constantly meeting interesting people, and it is curious to note how this shrewd, well-educated Yankee gentlewoman noted the peculiarities of the new life that surrounded her, and how deeply she was interested in the notable folk she encountered in society. Quite early she came in contact with the hard and fast rules which custom had established with reference to household administration. The system was well ordered, but it was controlled by regulations more adamantine in their character, if possible, than the laws of the Medes and Persians.

"I am frequently asked by the ladies here," she writes, "if I have formed a household to please me and I am obliged to confess that I have a very nice household, but that I am the only refractory member of it. I am always asking the wrong person for coals, etc., etc. The division of labor, or rather ceremonies, between the butler and footman, I have now mastered I believe in some degree, but that between the *upper* and *under* housemaid is still a profound mystery to me, though the upper has explained to me for the twentieth time that she did only 'the top of the work.' My cook comes up to me every morning for orders, and always drops the deepest curtsey, but then I doubt if her hands are ever profaned by touching a poker, and she *never* washes a dish. She is a cook and *housekeeper,* and presides over the housekeeper's room; which has a Brussels carpet and centre table, with one side entirely occupied by the linen presses, of which my maid—my vicegerent, only much greater than I—keeps the key and dispenses every towel, even for the kitchen. She keeps lists of everything and would feel bound to replace anything missing."

The letters are filled with accounts of social affairs, dinners, receptions, brief mentions of the notable people the writer met, visits paid to famous country-seats, and occasionally a passing allusion to the political events of the time. One wishes that Mrs. Bancroft had been somewhat more free with her characterizations of the famous people she met, instead of confining her letters to the fact that she had met them and found them well worth knowing.

"I have been introduced to Mr. and Madam Van de Weyer, Sir William Hooker and Lady Hooker, and Louis Buonaparte, the son of Louis the ex-King of Holland and of Hortense, Josephine's daughter. He was a long time imprisoned in the fortress of Ham, and has not long been free. There was also present Napoleon, son of Jerome Buonaparte and the Princess of Wurtemberg. They are most agreeable, intelligent, and amiable young men, and I was glad to meet them.

"Madam Van de Weyer's experience in diplomatic life is very useful to me. . . . Her manners are pleasing and entirely unaffected. She has great tact and quickness of perception, great intelligence and amiability, and is altogether extremely well-fitted for the rôle she plays in life. She is not at all spoiled by the prominent part she takes in this great centre of the world at so early an age, and makes an excellent courtier. I could not help pitying her, however, for looking forward to going through, year after year,

the same round of ceremonies, forms, and society. For us, it is a new study, and invaluable for a short time; but I could not bear it for life, as these European diplomatists. Besides, we Americans really enjoy a kind of society, and a much nearer intercourse than other foreigners, in the literary, scientific, and even social circles.

"Sir William Hooker is one of the most interesting persons I have seen in England. He is a great naturalist and has the charge of the Botanical Gardens at Kew. He devoted a morning to us there, and it was the most delightful one I have passed. There are twenty-eight different conservatories filled with the vegetable wonders of the whole world. Length of time and regal wealth have conspired to make the Kew Gardens beyond our conceptions entirely.

" . . . Sir William pointed out to us all that was very rare or curious, which added much to my pleasure. . . . He showed us a drawing of the largest flower ever known on earth, which Sir Stamford Raffles discovered in Sumatra. It was a parasite without leaves or stem, and the flower weighed fifteen pounds.

"Books are dull teachers compared with these gifted men giving you a lecture upon subjects before your eyes."

Mrs. Bancroft writes of the opening of Parliament, at which she was present. "But how can I picture to you the interest and magnificence of the scene. The trumpets sound! The Queen approaches! First enter at a side door the college of heralds richly dressed, slowly, two and two; then the great officers of the household, then the Lord Chancellor bearing the purse, seal, and speech of the Queen, with the mace-bearers before him. Then Lord Lansdowne with the crown, the Earl of Zetland, with the cap of maintenance, and the Duke of Wellington, with the sword of State. Then Prince Albert, leading the Queen, followed by the Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes, and the Marchioness of Douro, daughter-in-law of the Duke of Wellington. The Queen and Prince sit down, while everybody else remains standing. The Queen then says in a voice most clear and sweet: 'My lords—rolling the r—be seated.' Upon which the peers sit down, except those who enter with the Queen, who group themselves about the throne in the most picturesque manner.

After a few minutes the Lord Chancellor came forward and presented the speech to the Queen. She read it sitting and most exquisitely. Her voice is flute-like, and her emphasis decided and intelligent."

"The whole scene seemed to me like a dream or a vision."

A letter descriptive of a dinner party, at which Mrs. Bancroft meets all the great London world, is interesting:

"On Wednesday we dined with Mr. Harcourt, and met there Lord Brougham, who did the talking chiefly, Lord and Lady Mahon, Mr. Labouchere, etc. Lord Brougham is entertaining, and very much listened to. Indeed, the English habit seems to be to suffer a few people to do up a great part of the talking, such as Macaulay, Sydney Smith and Mackintosh in their day.

On Saturday evening we went to Lady Palmerston's and met the Duchess of Sutherland, who is most noble and at the same time lovely. . . . We have had an autograph note from Sir Robert Peel, inviting us to dine. . . . I have the same interest in seeing the really distinguished men of England, that I should have in the pictures and statues of Rome. I wish I was better prepared for my life here by a more extensive culture; mere fine ladyism will not do, or prosy bluism. For a thorough enjoyment of society, a healthy, practical, and extensive culture, and a use of the modern languages in our position would be convenient. I do not know how a gentleman can get on without it here, and I find it so desirable that I devote a good deal of time to speaking French with Louisa's governess.

Lady Charlotte Lindsay came one day last week to engage us to dine with her on Wednesday. We are to meet the Miss Berrys; Horace Walpole's Miss Berrys, who, with Lady Charlotte herself, are the last remnants of the old school here.

Last evening we dined at Mr. Thomas Baring's, and a most agreeable dinner it was. The company consisted of twelve persons, Lord and Lady Ashburton, etc. I like Lady Ashburton extremely. She is full of intelligence, reads everything, talks most agreeably, and still loves America. She is by no means one of those who abjure their parent country. I have seen few persons in England whom I should esteem a more delightful friend or companion than Lady Ashburton, and I do not know why, but I had received a different impression of her. Lord Ashburton, by whom I sat at dinner, struck me as still one of the most agreeable, as well as one of the wisest, men I have seen in England. Lady

Ashburton, who was sitting by Mr. Bancroft, leant forward and said to her husband, '*We* can bring bushels of corn this year to England.' 'Whom do you mean by *we?*' said he. 'Why, *we* Americans, to be sure."

Mrs. Bancroft's description of Lady Byron, the widow of the poet, is of interest:

"Esher is a little village about sixteen miles from London, and Lady Byron has selected it as her residence, though her estates are in Leicestershire, because it is near Lady Lovelace, her only child, the '*Ada,*' of poetry.

Lady Byron is now about fifty-five, and with the remains of an attractive, if not brilliant, beauty. She has extremely delicate features and very pale and finely-delicate skin, a tone of voice and manner of the most trembling refinement, with a culture and strong intellect, almost masculine, but which betrays itself under such sweet and gentle and unobtrusive forms that one is only led to perceive it by slow degrees. She is the most modest and unostentatious person one can well conceive. She lives simply, and the chief of her large income—you know she was the rich Miss Milbank—she devotes to others. After lunch she wished me to see a little of the country around Esher, and ordered her ponies. We went first to the royal seat, Claremont, where the Princess Charlotte lived so happily with Leopold, and where she died. Its park adjoins Lady Byron's, and the Queen allows her a private key that she may enjoy its exquisite grounds.

Upon our return we found the last of the old harpers, blind, and with a genuine Irish harp, and after hearing his national melodies for half an hour, taking a cup of coffee, and enjoying a little more of Lady Byron's conversation, we departed, having had a day heaped up with the richest and best enjoyments. I could not help thinking, as I was walking up and down the beautiful paths of Claremont Park, with the fresh spring air blowing about me, the primroses, daisies, and wild bluebells under my feet, and Lady Byron at my side, that it was more like a page out of a poem than a reality."

Charming accounts of a trip to Scotland form some of the most readable pages of the "Letters."

"We took a post-chaise to go to Taymouth, a little village adjoining Lord Breadalbane's place. We did not arrive at the inn till after eight. . . . Next morning before we were up came a note from Lord Breadalbane, urging us to come immediately to Taymouth Castle. . . . As we were ushered up the magnificent staircase through first a large ante-chamber, then through a superb hall with lofty ceiling glowing with armorial bearings, and with the most light and delicate carving on every part of the oaken panelling, then through a long gallery, of heavier carving, filled with fine old cabinets, into the library, it seemed to me that the whole Castle was one of those magical delusions that one reads of in Fairy Tales, so strange did it seem to find such princely magnificence all alone amid such wild and solitary scenes. I had always the feeling that it would suddenly vanish, at some wave of an enchanter's wand, as it must have arisen also. The library is by far the finest room I ever saw. Its windows and arches and doorways are all of a fine carved Gothic open work as light as gossamer. One door, which he lately added, cost a thousand pounds, the door alone, not the doorway, so you can judge of the exquisite workmanship. . . . During dinner the piper in full costume was playing the pibroch in a gallery outside the window, and after he had done, a band, also in full Highland dress, played some of the Italian, German, as well as Scotch music, at just an agreeable distance. I have seen nothing in England which compares in splendor with the state which is kept up here.

Lord Breadalbane, by the way, has just been appointed Lord High Chamberlain to the Queen in place of Lord Spencer. It is very strange to me that a man who lives like a king, and through whose dominions we travelled a hundred miles from the German Ocean to the Atlantic, can be Chamberlain to any Queen. These feudal subordinations we republicans cannot understand.

We saw the ruins of Dunolly, the Castle of Ardtornish, the scene of the Lord of the Isles, and Capt. McDougal showed us the great brooch of Lorn, which his ancestor won from Bruce, the story of which you will find in the Lord of Isles. It fastened the Scotch Plaid, and is larger than a teacup. He described to me the reverential way in which Scott took it in both hands when he showed it to him.

On our return we stopped at Kendal, took a little carriage to Windermere and Ambleside and passed the whole evening with the poet and Mrs. Wordsworth, at their own exquisite home on Rydal Mount. Next day we set out for Keswick, thence we went to Borrowdale, by the side of Derwentwater, and afterward to Ulswater and home by the fine pass of Kirkstone."

The portraits which present Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Lord and Lady Holland, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Stratford Canning, Lord Ashburton, A. W. Kinglake — "Eôthen" — Samuel Rogers, Lady Byron, Lady Peel, Lord and Lady Palmerston, Mrs. Dawson Damer, Mrs. Fitzherbert, etc., as they appeared in that day, constitute one of the most attractive features of the volume.

BEATRICE BECK.

An Afternoon Song-Recital.

IT was our rare privilege, previous to the Lenten season, to enjoy a feast of classic song—charming from beginning to end—contributed by those two superb artists, the Misses Carmela and Grazia Carbone. A glance at the programme, given below, will convince our readers that, from a musical and artistic standpoint, the selections were calculated to delight the aesthetic cravings of even the most fastidious, and that, without pandering in any way, to the so-called popular taste.

The harmonious blending of the voices of the two gifted singers in the opening numbers was very delightful and spoke volumes for their early training. The seventeenth century Aria, "Intorno all' idol mio," was exquisitely interpreted by the soprano, whose tones are of rare beauty and purity, and who adds to her powers of execution wide and keen musical intelligence and a genuine creative gift, as an interpreter of song.

Quite in contrast to Cesti's suave melody was the selection given by the contralto—"Chi vuol la Zingarella"—a canzone by that musical luminary of the eighteenth century, Paisiello, and a splendid exemplification of il bel canto. Miss Grazia sang this song not only with sympathy and enthusiasm, but with all the resources of her ripe and flawless technic.

The Franz Song was a very enjoyable number, as was also "Spring," by Henschel. Miss Carmela was in splendid voice and her interpretation of this last-named was something to be long remembered.

The contralto's two solos—"Oh, lass dich halten," by Jensen, and "Come into the garden, Maud," by Otto Dresel, were appropriately chosen. Miss Grazia, whose charm of manner and song was irresistible, eclipsed herself in the rendition of this superb setting of Tennyson's well-known poem, her brilliant coloring being only equalled by the subtlety and depths of feeling expressed.

The last number was a fitting finale to a most artistic and thoroughly enjoyable performance, and we may well congratulate ourselves on having been able to secure such talent. The Misses Carbone are genuine musicians, intelligent, conscientious, mindful of technic, poise,—in short, consummate artists. The perfect training of their voices goes to show that the old school of Italian voice education is not extinct, nor is the art as practised by the great singers of a century back, a "lost art."

The accompaniments were played by Miss Amy Graham, Mus. Bac., who proved to be a perfect artist and sympathetic accompanist.

PROGRAMME.

1. Duets—
   (a) "Solitario bosco ombroso," *Cherubini*
   (b) "Là, quasi invisibil," . . . . . *Auber*
2. Aria, "Intorno all' idol mio" . . . . . *Marco Antonio Cesti*
3. Canzone, "Chi vuol la Zingarella," . . . . . *Paisiello*
4. Duet, "Dawn," . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*
5. Songs—
   (a) "Sterne mit den goldnen Füsschen" . . . . . *Robert Franz*
   (b) Spring . . . . . *George Henschel*
6. Songs—
   (a) "Oh, lass dich halten," . *Adolf Jensen*
   (b) "Come into the garden, Maud," . . . . . *Otto Dresel*
7. Duets. After Kate Greenway's under the window—
   (a) "In go-cart so tiny,". . . . . .
   (b) "Take, my sweet, these lovely flowers."
   (c) "Prince Finnikin and his mamma," . .

MAUD MERLE.

It is certainly significant of the mission of Christ that shepherds should be the particular recipients of the angelic message. In beautiful parable the Master called Himself the Good Shepherd. There is not one of the ordinary avocations of our busy life which has not in it ennobling and divine elements. Unswerving fidelity is the secret of honor.

Easter.

All conscience-stricken, Lord,
I follow'd where the loneliest pangs were Thine;
The desert place,
Where turn'd Thy holy face,
Had threat'ning skies whose frowns were sins of mine.

But long I linger'd not;
The world's lov'd consolations were not there.
And when Thy fast
I ceas'd to share; at last
Came not the strength and hope of earnest pray'r.

My steps bent with the gay;
But heavy grows the heart by self releas'd.
Without Thee, Lord,
No peace can earth afford;
To fast with Thee were heav'n to worldly feast.

The time has come, and gone:
Regret can bring not one day back to me.
But Easter joy
With tears has no alloy;
Tho' call'd to fast—I come to feast—with Thee.

IDRIS.

Mr. Rummell's Vocal Interpretations of Shakespeare and his Recital of "Twelfth Night."

MANY critics and philosophers maintain that the fundamental purpose of art is not to instruct, not to point a moral, but simply to please, to afford esthetic enjoyment. If this be the right theory of art, then the artist is first of all an entertainer. Certain it is, however, that something more, something much better than mere entertainment may be derived from the work of any truly great artist. Such a one handles great themes, presents new views of nature and of life, reveals new truths, starts new trains of thought, creates new ideals, thrills, inspires, persuades. To study the product of his labors is to find enjoyment indeed, but with the enjoyment come also a mental enrichment and a finer spiritual insight. The true artist, therefore, ministers not only to the passing desire for recreation, but to the deepest needs of the soul, to the upbuilding of character, the ennobling and beautifying of life.

Much has already been said in the columns of this magazine concerning the work of Mr. John Rummell, the Shakespearian interpreter of Buffalo. He has appeared many times at Loretto, and proved himself an artist of a very high order. Rare entertainment he has always given us, but many other things he has given us also,—things of greater import and of a deeper and much more lasting character. It may not be amiss to stop for a moment to consider what some of these things are.

First of all, Mr. Rummell has taught us much of literature. From his recitals we have gained an understanding and an appreciation of Shakespeare, the master mind in all literature, such as no mere classroom study or silent reading could possibly have given us. The beauty and the forcefulness of Shakespeare's diction, his unfailing command of verbal expression, have been again and again impressed upon us, because the living voice, when trained to such perfection of utterance as Mr. Rummell's, conveys to the mind the significance and the charm of words as they are never felt when the words are presented to the eye on the printed page, or when they are spoken by one who has not, like Mr. Rummell, learned to know and feel and, as it were, to enter into their very personality and become imbued with their very spirit. When Mr. Rummell reads, the words seem all to have distinct individualities, and almost to explain their own meaning, just as human beings tell us by their forms and faces very much of what they really are. Mr. Rummell's Shakespearian recitals have, therefore, been to us excellent lessons in the beauty and potency of English speech.

A keener relish for poetry have we acquired also. To hear Mr. Rummell read the exquisite verse of Shakespeare is not only to feel its musical charm; it is to have one's imagination set all aglow with beautiful images, and to learn, if one did not know it before, that poetry has a power of expression denied to prose, and that to acquire a taste for poetry is to augment one's means of spiritual growth and enjoyment.

Surely this is a benefit not to be lightly esteemed.

As a delineator of character Shakespeare is admitted to be without a rival. To study his wonderful dramas until one is at home with them

all, is to gain an insight into the mysteries of the human heart that only a vast experience with Life itself could afford.

Fortunate have we been to have so many of the poet's characters made to live and speak before us by the consummate art of a gifted and well-trained interpreter. Mr. Rummell's Shakespearian impersonations are always so clearly conceived and so well sustained that they leave an indelible impression upon the mind. To sit before him while he assumes in turn all the parts in a drama is to come to know each person as an individual, to look into his very soul and discover the hidden motives that prompt his speeches and determine his actions. After hearing Mr. Rummell's rendering of a Shakespearian drama, one comes back to the printed text with renewed interest, and there, if one choose, one may find at one's leisure, expressions and passages to justify every touch in the reciter's conception of the different characters;—an excellent exercise, bringing the descriptive, analytical and reasoning powers all into play.

Moreover, we have learned from Mr. Rummell's presentations of the Shakespearian dramas how great are the possibilities of the art of elocution, using that term in its best and most comprehensive sense. By the simple means of voice, facial expression, gesture and attitude, Mr. Rummell not only fully brings out the meaning of the text, revealing many subtle shades of thought that an ordinary reader would never have discovered; he also suggests very vividly the actual setting of the various scenes, the coming and going of the different characters in the story, their groupings and dramatic relations to one another, the peculiar bearing and personal appearance of each. Indeed, so complete is the illusion he creates that the absence of the usual accessories of the stage is never felt. We have learned, furthermore, that there are some advantages in this method of presenting a play, and that it has a charm of its own. The story is very clearly unfolded, and the interest always centred, as it should be, on the development of character and the progress of the plot. It is very pleasant, too, to watch the assumption by one man of all the parts in a drama, especially when the task is in charge of so finished an artist as Mr. Rummell.

The foregoing reflections have been occasioned by the latest appearance of Mr. Rummell at Loretto on the afternoon of Saturday, February 25th., at which time he gave us his delightful presentation of "Twelfth Night; or, What You Will." We had always felt that his forte was the interpretation of the tragic and heroic, but after witnessing his most recent effort, we are left in doubt whether it is in high tragedy or low comedy that he is at his best. Certainly his impersonations of the witty knight Sir Toby Belch, of his foolish companion Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and of Feste, the accomplished clown, are very admirable pieces of acting. Equally distinctive is his work as the sanctimonious Malvolio and the clever and mischievous Maria. As Sir Toby, he gave an excellent portrayal of the bibulous, roistering knight. There were the loud, often hoarse voice, the occasional thickness of utterance and the robustious, hilarious laugh characteristic of such a man, together with a vivid suggestion of his fleshy form and swaggering gait. His fondness for Maria, his greed for money, his skilful exploitation of Sir Andrew and his natural hatred of Malvolio, were also duly accentuated. As Sir Andrew, Mr. Rummell gave us a new evidence of his resources, for he impersonated the silly, cowardly drunken coxcomb to perfection, a kind of part which he had not had occasion to essay for us in any of his previous recitals. In contrast to Sir Toby's voice, Sir Andrew's was a high treble, breaking now into a silly goat-like laugh, now into a hilarious, effeminate scream, and now into childish petulance and helpless anger. The expression of Sir Toby's face was usually roguish and shrewd and humorous, while Sir Andrew's was the very quintessence of weakness and inanity. As Feste, Mr. Rummell portrayed the professional clown, always ready with his jests, his merry laugh and his songs, and always coming and going in high spirits with a skip and a dance. As Malvolio, Mr. Rummell brought out the man's egotism, his pomposity, his assumption of superiority to those around him, his gullibility, and his foolish infatuation for the Countess Olivia. Here the impersonator's voice was full and resonant with a tinge of nasality and a strong clerical tang. For Maria, the manner was vivacious, the speech fluent, the laugh mischievous, merry and shrill.

Now where these five characters all meet in the revelry scene in the second act, the impersonator's skill is put to the full test, but Mr. Rummell is master of the situation at every point. The very drunk condition of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew is most amusingly represented, the two characters

remaining as perfectly individual in their drunkenness as when they are sober. The fool's clear-headed jollity is quite distinct from the mirth of his brain-befogged companions, and he sings in a voice that is clear and musical while the two knights' voices are as befogged as their brains. With the entrance of Maria and Malvolio the difficulty of the impersonator's work is increased, but Mr. Rummell keeps the individuality of his characters admirably, even to the characteristic laugh of each of the four, who rouse the anger and indignation of Malvolio, and baffle him in his attempt to reduce them to silence. The humor of this scene, as Mr. Rummell presents it, is exceeded only by the one in which Malvolio finds Maria's letter in the garden, and the other in which Malvolio attempts to win Lady Olivia's love by coming to her in yellow stockings and cross-gartered and by smiling upon her and kissing his hand to her until she believes him to have gone mad and innocently gives him over into the care of his tormentors. In handling all the low comedy scenes in the play, Mr. Rummell does work as artistic and effective as in anything else in which it has been our pleasure to hear him, and thus proves himself master of the full compass of dramatic expression.

The sentimental scenes in the play, the beautiful passages between the Duke and Viola and between Viola and Olivia, were rendered with all the subtlety and charm that we would naturally expect from so accomplished an artist as Mr. Rummell. Viola's earnest unfolding of her master's love for Olivia was given with beautiful intensity and dramatic fervor. Equally fine was the delicately-veiled confession of her own love for the Duke. The very comical and yet pathetic duel between Viola and Sir Andrew was given with the nicest discrimination, and there were many touches throughout this scene that illuminated the text wonderfully, and added to the interest and enjoyment of the story.

In the final act, where all but one of the characters in the play are brought together, Mr. Rummell keeps the situation clear at every point, and never for one moment is one left in doubt as to who is speaking, so thoroughly is each impersonation sustained. It is quite needless to add that at the conclusion of his recital Mr. Rummell was once again greeted with the hearty applause that attested the great pleasure his beautiful work had given.

BERTHA HENRY.

Denial.

Whenever there comes to you or me
The settled sentence, "It cannot be!"
When the hope, half-blossomed, dies in frost,
When the chance, half-grasped, is forever lost,
When the light that gleamed upon our way
Fades, and leaves but the common day,
Shall we say, in bitterness: "Never more
Can life be rich as it was before;
This was the central joy we sought,
All the rest without it is naught;
Naught but loss and struggle remains,
Nothing in life is worth the pains?"

Nay, for life has a thousand ways;
Opportunity crowns the days,
New hopes spring where the old ones died,
One shut door leaves a hundred wide,
And over all is the Father's care,
Giving each human soul its share
Of hope and care, of joy and woe,
Of love and loneliness here below;
In His wisdom there is no mistake,
What seems hard is for love's own sake,
His the choice, and ours to say:
"The Lord has given—has taken away."

So when there comes to you or me
The Father's message, "It cannot be!"
Let us rise from the weakness of selfish pain
And gird our loins in His strength again;
His plans for us are wide and sweet,
His love and wisdom guide our feet
Ever upward and forward and on;
Deepens joy for the joy that is gone,
Nobler days for the day that is dead,
Higher hopes for the hope that is fled—
These are our Father's gift and will,
And the seeming loss is a blessing still.

A PILGRIM.

If you would be young when old, adopt the sundial's motto—"I record none but hours of sunshine." Never mind the dark or shadowed hours. Forget the unpleasant, unhappy days. Remember only the days of rich experiences; let the others drop into oblivion. It is said that "long livers are great hopers." If you keep your hope bright in spite of discouragements and meet all difficulties with a cheerful face, it will be very difficult for age to trace its furrows on your brow. There is longevity in cheerfulness.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
By the Students of Loretto Convent,
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

MAUD MERLE, ESTELLE FORRESTEL,
BERTHA HENRY, GLADYS WEST,
BEATRICE BECK, ROSE McCORMICK.

Subscription price, $1.00 per year, in advance. Address all communications to

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

APRIL, 1905.

The Angel of the Resurrection, amid the glory of the golden morn, has announced the stupendous fact that Jesus, who was crucified and buried, has conquered death and come forth a victor from the tomb—and Easter with all its songs of gladness, its unfathomed depths of spiritual joy, its exuberance of heavenly melody, is here.

Hail! Queen of Festivals! Springtime of grace! Bulwark of our faith and guerdon of our hope! Verily, the Risen Christ has robbed death of its sting and shorn the tomb of its terrors. *Resurgam* is the diapason of all Christian song to-day, the very angels are whispering "Not here, but risen, indeed," a new light flushes the sky; new incense rises in the sanctuary; new fire enkindles the altar lights; the first blossoms of spring breathe forth their sweetest fragrance before the tabernacled Christ; and the lilies' fragrant bells, harbingers of the Angelus-hymn of the roses, ring a joyful knell over the days of wintry gloom.

*

What an hour for the favored, fervent Magdalen! How well the Master remembered the broken alabaster! And yet, however beautiful her act may appear unto us, it did not seem so to those who witnessed it. Only Christ was capable of fully appreciating the deed. "There were some who had indignation among themselves." While some were indignant, He was beautifully tender. While some were crying out against this waste, He found a text for a sermon, the eloquence and pathos of which shall never die. While some, with the glitter of gold in their eyes, saw only an act of utilitarian value, He saw an aureole of worship encircling her soul. "There came to him a woman." What histories, what revolutions, what tragedies, what lyrics, what destinies are compressed within those words of the Gospel narrative! "There came to him a woman"—and the Son of God had poured upon his head ointment, the odor of which has perfumed the centuries. Yes, there came a woman—not a man—the act were too exalted for him! Christ was not content with merely setting his stamp of approval upon this woman's deed, He immortalized her. "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done, shall be told for a memory of her." The centuries have not made it trite or commonplace. Lending a new beauty to the world's art, it has given a new meaning to the world's worship. The heart's aroma is drawn out by this tender, loving act. It tells us that good deeds are the coin with which to purchase heavenly glory. Mary gave not only the best she had, she gave all. She did not give the ointment drop by drop, she literally poured it. She broke the alabaster box that its contents might flow out like the love in her heart.

*

One of our dear Mauritius *Correspondents*—Marie d'Emmerez—has chosen the better part and entered the novitiate in Curepipe. She writes us: "Je vais vous annoncer une nouvelle qui vous surprendra peut-être, mais qui vous fera sûrement plaisir. Je suis entrée au noviciat du Couvent de Lorette, il y a quelque temps, me sentant depuis longtemps appelée à la vie religieuse, j'ai

pu mettre mon projet à exécution après ma sortie de la pension. Il est inutile de vous dire combien je suis heureuse de me consacrer au service de Notre Seigneur et à l'instruction de la jeunesse dans cette maison où j'ai moi-même été élevée.

Mon entrée en religion ne m'empêchera pas de continuer ma correspondance avec vous. Nous sommes en été en ce moment, la chaleur commence à bien se faire sentir. Curepipe est le plateau le plus élevé de l'île et presque toutes les familles qui ont quelque aisance y sont fixées; le littoral étant tres chaud et très malsain pendant cette saison surtout. Vous n'avez pas idée de ce que sont nos chaleurs, vous qui habitez un pays si froid. Le centre des affaires se trouve à la capitale qui est à 1½ heure de Curepipe, les messieurs descendent tous les matins par le chemin de fer et remontent l'après-midi, c'est assez curieux, n'est-ce pas? Ils n'hésitent pas à s'assujettir à cette fatigue afin de pouvoir jouir de quelques heures d'une meilleure température en entrant chez eux."

*

Love and veneration for Our Lady is the refinement of the Christian heart, and the instinct dearest to the Catholic spirit. The Blessed Mother speaks sympathy and solace to every human soul, burdened, wearied, and discouraged—did she not make bright the home—one of the poorest, but surely the happiest, this earth has ever seen!

In European countries the wayside shrines of the Madonna are the oases on the dusty highways of life: emigrants from those lands, when far from home, upon recognizing the beloved "Madonna," appreciate in greater degree than ever, this sweet privilege and consolation.

How many a sinking heart has been inspired with renewed hope by Our Lady of the Cupola—Our Lady of Consolation—as we have called her, in this Loretto! Morning and evening, among the multitude of men of every nationality who pass on their way to the arduous labor of wheelpit development, at the foot of our hill, are those who stand at the gate—grimy, wet, and bent—some under the weight of years—and with pathos and joy in their care-worn faces, look up to the Madonna in the cupola, forgetting apparently all their fatigue in the delight of that one brief moment of religious recollection. The ecstasy of seeing the loved Madonna with her starry crown of electric light is to them a foretaste of heaven: they see, with St. John, "A woman clothed with the sun, crowned with the stars, and having the moon at her feet!"

A touching incident occurred a few mornings ago. The trolley was seen to be moving slowly; before it was a wagon bearing a little white baby casket, beside which a number of Italians walked bareheaded, in severe cold. When it came to the convent gate, the mother took the casket under her arm, followed by the men with bowed heads. On reaching the front of the house, the poor, heart-broken mother paused—oh, the desolation in that upturned gaze to the Madonna!—and then proceeded to consign her sole treasure to the grave.

Surely, the loving reverence of these Italians must mean salvation for their race! The Godless spirit of license, dissension, strife and anarchy, must flee before the invoked atmosphere of the Home of Nazareth.

*

We have received from Benziger Bros., New York, "Ceremonial For Altar Boys," by Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B.

The main object aimed at in the preparation of the "Ceremonial" has been to furnish in a compact little volume a detailed description of the common, solemn, and pontifical ceremonies that the altar boy may ordinarily be called upon to perform in the sanctuary.

The book, as the title implies, is intended for altar boys; however, there are occasional references in its pages to liturgical authorities, intended for those upon whom devolves the pleasant duty of instructing them.

Throughout, a constant effort has been made

to render the little manual thoroughly practical and easily intelligible even to the small altar boy. Technical expressions have been avoided.

"The Red Inn of Saint Lyphar," by Anna T. Sadlier, published by Benziger Bros., New York.

This is a tale of the Reign of Terror in France. A Red Republican goes to La Vendée to try to win the affections of a young girl who is the affianced wife of the hero of the story. Not succeeding in his design, he seeks to wreak his vengeance on his rival, Richard. Then follow plot and counterplot. The Vendean heroes are at one time cast into prison, and nearly fall under the guillotine. In the end, however, virtue and good principles triumph, as they should in all good stories, those are married who should be married, and every one is happy, except, of course, the plotters. The story is full of adventure, and is told in Miss Sadlier's usual spirited style.

"The Juvenile Round Table." Second Series. Published by Benziger Bros.

A collection of the best short stories by the best writers for children. The following are contained in this volume: "St. Anne's Clients," by Mary G. Bonesteel; "How Dot Found Out," by Marion J. Brunowe; "The Jominys' Experiment," by Mary Catherine Crowley; "Aunty Daffodil's Tecks," by Eleanor C. Donnelly; "The Old Gun," by Ella Loraine Dorsey; "Helen's Five O'Clock Tea," by Maurice Francis Egan; "Boys Together," by Theo. Gift; "Vera's Tramp," by Katharine Tynan Hinkson; "The Rescue," by Katharine Jenkins; "The New Scholar," by Margaret E. Jordan; "Lost and Found," by Mary E. Mannix; "A 'Miserable' Woman," by Frances E. Maitland; "The Boy's Story," by Sallie Margaret O'Malley; "And She Remembered," by Esther Robertson; "Two Mothers," by M. E. Henry-Ruffin; "Joe's Victory," by Anna T. Sadlier; "A Ride for His Life," by David Selden; "A Runaway's Christmas," by Sara Trainer Smith; "The Fortune-Bag," by Eugénie Uhlrich; and "Little Maid Margery," by Mary T. Waggaman.

"Palm Leaves," a new Magazine edited by the Indian Lorettos and published in Calcutta, is before us.

Well does the cover of this publication carry the palm; for its progress round the world of Lorettos is, indeed, a triumph.

At first glance "Loretto House, Calcutta, founded 1841," and pictured in the shadow of the palms, brings to us of the Occident a lonesome, homesick feeling on behalf of the familiar Loretto habit so far away, in a strange world as to people, flora, and fauna, beyond the Holy Land, and the Crusaders' remotest East.

A flash of thought, and our sentiments are beautifully expressed by Mrs. Hemans' "Palm Tree," which was found in a European garden by a native of India and recognized as an old friend—

"He clasped his country's tree and wept."

The meeting of the two worlds is pictured vividly in the lines:

"But fair the exiled palm tree grew
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Thro' the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss beds at its feet."

The revered habit of Loretto possesses an adaptability more cosmopolitan than that of the victorious palm; and we must not forget that, familiar and at-home as it is to us now, it was transplanted from Europe to India before it made its appearance in the farther west, the American Continent.

That the brave volunteer-missionaries for India were subject to the same love of home and country as fainter hearts, may be gathered from the Magazine's—"Brief Sketch of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin—called of 'Loretto,' in India."

A prelude to the Sketch is a stanza from their magnificent Jubilee Ode of 1896:—

"Oh, distant mother land of Eire!
Amid the nations lost
Thy children spread the sacred fire
That flamed at Pentecost.

Where stands the cross, there find a home
Thy daughters, ever true to Rome—
Where Rome's proud legions never trod;
Content, their toil and sorrow past,
With Christ in death to sleep at last,
Holding the land for God."

According to this account, "a deputation was despatched from Bengal to solicit the Lady Superior and Community at Rathfarnham to cast a pitying glance on the land of the Brahmins, and to extend their labors to the children of India."

*

"On the 4th. of February, 1841, the deputation arrived at Rathfarnham, Ireland, and laid their proposal before Rev. Mother Teresa Ball—almost the whole Community volunteered for India.

As the hour of departure drew near, that inexpressible sadness and sinking of heart, which seems to be the last and bitterest drop in the chalice of those who have made a great, though willing, sacrifice, took possession of those brave nuns.

The corridors and shady walks of their loved Rathfarnham Abbey; the dimly-lighted chapel, where they had so often knelt in prayer and meditated on God's holy word, in the cold grey of the winter's morning, or sung the praises of Heaven's Queen in the sweet month of May, while the mellow rays of the setting sun poured a flood of golden light around them; the class-rooms, the community room, the cell doors, as they passed them by, conjuring up thoughts of tenants past or present; the old trees beneath which they had played in childhood, all brought with them a rushing crowd of memories, and seemed to wish the missionaries a last long farewell.

The morning of the 23rd. of August, 1841, saw them launched on the waters of Dublin Bay; on the 30th. of December their ship, the 'Scotia,' cast anchor in the Hooghly, opposite Calcutta."

Of this devoted band of eleven Loretto nuns, the last passed to her reward at the beginning of the present year—Sr. Gabriel Doyle, the oldest Loretto nun in India, as well as one of the oldest European residents of the Station, died at Loretto Convent, Darjeeling, India, on January 3rd.

She was born in County Carlow, Ireland, in 1818, and went out to India with the first party of religious, in 1841. In 1846, she accompanied the foundress, Mother M. Teresa Mons, from Calcutta to Darjeeling, never to leave it even for a day during her long sojourn of fifty-eight years.

The Indian Lorettos, during the past sixty-four years, have labored successfully among "thousands of human souls plunged in deepest depths of ignorance regarding the very existence of the Deity; among Catholics, too, who had indeed inherited the priceless blessing of the true Faith, but who were unfortunately dead to its practices; among thousands of homeless, helpless orphans,—many of them children of brave Irish Catholic soldiers, who were fated to grow up in total ignorance: among many of the better class in society, also.

The first pupil was Count Lackersteen's eldest daughter; and sixty others soon followed.

But the poor and destitute little ones of Christ's flock had to be provided for before the nuns could feel that they were really doing the Divine Master's work, so they hastened to open a free school adjoining the Cathedral of Calcutta, where the children of the poor received an education suitable to their rank in life, and such material help as the nuns were able to give them.

The indomitable perseverance of Loretto speaks in the "raison d'être" of "Palm Leaves"—"As to our name: Perhaps you will wonder we did not choose it from among the many beautiful flowers typical of our sunny clime—'Lotus Lily' or 'Moon Flower.' These are lovely, but we want something more symbolical of the spirit which animates us—and this we find in our Indian palms. Straight rises the palm tree, with no branches, no off-shoots, till it rears its feathery crown in the air; so, our faith must raise us above all considerations of ease, pleasure, and

worldly advantages; and produce also the good works which are the necessary consequence. Our Loretto sisters who live in more favored lands, who breathe an atmosphere of Catholic faith, cannot realize the battle raging in this country, where gross idolatry prevails and where, moreover, we live for the most part in the chilling atmosphere of indifference or scepticism. So it behooves us who go forth from Loretto, armed with spiritual weapons for the combat, to strive to attain the high ideal placed before us in Her who is the type of perfect womanhood, to be the valiant women needed on the world's battlefields, and then we shall bear our palms triumphantly when the struggle is ended forever, and the words we have sung together so often are realized—

"May Loretto's children never from Thy wounded side depart,
Till they rest in peace forever in Thy dear and sacred Heart."

The home of Jesus, Mary and Joseph is the beloved prototype of Loretto. "Palm Leaves" offers a short but sublime poem entitled "The Holy House," which contains the lines:—

"Still if the world of pleasure hush your heart,
Then ask yourself 'which is the better part?'
Is toil not noble with God's will in view,
What Jesus deigned to do why should not you?
Loretto's child, be pious, earnest, true,
Live steep'd in prayer, and seek God's will to do."

The Magazine gives a portrait of Mother M. Gonzaga Joynt, Provincial Superior of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in India, who, for fifty years, has been a laborer "on the torrid plains of India." Her sweet face bears the befitting Loretto expression,—a look of intense earnestness and recollection, which will be relaxed only when she hears the crowning "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

This publication of rare literary merit is printed on superior paper, and is altogether pleasing as a book. It presents to us not only the Orient but its people—daughters of high caste Brahmins and of Indian princes, have been numbered among the Loretto pupils.

Of their establishing in Calcutta, in 1841, among encouraging incidents is given the following. "Within a few days our Sisters were honored by another distinguished visitor, a Parsee gentleman, who, accompanied by his family, waited on the nuns—a distinction never previously conferred on Europeans by persons of his rank. This generous benefactor to the Catholics of Calcutta sent his children to be educated at the convent."

The British in India, and other Europeans who know them well, concede that the high caste races of India, and especially the Parsees, are naturally the most intellectual people in the world!

The Magazine illustrations are very interesting. The frontispiece is "The Madonna and Child." Then follow "Loretto House, Calcutta;" "Loretto Convent, Entally;" "Loretto Convent, Darjeeling;" "Loretto Convent, Asansol;" "Simla Railway Terminus;" "Simla from the Tara Devi Gap;" "Barogh Station, Kalka Simla Railway;" "Loretto Convent, Lucknow;" and His Holiness Pope Pius X.

The department "From Distant Lands" contains an Australian article from "Mary's Mount, Ballarat," a contribution from a fair resident, descriptive of Algeciras in the south of Spain, an article on Tangier, Morocco, and a universally interesting account by "S. M. Bernard" of her sojourn in Rome, her visits to sacred scenes, her audience with the Holy Father, Pope Pius X., and some sweetly interesting facts concerning the close affection between the Pontiff and his aged sisters.

How interesting would be the memoirs of the Indian Mutiny of 1857 from the Annals of the Lorettos! How exciting must have been the recollections of the late Sr. Gabriel Doyle! Well may we look to "Palm Leaves" with great expectations, since the editorial *sanctum* is in an edifice of historic interest. In the words of the sketch—"Loretto House, the Alma Mater of the

Indian Lorettos, is situated in the finest part of Calcutta, Chowringhee. This house possesses historical interest, for it was the residence at one time of Sir Elijah Impey, the friend of Warren Hastings. Streets now occupy a great part of Impey's old gardens, and 'Park' street takes its name from the fact that it was once part of the famous judge's park."

When in contemplation of "Loretto Convent, Lucknow," as the eye wanders from the familiar group of Loretto nuns to the cloisters and flower-bordered walk, to the mind comes again and again the words "Relief of Lucknow!"

That the NIAGARA RAINBOW is remembered in India—for we find mention of it in "Palm Leaves"—is indeed gratifying.

As we hold out our hands to welcome this new Magazine into the circle, we join in the aspiration of "Palm Leaves"—

"Oh, may our Mother's hand at morn and eve,
Wherever we may be,
Rest on us with a blessing o'erpassing land and sea!"

Madonna della Sedia.

IN a solitary, woody ravine on the slope of the Apennines, in Italy, there lived, many hundred years ago, a pious hermit, who suffered during his long life many trials and heavy losses. He had retired to this solitude to spend the remainder of his days far from the bustle and turmoil of the world, in rest and peace; nevertheless, many came to him for consolation or advice, and none ever left the peaceful valley without having received from the venerable man spiritual instruction and encouragement. Hence he was loved and venerated by all as a saint.

Two children in the hermit's solitude exercised a charm over his existence and rendered him supremely happy. One of these, Mary, the daughter of a vine-dresser, whose extensive vineyards were not far from his cottage, was tenderly attached to the kindly old man, and often visited him. The other, a splendid oak, which stood near his lowly home and spread its branches over his roof, the solitary called his *dumb* child. As he delighted in the innocent prattle of little Mary and endeavored to form her heart and mind to all that is good and beautiful, so he watched with paternal care over his second child, the oak. During the dry summer season, with much difficulty he procured water to refresh its roots, nay, he protected and nursed the very birds which found lodgment in its leafy boughs and fluttered, twittering, from branch to branch.

Once, an unusually long, severe winter had covered the mountain with deep snow. Suddenly the weather changed, storm and rain followed the thaw, the mountain streams were swollen, and, rushing violently into the valley, carried in their currents many an uprooted tree, while there was great loss of life and suffering among the poor. Mary's father, who had nothing to fear from the flood, his house being situated at a considerable height, one day looked toward the ravine, with saddened countenance, and said to her: "You cannot visit your friend to-day, nor for many days. The torrent is inundating the valley and has risen so high that his cottage is almost submerged." The disconsolate child besought him to hasten to the relief of the good old man, though it was probable that he might be already dead.

After a night of terrible storm, Mary and her father, at early dawn, hastened from their home to seek their old friend, full of anxiety lest the angry waters should have washed away his dwelling during the hours of darkness. Several days, indeed, had elapsed since they last saw the aged man, and when they reached his home they found their forebodings realized. The freshet had swept away his dwelling, but, secure among the branches of the oak, they found the hermit, who related how the suddenly-rising waters had forced him to seek shelter on the mossy roof of his hermitage; that refuge, too, becoming insecure, he had raised his eyes to heaven for protection, when the long, swaying branches of his loved oak had caught his attention, as they beckoned him, as though with human hands, to seek shelter in its branches: then the old man related how for three days and nights he had found safety, and, sustained by a few crusts, had looked for the succor that, in answer to his prayer, he felt sure would come. To their home, henceforth to be his own, the father and daughter conveyed the faint and trembling hermit, who received, for the remaining years of his life, a daughter's tender care from Mary. Shortly before his death, calling her to his side, he blessed

her, and, associating the remembrance of the shelter he had received in this dire necessity from the old tree with that which she had given, he prayed that these, his dumb and speaking daughters, might both be blessed.

Years passed on; the old oak, spared so often at the insistence of the hermit, by the prosaic woodcutters, was at length hewn down and the timber manufactured into vintners' casks, while Mary, who had become the happy wife of a young vintner, used, with her two lovely boys, to pass many sunny hours of Italy's bright days in a favorite arbor of the garden, where, in neat and orderly rows, the wine-casks were ranged. Here, as she once sat pensively looking down into the valley where she had known so many happy hours, her youngest child clasped to her bosom, with her face turned lovingly toward the other, who was pressing his claim of attention upon her that she might notice a childish toy in the shape of a cross, which he had just fashioned from two sticks, young Rafael Sanzio, the painter, saw her as he was walking listlessly by. Here was a vision of loveliness that harmonized with the artist's dream of a picture that had been haunting him for days, but which he could not make tangible enough to put on canvas. Not trusting to his memory to depict the lovely group, he quickly seized one of the cask-tops near, and sketched upon the oaken round the mother and her two boys, types of the Child Jesus, His Mother, and the infant John. Thus, the Madonna of the Chair, painted by Raphael on the top of the wine-cask, manufactured from the old oak that the hermit loved so much, while commemorating the beautiful friend and his favorite tree, fulfilled at the same time his prayer, that his two faithful daughters might be blessed in each other.

Though centuries have elapsed since the death of the painter, the Madonna della Sedia is still preserved as a masterpiece in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence.

A. I.,
Augsburg.

Mozart's Violin.

IN the year 1791, there lived in the Josephstadt of Vienna a poor man who dealt in all kinds of antique and curious objects. The profits of his business scarcely sufficed to support his rather young wife and fourteen children, the eldest of whom was not yet sixteen.

Notwithstanding his condition, Ruttler was charitable to the poor, generous and obliging, in fact, no one ever applied to him for assistance in vain. Among those who passed daily by his shop, was a man whose grave, thoughtful countenance inspired interest and respect, and whose sufferings were so great that Nature had lost all her charms for him. Only when he saw Ruttler's children running to him on the street, with welcoming, outstretched arms, did a faint smile play on his colorless lips—and a silent prayer ascend to heaven for a happier lot than his for these guileless little beings who made sunshine for his heart. Ruttler, too, had noticed the stranger, and, as he missed no opportunity of serving his fellow-men, he asked for the privilege of having a chair ready for him on his return from his usual walk. The sufferer accepted the kind offer, and every morning the children vied with each other in carrying the chair for the strange gentleman.

One day, during Whitsuntide, he returned earlier than usual from his walk and was surrounded by Ruttler's children, exclaiming: "Oh, sir, we got another pretty little sister, last night!" The stranger, leaning on the arm of the eldest girl, stepped into the shop, where the announcement was confirmed by the happy father. "Yes, sir, this is the fifteenth child given us by the Almighty."

"Have you already a godfather?" asked the stranger.

"No, sir, when one is poor, godfathers are not so easily found. The sponsors of my other children were neighbors, or persons who happened to be passing—all of them still poorer than myself."

"Call the little girl Gabrielle. I give her this name. Here are one hundred florins for the dinner, at which I will preside. Please, arrange about it."

As Ruttler hesitated, the stranger added: "Take it, take it! If you only knew me better, you would see that I am not unworthy of the confidence you place in me. But you can render me a service. Bring me the violin that hangs in that corner. A thought strikes me and I should like to note it instantly."

Ruttler took the violin from its peg and gave it with the bow and a sheet of music-paper to the stranger, who played so wonderfully that the street was soon crowded with people, and many a carriage stopped, for the occupants recognized the great artist's performance. But he was so intent on his work that he took no notice of the

gathering crowd, and when the melody was written, put the sheet into his pocket and left, with the request that he should be told the day of the christening. For this purpose he gave his address.

Several days passed and still the unknown friend did not reappear. In vain did the children place the chair for him at the door—the simple, rustic chair at which people looked with tearful eyes and sorrowing hearts. At length Ruttler resolved to pay a visit to his kind guest. He went to his dwelling, but the crape on the door, the coffin surrounded by burning tapers, the mourning gentle folk and artists made the sad truth but too apparent. With surprise he learned that the sponsor had been Mozart—Mozart had breathed his last musical sigh in his house—sitting on his chair he had composed the magnificent Requiem —his own funeral dirge!

Prosperity began to dawn for Ruttler, his business flourished, and his declining years were blessed with rest and opulence. On Gabrielle's sixteenth birthday, he gave her the violin on which the great artist, his benefactor, had played a few days before his death. Later on, it was sold for four thousand florins.

Ruttler would never part with the chair, although enormous sums were offered for it. He treasured it both as a souvenir of his poverty and as the instrument of his fortune.

A. I.,
Augsburg.

Wireless "Lettergraphy."

NOW that the Marconigram has outgrown its experimental stages and has developed into an everyday means of communication, the public no longer displays that enthusiastic interest which marked the progress of this wonderful invention, and consequently we seldom see any mention made of it beyond the "wireless report" which has, to some extent, supplanted the "special cable"—a newspaper feature of foreign news.

We have read about various methods of sending messages from afar, and, in times of distress at sea, one often resorted to is generally headlined "A message from the deep." The following is an account of a wireless "lettergraph" which was recently transmitted with what may correctly be called success, and this little history will suffice to afford a few minutes' pleasant consideration of the Atlantic's vagaries.

Last spring, when I decided on returning to Old England from the Land of the Strenuous Life, I booked my passage in the Cunard liner "Umbria," and on the 16th. of April she left New York in a cold, drizzling rain. Soon after passing Sandy Hook the sky brightened and the famous vessel remained true to her fair-weather reputation by behaving most considerately towards us, and—as can be corroborated by trans-Atlantic voyagers—smooth sailing has a happy effect upon the temperament and disposition of fellow-travelers. A sociable and merry party composed chiefly of "holiday-makers," we were all enjoying the trip, congratulating ourselves on the luck we had experienced in choosing the first fine passage of the season. On Wednesday, April 20th, when about half way across, the boat was not riding steadily enough to permit of the regular games at deck-quoits and shovel-board and there was a lull in the amusements. A number of young gentlemen experimented with the diversion afforded by such athletics as broad-jumping and high-jumping, but, owing to the same cause as that which interrupted the ordinary deck-games, the "finishing positions" of some competitors were too comical to warrant their perseverance in the sport—despite the entertainment it gave the onlookers. Something more appropriate must be considered and many were the suggestions offered. Among the number was that of sending a letter from mid-ocean, and it was readily accepted.

The narrator of these facts repaired to the saloon and took from the rack a piece of writing paper which had a picture of the "Umbria" at the top and was conveniently superscribed: R. M. S. "Umbria" in Mid-Atlantic. On this was then written a short letter in English, French, and Latin—thereby giving to the writer a threefold chance of being understood and communicated with, in case some one of the Naiäds would be courteous enough to deliver the epistle. A water-tight envelope was the next requisite, and such an object is not unknown on board an Atlantic liner. The would-be correspondent chose a "vitreous receptacle" of size and shape quite familiar to all (since one's powers of observation need not necessarily be of intense keenness to recognize that much-labelled variety which is generally exhibited in the windows of stores making no specialty of dry goods). The dispatch was

inserted and the "envelope" closed with a cork.

The posting of the "lettergraph" was attended with a great deal of mock ceremony, and much merriment was caused by the witty and ludicrous comments passed upon the venture. The "honors" were entrusted to a very popular young lady, and she threw the bottle far (?) out from the ship. At all events, the bottle went over the side and, despite the fact that we strained our eyes in expectation of its reappearing we were disappointed; nay, more: of all who took part in the function there was not one who said, "I just got a glimpse at the neck," or some such "near thing." It was lost in the swirling foam which washed the steamer's sides.

Every kind of conjecture was voiced with relation to the final ending of the experiment, but the general opinion predicted the bottle filling and sinking because the cork had not been sealed.

Some weeks after landing in Liverpool, the writer was about being led to that conclusion when he received a letter from Ireland, saying: "Your message from mid-Atlantic reached Murragh Strand, Galway Bay, two miles west of Black Head, the 27th. June, 1904; all safe."

The original letter was kindly forwarded by the finder, Mr. A. E. Donohue, and it is little the worse for floating in the Atlantic almost ten weeks.

Persons present at the "mailing" were pleased to learn the result and, for those interested in this remarkable "wireless" the message is appended.

Needless to say, "Sender" and "Finder" are not strangers now, as they were before the arrival of the "lettergraph."

In Mid-Ocean, April 20, 1904.

DEAR FINDER:

This note was written and sent on its errand, in the bottle which you have found, by the undersigned . . . who wishes you to write to the address given (below) telling where, when, and by whom the message was received. Hoping to hear as soon as the bottle is found.

Yours for curiosity,

F. J. S.

It is through a thousand tryings and a thousand failures that we come to find what is really our own. That is one of the great gains of earnest duty. We learn from it the confines of our kingdom. It is by action that there is taken from us that which we only seem to have.

Two Men at Waterloo.

The Battle which Transformed the World, with Some New Glimpses of Wellington and Napoleon, from Recent Literature.

I. THE MEN.

LONG ago, in the nineteenth century, when old men were still young, two ships passed in mid-Atlantic.

"Any news?" one asked of the other, and the answer came: "Nothing particular. Bonaparte landed in France; that's all."

What, one wonders, would an editor give for such news of "nothing particular" to-day? "Give me my liar," the old king was wont to say when he asked for his history. He might have said, "Give me my drama." Those were the world's dramatic days, in which these ships spoke at sea. The Master of the World had left his island throne to place himself again at the head of the Empire of France. It was the preface to the last of the great world battles.

From that momentous epoch two men stand out in the story of the world. It would seem as if nature had shaped them for their destinies. In most ways differing as the poles, they began the race of life together. It was in 1769 that both were born, within four short months. Nothing could have seemed less momentous for the world than their entrance into it.

One, the son of an impoverished lawyer, was the second child in a struggling household of fifteen, though only eight grew up. Child of a conquered race, born to a lowly life, the Corsican boy, could we have seen him in his teens, would not have greatly impressed us. We should have found him doing well at school in mathematics, poring over Cæsar's "Commentaries" and Plutarch's "Lives," or writing essays on "the best means of making men happy."

The other, fourth son of an Irish earl, born at a castle in Meath, on a day about which his own mother disputed with his nurse, left school when his father died, and, driven abroad by want of means, seemed to have passed forever out of the kingdom into which he was born. His mother took him to Brussels—how strange, when we come to think of it, that the two decisive days

in his career should both have been spent there! The widowed countess had no great pride in the lad she placed at school, her "ugly boy, Arthur," she called him; and it was as "fit food for powder" that she started him on a soldier's life.

The race which ended at Waterloo started fairly when these two boys were born in their island nations. Could any great thing come out of Corsica, or the salvation of England out of Ireland? Yet in these small islands, though Wellington and Napoleon knew it not, the lives which were to move the world were being shaped.

Neither had seen the other, nor heard his name; nor were they to meet for one single hour in all the years to come. Yet in the maze of life their winding paths were to lead them both to one great battle field, and the star of each was to rise higher and higher in the sky until at last one fell.

II. The Battle.

Mr. Creevey, in his vivid pictures of Brussels before and after Waterloo, tells us that, on waking on Waterloo day and going to the window to see what was passing in the street, he saw baggage and soldiers still moving towards the battlefield, as they had been moving when he went to sleep. The streets were filled all night with horses and men, carts and carriages, and all the world depended on the direction which they took. Yet the Sunday population of Brussels was in the streets, sitting about tables drinking beer, and smoking and making merry, as if races or other sports were going on, instead of the great pitched battle which was then being fought.

On the field, suffering from pain which made riding all but impossible, Napoleon sat in a rush-bottomed chair. That, perhaps, was why the Duke of Wellington, gazing through his telescope, could not see him. Mr. Fitchett has pictured him in one of the rare moments when he "sat moveless on his horse, his eyes fixed on the long black column growing fainter in the smoke; his fate hung on its success." But it was not to succeed.

He saw its head, Mr. Fitchett says in his graphic way, crushed by Maitland's brigade; he saw the yet more fatal apparition of the 52nd. breaking in on its flank. Those who stood near and watched his face saw it darken. "Ils sont mêlés ensemble," he whispered. . . . Louder and sterner and nearer sounded the Prussian guns to the right. Napoleon looked over the landscape of the battle. It was his last battlefield, and everywhere the scene was one of wreck and flight. "Tout est perdu," he said, and turned his horse to fly. . . . At three o'clock he had despatched a courier to Paris announcing that victory was certain; six hours later he had no longer an army.

"As he contemplated the disastrous scene," says one of his own countrymen, "he turned pale, stammered, and shed some tears, the first he had ever shed on a field of battle." Ney, waving frantically a broken sword, strove to rally his broken troops, but his courage was in vain.

On that stricken field lay thirty thousand men, dying and dead. Wellington was sending home his despatch from Brussels, and Napoleon had fled to Paris.

III. The Victor.

At that supreme moment, when the peril which threatened the world had been averted and the veil of history was drawn over Waterloo, the figure of the Iron Duke stood out in its real strength.

Riding slowly back to his quarters, he spoke —says one who was with him—to no one of his suite, and was evidently sombre and dejected. The few individuals who attended him were scarcely less silent than their leader, wearing more the appearance of a little funeral train than of victors in one of the greatest battles ever fought.

The diaries of his friend, Lord Ellesmere, give us a glimpse of the Duke at the same time in this hour of triumph and grief.

As he rode back to his quarters after his interview with Blücher on the evening of the 18th., he was recognized in the moonlight by the wounded on the road. Many of them cheered him as he passed. He found his quarters at Waterloo full of French superior officers, prisoners, who expected to be invited to dinner. He refused to admit them, telling them that they must make their peace with Louis XVIII. before he could have anything to say to them.

There were many vacancies at the Duke's table that night.

He ate little, and his eyes were constantly directed to the door, in the hope that some of those missing might yet arrive. That hope was vain. No one entered. He retired soon to write his despatch, but before doing so he held up both

hands and exclaimed, "The hand of God has been over me this day!"

Only once or twice, in the heat of the fight, does the Duke seem to have been greatly elated. Mr. Fitchett tells us that:

As his well-known cocked hat and hooked nose were recognized through the smoke, the word would rush round the lines of some much-enduring square: "Silence! Stand to your front. Here's the Duke!" . . . He drew up beside a square on which a French battery was firing with deadly effect. "Hard pounding this, gentlemen," he said; "we will see who can pound the longest." "Stand firm! my lads," was his address to another sorely-buffeted square; "what will they say of this in England?"

Repeatedly, says another chronicler of the event, the Duke leaned back in his chair, and, rubbing his hands convulsively, exclaimed, "Thank God! I have met him."

But it is what Mr. Fitchett calls the "coolness incarnate" of Wellington which impresses us in these new glimpses of him. In the hour of crisis, whatever events might be shaking the world around him, he was immovable. Once, at Manchester, when the Queen was opening the Royal Exchange there, great bursts of cheering greeted the Duke's carriage.

He sat quite immovable—says Lord Ellesmere's daughter—taking none of it to himself. At last, sitting opposite as I was, I got so excited that I leant forward and said, "Duke, that's for you!" Whereupon he solemnly put the two fingers to his hat, as was his usual mode of salutation, and the people cheered louder than ever.

Once an officer woke up the Duke to say that he had found the enemy unexpectedly near, and did not know what to do. "Well, sir, you are certainly in a very bad position, and you must get out of it the best way you can," said the Duke, turning over to go to sleep again. When struck down in battle, while laughing with some friends, he "immediately rose and laughed all the more," and we can never forget that incident of Waterloo which Greville relates. Lord Anglesey was standing close to the Duke when he received his wound. Lord Anglesey turned to the Duke and said: "By ——, I have lost my leg!" "Have you?" said the Duke, still gazing at the battle.

Lord Ellesmere—whose reminiscences are full of interest, but badly edited—often looked into the Duke's room at Apsley House, and found him fast asleep in his chair, in a chaos of papers; and it is odd, as we read his memories of this remarkable man, to glance at another of these new books and find that Napoleon told a lady that "the Duke of Wellington is afraid of me." "He knows very well," Napoleon added, "that if I were at the head of 200,000 French soldiers—"

Napoleon was never more greatly deceived. Wellington had his fears. Once, comparing Napoleon's advantages with his own, he said to Lord Stanhope that "no man has ever lost more armies than he did. I could not risk so much. I knew that if ever I lost 500 men without the clearest necessity, I should be brought upon my knees to the Bar of the House of Commons." But he was as free from physical fear as he was insensible to flattery or praise. Sir Archibald Alison declared that Europe owed to Wellington thirty years of peace, and that, in any sphere he would have been among the greatest men. Yet it is one of the surprises of Lord Ellesmere's diaries that the Duke thought Alison "a —— rascally Frenchman," and was not the least grateful for all his glowing eulogies.

Driving with a friend one day, the Duke, to pass away the time, played at guessing what object they would next come to after crowning a hill or turning a corner, and the Duke was nearly always right. "You don't consider," he replied, to his friend's astonishment, "that I have been passing my life in guessing what I might meet with beyond the next hill, or round the next corner."

He was ready always for whatever he found beyond the next hill, and there has been no braver man in the modern world than he "that gain'd a hundred fights, nor ever lost an English gun."

IV. The Vanquished.

Napoleon rode into Paris with the news of his own defeat. "He came to meet me," says Lavalette, "with a frightful epileptic laugh."

"Oh, my God," he said, raising his eyes to heaven, and walking hurriedly up and down the room. He demanded "two hours of sleep and a warm bath" before he would consult his Ministers. When he met them, he broke out: "I have no longer any army; they are but a set of fugitives. I may find men, but how shall I arm them? I have no muskets."

The rest we know, but it is told with a fresh vividness for English readers in the condensed translation of Gourgaud's "Journal." Napoleon,

in his hour of defeat, thought of America, the great Republic from which his own son came to be present in London at the funeral of Wellington. But the night before, an idea had come to him to go aboard the English cruiser, exclaiming, "Like Themistocles, not being willing to take part in the dismemberment of my country, I come to ask an asylum of you."

At this moment—Gourgaud writes—a little bird flew in at the window. I cried, "It is an omen of good fortune," and caught it in my hand. But Napoleon said to me: "There are enough unhappy beings in the world. Set it at liberty." I obeyed, and the Emperor went on: "Let us watch the augury." The bird flew to the right, and I cried: "Sire, it is flying toward the English cruiser."

He wrote his letter to the Regent, and asked Gourgaud what he thought of it. "I said that it brought tears into my eyes." So it does to-day; and so, as long as there is any feeling in the world, it will.

Much as we have to forgive, we almost forgive Napoleon in the end of his days. It was not the chivalrous spirit of England which sent Napoleon to die on a lonely island, morally, if not literally, in chains, and the last word to be said of this tragedy of thoughtlessness and fear, was said when the Duke of Wellington condemned—not indeed, the exile, but the pettiness which made the exile worse than death.

For six years, the great spirit was crushed. Born in oppression on a remote island, he who had raised his family to the rank of princes and made three brothers kings, was to die an exile on an island more remote. Of his taskmaster Lord Rosebery has said that he was "a narrow, ignorant, irritable man," and Wellington, though he defended Sir Hudson Lowe in the House of Lords, told Lord Stanhope that he was "a —— fool," and spoke of him at another time as a "stupid man." No wonder that Napoleon was never tired of declaring his hate of the English.

"Ah! I know the English," he exclaimed to Gourgaud. "You may be sure that the sentinels stationed round this house have orders from the Governor to kill me. They will pretend to give me a thrust with a bayonet by mistake some day."

The most daring spirit of his age was held fast in this mean prison-house—for so, under Sir Hudson Lowe, we must consider St. Helena. When the bust of his son arrived, and Napoleon imagined that the Governor would destroy it, he intended "to have made such a complaint as would have caused every Englishman's hair to stand on end with horror;" he would have told a tale which would have made the mothers of England execrate Sir Hudson Lowe as "a monster in human shape." Mr. Seaton's defence of Lowe deserves to be read; but it may be doubted if ever men will forget the littleness of the gaoler of St. Helena.

Napoleon, no doubt, as Wellington said of him, would have complained had we built him a palace of gold, and would have said, "This won't do; I want to be sent to Versailles." But it is no excuse. It is equally true that had we made him a palace of gold, Napoleon would have been the slave of his own self, broken by the intensity of despair which clouded the close of his career.

There was no peace for him outside Versailles, whether his destiny dragged out drearily in a brick house surrounded by sentries or whether he held high state with the pomp, but without the reality, of power. He blamed his fate, his generals, his marriage with Marie Louise—even, like Disraeli in his last defeat, the weather. He should have died at Moscow, at Dresden, at Borodino, at Waterloo.

"Had I died at Moscow I should have left behind me a reputation as a conqueror without a parallel in history. A ball ought to have put an end to me there." And again. "To die at Borodino would have been to die like Alexander. To be killed at Waterloo would have been a good death; perhaps Dresden would have been better; but no, better at Waterloo. The love of the people, their regret."

When, at last, his thoughts turned to the death that he must die, his last love was that of a little child. He thought of his mother, the mother who had said: "Poor Napleon! They are enjoying their revenge to-day, but they trembled at the sight of you in times gone by."

"Immediately after my decease"—Napoleon said a week before his death, to his physician—"you must sail for Italy and interview my mother and the other members of my family. Tell them that the great Napoleon died under the most miserable circumstances, in need, and forsaken by all but himself and his own glory; tell them, too, that on his death-bed he pardons all the royal houses of Europe the horror and infamy of his last moments."

Thirty years after Napoleon's death, the Duke

of Wellington passed away. One of the King's Judges, who stood bare-headed in the Strand while the coffin of the Great Duke passed on its way to St. Paul's, remembers a rude mob attacking a little party of French cadets. Forming a square, the mob created an untimely scene, which a gentleman, however, brought to an end with the remark, "This is not a day to crow over Waterloo."

And we need not "crow" to-day. There are silences, as of Wellington, more eloquent than the thunder of cannon. There are defeats, as of Napoleon, instinct with the very triumph of greatness. A. M.

Herr Walther Von Der Vogelweide.

(*Translated from the German*)

THIS celebrated lyric poet descends from the Count of Vogelweide, in Tyrol, and was born in the year 1170. He was of a noble race as the surname "Herr" and "Ritter" show, which was expressed by other civil races, through the word "Meister." His Coat of Arms was a bird in a cage, and he himself marks Austria as the land where he learned to write and to sing. The then reigning Babenberger, one of the oldest German families, as well as the Hohenstaufen, belonged to the poetry-loving Royal House. Walther was poor and tried his skill at business. Riding a horse, with an old string instrument on his back, he went about the courts and castles of the knights, where every singer was welcome, and where the nobility assembled at great feasts. With the death of the Babenberger Count Frederic the Catholic, a great support was withdrawn; Walther relates that he now pressed his pointed shoes deep in the earth, and, creeping like a peacock, and with head bowed down, from that time went on his way. He wished to rove around at large, as he relates himself. He travelled from the Seine to Hungary, from the Elbe to the Mur, and from the Po to the Drave. In this way he gained information of the customs of the country, and its people, and for all that he saw or experienced, he knew something pleasant to sing or to say.

In Germany, in the year 1200, commenced that small spark of unhappy discord between the Kaiser and the Pope, which blazed upwards into a bright flame. The desperate civil war in Germany forced bitter complaints from Ritter Walther. His heart was with Prince Philip, and when he was crowned at Mainz, the poet was there and celebrated the festival with his songs. At a period of so much dispute and discord between the Church and the King, his poems were necessarily of a serious tendency. But so deep was his pain at the decline of the German kingdom, that his heart went out to its people and his lips praised their merits.

Walther ended his wandering life in Würzburg, 1230, after having accompanied the noble Kaiser Frederic on his journey to Palestine, and received from him as a present, an estate near Würzburg. He lies buried in the garden of the new Cathedral. One can read to-day, cut in the stone, in Latin verses, an epitaph of the noble German patriot and poet. Some one tells the following incident: In his last will he ordered them to scatter grains of wheat on his gravestone, and to pour out water for the birds. For this purpose he had four holes made in the stone under which he wished to be buried, where the birds feed daily.

LAURA DICKISON.

Violets and Roses.

AS the long winter slowly recedes, we cannot refrain from anticipating the coming of spring, whose priceless treasures are brought to our minds by the simple but sincere praises of some nature-loving poet. It is not alone in the masterpieces of Literature, whose grand passages are so well known to the world, that we find beautiful and impressive thoughts, but, frequently, we discover a poem or even a few lines of exceeding beauty while the author of them is unknown to us and to the world, and which come to us as a complete, but delightful surprise.

The little German dialogue, "Veilchen und Rosen," is of such a class, charming us by its simplicity and sweetness. The poem when translated loses much of its value, as the chief charm lies in the soft musical sound of the German words. It describes two children who are speaking to their mother in praise of violets and roses. Each child thinks her flower by far the most beautiful and endeavors to convince the mother of its superiority. Gretchen says the violets are the spring's first gift presented to please us after the cold winter. We will find them like little stars



He Is Risen!

peeping from their green enclosures. Käthchen says the rose is spring's masterpiece, coming not on the first step of prime to greet its queen, but waiting till woods and meadows are redolent with scent of blossoms and warm life. She argues that only gradual unfolding produces what is most beautiful. They both speak so well in favor of the flower they love best, that their mother is unable to choose, thinks both equal, and so tells them they may both have their flowers. The spring brings not only the roses and violets as gifts to us, but we are greeted by many other floral beauties. The little violets may not appeal as strongly to us as they did to Gretchen, and the superb rose, which might well be called the Queen of Flowers, may appear far more lovely to us in its glowing splendor than the simple violet. We all have our favorite flower, but we cannot deny that all are beautiful, each having its own particular charm. The violets scattered here and there and modestly hiding their heads, are well suited to the wild and natural beauty of the woods, while the splendor of the rose shows to advantage in the beautiful gardens where man has arranged all in such perfect order.

What would we do then without a single flower? With what would we decorate our tables, our parlors, our conservatories, our altars, if not with flowers? Our gifts do not compare with those which spring gives to us, so we gladly take these as gifts to others. When nothing else would be acceptable to our sick friend, how her eyes brighten at the sight of the fresh and glowing flowers?

The young bride who proudly carries her bouquet is, perhaps, looking forward to a path strewn with flowers. For a gay pleasure scene what decoration could equal the natural beauty of flowers! Even death does not rob us of them, for, although it would be a mockery to place even the most priceless jewels on the coffins of those we loved, flowers seem a slight comfort and give a somewhat cheerful aspect to the sorrowful scene. As these minor, but none the less attractive, forms of Nature play such an important part in our daily lives, we value them not only for their own charm, but also for the pleasant memories which they cannot fail to recall, and we willingly acknowledge

"A poem every flower is,
And every leaf a line."

MARY NESBITT.

A Spring Song.

"What art thou Spring?
Thou, thy song, thy song thee."

WHAT is this music of impassioned tenderness not only unbosomed in liquid notes by a thousand throbbing-breasted little songsters but carolled by the brooks, whistled by the poplar leaves, hummed by the honey-bees, chirped by grasshopper and cricket, cooed by the mating doves, early sobbed by the soft April rains? And why dream unceasing? Forgive us, it is of the song of spring. Proof, you say? There is proof everywhere. Will you not believe the budding moss-rose, the little pussy-willow, the wintergreen, squaw-berry and that coppice of tangled vines—the garden-bed of early spring? Who does not love the wild cucumber vines, and read Spring's greetings in the latticed traceries of their shade? Who passes by without a glance, the wee lady's-slipper which so proudly wears the royal purple? Who does not dream sweet dreams in a thousand-globed clover meadow? Only the ignorant, the selfish, the proud!

You smile when I mention the mullein with its yellow spirals and large green leaves, but are glad when you see in its greenness promised summer; you laugh at bringing to notice the milkweed, but who of us when a child has not stooped to inhale the perfume from its pink-hooded blossom and let her fingers gently, almost unconsciously, caress it? Plunge into the swamp and see the slender grace of the brown cat-tails; smell the mixed aroma of sweet grass and balsam in the border meshes of the pond, find the nature-swaddled lily bud and the humblest, best loved of all the woodland beauties. Who is not partial to her—our violet—our queen of the moss? I have said "our" but because God made the flowers for each and everyone of us, and yet there are those with cold ignorant hearts. God pity them!

There is something mysterious, yearning, about the smell of the wild cherry blossoms. We look at them and their nodding heads smile back at us, we step near and their odor attracts us with an unknown magnetic force. It is a sappy smell, truly "a call of the wild," a hungry ravenous call of the vigorous youthful life-blood. Leave the hiding arbutus and fragrant-like bush to wander in and out the loamy floats and along

the low-banked river where speared rushes are guarding gardens and gardens of blue flags and marigolds—and then say the world is dreary. Awake and hark! for it is spring! Her melody is never ending, it goes on for ever and ever in all thankful hearts.

And is there not a spring song in every life? If not why should there not be, why is there not one? Perhaps we have missed the keynote? We may find it out with a little patience, for we can always be youthful in our hearts, "even unto the end." What does our dear old friend, the Autocrat, say? "I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy than reign a gray-beard king."

Throbbing, pulsing, invigorating spring,—season when Nature's song rings clearest in our ears, magnetic, nourishing spring, when the forest is over-rich in sap, when life is budding, mysterious, wild; to thee our hearts pour forth their greetings!

LOLA A. BEERS.

Sohrab and Rustum.

OH, what a gift is poesy! and what a favored being is the poet, who is capable not only of enjoying the creations of his imagination, but who has also the power of sharing with others his noble thoughts, of describing his heroes in such graphic words that others, too, may join in his admiration of them, and of picturing in such glowing language, heroic deeds and touchingly pathetic incidents, that readers are moved to something like his own intense enthusiasm or heartfelt sympathy. That this great gift is Mathew Arnold's in no small degree any one must be convinced on heading Sohrab and Rustum.

The story of these two great heroes is indeed full of pathos. Rustum, a mighty Persian warrior, while hunting near the borders of Turan, married a beautiful Princess, but soon wearied of court life and was so eager for adventure that he started forth in quest of battle. After his departure his son Sohrab was born, but the mother, unwilling to have him taken from her for military training, sent her husband word that their child was a girl. During his infancy she imprinted on his shoulder the seal which Rustum had given her for this purpose. Inspired by her animated accounts of his father's valiant deeds, Sohrab, who had inherited courage and talent for war, when he was old enough joined the Tartan army, hoping that somewhere in his wanderings he would find the parent whom he had learned to love. After many weeks of fighting, which gained him renown in his own camp, but brought him no nearer the object of his search, Sohrab grew impatient and begged Peran Wisa, his commander, to allow him to oppose in single combat some of the Persian lords, thinking that perhaps the fame of such a triumph as he felt confident of winning would reach his father and lead to their meeting. His request was granted, and Peran Wisa challenged the Persians to select a champion to fight him. Their weak army contained no one who could stand any chance of victory against so skilled a combatant, and the Persians ran in terror to Rustum's camp, beseeching him to save their honor. After much persuasion he consented, on condition that he should remain unknown, so that none might say he was "matched in conflict with any mortal man."

When he beheld his brave young adversary, the mighty Persian felt a great pity fill his heart and he tried to dissuade him from rushing on death by fighting so old and experienced a warrior. But his brave antagonist, deeming this advice only an attempt to intimidate him, said he would dare to encounter any one except Rustum. Yet so like was this giant foe to the father of his imagination that he hastened toward him, imploring to be told if he were not Rustum. Thinking this question a trick of the youth to escape from the combat and at the same time shame the Persian lords who feared to fight, Rustum replied evasively, implying that he was not; and so the conflict began between the father and son, each ignorant of their relationship.

For a while neither gained any advantage, until Sohrab avoided a stroke of the huge club of Rustum, and the latter following his own blow fell on the sand. Then had Sohrab an opportunity of slaying his opponent, but far from doing so, he begged for peace and friendship. But in vain—the mighty Rustum, incensed at the humiliation he had suffered, rushed at its cause with increased fury and uttering his own name—Rustum—so astonished Sohrab that he dropped his shield, suffering himself to be pierced in the side. In reply to the scornful taunts of his conqueror, Sohrab passionately declared that it was his father's name and not his enemy's skill that had vanquished him and confidently prophesied that Rustum would one day hear that he had had

a son and of that son's death and would take revenge on his cruel murderer. At first the victor only mocked at these words, saying that Rustum had never had a son, but being convinced by the seal which Sohrab displayed, he was plunged in grief and crying only "boy—thy father," fell senseless. He awoke to consciousness, but to regret that he had not been mortally wounded instead of Sohrab. So deep was his remorse that he wished to end his life and was deterred only by Sohrab's entreaty "live to do the deeds I die too young to do."

Even in the precious moments before his death Sohrab did not forget his followers and begged that the Tartans would be allowed to return home in peace. He also asked to have his body taken to his father's home in Seistan and there mourned for, and, his request being granted, he took his sword and eased the agony of his wound, so that "the blood came welling from the open gash, and life flowed with the stream."

Thus ends their story, but not the reflections it suggests, such characters are well worth a deeper study and such noble heroism is deserving of a great appreciation.

No one could read this poem unmoved, for everything in incidents, and the manner of their narration—impassioned language describing emotional scenes, words in themselves suggestive of a martial spirit picturing the combat, and tender words with infinite pathos describing the sad ending—are such as would arouse our warmest admiration and call forth our most sincere regrets for the unhappy outcome of the episode.

In regard to the revelations of character contained in both Sohrab and Rustum's speeches, we can truly apostrophise each in the words of the maid servant in the gospel "thy speech betrays thee." The one statement of Sohrab's: "Truth sits upon the lips of dying men, and falsehood while I lived was far from mine," is quite sufficient to give us an insight into the nobility and high standard of honor entertained by the brave youth, while each separate utterance evinces his undaunted courage, perhaps none more strongly than "At my boy's years I showed the courage of a man." But the characteristics which appeal most strongly to our sympathy are his loyal admiration of his father's unequaled feats, his fidelity to the yearnings of his heart to find the father whose love he craved, and his perseverance in the quest. With all his warrior traits he yet retained the tenderness of youth and did not disdain to show it. We could have no stronger proof of his generosity than the sparing of his fallen foe, when, by killing him, he might have added another victory to his own renown.

In Rustum we have a hero of a different stamp. The mighty, terrible foe who sacrificed almost every consideration to his fame, who never met defeat and crushed down the promptings of his heart to be merciful rather than allow another equal glory with himself. Proud and inexorable as an adversary, he yet had beneath his iron armor a father's heart, which, when he knew his son, made paternal love entirely eclipse the warrior's sternness. How deep this love really was can only be measured by what he would willingly have sacrificed in order that his son might live—all his life had been devoted to acquiring fame and now in his old age he would have gladly given up his life-long-gathered laurels, would joyfully have become as other men, if by it he could save Sohrab.

The poem makes no pretense to the supernatural, but, as a beautiful example of filial and paternal love, of the most unselfish affection between two heroes which would lead either to self-immolation for the other's sake, it has more than succeeded in its aim.

The theme could not be better chosen to appeal to every heart, for who has neither experienced the sweetness of a father's love, nor longed for its consolation?

The style could not be more delightfully adapted to the subject, and the story is teeming with beautiful suggestions and profitable lessons, among the most impressive being the pitiful result of Rustum's refusal to hearken to the pleadings of his heart, which prompted him to love rather than fight his brave young foe. How strikingly typical of all good inspirations which are so often stifled by unworthy considerations of pride!

The last we are told of our two heroes, Rustum and his son were left alone! But the poet does not end his poem thus, he closes it with the significant description of the Oxus flowing on "rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian," and what a lesson it contains! How forcibly it shows what little effect the death of even heroes has on the world!—which goes rejoicing on,—and surely it should make us grateful that there is a kind of heroism which has its reward, not in momentary applause but in eternal happiness!

KATHLEEN M. MARSHALL.

Elocution Recital, March Twenty-fifth.

"Sweet and Low" . . . . . .
SEMI-CHORUS.

"Tennyson, the Poet of Woman"—in prose and verse—

(a) "Lady Clare" . . . . . .
MAUD MERLE.

(b) "The Lady of Shalott" . . . . . .
GLADYS WEST.

(c) "Dora" . . . . . .
ESTELLE FORRESTEL.

"Crossing the Bar" . . . . . *Behrend*
SEMI-CHORUS.

Piano Solo, "Tanzweis" . . . *Meyer-Helmund*
GEORGIANA CANNON.

"Little Cristel" . . . . . *Mary E. Bradley*
ELEANOR MCMANUS.

(a) "The African Chief" . . . . . .
. . . . . *S. Wentworth Morton*

(b) "Mirandy on Higher Education"
. . . . . *Dorothy Dix*
AGNES MUDD.

"Cradle Song" . . . . . *Jeffery*
VERONICA ALTENBURG.

"The Enchanted Shirt" . . . . . *John Hay*
MAUD MALONEY.

"Albumblatt" . . . . . *Kirchner*
ALICE RIDOUT.

"Love Me Love My Dog" . . . . . .
. . . . . *Richard Harding Davis*
GLADYS WEST.

Piano Solo, "La Sirène" . . . . . *Thomé*
BERTHA HENRY.

"Mrs. Wiggs"—Last Chapter, *Alice Hegan Rice*

(b) "Der Dog und der Lobster" . . *Anon*
LIZETTE DINDRUFF.

"Nocturne" . . . . . *Field*
KATHLEEN RIDOUT.

(a) "No Room for Him" . *S. M. Gertrude*

(b) "What the Choir sang about the Bonnet" . . . . . *M. T. Morrison*
FRANCES COFFEY.

"Mazurka Caprice" . . . . . *Meyer*
ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

"The Happiest Land"—from the German
. . . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*
ESTELLE FORRESTEL.

Violin Solo, "Serenata" . . . . . *Moszkowski*
MRS. IRVING-CLARKE.

"The Wreck of the Julie Plante" . . *Drummond*
GLADYS WEST.

Piano Solo, "Élégie" . . . . . *Nollet*
JOSEPHINE FLEMING.

"The Bazaar Girl" . . . . . *Sir Edwin Arnold*
FLORILLA WEBB.

"Florence Waltz" . . . . . *Liebling*
JEANETTE POWERS.

(a) "Katie Lee and Willie Grey" . .
. . . . . *James Barker*

(b) "Answered Prayers" . . . . . .
. . . . . *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*
BELLA YOUNG.

Vocal Solo, "Stars of the Summer Night"
. . . . . *Tours*
AGNES MUDD.

(a) "Watch the Corners" . . . . *Selected*

(b) "What Ailed the Pudding?" . . .
. . . . . *Josephine Pollard*
EDNA MALONEY.

Piano Solo, "Le Ruisseau" . . . . *Wollenhaupt*
LUCILLE MCGUIRE.

"Macbeth," Act I., Scene V. . . . *Shakespeare*
MAUD MERLE.

Piano Solo, "Air de Ballet" . . . *Moszkowski*
BEATRICE BECK.

"An Untimely End" . . . . . *Von Boyle*
MAUD MERLE.

"Ave Maria" . . . . . *L. Bonvin, S. J.*

Adam and Eve as Portrayed by Milton.

IN the poetic realm, portrayal of characters occupies a boundless sphere. Every poet has in his own manner revealed his personalities in different lights, favorable or otherwise,—thus showing his truest sentiments as swayed by human influence. Coventry Patmore exalts his ideal to the eminence of "The Angel of the House." What higher classification would be desirable? Or what greater honor could be bestowed upon a personage than to be a chosen guide through Paradise? Such was the reverence shown to Beatrice by Dante.

We cannot but appreciate the upholding of womankind by these master-poets, and it must be deplored that all did not live up to this brilliant

characterization. Milton, in depicting woman, shows how his own sad experience entirely disqualified him from ever finding perfection, and he freely yields himself to the influence of the undesirable impression made, and gives vent to his unjust ideas accordingly.

It must be deeply regretted that his domestic atmosphere tinged his poetic thought with bitterness whenever he entered woman's kingdom, and we are forced to believe that this ungrateful opinion was due to the fact that his first marriage did not prove a happy one, since his wife was utterly incapable of appreciating the loftiness of the poet's character.

Those who have feasted on the excellence of the sublimest of poems, *Paradise Lost,* are obliged to confess that this feeling is here strongly marked.

The delineation of the two characters, Adam and Eve, bears evidence of a remarkable difference. They are each distinguished by marked qualities or defects—defects, yes, for we sadly admit that Eve, given by Milton as a type of womanhood, failed to possess those attributes which are requisite to produce the embodiment of every womanly charm. It is with reluctance that we listen to such accusations against our common Mother, and we are loth to accept his words, "He for God only, she for God in him," which plainly portray the inferiority of woman. To sanction such words would be contradictory to our dearest beliefs. Since God is revealed to mankind in various phases—so also is He revealed to womankind. Then we must rebel against words presented to us which declare that the faith of woman exists only through means of her husband. Are those, then, who have never entered matrimonial state, deprived of communion with the Heavenly Father? Milton would have it so, but apart from his limited realm for woman, she has realized that there are other fields on which to establish her trust. Such an expression merely condenses every fallacy concerning woman's relation to her husband and to her Maker.

Milton has embraced every opportunity to express the weakness and insignificance of Eve, throughout his forcible lines. Even on her departure from Paradise she bewails merely the loss of the beautiful surroundings which gratify her senses.

"Oh, unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both."

Though we enthuse over Milton's otherwise grand passages, and blame Eve for her infirmity, yet, true sympathy must spring from all hearts on realizing the deep sorrow afterwards experienced by the first woman.

Noble in thought, courageous at heart, and endowed with the most essential perfections, is the revelation of the character of Adam, whom we find displaying his deepest feeling when opportunity presents itself. After his fall we find him strong enough to withstand the temptation that Eve offers when she proposes violent ways to avoid the effects of the curse.

Grief and sweet resignation are mingled in the humble, yet grand, words of Adam to the Archangel Michael, in his lament, which abounds equally in magnificent thoughts and words of grandeur, and reaches a climax at this beautiful sentiment—

"This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived His
blessed countenance:"

The descriptions of these characters not like those in the book of Genesis, are mere creations of Milton's fancy, and we must remember it was a disheartened, prejudiced Milton who gave himself up to such reflections.

We have no desire to dethrone Adam from the lofty pedestal on which the author has exalted him, but we would elevate her whom God himself gave as a fitting companion for His sublimest creation.

ETHEL M. RAINS.

Violin Recital

BY HERBERT BUCKLEY, ASSISTED BY MRS. J. T. A. NOBLE, PIANIST.

THE eve of Laetare Sunday was ushered in by music of a very artistic kind, and for an hour and a half we were carried away by the strains of the violin played by a gentleman—Mr. Herbert Buckley—who had the good fortune to play in Norway under the bâton of the great Norwegian composer—Edvard Grieg—for some seven or eight years. Mr. Buckley, in an-

nouncing the numbers on the programme, prefaced his remarks by a few references to Grieg, who, it seems, is so very diminutive that he is obliged to stand on a flower-pot when he conducts. He has never crossed the ocean, for the simple reason that he is very delicate, in fact, he is said to have only one lung. Like the majority of musicians he has a great shock of hair, which stands out in all directions when the orchestra does not play to his liking. He is said to be of the nervous, sensitive temperament, the temperament of Keats and Stevenson, quick and ardent in feeling, and in art notable for subjective, intimate work, rather than for the wide objective point of view.

The programme opened with the Andante movement from the second of the three sonatas for piano and violin, dedicated to Salieri by Beethoven. This is a very beautiful composition, and was very beautifully expressed. The Romance by Bache was quite a contrast to the Beethoven number. Why do we so rarely see the name of this gifted Englishman on musical programmes? "Had he lived he would, in all probability,"—as a recent writer has it—"have proved a lasting ornament to the English School."

Mrs. Noble's rendition of that charming piano solo, Poème Erotik, by Grieg, was a revelation and a splendid exemplification of the pure lyric style of composition. This was followed by a valse scherzo by Grieg, which was characterized by that Norwegian flavor which is peculiar to all his music. "It is a curious exotic flavor, a flavor not Oriental, but northern, a half wild, half tender pathos, outlandish a little, but not turgid, on the contrary, perfectly pellucid. One who would feel the quality of these works must hear them" —and we may congratulate ourselves on having both heard and felt.

The adagietto by Bizet was an exquisite number. We always associate Bizet with his celebrated opera, "Carmen," but this short, dreamy adagietto of his shows to advantage the intense pathos and dramatic ability of the composer. The scherzo by M. J. de Macedo—a South American composer, whose works are not even published in this country—must have appealed to everyone for its piquancy and brightness. Mrs. Noble is well equipped pianistically and plays with admirable control and repose.

The fact of Mr. Buckley's being so long a time with Grieg added not a little to the interest of the Grieg numbers, so that it goes without saying that the sonata was the pièce de résistance. As in the valse scherzo we noticed certain peculiarities of Norwegian music, nothing of Grieg's could be mistaken for German music.

Mr. Buckley was at his best in the "Berceuse" by Simon—both the composer and the composition were unknown to us, but without even glancing at the programme, one might surmise its French origin. It is said that French music is much less serious than German, that everything tends to be shorter, and that its principal characteristics are daintiness and sweetness, rather than deep thought, all of which traits are to be found in this charming little "Berceuse" of Simon's.

Mr. Buckley is partial to Norwegian music and treated us to a delightful romance by Sinding, whose merits as a composer are said to outrival those of Grieg.

The two Spanish Dances of Moszkowski were a most appropriate finale, and given with a splendid abandon, only served to whet our musical appetites; however, we were not as justified as poor Oliver Twist in asking for "more," and so we retired well pleased with the musical treat that had so kindly been afforded us. Indeed, it was a performance that was satisfying, technically, musically, and interpretatively, and we are looking forward to another "musical treat" in the near future.

We were justly proud of the brilliant accompanist, Mrs. J. T. A. Noble, a former pupil, who is in every respect a credit to her Alma Mater. Her sister, Mrs. Bendit, finds time occasionally to contribute some extremely interesting pages to the "Letter-Box" department of our magazine. Mrs. Noble, also, is somewhat of a littérateur as well as musical composer.

PROGRAMME.

Violin Solo—
(a) Sonata, Op. 12, No. 2, . . . *Beethoven*
(b) Romance, ... *F. Edward Bache*
MR. HERBERT BUCKLEY.

Piano Solo—Poème Erotik, Op. 43, No. 5
. . . . . *Grieg*
MRS. J. T. A. NOBLE.

Violin Solo—
(a) Valse Scherzo, Op. 128, ... *Grieg*
(b) Adagietto, ... *Bizet*
MR. HERBERT BUCKLEY.

Piano Solo—Scherzo, ... *M. J. de Macedo*
MRS. J. T. A. NOBLE.

Violin Solo, Sonata, Op. 13, ... *Grieg*
(a) Lento doloroso . . . . . .
Allegretto tranquillo.
(b) Berceuse, ... *Simon*
(c) Romance, ... *Sinding*
(d) Spanish Dances, ... *Moszkowski*
MR. HERBERT BUCKLEY.

ESTELLE FORRESTEL.

Schubert Evening.

GIVEN IN HONOR OF SCHUBERT'S BIRTHDAY.

"The hallowed melody of magic song
Does to creation as a link belong
Blending its music with God's harmony
As rivers melt into the mighty sea."
Schiller.

Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828).

Foreword . . . . . .
MISS GEORGIANA CANNON.

Instrumental Duet . . . . . .
MISS E. FORRESTEL AND B. HENRY.

Instrumental Solo, Impromptu Op. 90, No. 3 . .
MISS KATHLEEN RIDOUT.

Vocal Solo, The Wanderer . . . . . .
MISS MARY LEARY.

Violin Solo, The Erlking . . . . . .
MISS KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

Essay, Biography of Schubert . . . . . .
MISS LIZETTE DINDRUFF.

Vocal Solo, Hedge Roses . . . . . .
MISS AGNES MUDD.

Instrumental Solo, Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 4 .
MISS ELINORE LILLEY.

Essay, Some Characteristics of Schubert . . . .
MISS JANE HEFFERAN.

Vocal Solo—
(a) Serenade . . . . . .
(b) Hark, hark the lark . . . . . .
MISS MAUD MERLE.

Instrumental Solo, Hark, hark the Lark . .
. . . . . *Schubert-Liszt*
MISS JOSEPHINE FLEMING.

Letter-Box.

PARIS, France.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Would you like to view Paris at night and at sunrise from the Eiffel Tower? This is how it looks.

Slowly—tentatively, one might say, for its motion suggests the idea of risk—the "ascenseur" glides obliquely upwards, along the interior of one of the four giant limbs that bestride the end of the Champs de Mars, and provide for their burden of interlaced metal a basis as solid as the earth they hold in their grip.

Here, there, overhead, down below, half-hidden in the iron labyrinth, a wheel moves, slowly as a snail, stealthily, like an organ of some monster feeling its way; and steel ropes glide noiselessly, like snakes.

A forest does it now seem, this labyrinth. Our "lift" creeps up amidst its intricacies of iron twigs and branches and soaring iron trunks that glow duskily in the vanishing light, as one has seen the russet pines shine in the sunset. The twilight darkening, the birds chorusing in the huge concave and among the metal beams that interlace overhead in a vaguely-defined vault, heighten the illusion.

Higher above the Gardens than the Nelson Monument above Trafalgar Square, stands the vast platform in whose theatre some hundreds of us listened to the hymns, the invocations, the addresses, in which the scientific people and the artists of the Opera and Comédie Française celebrated the first Parisian Festival of the Sun. The platform, with its cluster of buildings—dining-rooms, restaurants, &c.—grows dim, sinks, ever sinks, as if into a bottomless pit. For we are still on our cautious way to the summit, a thousand feet above the Seine. . . . They say that, when the wind blows, the top of this tower sways like the truck of a ship's mast. In this night of calm the top is as restful as one's own room in one's house. A luxurious "flat" is it, with smoking-room, sitting-room, easy chairs and sofas to lounge on lazily for the next few hours, between heaven and earth. Below there, over the parapet—nothing. Right overhead, only the "lantern," crowned with the tricolour, which flaps indolently and as noiselessly as the wing of a bat. To-night the stars are gloriously lumi-

nous. They are as lamps suspended from their dark-blue ceiling.

* * * * * *

With its million glowing spots, Paris, silent and asleep, has become an ornamental patch upon "the bowl of night." Through its dark ground there winds a narrow ribbon, coloured with the shifting tints of shot silk, and crossed at short intervals with brilliant dots of red and yellow. The ribbon is the Seine; the dots mark the bridges. Close by the ribbon's edge, and outside it, is a small square of quivering blue-white light. In all the huge illuminated disc of Paris, it is the most brilliant object. Small as it seems, it is four times as large as Trafalgar Square. It is the Place de la Concorde, so shrunk that its scores of glowing lamps are coalesced into a solid sheet.

Themselves invisible, the great oblong of the Invalides, the Quays, the long ascending line of the Champs Elysées—the squares of Paris, its endless boulevards, its network of countless streets, filling the Rive Droite and the Rive Gauche, are outlined in shining specks, whose multitudinous array seems like a miniature copy of the star-swarms above it.

Low down in the east a tiny tract of grey-blue betrays the presence of the dawn lurking at the gate of day. As it expands, its blue tint grows more intense, and the lower heavens become streaked with a faint rosy red.

Over the obscure expanse of Paris the colours gradually grow, die away, melt into each other, in slow, kaleidoscopic change, only without the sharp kaleidoscopic outline. They succeed each other in dream-like procession. There, the dark pall assumes an emerald hue; there again, a light orange; while over a large tract, bounded on its farther side by the hill of Montmartre, stretches a thin grey mist, beneath which the chaos of human habitations is resolving itself into ordered, individual masses.

* * * * * *

Only in lands of the sun, with their swift transition from darkness to day, can one realize the whole force of the Astronomer poet's image of the Morning, that

. . . in the bowl of Night
Has cast the stone that puts the stars to flight.

Yet even in the northern latitude there comes a brief season when one is struck with the appropriateness of Omar's quaint realism.

But an hour ago they were palpitating in their full effulgence—Vega, the glory of them all; Cassiopeia; Cepheus; the Bear; Boötes, with his "leash of sidereal fire;" Polaris; the Dragon; and the rest. In their luminous splendours they produced the illusion of an approach from infinite space to neighborhood with our world. And now, suddenly pallid, they are dwindling into faint specks, as if in swift retreat to their tremendous abyss.

* * * * * *

And those other myriads of shining points, scattered over the expanse of Paris—they, too, grow feeble; and line after line and cluster after cluster die out. The sheet of flame by the Gardens of the Tuileries is now the grey surface of the Place de la Concorde, with the obelisk in its centre. The silver nails on the edge of the coffin-like "Butte" of Montmartre are no longer visible; and on the summit of the "Butte," the church of the "Sacré Cœur"—but a little while since an impalpable dusky form—is now grey and clear in all the glory of its Byzantine towers and domes.

The towers of Notre Dame—let us salute them—now stand forth in all strength and majesty; sombre, against the background of the reddening East. The towers of St. Sulpice, the dome of the Sorbonne, the dome of the Pantheon, and of the Observatory, the spires of a hundred churches, all the landmarks, squares, boulevards, streets; all Paris is revealed in the characteristic white of her buildings, the White City, dappled with the green of her gardens and avenues.

But her stillness, her overwhelming silence! The silence that was appropriate to the obscurity of the night becomes startling in the sharp definitiveness which, even to its minute features, every building within a wide range is acquiring in the advancing day.

From her thirty square miles of houses not a sound. No sign of life in her yellowish white roads.

Nor on the river. Not a ripple is there on the Seine. The steamers, the barges are still as boats in a painting. The Seine is as a looking-glass wherein the blue, white, and gold of the sky are reflected, and the houses and the bridges dream over their own shadows.

* * * * * *

The first sign of life is a low, prolonged whistle, made almost melodious by distance, and a streak of curling white vapor. So they are

waking up somewhere about the Eastern Railway Station.

Suddenly the gilded dome of the Invalides flashes. The "Hunter of the East" has caught it in a "noose of light." He catches the golden summits of the Czar's bridge. The spark of fire on the eastern horizon gradually expands into an oval ball, whereon the deep red flits tremulously into pink, yellow, and glaring white, as in the throb of molten iron.

A babel of bird voices from the trees far below in the Champ de Mars, and from this iron forest itself, the Eiffel Tower. A dog's bark from the esplanade. Two darkish objects crossing that open space. Cabs they are, out thus early for the day's work. A dull thud from a boat by the Alma bridge, and a stir on her deck are the first signs of movement on the river. The first pedestrians—they look half a yard high—are crawling across the lilliputian bridges and on the quays. A sound, half murmur, half growl, indicates that the steam and electric cars are starting on the iron tracks of the Rue Gauche. Paris is stirring in her sleep.

. . . In another half hour the tide of human life is again inundating the city, and I hear its mutter, as of the sea breaking on the beach.

J. Macdonald.

Couvent de Lorette,
Mauritius.

Mademoiselle:

J'arrive à l'instant à mon cher Couvent de Lorette que, toujours fidèle, je viens retrouver à chaque fois qu'un jour de congé m'en laisse le loisir. J'y suis toujours reçu à bras ouverts par les religieuses qui ont gardé pour moi l'amour et la sollicitude de mères, bien que j'aie quitté depuis un an déjà ce séjour béni. Bien souvent pendant mes courts voyages je m'y trouve seule, les pensionnaires ayant pris leur vol joyeux vers la campagne où les attendent leurs parents. Mais cela ne me rend pas moins heureuse; je trouve un charme infini à raviver mes souvenirs en présence des lieux que j'ai aimés, et les religieuses sont si tendres et si bonnes pour moi que les heures se succèdent sans que je m'en aperçoive. Le moment du départ vient me surprendre et c'est avec bien des regrets que je fais mes adieux; mais le rayon d'affection que j'emporte me console et me fortifie pour continuer ma vie de travail. C'est un cordial auquel j'ai recours le plus souvent possible, quand le courage commence à me manquer ou que les nuages s'amoncellent à mon horizon.

Quoique je n'aie plus, comme vous l'avez appris, le bonheur d'être élève du Couvent, la Mère Supérieure m'ayant parlé de votre désir de recueillir quelques descriptions de notre petite île, je me ferai un véritable plaisir d'essayer, tant bien que mal, à vous satisfaire.

Maurice n'est qu'un point vert au milieu des eaux bleues de l'Océan Indien, et ne mériterait aucune attention, n'était-ce sa position commerciale exceptionnelle et, pour les amateurs de la nature, ses sites enchanteurs. Le moindre coin de notre île est digne de description; mais ne les ayant pas tous vus et ne les connaissant pour la plupart qu'imparfaitement, je ne puis guère vous parler que du village que j'habite et qui n'a pas lui-même rien de remarquable.

Il faut d'abord vous dire que le pays affecte la forme d'un pain de sucre s'élevant du niveau de la mer pour se terminer, à une assez grande altitude, en deux plateaux sur lesquels on jouit d'une température délicieuse. C'est sur cette pente très douce que s'échelonnent ou s'éparpillent les différents villages plus ou moins considérables. Les uns se succèdent jusqu'en haut dans un même groupe, les autres se cachent çà et là dans les forêts ou les immenses plantations de cannes à sucre qui couvrent les trois quarts de l'île.

Le village de Rose-Hill a la mer à ces pieds, à une distance de plusieurs milles; dans toutes les directions, l'horizon est borné par des montagnes, ou plutôt des collines verdoyantes sur lesquelles le soleil levant met des tons d'or et d'émeraude; d'autres plus lointaines estompent leurs contours violets dans le ciel d'un bleu intense et sans nuage. Au loin, des champs de cannes à sucre ressemblent à des pelouses et sont coupés dans tous les sens par des routes et des sentiers. La température est assez agréable; on dit de nous, heureux habitants des Tropiques, que nous jouissons d'un printemps éternal; cela est vrai, si l'on parle de l'hiver qui est si doux à Maurice, mais les chaleurs ne sont pas printanières du tout et ressemblent tout à fait à celle de la canicule. Elles sont pourtant tempérées vers les hauteurs, surtout sur les plateaux.

Rose-Hill est très populeux en proportion avec sa grandeur qui est minime, d'ailleurs il faut le prendre pour ce qu'il est; un village tout neuf situé à moitié chemin de la grande route qui mène de la capitale à la ville de Curepipe, au som-

met du plateau, c'est-à-dire un lieu de passage très fréquenté mais peu embelli et soigné. Il est aussi le centre des lignes du chemin de fer qui porte chaque jour des centaines de négociants ou de bureaucrates des campagnes à la ville située sur le littoral.

On y trouve une grande agglomération de toutes les nations: les Chinois, les Arabes, les Indiens et les Créoles s'y sont donné rendez-vous et coudoient les passants dans les rues qu'ils encombrent. Pourtant, ne vous faites pas une image trop laide de mon village. Il est charmant malgré ses défauts et a un aspect si naturel et si hospitalier qu'il charme tous ceux qui le connaissent plus intimement.

Nous possédons une très jolie église qui n'était, il y a quelques années, qu'une cabane couverte de paille; grâce aux offrandes des paroissiens et au zèle des prêtres, elle est maintenant bien belle pour un petit pays comme le nôtre. Elle est bâtie en forme de croix, et dédiée à Notre Dame de Lourdes. Dans une des ailes, s'élève une grotte de Lourdes construite selon une photographie de la vraie grotte, en France. Dans le choeur, on aperçoit un magnifique autel de marbre blanc orné de tourelles en miniature et de colonnettes en marbre rose; au-dessous de la table de l'autel on voit l' "apparition aux disciples d'Emmaüs." Il y a aussi un baptistère analogue surmonté d'une statue du "Baptême de Jésus." Le reste de l'église demande encore des améliorations, mais, grâce à ses dimensions, elle deviendra bientôt une des plus belles de Maurice.

C'est à peu près le seul bâtiment de Rose-Hill qui soit digne d'être mentionné, avec la résidence des Pères Jésuites, qui est bien grande et embellie. Nous avons plusieurs communautés religieuses: les Soeurs de Charité et les religieuses cloîtrées de Marie Réparatrice. Sous le rapport de la religion nous ne manquons de rien, aussi puis-je dire que notre paroisse est la plus pieuse du diocèse.

Le village n'est pas mondain; on n'y entend presque jamais parler de bals et de fêtes, mais il n'est pas sauvage et sait très bien tenir tête au tourbillon de Curepipe. Ici, chacun vit chez soi; on se réunit en famille sous les gracieuses verandahs dont vous avez dû lire quelque part la description; on visite ses amis, en intimes, et l'on s'amuse sans faire de frais et sans roulements de voiture.

Selon moi, Rose-Hill est le modèle des villages sans prétention et la Tempé des personnes d'humeur tranquille; mais, vous le savez, chacun vente son lieu, et je suis peut-être juge trop partial.

D'ailleurs, je l'ai décrit comme je l'ai pu, tant bien que mal, et vous prie de n'y pas regarder de trop près. J'espère vous avoir été agréable, si j'y ai réussi, j'en serai enchantée.

Si vous vouliez correspondre avec moi, vous me feriez un très grand plaisir; vous me décririez à votre tour le Canada et le couvent du Niagara que je rêve de connaître, et, de loin, nous pourrions nous rendre de mutuels services.

Recevez, Mademoiselle, le souvenir de

Votre toute dévouée

PAULA MAMET.

COUVENT DE LORETTE.
Port Louis, Mauritius.

MADEMOISELLE:

La Mère Supérieure nous ayant fait connaître votre désir d'avoir la description des quelques jolis sites que possède notre petite île, c'est avec le plus grand plaisir que je me mets à votre entière disposition pour vous faire connaître d'une manière aussi précise que je le pourrai, les endroits les plus remarquables de Maurice.

Je commencerai par vous dire que, quoique bien petite et bien retirée du monde, notre île possède un grand nombre d'endroits remarquables et pittoresques. Je vais décrire donc brièvement un de ceux que je connais parfaitement. C'est le Gris-Gris. Situé dans un des districts les plus sauvages de l'île, le Gris-Gris ressemble à une de ces plages qui n'existent que par l'imagination. Cependant Souillac la possède. À quelques centaines de pas du centre, au milieu des filaos et des lieux solitaires s'étend à perte de vue la plage du Gris-Gris. Une allée de filaos y conduit. Une élévation de deux cents pieds hérissée de précipices en forme la limite. Un sable blanc et fin parsemé de coquilles les plus rares se mêle aux flots bleus de la mer, et repose agréablement la vue du promeneur fatigué, qui s'est attardé en ces lieux pour contempler, en quelque sorte, la magnificence de Dieu. À chaque extrémité se trouve une caverne naturelle. L'une sans voûte est appelée la caverne aux hirondelles parce qu'elle sert d'abri aux oiseaux qui y bâtissent leurs nids, et est littéralement peuplée de ces habitants de l'air. L'autre, le Trou du Diable, est une de ces grottes féeriques qui saisit et enchante les promeneurs qui affluent sur cette plage charmante.

Une sorte de table de pierre se trouve placée au centre de la grotte et est entourée de pierres qui peuvent servir de sièges. On croirait que la main de l'homme a aménagé l'intérieur de ce pittoresque abri, et cependant, à ce que l'on assure, c'est l'oeuvre de la Providence. Une troisième grotte située au milieu des eaux, offre de sérieux dangers aux baigneurs, surtout pendant que la mer est haute, car c'est un rocher ayant au centre un orifice béant et profond, de sorte qu'une fois qu'on y est tombé il est presque impossible d'en sortir. Une herbe verte et haute en forme de plaine entoure la plage. Du haut de cette étendue verte, on ne peut se lasser d'admirer ce large espace d'eau et de sable formant l'horizon, et semblant toucher aux cieux.

Espérant, Mademoiselle, que vous excuserez le sans-façon du style, et que vous serez contente de cette courte description.

Je demeure,

Votre bien dévouée,
LYDIE DE CHAPINSET LE MERLE.

COUVENT DE LORETTE,
Port Louis, Mauritius

CHÈRE MADEMOISELLE:

Je suis heureuse de répondre à votre désir en vous faisant connaître un peu notre petite île. Je dois d'abord vous dire que Maurice offrait à l'origine un aspect des plus sauvages et des plus pittoresques. Malheureusement, répondant aux progrès de la civilisation, les colons l'ont, en partie, défigurée; seuls, un ou deux districts ont échappé à leurs ravages et ont conservé leur beauté primitive. C'est vers l'un d'eux, la Savane, que nous nous dirigerons, si vous le voulez bien. Nous y avons tout dernièrement fait une partie de plaisir au Kanaka, et je vais tâcher de vous y faire participer.

La ligne du chemin de fer ne s'étendant pas aussi loin, nous devons faire une partie du trajet, de la Rivière du Poste à Kanaka, en tramways; et ce mode de locomotion nouveau, très peu perfectionné chez nous, ajoute un charme de plus à la promenade. Tout près coule la Rivière, aux escarpements abrupts, où subsistent encore quelques bouquets de bois ou des arbres isolés. En amont du pont du chemin de fer, deux bras forment un îlot et au-dessous se précipite une belle cascade.

Un peu plus haut passe, sur une chaussée souvent emportée par les crues d'eau, un chemin rejoignant la route de la Savane.

On délivre aux voyageurs pour la Kanaka des cartes. Le train de plaisir se compose de petits wagonnets à fourrage. Des planches mises en travers figurent les bancs. Avec un peu plus de largeur, des dossiers et un rembourrage ils seraient tout à fait comfortables. Les voyageurs, au nombre d'une douzaine, y prennent place. Le chef de gare de Rivière du Poste, se fait un devoir de nous accompagner pour veiller lui-même à notre securité.

Nous allons du reste d'une allure très modérée, et notre locomotive est si peu disposée à s'emporter, qu'elle cale à plusieurs reprises.

Jusqu' au pont Colville, la ligne cotoie à une petite distance la Rivière du Poste, qui nous sépare de la Savane. Le sol est graveleux et peu profond. La canne le dispute, non sans peine, au Ray-Grass—graminée aux racines profondes, aux tiges matelassées.

Au moment où l'on arrive au Pont Colville, la voie se bifurque, se dirigeant à droite vers la Nouvelle France et tournant à gauche pour traverser le pont et grimper vers Bois-Chéri.

Un peu après le pont, nous nous arrêtons pour que l'on donne à boire à notre coursier de feu. Cela prend du temps, car il faut qu'un seul homme muni d'un unique arrosoir, aille puiser l'eau *à* la rivière. On a compté, sans doute, que le voyageur ne se lasserait pas de contempler ce site charmant: le vieux pont encadré de bambous gigantesques, surplombant le bassin aux eaux sombres et tranquilles d'où le courant s'échappe en chantant sur un lit de cailloux.

Nous abordons maintenant une région beaucoup plus accidentée. On monte presque toujours, en traversant des monticules et de petits ravines, ce qui a nécessité des coupées et des remblais. Les courbes se multiplient et sont d'une hardiesse qui impressionne. On va du reste si doucement qu'il n'y a pas lieu de s'alarmer. Puis l'admirable paysage qui se déroule au fur et à mesure que l'on monte, attire nos regards au loin.

Nous avons devant nous le quartier du Grand Port et une partie de celui de la Savane. Les champs verdoyants semés de sucreries, s'étendent jusqu'au littoral, estompés çà et là de forêts de filaos. Et au delà c'est la mer, la baie de Mahebourg avec ses îlots. A l'est seulement, le panorama est borné par les montagnes du Grand Port, aux courbes gracieuses, et à l'ouest par celles de la Savane plus massives. Nous dépassons l'embranchement qui conduit au village de

Grand Bois, dont on aperçoit la chapelle, puis une plantation de thé qui paraît fort bien entretenue.

Nous arrivons au terminus, marqué par un bloc au bout des rails. Quelques pas entre deux derniers champs de cannes, et nous sommes au Kanaka. La première chose qui frappe notre vue, c'est un grand chantier. Avec ses pièces de tous genres et de toutes dimensions, d'un coloris varié, rangées avec ordre, il n'est pas sans charmes.

On nous propose d'aller voir le Grand Trou, un second exemplaire du Trou aux Cerfs—qui n'est autre qu'un volcan éteint, situé presque au centre de l'île. Nous acceptons avec empressement et un jeune garçon, qui dit connaître les sentiers, s'offre pour nous guider. Malheureusement il s'égare et finit par nous conduire à un petit trou, en nous déclarant que le grand est très loin et que nous ne pourrions y aller sans risquer de manquer le train.

Si limitée qu'elle soit, la promenade est très agréable. C'est plaisir de se retrouver en contact avec cette nature primitive, qui nous donne une idée de ce qu'était notre île avant que l'homme eût gâté l'oeuvre du Créateur.

La végétation est infiniment variée. De distance en distance on distingue de beaux arbres, des Colophanes, des Tambalacoques, des bois de natte, dont les fortes branches soutiennent, comme autant de jardins suspendus, des fouillis de fougères et d'orchidées et donc les troncs sont tapissés de lianes et de parasites. Mais les intervalles sont remplis d'arbres et d'arbrisseaux de toutes dimensions et de toutes hauteurs. Lorsque l'on quitte le sentier ce n'est pas sans peine que l'on se faufile à travers leur enchevêtrement. On hésite de fouler aux pieds sur l'épaisse couche d'humus, un tapis vert formé de lycopodes, de fougères, d'orchidées et de jeunes plants d'arbres. Les cris des merles donnent de la vie à cette solitude et on la quitte à regret pour rentrer dans la civilisation.

L'heure nous presse d'abréger notre contemplation et bientôt nous nous trouvons réunis au point terminal au tramway.

Nous nous embarquons et le signal est donné. Mais à peine la locomotive a-t-elle franchi quelques mètres que le wagon qui la suit et qui est rempli de "Langues de boeufs" destinées aux jardins publics, sort des rails. On stoppe, on le remet en place. Nouveau départ, nouveau déraillement. Les voyageurs s'alarment et demandent qu'on abandonne le malencontreux wagon. Mais on nous dit qu'il suffira de le placer à la queue du train.

La manoeuvre s'opère et nous partons pour tout de bon, un peu inquiets, Mais le conducteur paraît si prudent et si pénétré de sa responsabilité, que nous sommes bientôt rassurés. Rien ne trouble le plaisir d'admirer de nouveau le beau panorama qui se déroule et, sans accident ni incident, nous nous trouvons rendus bien avant l'heure du train, à la Rivière du Poste.

J'espère, chère Mademoiselle, que vous ne regretterez pas de m'avoir suivie dans cette petite excursion, et que vous ne vous y êtes pas trop ennuyée, malgré les quelques accidents qui nous sont arrivés en route. En tous cas, ne considérez que le désir que j'ai eu de vous être agréable, en vous faisant visiter ce petit coin de Maurice qui, je le sais, est bien loin d'égaler vos immenses forêts, et autres sites grandioses, dont les descriptions m'ont si souvent charmée.

Veuillez agréer, chère Mademoiselle, mon affectueux souvenir et croyez-moi,

Votre toute dévouée,

IDA ESNOUF.

VERONA, Italy.

DEAR SR. F.:

What a charm lies in this city of past glory and richness! Palaces line the narrow streets, the wide corso, and the well-arranged open squares.

From out of the midst of one, the Arena, rises a beautiful, and one might say "completed," ruin, for the walls stand with no gaps for two and a half rounds of vaulted dens. In many the large iron gratings are hugged as tight between the mighty stones as they were when lions stood behind them waiting their turn for those few brief minutes of freedom wherein they must have hoped for escape.

Which had the greater terror, I wonder? The resigned hero, who stood like a young god before his doom, or the poor brute let loose before the maddened crowd, yelling its pleasure in frantic waves of sound that circulated around the half a hundred tiers of this vast theatre of crime?

One stands shivering even now at the thought of such a sight, for this arena seems more real than the Colosseum of Rome, because, as I have said, it is more complete.

The lions' dens, which a few years ago were rented to street vendors, are now rid of such incongruous creatures. Fancy lines of shoestrings and penny buns filling the lions' dens of

this fearful yet noble amphitheatre, this gratified ambition of Diocletian!

To-day the pleasure-seekers of the twentieth century show themselves at the well-filled cafés that, at a distance, almost surround the arena, and rattling trams go to and fro to bring the people from the faraway close, small streets to this large "open," where children, even in the late hours of the night, play at hide-and-seek in and out of the shaded nooks of the park trees.

Here fountains cool the summer day, and plantain trees give shade to the little starry-eyed urchins, who sit and grin at you until they grin the "soldi" from your pocket into their dirty hands. Fascinating "diavolettini" they are, too—who could resist giving to such winsome smiles as they know how to flash out from under their grimy countenances?

The pathos of their "Grazie, Signora" well repays the dive for the huge coppers you have made into your furthest-off pocket, where, with women, such inconvenient coinage is usually kept, but, it is pleasant, too, after the long day of "sightseeing," to sip your coffee before the arena and watch the moon rise from out of this ruined pile and add her light to the already brilliant square, and to watch the passers-by.

At this season the city is rid of strangers. Only now and then do you hear a word that is not Italian. For this reason, Verona is more interesting than other cities of Italy. Few visit it for more than a night. And Verona is filled with such gems of art—such out-of-the-way corners of delight! For the lover of the beautiful in the antique, it is a treasure-house.

Last night, as we wandered through the more silent streets, we heard the tones of a fine tenor voice singing from "Lucia." It led us on till near a splendid palace, rich in red marble and ornamented balconies—little gems in architectural art clinging to the massive façade of the palace—to where a faint light fell from a small, red lantern, which hung over one of the arched entrances. Within were a dozen or two workmen taking, with their families many of them, their evening meal; a place where for twenty-five centissimi you can get a good dish of meat, potato, and some kind of "greens."

A scene never to be crowded from the memory met us. The men were none of them drunk; the women all were decent. They had in their midst one frequenter of this princely haunt, a deep-browed aged man, who, with an accordion, accompanied the singer, a youthful fellow within twenty-five years of age. He was evidently a mason, for his clothes and hair were white with the dust from stone-cutting. His plate was only partly partaken of, and he held his fork in one hand as he sang.

It was lovely; his voice was pure, his style was good. I have given many a dollar to hear that aria more faultily rendered. When he had ceased he sat down and finished his dinner; there was no applause, only a burst of "Grazie, grazie, Signore, grazie molto!" from the crowd.

Then a young woman with a red jacket, and a black lace veil slung over her ebony hair—she was with her parents, evidently, both were gray-haired—rose, and without accompaniment, sang a canzonetta of sweet style, a modern air. She received some hand-claps, which rather confused her. We watched the scene for some time through the open window. No other by-passers seemed to notice them. It was all a matter of course; only some Italian workmen and their families taking their evening meal and offering at the same time what entertainment they could to one another.

The market of Verona—the fruit market especially—must be a delight to the artist's soul. First, the rich, luscious fruits, so well ripened; baskets of figs, and little plates of them set forward for those who will to eat. Delicious melons, cut open for the buyer to choose from; huge pears that scented the air, grapes of all colors that grapes can be; watermelons of delicious flavor.

Around Verona is the great fruit-growing country, so snugly does the land lie on the south end of the Alps. The women of the market are picturesque in their black lace veils, if they are rather dirty, as they sit under the huge umbrellas that form their market stall.

Surrounding all this are palaces, palaces, palaces; some of white, some of green, many of red and yellow marble, exquisite in proportion, elegance, and carving. Alas! alas! from all their first floors much-mixed shops hang out their wares and anxious shopkeepers stand about the shop doors to catch, if they can, the "uncertain buyer" hesitating before the overcrowded window of purchasable goods.

But go on from here, and you will soon be delighted by the vast domains of the Scaliger family, the rulers of Verona, in the thirteenth century, where little ladders climb on every column,

pillar, doorway, and stairs—the coat of arms of the Scali. Parvenus in taste in this respect, surely. The Gothic tombs of this powerful family are beside their gorgeous home, and in excellent state of preservation, splendid to behold. But even in this latter day the ladder was not forgotten, for in the new floor laid in the court, is a huge shield.

Lying engraved thereon is a ladder. Between each rung it is left open—to afford—alas! alack! for that ancient pride of the Scali—an outlet to the gutter!

When Pepin was in this country, he founded the finest mediaeval church that I have as yet seen, and he was buried there until some officious person exhumed him and laid him elsewhere. He cannot have found a more beautiful or fitting tomb than in San Zenone Maggiore, in Verona. Here, above the crypt wherein he once lay, in one long line across this ancient basilica, stand the twelve Apostles, with Christ in their midst. They are graceful, beautiful forms, well thought out in their various characters, and for once these statues bore to me the ideal one has of those twelve holy men and the Saviour whom they followed. They are cut from the finest of the light red Italian marble, and have been colored in the shadows of the garments, and just enough color is left to give a depth to the folds that are all natural in their fulness and fall—uncommon in the ancient statue maker. The whole church is a gem, but one fears, in describing churches, to fall into the habits of the guide-books.

The convent of San Bernardino is close by the Campanile of San Zenone Maggiore. It is truly a comfortable-looking place, without any feeling of prison life that such places so often present. The doors here and there stood open for the air—the weather was warm—and I saw through in several places to the inner parts of the building.

My kindly old conductor was quite communicative—usually these Brothers whisper all they have to say—we spoke of the questions of the day, of life in general in Verona, which he was not in the least pessimistic about; in fact, he was a modern man, though his age was advanced. The most interesting part of his talk was a description of how, in 1883, the River Adize had so overflowed its banks as to make the whole convent—Verona as well—a Venice. He told me how they all retired to the upper floors and heard Mass daily celebrated under the eaves of the convent roof—that they watched from out the peep-holes the lake that was in the cloisters, and how beautiful the double row of marble pillars looked reflected in the water; where one could see the flower beds still in their colors; the marble benches shining through with reflected clouds. That all had been beautiful to see, but very sad, for them, for the flood remained three days, and when it was gone . . . "But, you see, Signora, you see that they have taken much with them—the waters, and our beautiful frescoes of Dominico Morone, alas! are forever gone."

The water rose seventeen feet, and the lower half of the paintings that were among some of the finest in preservation, is wiped out—their warmth and color gone—but the old Brother had not had his soul washed colorless by the flood. A cheerful, pleasant man of the order of St. Francis; a man whose ambitions had not been great, but whose courage and willingness were. "I serve the holy fathers," he said, "and have lived my life within these walls."

He brought me to the outer gate, just outside the cloister walk, and again I entered the gay town of Verona, with its cries of print vendors, joyful children and noise of the Arena cafés.

M. H. PARKER.

COUVENT DE LORETTE,
PORT LOUIS, Mauritius.

CHÈRE SOEUR F.—

Le parcel que vous avez eu la bonté de nous adresser est arrivé à bon port, et a causé une surprise agréable.

Vous êtes de plus en plus aimable pour nos enfants et pour nous-mêmes, car les religieuses comme les enfants sont heureuses et émerveillées des souvenirs si appréciables et si encourageants que vous nous envoyez.

Merci, chère, soeur, au nom de toutes ici, nous prierons pour vous et pour le succès de vos oeuvres, vous le méritez grandement. J'ai fait voir à Mgr. O'Neill votre charmant envoi de médailles, croix, broches, &c., Monsigneur m'a dit: "C'est un trésor."

Je vous envoie la photographie de deux de nos petites élèves qui ont eu le privilège de faire leur 1st. Communion le jour de la fête de Ste. Thérèse.

Cela vous donnera une idée de nos petites Mauriciennes. Clémence Bathfield, petite et grosse, a dix ans et demi. Elsie Larcher, fille du

Docteur, a douze ans. Elles sont toutes deux bonnes élèves et bonnes petites filles.

Nous sommes entrées dans cette saison de cyclones. Malgré toute notre confiance en Dieu, nous ne pouvons nous empêcher d'être alarmées lorsque le baromètre annonce le mauvais temps, alors que le vent souffle en emportant les nuages, que la mer mugit et que ses flots se soulèvent comme des montagnes, que les oiseaux effrayés tournoient dans les airs. C'est alors que le coeur se serre, et que l'on se rapproche le plus de Dieu. On se dit dans quelques heures tout sera peut-être détruit. Voilà une de nos appréhensions du moment, puisse-t-elle ne point trouver de réalisation.

Avant de terminer je dépose ici tous nos souhaits, ceux des religieuses et des enfants, pour 1905. Que le bon Dieu répande ses bénédictions sur vos bonnes oeuvres et qu'il vous accorde des grâces de choix en retour de vos bontés pour nous.

A Happy New Year for the dear RAINBOW!

Votre affectionnée soeur,
en N. S.,
M. J. MADELEINE.

RANDWICK, Australia.

DEAR RAINBOW:

Something about the Randwick Loretto? Well, you shall be gratified. Perhaps you have already heard that it stands on an eminence nearly opposite the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and, of course, you know that the chief work of the Randwick community is the conducting of a high-class Ladies' School. The house owes its existence to the fatherly kindness of the Cardinal-Archbishop, always a true friend of Loretto, who, in 1892, established it at Aston Hall, Randwick, under the charge of Mother Mary Dorothea Frizelle.

Now let us pay a visit to this exquisite home of religion and education. Its situation is unequalled for healthfulness and beauty. Standing on a high elevation, surrounded by a well-planted lawn which slopes gently to the northward and westward, it commands a wide prospect. At our feet lies the Centennial Park, beyond it, as far as the eye can reach, are seen the city and suburbs of Sydney, and beyond them the dim outlines of the Blue Mountains. Distant not more than a mile and a half from the sea, it enjoys all the advantages of pure atmosphere without the humidity or relaxing effect which often accompanies a too close proximity to the ocean. The house is surrounded by eleven acres of land, part of which is devoted to garden purposes, part is bush, and the rest affords excellent grazing for the "milky herd" which supplies the convent with that most necessary aliment for growing girls, pure milk.

So surrounded is the house by trees and shrubs, so picturesque is the location, that a more perfect site for a school can scarcely be imagined. Not shut in from light and air by adjacent buildings, it lifts its head to catch the ozone-laden breezes from the wide Pacific, or the no less refreshing zephyrs which come from inland plains, tempered by the bracing atmosphere of the Blue Mountains. No walled-in enclosures form the playgrounds of the school. Lawn, meadow, and a bit of the "forest primeval" make up the recreation limit. As I was sketching, a band of merry girls crossed the sloping meadow in the foreground, accompanied by a religious, who seemed to enjoy the fun as much as any of them, as they romped and gambolled in all the sweet freshness of youth and innocence. They looked the very incarnation of health and happiness as they trotted off to the bush to gather wild flowers, and spoke volumes for the gentle training of the holy women, who not only *instruct* but *educate* them. For the great object of the nuns is to train their pupils in character, and to educate them without cramming. In point of fact, to bring them up naturally, moulding their lives into those of women of genuine piety and nobility of nature, developing their intellects so that they shall be thoroughly well-informed, highly cultured members of society, and cultivating carefully whatever special talents Nature may have adorned them with. If parents should desire it, their children are prepared for the Senior, Junior, and Matriculation examinations.

I confess that it is quite refreshing in these days of cramming, "exam's." and cast-iron systems, to find a school where the students are not treated as machines, to be stuffed with

"All the ologies,
And the knowledges
Of the colleges,"

for the sole purpose of having "Mary Jones, silver medal in Physiology," or "Arabella Brown, Trigonometry A, Pathology A, Botany B," blazoned forth in advertisements to tell of the "progress" of the institution as a manufactory of "passes."

No, the system at the Loretto Convent is one which will leave a higher and better mark on society. It will turn out pleasant, well-mannered, well-informed girls, who will be good wives and mothers as well as religious, accomplished, and well-educated women.

I leave Randwick with the feeling that here, in a small suburban town, there is a noble work being done—quietly, steadily, unobtrusively, yet with solid and far-reaching results, among the young and in society. As it was a thousand years ago, so it is to-day. The Church, "immortal and unchanged," works now as it did then, giving light to those in darkness, forming the character of her children, giving succor to the aged poor, and elevating the condition of humanity, by advancing in piety, knowledge, and refinement those who are to mould the destinies of the generations to come.

IGNATIUS.

ROME, Italy.

MY DEAR BEATRICE:

Being a child of Our Lady's Institute, dearly must you love her, therefore do I wish to give you a short account of how we Romans honored our beloved Madonna during the Jubilee of the definition of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

On the seventh of December, as the rays of the setting sun disappeared behind the seven hills of the Eternal City, joyous peals of thousands of bells reëchoed far and near. Sweet and gentle as the voice of childhood, eager and passionate as the cry of youth, hopeful and low as the prayer of old age, their mingled sounds formed a glorious hymn of praise to her, who was conceived without stain of sin. For a long half hour this hymn of the bells proclaimed to the world the great event which Rome celebrated. "Tota pulchra es Maria!" they sang in their oscillating chime. "Tota pulchra es Maria!" earnestly repeated every heart. Every heart, for a strange spell bound the soul on that evening, when even those who are blind to the light of faith, were moved by the sight of the whole world bending to a pure Virgin, surrounded by the rays of the sun, the moon beneath her feet, crowned by a circle of bright stars.

Never, I think, since the eighth of December, 1854, did such a burst of enthusiasm awaken our Alma Città. Forgetting every political dissension and misunderstanding, all Romans united in the same desire—to show their great love for the Immaculate Mother of the Lord.

The sound of bells had lulled Rome to sleep on the evening of the seventh, the sound of bells awakened her on the morning of the eighth. But, this time, it was St. Peter's bells which rang and reverberated in deep, solemn tones, and to St. Peter's all hearts turned from the earliest hours. His Holiness Pius X. was to celebrate a solemn Pontifical Mass—Indulgenza Plenaria was granted to those who assisted at it. The inexpressible beauty and solemnity of our great religious ceremonies is felt by foreigners as well as by Romans, so, on that memorable morning, within the greatest temple of Christianity, an immense concourse of every nationality and creed had assembled.

The day was lowering and damp, not at all in harmony with the festal rejoicings. Not a ray of sunshine glittered on the ever-flowing waters of the two fountains of Maderna, or illuminated the cupola of Michelangelo. But how grand and majestic the Piazza of St. Peter appeared! How much at home I was there, under the marble colonnade—how safe under the shadow of the Basilica! I felt what everyone feels who has true Roman blood in his veins, that there, within those sacred walls, the force and glory of Rome were, are, and will ever be!

Double lines of Royal troops were drawn up in file right across the Piazza, up the steps, and guarding all the approaches to the glorious Basilica. No human pen could describe the interior of it that morning. In the apse the sweet figure of the Immacolata, snowy and silvery in flowing azure mantle, was illumined by a glory of electric lights, twelve, fifteen, and eighteen feet long, which cast a white and golden halo on the Papal Throne below. On the right and left of the apse were the tribunes for Sovereigns, for the Roman nobility, for the Knights of Malta, and the Diplomatic Corps. The centre aisle was filled with other tribunes, where hundreds of ladies in black, with black veils, gentlemen, priests, and religious of every nationality and order, were assembled. From the large windows in the aisles fell a soft yellow light, from those of the Cupola, pale rose-colored gleams. These different hues diffused and softened the light, and mingled in wonderful harmony with the golden rays of the electric lamps.

At half past nine o'clock there was a blast from the silver trumpets!—followed by the march. A murmur of expectant joy ran through the crowd



Bougereau.

MATER AFFLICTORUM.

—then, pale, smiling, borne on his Sedia Gestatoria, surrounded by his court, appeared Pius X. He was preceded and accompanied by Bishops and Cardinals, by the Noble Guard, the Swiss Guard, and the Palatine Guard, in their beautiful, artistic costumes. But that long cortége, which is unequalled in the world, was nothing at that moment. All eyes were fixed on him who slowly passed by, blessing the bending people; on him, who had such deep tenderness in his face, as he beheld the multitude; on him so like Christ, and Vicar of Christ Himself. The people did not cheer nor move. He does not like to be applauded in the church, he wishes everyone to remember that One, greater than he, lies hidden and silent in the Tabernacle. But still he must have seen in the eyes fixed on him, the devotion and love of thousands of hearts, and must have rejoiced in his soul.

Slowly the cortége proceeded to the chapel of the choir, where the beautiful picture of Our Blessed Lady was covered with a white veil. As the Holy Father reached the chapel, sweet Gregorian chanting reëchoed through the aisles. Awestricken the people gazed. Pius X. descended from the Sedia and walked towards the picture of the Virgin, at whose feet he knelt and prayed. At the same time the white veil fell and the Immacolata appeared, her head crowned by the twelve stars of brilliants, which the devotion of the whole Catholic world offered to its dearest Mother. A long, joyous cry resounded. "Viva Maria!" and, with the perfume of the incense, ascended higher and higher. Again the Sedia Gestatoria, with its feathered flabelli waving on each side, passed through our midst, bearing the Holy Father, and then withdrew to the Confession. Pius X. ascended his throne in the apse, just on the spot where St. Peter's wooden chair is borne aloft by angels. On his right and left, sat the Cardinals, like the venerable senators of ancient Rome, and hundreds of Bishops from every part of the world, bending low in the presence of Peter and his successor.

After the chanting of the Small Hours, Mass began—the Pope's Mass. Of all the beautiful rites of the Church, this impresses more deeply than any other not only those who understand it, but those unacquainted with the Church's sublime liturgy. The reverent crowd assembled in St. Peter's followed with unusual fervor the various ceremonies of the Holy Sacrifice. When the "Gloria" burst from hundreds of "Cappellani Cantori," I thought the very walls trembled, the lights glowed more brightly, and from every heart rose, full and low, "Gloria in excelsis Deo!" As Mass went on, the quivering voice of Pius X. repeating the sacred words, reëchoed, accompanied by the chant of the Cantori—a grave, solemn, majestic chant, quite unlike the sweet melodies and soft notes of the organ which we were accustomed to hear at St. Peter's, but more in keeping with the grandeur of the Sacrifice and the holiness of the place. As long as I live I shall never forget the solemn moment of the Elevation —the Vicar of Christ, on the spot where St. Peter's body lies, offering the Divine Lamb for us all—for his little flock scattered throughout the world! From the dome the silver trumpets announced the supreme moment to the prostrate, adoring multitude. Around the Confession and down the nave knelt the long line of the Papal Guard, with arms presented to their King and Lord. In the silence which pervaded the vast edifice, one felt the presence of angels hovering above—seraphic spirits bending to adore the Son of God with men!

After Mass, the Holy Father ascended the Sedia Gestatoria and was carried to the Podium, near the Confession. Standing with his tiara still on, once more the voice of our Pontiff was heard: "Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus"—suddenly every head bent low, every hand was raised to receive the blessing. Another harmonious chant, another blast from the silver trumpets, and the Vicar of Christ was gone. High in the apse, the Immacolata, in a blaze of light, seemed to smile and bless. And our dearest Mother must have smiled and blessed again, as from her far-away throne she saw, on the evening of that day, what the whole city of Rome had prepared in her honor.

Once again, at the hour of Ave, a symphony of bells rang out this Jubilee of Joy. As the last peals died away, the darkening sky began to glow with constellations of lights, which shone from church to chapel, tower and turret, palace and cottage.

The centre of the illumination was in Piazza di Spagna, where stands the column commemorative of the proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The artistic *scalinata* of the *Trinità dei Monti* shone like a burning triangle, and its summit vanished in the darkness like a fairy dream, while the spiral illumination

of the column amidst a grove of palm-trees, like a fiery serpent, glittered and sparkled in the night.

Did the wide world around see this great protestation of love which Rome, the centre of the Catholic Church, gave to the Immaculate Mother of God? Did the distant children of the same Father hear the solemn hymn of praise of their more fortunate brethren in Christ? I think they did. I believe *one* was the prayer uttered by millions of lips on that glorious day, *one* the love which burned in millions of hearts, and *one*, too, the humble response of Mary in heaven: "Fecit mihi magna qui potens est, et sanctum nomen ejus."

I enclose another contribution and shall hope to hear from you very soon.

With fond love, believe me to be,

Affectionately yours,

MARIA CONCETTA SILENZI.

LONDON, England.

DEAR SR. F.—

Have you heard of Bushey's new School of Painting?

Painting, it has been quite recently discovered, is an art!

And being an art, it is not a thing to be learned, but to be lived.

Immense sums have been spent by a benevolent Government with the idea of *teaching* art. You go as a student to South Kensington, and just as it takes forty-nine separate processes to manufacture a pin, so they put you through some such number to make you a complete artist. You have to go through Freehand, and Geometrical Perspective, and Design, and Life, and lots of other things. And then, when you have got quite through the mill, and are equally competent to produce an architect's drawing of a villa, or a Sheraton piano with gallery top, or the pattern of a carpet or wall-paper, or a poster, or a Christmas card, or the label of a biscuit tin, or a landscape or battle scene, you get a large cardboard certificate and go into the provinces, and take service under a County Council as a Missionary of Art. After that you devote yourself to teaching romantic maiden ladies to paint ruined castles, and vases of flowers, and thus is Art brought into the homes of the people!

But it happened more than twenty years ago that a wise and patient and unselfish artist, whose name is Professor Hubert von Herkomer, bethought him of founding a place where artists should not be made, but should grow. So at Bushey, in Hertfordshire, a village on an old coaching-road, and close to the railway where the big North expresses rush by like fiery dragons, but with a hinterland of beautiful country, serene and "paintable," a school was founded. Without fee or reward, the painter superintended and taught, and the students grew up not by copying the tricks and methods of a single teacher, but by making Art their life, the atmosphere they breathed. So, by the free interchange of thought and criticism, and the spirit of devotion to their craft, there grew up individuality and power in the workers, just as in a mediaeval university learning was developed by a free commonwealth of letters. And round about the school there sprang up scores of studios of the old members of the school, all aiding by their presence and influence.

But at last there came over Bushey, the colony of art lovers, the shadow of a change. The very success of the school had put too heavy a strain on the man who was its moving spirit. Professor von Herkomer was compelled to retire, the great school, so long the centre, the social bond of the whole place, stood empty and dismantled and passed under the auctioneer's hammer.

Now, however, one of the old students, Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, has taken the place from its new owner and begun a new School of Painting. Almost from her arrival at the school, Miss Kemp-Welch was recognized as one of the dynamic forces of the place. Its great tradition had been "life" painting, the careful and reverent drawing of the human figure. But Miss Kemp-Welch was an animal painter, and applied to the drawing of animals the methods and technique acquired in the study of human models. While yet in the preliminary class, but at liberty to use spare time in her own way, she went to the official purveyor of materials and said:

"I want a canvas six feet long."

"What does she want with a six-foot canvas?" was the man's indignant comment afterwards. "She's only a 'prelim'!"

However, the result was her fine and spirited picture of "Gipsy Horse Drivers," which was hung in the Royal Academy and at once attracted notice. Then, in 1896, came her "Summer Drought," animals crowding to the drinking place in the New Forest, and in 1897, "Colt Hunt-

ing," the picture purchased from her by the Chantrey Trustees.

Yesterday I went to see Miss Kemp-Welch at her Bushey home to hear something of the new school which she has founded. I was curious to see the woman who could put on canvas such tremendous effects of rushing, impetuous motion as those in her famous picture of the wild colts of the New Forest. Would she be a masculine person of broad physique and mannish dress? On the contrary, I found her lithe and upright and graceful, with black hair growing low over her brows, and drawn back smooth and neat, in a little room with china and chrysanthemums and grandfather clock and a warm, cosy fire, just a pretty, homely, old-fashioned picture, with not a touch of Bohemia anywhere.

Animal painting, as she told me, is to be a great feature of the new school, and one of the lawns will be covered in with glass to allow animals to be studied and painted in warmth and at leisure.

"But your animals cannot prance and toss their names and fling themselves forward with every muscle in action as you paint them, Miss Kemp-Welch?"

"No, of course not. When they stand placid and uncomfortable and tired they cannot be made subjects for the final picture. You cannot make an animal pose like a trained and muscular model. But, they can be studied, and the student can learn to paint their skins, their heads, with true color and light and shade."

"And then?"

"The real picture must be a work of memory. Your eye must be like the camera; you must see the leap in mid-air, and carry it back to the studio printed on your brain. Then will come in the experience you have acquired, which, like a knowledge of writing, will enable you to put down what you have seen. Modelling, too, will be a feature of our work. We want the student not merely to silhouette the figure as he has seen it, but to know its shape all round, so that he can truly turn the figure this way or that as his grouping requires."

"If your drawing is to be by memory, will you give the queer tangle of legs that the camera sometimes shows?"

"No. The function of the artist is to select, and, of course, we want to give the feeling, the impression of motion. Photography has helped the eye, and given us a wider choice than the outstretched hoofs of the old race-picture, but we should never think of copying the photograph merely because it is literally accurate. When I paint a horse it is my horse. I may have taken the head from one animal and the hind legs from another, but the horse I paint is my own work, not a slavish copy."

"And what about amateurs?"

"The school will be for men and women who mean art to be their career. We don't want amateurs. This Bushey life is a delightful thing. Friendships are made which are never broken. But it is a community of artists. There is no room for idlers. Of course, we shall have 'life' work as well as animals."

"But if a woman artist marries?"

"If a woman takes up painting, she—"

Here I hastily closed my notebook lest the Recording Angel should make an entry that might be awkward for Miss Kemp-Welch later on.

"And now, Miss Kemp-Welch, you do most of your work in the open air. Have you no stories of gypsies and wild bulls and adventures?"

"Oh," she replied, "all that kind of thing is done to death!"

T. D. N.

Loretto Convent, Nairobi, Zanzibar,
British East Africa.

Dear Sr. F.—

I have been travelling—will you accept the fact as an excuse for my silence? Two of our nuns are on their way from Ireland to Pretoria, and I am waiting at Durban for their arrival by the Union-Castle boat, as it would be pleasant to meet them here.

You have asked me for some details of life in "darkest Africa," and I gladly send a few, which I hope, may interest your readers as much as the January Rainbow did the inmates of the Loretto House in far-off Zanzibar.

Nairobi is the headquarters of the Uganda Railway and lies about midway between Mombasa, the starting-point, and Port Florence, the terminus. It is quite a large town, though but five years old, and enjoys a most beautiful climate. The Convent is about three miles from the town, in the midst of green hills and looking out on what we call the Park. God's Park it is, for no human hand has helped to make it what it is, although from its appearance one would feel inclined to say that landscape gardeners had been

employed. The climate is perfect—one long, pleasantly-warm summer, and sufficient rain generally, to keep the fields and trees as green as those of the Emerald Isle. The natives are quite uncivilized, according to our ideas, but, in many ways, they are superior to their white brethren. At least, this is the opinion of Father Caysac, C. S. Sp., the Superior of the Mission—and mine, also. The Tribe which surrounds the Mission and the Convent is the Wa-Kiknyn, they are a fine people, and but few have the broad nose and thick lips which we consider the heritage of the negro. Their features are well-shaped. They are warlike, and, in their own way, moral. Plurality of wives is allowed, and the man buys his wife for forty or fifty sheep. The wife does all the work, planting the sugar-cane, which is the chief article of food, and sowing and reaping the other crops. She is not maltreated, except in so far as hard work may be considered ill-treatment. The Wa-Kiknyn are very gentle and honest, no need for locks on doors; the men do not trouble much about a tailor, but the women are generally well clad in skins.

The Mission is quite new, and there have been but few converts up to this. The priests are slow to give baptism, since Christianity means a complete rupture of old customs and ways. The usual method of christianizing is to start orphanages—this does not work with the Wa-Kiknyn, as a child is adopted by a Chief, or other, straightway the parents are dead. There are eight baptized now, and the Mission has been about five years established. The five boys, baptized on Christmas morning, are looked on as the first-fruits of the Mission, the other three were gathered into the true Fold by unusual circumstances, which would take too long to relate. The boys' names may interest you—Kaman, Megai, Lelina, Kamia, Nange. The Christian names are respectively, Michaeli, Petri, Pauli, Josephi, Andrea. Father Caysac was impressed one day by a little incident in connection with Kaman. It is the custom to have the bed in the corner of the hut, and to hide it from the vulgar gaze by means of an ornamentation in mud. On calling at Kaman's hut one day, even before his baptism, Father Caysac found that his decoration was surmounted by the cross. Confession pleased these boys mightily—in fact, the Tribe practises a kind of confession. When ill, and seeking a cure, one of the remedies to which they have recourse is telling their sins to the "Medicine Man."

One important item I find I have omitted, viz., the extraordinary confidence the natives place in the Roman Catholic priest. He is the only one, as far as my experience goes, who takes the trouble to become thoroughly conversant with the dialect of the Tribe with which he lives, therefore, he frequently acts as interpreter with government officials, &c., and, in this capacity, is always the friend and champion of the native, whose heart this friendship and his disinterestedness win—and natural affection is one of the first factors in the christianizing of the negro.

With many good wishes for a happy Easter—and a glorious RAINBOW.

Affectionately,
M. J. BORGIA.

COLEGIO DE LORETO,
CASTILLEJA DE LA CUESTA,
Seville, Spain.

DEAR SR. F.—

Many thanks for the very acceptable pictures for our new house in Madrid. We are delighted with them. You heard of the building of our large poor-school, dedicated to the Blessed Trinity, about three years ago. Besides the ordinary day pupils, evening classes are taught in it—for more grown girls—and every Saturday nearly all the women of the town come for religious instruction.

This year, another desire of our Mother's heart has been realized. For a long time she had been wishing to bring the men—who are frightfully ignorant—under the influence of the convent, and, since last summer, there have been classes every evening for them, from 7.30 p. m. to 9. The fruit of all these works of zeal is shown in the attendance at the Sunday Mass. A few years ago, the only persons at it were a few women and our two men servants. Now, the priests tell us, all the children, women, and men, who come here for classes, go to Mass every Sunday.

The first Friday here reminds one of the end of a mission. On the eve, the chaplain and our confessor, a Franciscan, are both kept busy hearing confessions. In the morning, the men who have to be at their work in Seville, at 6.30, begin at 4.30 a. m., to come for Holy Communion. As each goes away, he gets a piece of chocolate and a ticket to get bread from our bakers. Women and men keep on coming till our Mass time, during which, unfortunately, they cannot be present,

as our little chapel could not hold them. Mass over, the children of the free school come in to Holy Communion, after which they get coffee and bread in the school.

This morning, thirteen girls and eleven boys made their First Communion. Mass was in the poor-school, which was beautifully decorated and hung with handsome curtains, lent by the mother of one of our pupils. The children sang during the Holy Sacrifice, with much devotion. After the service, there was a grand feast spread for them in the garden—the poor little mites did full justice to the good things.

The Ladies' retreat took place during the Novena to the Immaculate Conception. At its close, the Sodality arranged to found, in memory of the Jubilee year, a Sunday School in Seville, for factory girls and servants. Four of the members are to go each Sunday to teach there.

Seville, whose proudest title is the "tierra de Maria Santisima," did due honor to the Jubilee. The people sent the Archbishop money and jewels for a crown for Our Lady of the Kings—this statue is in the Cathedral, and is believed to have been made by the hands of angels for the holy King Ferdinand III. The crown, when finished, cost over L16000, and enough remained to send another crown to Our Lady of Lourdes. The Pope's Legate, assisted by a number of bishops, performed the coronation ceremony. The King and all the noble orders were represented. As the Legate placed the crown on Our Lady's head, a royal salute was fired, the cannon boomed and all the bells of the city rang. After the ceremony, Our Lady was carried through the streets in procession. Many of our pupils witnessed the beautiful pageant.

M. M. P.

LORETTO ACADEMY,
SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich., Feb. 26, 1905.

DEAR IRENE:

I have been told that the majority of people in voluntary exile sometimes like to hear the news of ultra-fashionable society, so I am going to play reporter and inform you of the doings of this metropolis.

Perhaps rumors have reached even your sylvan retreat of that grand event of January eleventh. Do not tell me that you are so terribly ignorant of the occurrences of civilization or I shall look on this epistle as a corporal work of mercy, though I do not exactly know under which head it will be designated, and be much disappointed if my good angel fails to record it. Well, out of consideration for your curiosity and for fear that the suspense might be more than you could bear, I will tell you of that event, which was the grandest of the season since the St. Teresa's Literary Association's "At-Home" last October.

The principal feature was a banquet of unsurpassed excellence, which took place in the main schoolroom. Oh, that I could describe the scene as it burst on my vision! I know that you have often beheld that room in its gay festal attire, but, I am sure, you never saw it looking quite so charming as on that evening. Its generous length and breadth was filled with small tables which gleamed with their wealth of fine linen, china, silver and glass. Murmurs of admiration came from every one and smiles of glad surprise brightened every face as the girls filed in, in the order of their classes, and the gaiety of the room was augmented by their pretty gowns and happy laughter. Perhaps you are still enough of the earth, earthy, to care to know of what our menu consisted; in that case I am the very best reporter in town, for I weighed, or rather tasted, every thing and did not find it wanting, and this is what it was:

Consommé Clear Crisp Long Island Wafers
Queen Olives Salted Nuts
Lobster à la Newburg
Roast Turkey Cranberry Sauce
French Fried Potatoes Cream Potatoes
Cream French Peas
Fruit Salad
Lady Fingers Sugar Wafers
Lemon Ice
Fruit Bon-Bons
Coffee

I know you are saying "If only I had been there." How we enjoyed it all! Each dainty little table had for its centrepiece a graceful fern, and for its occupants four happy girls, the first table, of course, being honored by the graduates. Well, I can not say any more about it except that we had a right royal time and enjoyed ourselves as well as the first ladies of the land at their banquets of state; but speaking of these dames of high degree reminds me that during the evening we really did have a visit from some of them, and I must not forget to tell you of it. After the banquet had disappeared, in more

senses than one, the boarders of the High School gave a little entertainment, which was at the same time in the nature of a class prophecy and reminiscence. The scene was in no less a place than the Executive Mansion at Washington, the time was January eleventh, Nineteen hundred and fifteen, the event was a reunion of the girls of '05. The hostess was The First Lady of The Land, and among her guests were: The wife of the Vice-President, the wife of the Chinese Ambassador,—you surely must recognize her,—the wife of Dublin's Lord Mayor, a brilliant Society Leader from Chicago, a popular young Poetess, a prosperous Agricultural Journalist—from London, Ontario,—The Matron of a flourishing Orphans' Home, and The Lady Superintendent of Toronto General Hospital. Just try to imagine the time they had talking over long-since-fled joys and sorrows of convent life. I am sure it will not be hard for you.

After this little social session there was an imaginary auction with all the usual thrilling accessories of a real one. The articles sold had been donated by the girls of 1905 and the proceeds derived were to be expended in the exceedingly good cause of building an immense recreation room for our Alma Mater. Needless to say the bids were high and an enormous sum was realized, or at least would have been if the auction had not been counterfeit. Each article had attached to it some legend which made it dear to the heart of the donor and enhanced its value in the eyes of the bidders; and many times a supposedly willing donor was paralyzed with amazement as she heard the hard-hearted auctioneer minutely describe her dearest treasure—which she knew was safe from all the world, probably under lock and key—and coolly knock it down to the highest bidder. But still our evening's fun was not over, for the day scholars surprised and delighted us with an original comedy, which might rival any of Shakespeare's, and entitled "A Proposition in Housekeeping." We have been trying to persuade them to "go on the road," so perhaps you may sometime have an opportunity of seeing a masterpiece produced by the original writers and actors, and I will not anticipate the pleasure that this event would otherwise give you, by describing it in detail.

Another scene of refreshing gayety was the feast to-day of our dear Superior, Mother Eucharia. It seemed that from the moment we awoke in the morning there was a difference in the day, some reason that made every one pleasant, every one smiling and happy. A short program had been arranged for the afternoon, and it was a success from every point of view.

I can not say that the day scholars surprised us, they never can surprise us again, for experience has taught us to look for such excellent work from them that they simply can not go beyond our expectations. Their presentation of "The Princess" was worthy of the highest praise. We boarders showed our skill as theatrical performers and resurrected King Richard II. with striking effect. Our program also comprised several solos, both vocal and instrumental, which were well appreciated.

Oh! you were the *brilliant* graduates, there is no doubt about that, but did you ever have the *fun* we are having? Did you ever have anything like these evenings, or like our fashionable "At-Home," last fall? No, not even any of your Literaries surpassed that of January, in which we discussed "The Philosophy of Poetic Thought." If I am any judge,—I know you will say I am not,—every paper did justice to its subject, while the selections were marvelously well rendered.

I fear very much that when you have read thus far, you will be inclined to rest for a week, but we shall have another Literary soon and if you survive this document, let me know, and then, by way of trying your mettle once more, I will write you an account of the program.

With love,

ANNA L. RYAN.

School Chronicle.

Jack Frost, the aged, yet nimble and frolicsome, King, has arrived. Whene'er his magic wand he waves, tall palaces and stately pines and filigree wreaths festooned in gay profusion appear upon our window-panes, and our world is transformed, for while we are wrapt in slumber, strange fairies are at work until the sun-god comes in his chariot of gold, when they float from our sight, leaving behind a new earth—and a skating rink!

As the hands of the venerable timepiece on the landing—that veritable Bridge of Sighs—all too slowly creep to the recreation hour, garments are donned, skates shouldered, and a light-hearted band sweeps to the lake.

What matters the ungraceful part—the unexpected will happen—as Bertha learned to her sorrow. But, "Persevere" is her motto, so, vainly clutching her scattered apparel, she once more faces the battle with closed helmet. "To the death!" she cries—and is gone like the wind—in direct opposition, be it said, to the time-honored saying—great bodies move slowly.

Gazing at this busy world of action, the mind becomes confused by the startling variety of color—not altogether inharmonious, but beyond the power of the most artistic French modiste to design—or describe. Is it Russia? you ask, as a fur-cloaked damsel flits by. No, probably Italy or Spain, for just then a maid in radiant attire and gay head-gear confining flyaway locks, seats herself gracefully. On the ice? A bevy of girls in white skating jackets and toques, and another in golf capes and Tams of red and blue, leading "Miss Timidity"—who is really walking on ice—glide in sight, now a light breaks upon you and grasping your solution, you exclaim—America!

But where is our Champion, Mae? Can she have deserted us at the crucial test? Alas! I fear she is over fond of the study of Astronomy and prefers to take a stroll with the Pleiades through the Milky Way, to a skim on the moonlit ice. Who knows, it may be the evil effects of those Tumbler baths—one should be careful in adopting new experiments. This is, undoubtedly, a century of fads—even Estelle has one, which has been rather coldly frowned on by her friends, but seems to suit her admirably, even though it does give her face a rather hard, white expression.

On the snow-laden winds of January came the scent of orange blossoms and the distant peal of wedding bells, and the staff rejoiced and tendered congratulations to the gallant Captain whose greatest victory has been achieved in the conquest of the heart of our fair Helen—née Talty—the dear Loretto bride who has just sailed for the Philippines, bearing with her the best wishes of her girlhood's friends.

May the new-found happiness of Captain and Mrs. Carr be fraught with blessedness and joy, as hand in hand they journey on the path of life, and the sweet dream of the marriage morn find perfect realization during the coming years.

February first—The mid-winter Musicale—a Schubert programme in celebration of the anniversary of the birth of the great song-writer, interspersed with Essays, biographical and otherwise.

Rev. A. Kreidt, O. C. C., himself a gifted musician, honored the occasion with his presence, and, at the close of the performance, after congratulating the participants, gave a very interesting dissertation on dear Schubert. His remarks were all the more enjoyable as he had been in Vienna, the city in which the distinguished composer first saw the light of day, and where a glorious monument has been erected to him by the proud inhabitants. Father Kreidt spoke in glowing terms of that most beautiful of songs, "The Erlking," of the ideal which the writer sought in his music, and, in conclusion, impressed upon us the necessity of having high ideals in this work-a-day world. A lesson, he said, might be learned from Schubert who, despite the obstacles that lay in his way, overcame everything in the pursuit of his beloved art.

February third—Maud believes we should take the seasons as they come, and begs one more day to be funny. A Petitioning Committee has been organized for the purpose of obtaining permission for a sleigh-ride from the powers that be. The result will be taken in shorthand by Bert, who is noted for speed and—

February fourth—For the first time since '05 tripped upon the carpet of Time with his train of duties and pleasures, the ofttimes tedious routine of school life is pleasantly interrupted by a charming visit from our dear friend, Rev. J. Lynch, C. M., Niagara University, accompanied by Rev. J. O'Byrne, C. M., Germantown, Pa., and Rev. G. Eckhardt, C. M., Niagara University, N. Y.

Father O'Byrne's glorious voice rang through the hall in several inspiriting vocal selections, after which he seated himself at the piano and gave us some good old-time melodies.

The afternoon will be a delightful chapter added to our fast-increasing volume of pleasant memories.

February fifth—A glorious afternoon!—a resplendent world, set with jewels—through which we speed along with not a care or thought for tomorrow, living only in the bliss of to-day. Indeed, we seem to have a most efficient committee if we may judge from the rapidity with which that shadowy sleigh-ride materialized. Surely, the Fates will be propitious and give fair weather to the "merry fifteen," comfortably ensconced

behind the prancing steeds, that almost dance to the music of the sleigh-bells.

"Where to?" is the query of the Jehu. Whereto, indeed, but to the bustle and life of the metropolis—how terrible this craving for the world —this love for a life of activity, such as the thronged streets of—Clifton—suggest! Is it to be wondered at that society is frivolous when convent girls yearn for the unsatisfying excitement of this mundane sphere?

Of course, our first stopping-place was the délicatesse shop. I wonder why Bert has such an antipathy to show-cases—and Mae is so bashful—life must be one long discomfort to her. I fear me that the class would go to pieces were it not for Estelle, for where there is no head there is no unity.

Upon the return of the L. P. A. P. committee, we set off for Stamford, a very celebrated city. I may exaggerate, but I think it consists of sixteen inhabitants—all of whom were out of town when we arrived.

As we continued our way over the country roads, we were made to feel the excellence of that old institution, the Pickle Club. Though it has its drawbacks, as has all else, yet it is, and always will remain the Pickle Club.

Once more we regain the civilization of Niagara Falls, but, oh, horrors! what unlooked for excitement! Lucille clutches the sleigh in perturbation. A car is speeding down the track, as are also a horse and sleigh. For a moment it is a question which will arrive at the crossing first, but our doubts quickly vanish, for the animal soon makes up his mind as to the course he shall pursue, by suddenly stopping in his race and trying the unexpected feat of climbing a telegraph pole, while a very surprised young woman, seated in a snow-drift, is anxiously awaiting the turn events will take. Will no kind Sir Walter come to her aid? Is the world so sunk in modernism that chivalry has fallen into a troubled sleep?

The return of the Christian gentlewoman of other days, whose cause Miss Katharine Conway so nobly champions, will solve the much-discussed problem.

The gleaming convent towers are now in view, arches, pillars, and porticos of shining splendor give fanciful suggestions of a fairy palace beyond. As we glide over the snow-covered drive of the convent grounds, the trees and shrubs beneath their icy covering stand out in graceful forms, and every object has its drapery of frozen spray.

The merry day was closed in the grateful warmth and good cheer of the cosy refectory.

February sixth—Old and pleasant memories have recently been renewed by charming visits from some of the "old girls," notably the Misses Anna and Mary Merle, Chicago, who received cordial welcome from their Alma Mater, and after an all-too-brief sojourn, left us for the land of flower festivals, balmy airs and orange groves.

After a three months' round of gayety, Miss M. Hennessey again sought the peaceful haven of Loretto, whose loving interest ever follows its children. How we joyed to greet our winsome May—will she no' come back again?

Miss Fatanitza Schmidt surprised us delightfully a few days ago. Bright and cheery as in the days agone, unspoiled by the world she loves so well, enjoying every moment of her visit, the golden-winged hours flew by until the au revoir, and the out-going train bore our dear Fatanitza away.

And to-day comes our laughter-loving Juliet, the embodiment of merriment and health, the roses glowing on her fair cheeks and her heart as care-free as ever. How pleasant the reunion is! Surely, in the golden to-morrows of hope much happiness is in store for this lady of the sunshine.

February fourteenth—"Good morning, 'tis St. Valentine's day!"—but just what is responsible for this simultaneous arrival of the coldest day of winter weather and an unprecedented deluge of warm-hearted greetings, no one is prepared to state. Hearts rule, heart messages expressive of affectionate regard, heart-shaped confections conveying sweetest sentiments, have fairly weighted the wings of love. Did the postman know what an important part he played in the conspiracies of the occasion, I fear the poor old man's head would have suffered.

February twenty-second—The birthday of the Father of Our Country! What a thrill of exultation and patriotic fervor it awakens in our hearts! We are not far from "the land of the free and the home of the brave"—on a clear day we may even see the Stars and Stripes waving from some tower on the opposite bank of the river; and even though the Cataract separates us from the land of our heart, it but adds zest to our efforts to make the celebration of our great

National Holiday worthy of the object of our honor.

An outburst of patriotic song, followed by the story of the "Star-Spangled Banner" and readings from the lives of American Composers, marked the close of the evening hours, during which the hall completely lost its severe aspect under the glow of myriads of electric lights, from the midst of which beamed the kindly face of George Washington.

At the conclusion of the programme and when the ancient monitor on the stairs refused for once to strike a note of warning in time of general rejoicing, Father Time looked in at the door with a gesture which plainly told that the hour of revelry had passed, and with a lingering look at the face that smiled from its bannered frame, from our hearts rose the inspiriting strains of—

"My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty,
of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From ev'ry mountain side let freedom ring."

February twenty-fourth—A thoroughly enjoyable meeting of the members of the S. C. L. Beatrice Beck contributed a paper on "Work Versus Inspiration." In its freedom from the marks of labor lies the charm of any pleasing and finished production of art, whether it appeal to the eye through the exquisite blending of color and grace of pose on the canvas, or the intricate devices and artistic effects of the embroidery; whether it appeal to the ear in the glorious swell of the orchestra or the rhythmic beauty of the poem; whether it gladdens the intellectual taste in the form of an epic or a drama, an oration or a sonnet. As soon as the labor becomes apparent half the pleasure is lost, so intimately is the idea of labor interwoven with our actual, everyday lives. But what an unceasing workman is Nature, "the vicar of the Almighty Lord!" How assiduously, by day and by night, she plies her manifold agencies of earth and air and water! To woo even one rose-hued floweret into life she exerts toil and skill far beyond the most cunning artifices. To fashion one pearly dewdrop she invokes mysterious and powerful influences. The human artist, whether "with pencil or with pen," whether he work on things tangible or intangible, if he would achieve success, must follow Nature, and learn that the perennial charm of beauty lies chiefly in its severance from all trace of work. We are children of a larger growth; we delight in effects which revive the Aladdin-lamp possibilities that were the wonder and the joy of our childhood. When the fingers of the musician linger caressingly upon the keys, building "a bridge from Dreamland for his lay," and extracting, it would seem unconsciously, that "infinite, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the infinite," what suggestion is there of the months and years of patient effort that has preceded this marvel of melody? In the perfect simplicity of the lyric, only the cunning eye can read the laborious practice of technique its creator was compelled to compass ere that flawless gem was possible. What would a masterpiece of painting represent if it were resolvable into time and anxiety and effort? Behind Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" loom up two hundred and more sketches.

Maud Merle gave a graphic portrayal of the "Women of the Old Aristocracy of Japan," and minutely described the slow, laborious, self-sacrificing steps by which the Japanese girl is developed into the finished product that the cultured Japanese woman is everywhere recognized to be. The tiniest child begins with her bow of ceremony, practising its intricacies when only able to balance herself on her feet, dancing to poetry and music—dancing lessons are given not for amusement nor for the ballroom, but for culture, and the training of the body in suppleness and grace. Decorum and self-repression are daily instilled into the Ojasan, as well as the complete setting aside of her own desires in consideration of the wishes of others; obedience and respect not only for her parents but toward every one of her elders. She is carefully trained in speech, its modulations and inflection suiting the various ranks of those addressed, so that in the end, the Ojasan does not make her appearance in society a creature of individualities, developed with little or no restraint, and formed on no particular model, as is often the case with the Western girl, but she comes among the friends of her parents a harmonious perfected product of the highest form of feminine culture, according to the established codes of generations.

"The Wholesomeness of Mild Hobbies" was Bertha Henry's theme—they take the mind on a vacation, so to speak, the thoughts out of their ruts. For want of something of the kind we often allow our splenetic feelings to smoulder or simmer and abide much longer than we otherwise

should. We are occasionally bored to death—whether it be due to innate amiability of temperament, or the result of some fatal attractive force, or to be attributed to anticipatory design of Providence, desirous of lightening our prospective punishment in the next world by distributing it in part over this, I am totally unable to decide, but certain is it, nevertheless, that since the very earliest days which memory recalls, we have been invariable victims—a good, healthy interest in something outside ourselves is the remedy. This will make us keep pace with others, and render our practical work better for the new occupation that has awakened our interest. By all means cultivate a hobby—and keep it up.

Estelle Forrestel's "Study of Literature" was heard with intense interest. She spoke of it as a powerful agent in making us understand the brotherhood of man. We see about us an apparently inharmonious, ill-organized universe. Faith teaches that there is a unity of purpose in all that seems so chaotic, that each individual experiences in a greater or less degree, all the vicissitudes that his brother feels. Reason alone, basing conclusions on man's little round of experience, contradicts faith. Here it is that great books serve a noble purpose, showing us the unity of mankind's experiences, and how all forces, active in the life of an individual, tend toward harmony.

Some writer has said that poetry is truer than history. By poetry might be meant all writings reflecting the inner truths of man's life. Surely history does not do this. Great poets and novelists interpret life for us. They seize upon those deep-lying principles, those broad and fundamental truths and lay them bare before us. When all life seems utterly futile, meaningless, purposeless—as it does at moments to even the most devout—how a great book helps to tide over our despair, even to philosophize over it. An old writer says: "Without books God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness." Another seventeenth century poet writes: "Books do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them."

March first—At last the only remaining untried feat was beckoning with enticing hand to Loretto—the Ice Bridge gave flattering promise of a gay afternoon—so, after consulting the "powers" and propitiating great Æolus, we found ourselves en route and face to face with the scenic majesty of the Falls. All that had been anticipated or already seen paled before the first view of their sublime and solemn grandeur and magnificence of coloring in the noonday splendor of old Sol's rays. Standing on the glittering bridge, under the magic of the wondrous spell, we were enabled to grasp the commingling of beauty and sublimity of wild, unmanageable strength and loveliness. To each of us the great Cataract with its lace-wrought drapery of frozen spray, rolling over its stony ledge, abrading its solid bed, and year by year writing its history on the stony walls that would confine it, became the source of a new experience, which opened depths in the soul before untouched. Though Niagara has been celebrated in song, embalmed in poetry, pictured on canvas, and delineated by a thousand pens, the scene of to-day could never be described.

The Rock of Ages proved difficult of ascent—in a dignified manner—but, in the matter of descent—well—try it. One dainty maiden, wrapped in furs and wreathed in smiles, carefully ascended the snow-capped mound, and, like a general, proud of his conquest, standing over twenty-five feet of ice and one hundred and fifty of water, surveyed the world beneath; but her expression changed as she glanced at that seething cauldron, that mass of tumbling, boiling water rushing madly over the precipice; she gazed fascinated, but alas! one unwary step—there is a gasp, a wild clutching of garments—and a very surprised young woman finds herself transported to a cold embrace of the ice below; others profiting by her example do likewise, to the great amusement of the wary, who had wisely remained at the base. The cameras that played so prominent a part, tell the remainder of the story.

March seventeenth—St. Patrick's Day!—perennial in freshness, unfading in charm, gladdens our hearts, in the midst of Lenten gloom. There is no nobler or more touching example of devotion to native land than that of the children of Erin, who, on each returning festival of their country's patron saint, so enthusiastically honor the name and virtues of St. Patrick, whilst recalling the glories and triumphs of their beloved nation.

At early morn, Rev. J. Richwein, O. C. C., in a soul-thrilling discourse, paid eloquent tribute to "Ireland's Christian Hero," and Ireland's people,

in whose hearts eternal hope seems to burn, who have bled for their faith—died for their liberty.

During the day, shamrocks came from a dear spot in Erin, sent by an ever-thoughtful friend, whose gift was thoroughly appreciated, and elicited exclamations of surprise from those who had never seen "real shamrocks." In the evening an outburst of music and song.

How we treasure the green silk flags, presented to the Club by Mrs. J. Faltis, née Pearl Fraser. The S. C. L. tenders heartiest thanks to the fair Detroit representative.

Mrs. J. Sullivan, Paris, France, is still faithful to the S. C. L., of which she was a cherished member, and as proof of her affection, has made us the recipients of two choice volumes. The delicate courtesy is doubly appreciated from the fact that tiny twin daughters—Eleanor and Eileen—are pressing their claims on her attention and time—and yet, we are remembered! We shall hope to see these "Christmas gifts" when next dear Alanna visits her Alma Mater.

March eighteenth—The announcement of the death of Sarah Elizabeth Barron, of Syracuse, N. Y., who, only a few years ago, was one of the gayest in our midst, and whose glorious voice still echoes in our hearts, has brought grief to every member of our household.

Sadie's tearful farewell, her sad rendition of "Good-bye, sweet day," at an entertainment the evening before her departure for home, and of "Rest in the Lord," at Mass, the following morning, seemed prophetic.

May our tender and all-merciful Heavenly Father grant her that eternal rest and peace of which she so beautifully sang!

April—A world of gladness and thanksgiving is about to burst upon our gaze. The robins are beginning to think of business—how joyous their song in the early morning!—violets offer sweetest perfume as incense to the Risen Christ, strange, sweet sounds float upon the air, but hark! the birds have ceased their carolling and even the breeze that fans the budding trees is silenced, the exquisite melody grows louder till it bursts into a flood of celestial harmony. Alleluias fill the heavens, the angels are singing the triumph of our Immortal King!

GLADYS WEST.

"What is a vacuum?" "I can't just describe it but I have it in my head."

Nature's Te Deum.

Deep in the woods I hear an anthem ringing
Along the mossy aisles where shadows lie;
It is the matin hour, the choir is singing
Its sweet Te Deum to the King on high.

The stately trees seem quivering with emotion,
And tremble in an ecstasy of music rare,
As if they feel the stirrings of devotion,
Touched by the dainty fingers of the air.

The grasses grow enraptured as they listen,
And join their verdant voices with the choir,
And tip their tiny blades that gleam and glisten
As thrilled with fragrant fancies of desire.

The brooklet answers to the calling river,
And singing slips away through arches dim;
Its heart runs over, and it must deliver
Unto the King of ages its liquid hymn.

A shower of melody and then a flutter
Of many wings, the birds are praising, too,
And in harmony of song they utter
Their thankfulness to Him, their Master true.

In tearfulness I listen and admire
The great Te Deum nature kneeling sings;
Ah, sweet indeed is God's majestic choir,
When all the world in one pure anthem rings.

A PILGRIM.

Personals.

Navigation is open right at the gate.

"It's awfully cold, why don't you button up your jacket?" "The idea! Why, if I did that, nobody would know that it's lined with fur."

"Her looks spoke volumes." "Yes, and her lips libraries."

They are having a regular Port Arthur of a time in the Do-Drop-Inn. Cose shoo don't know.

"There was a tragedy in high life just now." "What was it?" "I fell down and lost the rest of my brains."

"Give a sentence introducing the word *contents.*" "The contents of a cow is milk."

"You gave me an awful little piece of pie, Fanny." "Why, I gave you an extra large one."

"I think your glasses must make everything very big."

"She's always making those classical allusions. What did she mean by saying that even Homer nods?" "Well, you see, Homer was blind, and so they never could tell when he was asleep until he nodded. All these classical things are simple enough when you understand them."

"I wish I was up in the moon." "So do I, then you would be nearly 240,000 miles away."

"There's a statue of Julius Caesar." "Goodness! Is he dead?"

"So Ethel is getting culture." "Yes, she has learned to speak of a house beautiful, instead of a beautiful house."

"Nervous! I should think I was. I thought they could hear my heart instead of what I was reading."

"Is your grandmother dead?" "Yes." "Do you think she's in heaven?" "I hope so." "I don't." "Why?" "Because I never saw a picture of an *old* angel."

"Are you an American?" "I am not. I'm Irish to the black bone." "Are you an American?" "I'm a Catholic."

Lucille is organizing a "U-Need-a-Rest Club" in the Do-Drop-Inn.

'Twas a real faint—and I nearly died—and got a slap.

Mark Antony was a great orator, who had the art of making people think he was a very poor one.

Mamma has gone to Ireland. Just put on the envelope—Ireland, Illinois.

Lucius was Brutus' servant boy, who was very faithful, yet he had a fine talent for music, although he was always top-heavy and near the land of dreams. There is not much said about him in the play, and when he did make his appearance he was continually falling asleep, so he could not take much of a part, except if Shakespeare gave him a good shake once in a while, which, unfortunately, he did not, as he was a gentleman.

"I'm so tired!" "So am I. Let's go and do something that we mustn't."

Ethel has an illustrated throat with glaciers on both sides.

Huh! that dickshonery don't count, it's only one of those old bridge dickshoneries. I want the big unbridged one.

"Now, Achilles was shot in the heel. With which side was he fighting?" "Mit de Russians, in course."

"And these are the University pupils dancing a cotillion during their practice hour!" Helen was under the piano before the finale.

Until recently the Japanese used to fight with bows and arrows, but now they are equipped with the complete arms of a Christian.

"I suppose we couldn't read it aloud. Somebody gets married at the end of it and that would not do." "What do you mean? That's the sacrament my father and mother got."

Er putzte sich mit dem Schnabel seine Füsze, legte seine Federn zurecht. . . .

He polished his feet with his bill and laid his pen.

Oliver Goldsmith was one of the poems of Ireland, and his father was a clergyman. He wrote the Deserved village, the unauthorized virgin and many others.

"Will you, please, stop Japanning over there."

Who that had seen Lucille flee in scriptural guise, in the wee sma' hours, from the Do-Drop-Inn, did not rejoice at the capture of her arch-enemy—the disturber of her dreams!

Oh, look at the pen-pushers! I guess they're preparing for the race. Glad I'm not in it.

"I'm afraid you didn't study your lesson. What will you do without an education when you grow up?"

"Oh, I'll be a teacher and make other little girls study."

Edible menu cards and cheese are no longer permitted at the Do-Drop-Inn.

Jupiter's new satellite is the attraction at uncertain hours.

Positive ill, comparative dying, superlative dead—oh, no—ill, more or less dying, most dead.

"I tink it's mean to cry for simpity."

Rita has renounced the classic—"she's so *inflated* over that *St. Patrick's Day* she doesn't practise a note of anything else—and Eleanor's *Wearing of the Green* is the ruination of her."

"Mae, let's see the dress you wore to the Charity Ball? How could the *Courier* have made such a mistake!"

"I wish the world would get along with whole things instead of fractions, which are awful wicked things. The ritmik teacher gave me example to do for punishment and I got my birthday cake just in time to save me from dying of them."

"Vot foon vee had on St. Walentine's day!"

"Eve he was so stoopid he went and ett the fruit."

"Physical culture is splendid, I'm taking beauty exercises."

"You haven't been taking them long, have you?"

"Nell is just crazy over Shakespeare."

"So he's her latest, is he? Where'd she meet him?"

The Emancipator.

A common pebble, I!
Still, one who passes, with discerning heart and mind,
May find the soul and secret tracery of gifts,
The moulder-artist shaped and wrought within me,
Ere he flung me where I lie.

A common pebble, I!
Along the great highroad of life I've lain at rest,
And watched the dawn of centuries with cold, calm gaze,
The suns and stars, the throngs, the glory and the gain,
All came and passed me by.

A common pebble, I!
Poor little stone, indeed, but part of life's highway!
Yet shall it be that he who finds and raises me,
Shall brush off dust and mire, and press of coarser things,
And give a pitying sigh.

A common pebble, I!
He will not cast me down, to lie hid cycles more,
Nor place me close within his case of treasured gems;
But deal keen blow with tutored skill—free my cramped soul,
And let it upward fly.

This common pebble, I!
When free, and in the Master's realm forevermore,
Shall 'complish all the wondrous mission that is mine,
Shall shower over him who did me liberate,
Divine gifts from on high.

E. F. Froemcke.

The bird praises God by singing; the flower pays its tribute in fragrant incense as its censer swings in the breeze; the tree shakes down fruit from its bending boughs; the stars pour out their silver beams to gladden the earth; the clouds give their blessings in gentle rain; yet all, with equal faithfulness, fulfill their mission. So among Christ's redeemed servants, one serves by incessant toil in the home, another by silent example as a sufferer, patient and uncomplaining; another with the pen, sending forth words that inspire, help, cheer and bless; another by the living voice, whose eloquence moves men; another by the ministry of sweet song; another by sitting in quiet peace at the feet of Jesus, drinking in His spirit and then shining as a gentle and shining light, or pouring out the fragrance of love like a lowly and unconscious flower; yet each and all of these may be serving Christ acceptably, hearing at the close of each day the whispered word, "Well done."

How many Bethanias have been in the world since our most compassionate Saviour stood with Martha and Mary by the grave of Lazarus! How many there are at this day! And each with all its pain is known to His pitying Heart. Every detail is known—the fear, the anxiety, the weary, yet unwearied prayer, the long, long waiting for His coming; the hope that rises and falls and clings the faster for its less foothold to His promises, His mercy, His dear human heart. He knows it all. He has seen all, heard all, for years.

Once, at least, in a lifetime there comes to everyone a season of glamour. The birds sing more sweetly, the flowers are of fairer bloom, troubles diminish, and joys intensify. Life is then a dream of beauty; in fact, a poem. To some this is but the precursor of a simoon, that sweeps over their lives, leaving them bleak, parched and desolate. To others, it is but a gateway of an ideal, happy life, with the chief desire of the heart granted. Happy they who are thus favored.

JOHN L. ANDERSON,
FERRY STREET,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED MEATS OF ALL KINDS.
TELEPHONE CONNECTION. **POULTRY IN SEASON.**
Niagara Falls South, Ont.

Established 1864.
COLE & McMURRAY,
Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating, Furnaces, Stoves and Ranges.
Hardware, Paints, Oils, Glass, Sewer Pipe, etc.
Niagara Falls, Ont.

NIAGARA ICE CO.
PHONE 148-X.
Spring Water Ice. First-Class Service
Orders by Telephone Promptly Delivered.
F. H. BOULTER, Manager.
Niagara Falls South.

Member of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants.
EDWARD GUNNELL,
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT AND AUDITOR,
141 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.
Telephone, 3536 Cortlandt.
General Accounting and Auditing, Corporation Accounts, Partnership Accounts, Investigations, Inventories, Cost Systems for Shops, Factories and Manufacturers.

TELEPHONE 95A.
M. MORSE & SON
UNDERTAKERS AND PROFESSIONAL EMBALMERS
Main St., - - Niagara Falls South, Canada.

Kindergarten Supplies, Science Apparatus,
AND ALL KINDS OF
SCHOOL SUPPLIES.
THE STEINBERGER-HENDRY CO.,
37 Richmond St. W., TORONTO, ONT.

..THE STAR BAKERY..
High-Grade Fruit Cake, Delicate Bonbons, Delicious Jelly Rolls, Cakes of all kinds, Toothsome Sweetmeats.
Our Homemade Bread is still in the lead.
Cream Bread is the choice of many bread-winners.
Wedding Cakes on hand and made to order.
W. J. MANUEL, Ferry St., Niagara Falls, Ont.

The Catholic Book and Religious Goods House.
Manufacturers and Importers of Vestments, Statues, Chalices, etc , etc.
Society Regalia, Badges and Banners.
Publishers of THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY,
The only book of its kind in the United States.
Complete Edition, $1.25, and postage, 16 cents.
The M. H. Wiltzius Co.,
413-417 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

R. F. CARTER ELECTRIC CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
And Contractors for Electrical Works.
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
The largest and best hotel at the Falls. Write for rates.
INTERNATIONAL HOTEL CO., - PROPRIETORS.
S. A. GREENWOOD, Manager.

Korten Brothers Co.
SUCCESSORS TO
OTTOMAN CAHVEY CO.
ESTABLISHED 1875
Wholesale Coffees, Teas, Spices, Baking Powders and Extracts.
CHICAGO.
We work in our Customers' interest ALWAYS.



LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS.

NIAGARA RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JULY, 1905. No. 3.

Our Lady's Month.

Who feels not, when the spring once more,
  Stepping o'er winter's grave forlorn
With winged feet, retreads the shore
  Of widowed earth, his bosom burn?

As ordered, flower succeeds to flower,
  And May, the ladder of her sweets
Ascends, advancing hour by hour
  From scale to scale, what heart but beats?

Some presence veiled in fields and groves,
  That mingles raptures with remorse—
Some buried joy beside us moves,
  And thrills the soul with much discourse.

As they, perchance, that wondering pair
  Who to Emmaus bent their way,
Hearing, heard not. Like them our prayer
  We make: "The night is near us—stay!"

With paschal chants the churches ring;
  Their echoes strike along the tombs;
The birds their hallelujahs sing;
  Each flower with floral incense fumes.

Our long-lost Eden seems restored;
  As on we move with tearful eye
We feel through all the illumined sward
  Some upward-working paradise.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Island Reveries.

"Did my song of summer breathe nought but glee,
  Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?
  O! hadst thou but known its deep meaning well,
  It had tales of a breaking heart to tell!
  From a dream of the forest its music sprung,
  Through its notes the peal of a torrent rung;
  And its dying fall when it pleased thee best,
  But sighed for wild flowers and a leafy nest."

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Ah, Happy Isle! now far away, these reveries are of thee and from thee to-day and forever.

Hundreds upon hundreds of miles to the west, springtime has come and summer is coming to the Lake of the Woods.

The inspiration of past golden summers is with me still, and it is waiting there unlessened for the fortunate spirit who may have the reverence to recognize and appreciate it. May it bless the worthy, from generation to generation!

All that the enchanted spot was, and ever shall be, to one, may not be expressed; and the hope is cherished that of the thanksgivings breathed there one little note may not have wandered straight into space, but may have remained to circle and whisper in the breezes that hover round the symmetrical little Isle.

To outward eye, our footsteps vanish and leave no impression; but a peculiar blessing, or blight, attends even the earthly pilgrimage of the immortal soul, and leaves an impress that may be felt if not seen.

Preserve us from the haunts of the wicked, also from dead men's shoes generally!

How interesting a study is that of "possession," as applied to the things of this earth! To the majority of poor mortals may be applied the thought, "They build, they build, but they enter not in." We may enter visibly, but the spirit does not realize rest. Nothing perishable can satisfy the cravings of the immortal soul: where the God and Giver of all does not fill the highest place, not all the beauties and glories of this earth can supply the want.

While energy and hope are ours, why should vainly fall upon our ears the scriptural injunction, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth!" We cannot close our eyes upon the innumerable failures among those of our friends—the thoughtless and godless—who made no pause to think and thank, but who in the degenerate selfishness of human nature, spurred on by ambition, temporal success, and pride, ignored or trampled upon the hopes or rights of others, until passed was their little day, and they were cut down with their hands clutching dead sea fruit.

Few grow old gracefully—as Christians! The allotted three score and ten finds the many, unloving, unloved and unlovely: they shudder at the thought of death and are unprofitable company for youth or age. Having deceived themselves, they are not undeceived by friends, because it would be so rude, so unusual, to offend the mammon of this world!

The fearless spirit of Diogenes is rarely found in the man or woman of to-day!

On the other hand, how edifying is the life that is brave enough to "remember"; sickness, sorrow, loss of wealth, death of friends, or the too-swift passing of the years,—any or all experienced, can but intensify the emanated trust and strength.

We can see the halo forming round the devoted head that has bowed to no perishable, earthly glory. To pray, to plant, to build for God's future, is life's victory.

Here to-day, away to-morrow! Dear "Happy Isle!"

* * * * * *

Have we not often, when visiting places of interest, felt that we stood upon enchanted ground, —or *haunted* ground, when the departed great have not been distinguished for piety of life?

Dear reader, I stand upon enchanted ground, and not as a visitor, but as a resident!

The spacious grounds, the great trees, the flowering shrubs, are blessed as of old with the voice of the robin, wild canary, blue bird, black bird, swallow and meadow lark; but "Echo Villa," the beautiful, the beloved home of the Ojibway Indian Chief, Kahkewaquonaby—Sacred Feathers—his fair English-lady wife, and their five sons, knows them no more.

We who are neither kith nor kin have entered into possession of Kahkewaquonaby's Eden; he and his loved ones with the exception of one son, sleep in Brantford cemetery. The Mohawk Church, with its graves including Chief Brant's, is nearer; but our Ojibway Chief, gentle though he was, could not beg a grave of the Mohawks! His habitation is now the dark and narrow grave; over his head is not the hallowed roof of "Echo Villa," but there rises a proud monument erected by the Ojibway Indians to testify their undying love for their Chief, and best earthly friend.

Canadians know well the story of Kahkewaquonaby, of his loyalty to the British crown, of his journeys to England in behalf of his people, and of the pretty little English lady who fell in love with him, and entrusted to him her heart, hand and fortune. Home and friends were sacrificed for the Indian husband; here came the brave Englishwoman and here three-quarters of a century ago she built this red brick mansion, in the forest. Memories of the "stately homes" of England are preserved in its architecture: the splendid solidity of the whole, and the simple elegance of the massive wood-work in the various apartments, suggest the English idea.

To the imagination of the beholder is left the laurel wreath, the acorn, and the chain linking, which enter into the stone and wood embellishment of the exterior.

Here for quarter of a century endured a happy home, a home in which the family were united in the love of God and neighbor. This is a strong saying from an utter stranger; but I know it, I feel it!

For years, two households have claimed this protecting roof; and always in perfect harmony. The atmosphere exhales concord: Kahkewaquonaby must indeed have been a good man!

I find that neither upon English nor Ojibway has his mantle fallen; but upon the American and the Scot. The C-t-ns are known to American history as allied to Charles Carrol of Carrolton, one of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, and through including in family "The American Graces," who carried off in the matrimonial market the Marquis of Wellesley (brother of the Iron Duke, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland), the Duke of Leeds, and the Earl of Stafford. The R-ms-ys, in lyric poetry, have become famous not only in Scotland but in Canada.

Many of the makers of Canadian history visited here between 1830 and 1856.

Seated in the old-fashioned, green, latticed

"summer-house," on the east lawn, I look towards the window of the "guest-chamber," on ground floor; there slept Sir John Colborne, Governor of Canada, when he visited Kahkewaquonaby, and stayed over night. He pushed the present ancient little button, raised that window, and was face to face with the fragrant blossoms of the "bridal-wreath" tree; the blossoms are sweet as of yore, but the tree is coarsened, roughened, and wrinkled by age. A little farther on the lawn were two pines, and still farther away was this "summer-house," beckoning him to an after-breakfast "calumet" and conference with his host.

By the way, who would not have admired Sir John Colborne? He was the man of deeds—not words—who at the time of the "Canadian Rebellion" of 1837-'38, was sent out to relieve the flowery orator, Lord Durham.

How common-sense men respected Sir John! How heroically he managed long-winded if not eloquent addresses: "I am happy to meet you; and I thank you for your address"!

He was certainly his three-quarters of a century behind the present times: when looking over a list of women temperance workers, and supposing them to be reformed inebriates, he exclaimed: "Well! well! I did not think there could be so many drunken women in the Canadas!"

Were he here to-day, wise man as he was, surely he would say, "Let no woman hesitate to inscribe her name as a temperance worker!"

But to return to immediate surroundings. Before me is the volume, "History of the Ojibway Indians, by Kahkewaquonaby." The frontispiece is a lifelike portrait of the author; the strangely-luminous eyes follow everywhere. The book, published in London, in 1861, five years after his death, contains a brief memoir of the writer, furnished by his widow.

Of Kahkewaquonaby's last days, we find the following: "On the 24th of April (1856), accompanied by his wife, he went to St. Catharines, to try the effect of the celebrated waters, but was disappointed." He returned to "Echo Villa." "Medical gentlemen of St. Catharines having recommended him to consult Dr. Borel of Toronto, he left home for that purpose on the 20th of May, hoping at the same time that he might be able to attend to some business with the Indian department in behalf of his people." Again was he disappointed. "Seeing he grew rapidly worse, medical advice was taken, as to the practicability of removing him home, where he so much desired to be. He was conveyed on a litter to the railroad, where a room was kindly allotted to him and his friends. He reached home the same evening, being carried by kind friends from the rail-car to his own house, a distance of about half a mile."

Many tears were shed when those who awaited his arrival witnessed the sad change that so short a time had made; but a song of thankfulness was in his heart, that he was permitted to see his dear children, and to enter once more his much-loved home. This was on the 18th of June, from which time he became rapidly worse: but he uttered not a murmuring word."

Into this "guest-chamber" followed a greater than Sir John Colborne—the angel of death—who left it not until he bore away the soul of the loving husband, affectionate father, faithful friend, noble Indian, and devoted Christian Chief.

"When the Indians (Ojibways) of the New Credit came, much sorrow filled their hearts to see their best earthly friend so low; so they proposed, at their own expense to despatch a messenger to Rice Lake for a noted Indian doctor, and they assembled several times a day in an adjoining room, where they prayed and sang and wept aloud!"

"Many friends came from day to day to see him; to each of whom, as long as he was able, he addressed a few appropriate words.

"On Friday he took leave of his dear children. He put his dying hands upon each of their heads, saying: 'God bless you my dear boys. Be good children. Be affectionate and obedient to your dear mother. Be kind and loving to each other. Give God your hearts, and meet me in a better world.' He then took the hand of his dear wife, saying: 'I leave these dear boys to the care of their heavenly Father, and yours, to train them and teach them the good way. God bless you all.'

"On Saturday he continued to sink. His last intelligible words were (addressing his sorrowing wife): 'God bless you, dear.'

"Surrounded by his weeping wife and children, friends and Indians, his sister and aged mother, a little after two o'clock on Sunday morning, June 29, 1856, the deep breathing gave way, and becoming fainter and yet lower still, the last quiver of the lips told that all was over."

Kahkewaquonaby was dead. The lady who gave up her world for his sake, his faithful wife, friend and comforter, strange as it may seem, married again; and almost cruel is the fact that her second choice was not an Indian, but an Irishman. What respect has "the blarney" for English reserve or Indian sedateness!

Compared to the invasion of the second lord and master of "Echo Villa," our occupation of the Ojibway paradise is sacrilege of but secondary importance.

Of the five sons born to Kahkewaquonaby and the English lady in "Echo Villa," one died in infancy, one became a journalist, one an artist eminent for landscape painting, and one studied medicine.

The M. D. is now the only survivor, and although his home and practice are not many miles away, he rarely visits his birthplace, and it seems subject for regret that he neither occupies nor possesses his inheritance.

The fate of his father's people follows him; and he was the one said to resemble that father.

* * * * * *

As the responsible solidity of the less modern edifice is a reproach to the flimsy architecture of to-day, so the requirements for the "lady" and "gentleman" of the old school are a reproach to the indulgent standard of their present-day successors.

Time was when healthy, youthful ambition was regulated by gentle breeding, or aspired to its effects. Although men and women of true refinement are with us still, respect for polite manners, among the masses, is a thing of the past. Even the Christian world seems lapsing into gross and selfish materialism.

To verify this statement, we may apply the test anywhere and at any time, week day or Sunday, to our young people,—for they now rule the stage and give the cue to their seniors.

These graceless tyrants, rich or poor, never lack in fashionable attire; but when they open their mouths, instead of diamonds, thence drop the "toads" of the beautiful lady in the "Arabian Nights"—in other words, the slang terms that now pass for conversation!

The candy habit, adopted by young and old, reminds one of the continual browsing of the lower animals. Creature comforts, alone, make life worth living, and are apparently the Alpha and Omega of life's enjoyments.

What has become of the necessity for thinking men and women?

In conversation with one of our Loretto nuns, I have been informed that the greatest detriment to the advancement of the pupils, is the reluctance to cultivate the habit of—thinking!

Our so-called educated men and women of the present age are content with the rankest fiction, pride themselves upon having read the latest Corelli ravings, and actually refer to such stuff as their authority for historic fact.

Everything is "pictorial," and necessarily so; the eye must be offered the picture which brain and thought cannot and will not evolve.

Ask your neighbor's opinion upon a subject, and you will receive for answer: "Oh, I saw something about that in the ——— magazine" (illustrated article, of course).

Alas, for the dearth of original thought!

Dr. Osler, the accepted university light, in a recent lecture to McGill graduates, advised them not to work their professors so hard, but to give them a little more chance to think. Continuing, the doctor said that the man who works six, eight, or ten hours a day teaching and lecturing, can do no great amount of original thinking. He added that England and Germany do not work their professors so hard, and consequently allow them more time to think.

The learned doctor goes only half-way: If the professional crammers require pause, what of their victims—the innocents crammed and tortured all the way from primary school to university!

Time, quiet, and thought, will assist imparted instruction to sink into the intelligence, and to bear lasting fruit.

Want of thought results in lack of earnestness: what we learn under such conditions, we fail to put into practice.

The young should be taught that the privilege of receiving instruction is a grave responsibility which entails the conscientious remembrance and observance of rule, precept, and example.

For instance, in the intercourse of speech, sins against grammatical correctness are of common occurrence. It is so distressing to hear careless use of the King's English, and then to countenance the excuse, "I have forgotten my grammar"; to listen to the thoughtless, "I know that is not correct; but I can't be bothered"; to overlook the impertinent, "Please, excuse slang; but—"

Patience, when dealing with such barbarism, is not a virtue.

It is a stupid workman who will not make use of his best tools.

Harsh voice, thoughtless choice of language, and ungrammatical expression, cheapen any personality!

The necessity of polite, thoughtful and Christian address and deportment, in public and in private life, in presence of strangers and intimate friends, and everywhere and always, cannot be too strongly urged upon minors and, alas, upon —majors!

* * * * * *

In connection with the retiring of Joseph H. Choate, the American Ambassador to London, and his being banqueted by the Lord Mayor, the newspapers have given us his pictured face. What a resemblance we find to Cecil Rhodes, the empire builder,—but with the odds in favor of Ambassador Choate!

The poise and pose of the head suggest that Mr. Choate's brain is sufficiently heavy to incline towards thought. Being only a man, he has not found it imperative to cultivate the "Miss Roosevelt" up-tilted nose and chin, which the ladies' page informs us has been the fashionable requirement!

But to return to the ambassador and common sense! The despatch from London characterizes his farewell banquet as the most remarkable gathering of notables ever assembled at the Mansion House.

Mr. Choate replied to the "farewell" with much feeling, said that he was homesick, and glad to be returning to his native land where old friends were diminishing as fast as new ones were making in England.

Ah! there was the heart and soul of his speech; the greatness of the man has been given source and nurture by the sentiment contained in that one sentence!

Mr. Choate, like Cecil Rhodes, has no reluctance to assist in empire building, or more correctly—"republic" building; this was delicately implied at a previous banquet in London, when he replied to a speech totally lacking in politeness and dignity. Then and there, a Mr. Clarke took exception to the people of the United States calling themselves "Americans" to the exclusion of Canadians and other nations of the New World; continuing, he proposed that the United States be named "U-s-o-n-a" (United States of North America)!

Mr. Choate, strange to say, did not jump at the suggestion of "Usona," but said in voice childlike and bland, that the people of his country are content to be known as "Americans"!

A Briton suggesting a name for the United States recalls an episode of the last meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada, when a New Jersey (U. S.) manufacturer sent us a sample of a badge he thought eminently becoming for the women of the Canadian National Council. This clever American benefactor requested our favorable response by return mail!

We took the sample in hand, looked, and—laughed!

Mr. Choate met the fair Usona—looked, and laughed!

If there is any name under the heavens by which the people of the United States should be known, it is "Americans"! The Briton within them rebelled against the degrading taxation inflicted by Hanoverian George.

Chances were against them; they could not help picturing the future "all lost but honor!" But they were willing to die free men.

When the wealthy Charles Carroll of Carrollton and Baltimore—one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence,—was asked if he had any objection to signing the document, he answered "None whatever"; nevertheless, as he was appending his name, the whisper went round —"There go several millions!"

Charles Carroll's granddaughter, Mary Caton, married for second husband the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

While the Marchioness of Wellesley was presiding over Dublin Castle, the attention of the whole American people was directed to her venerable grandfather who, by the death of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, on the 4th of July, 1826, was left the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Upon the next anniversary of the day, a dinner was given at Charleston, at which Bishop England proposed as toast: "Charles Carroll of Carrollton—in the land from which his grandfather fled in terror, his granddaughter now reigns a queen!"

The mother country lost herself to the American colonists; what had they left but "America"?

So all honor to George Washington, Mr. Choate, and all "contented Americans"!

Alas, that the colonies were lost to our Empire! What a "Greater Britain" America, Canada and the United States, would have been!

As it stands, Canadians must not stoop to be jealous; that would not be consistent. We have no claim to be known as "Americans"; we have chosen to remain with the Empire, and until our sovereign take up his residence here, Canada is the western fringe of the Empire, and we are Canadian Britons.

The Romans had occupied Britain for four centuries, and had intermarried with the Britons—thereby forming a new nation, the British-Roman—when the military among them were called home to Rome, in 410 A. D. As true Romans they responded; and have we ever thought of them as anything else than Romans? Has the Emperor Constantine, whose mother the Empress Helena, was a British lady, ever been called anything but a Roman?

So, like the British-Romans, we Canadian-Britons, if called in defence of our Mother Country, would hasten to respond, feeling that we would indeed be gathering "home"!

It is a high distinction to be known as "the British"; we have a Governor-General who knows what we expect of him; and we have a truly British king, of whom we are proud!

Since childhood, the power that to me has stood for everything awful and mighty, is a British "man-of-war."

I have more faith in the shade of Nelson than in the combined fleets of all the nations—keeping, of course, a weather-eye to the gale, and a sharp look-out for the Japs!

May peace and good-will ever be the password between the Canadian-British and the "contented" Americans!

* * * * * *

The standard attained and maintained by the ordinary intelligence of the masses and the classes, is manifested not only by what is current for conversation, but by the reading matter, the highly-spiced and rarely moral fiction that, in exchange for their time and money, is eagerly devoured by the majority.

One can refuse to read this mischievous trash; but how utterly maddening it is to be captured ancient-mariner style, and compelled to listen to a "continued" and "most interesting" story—from some reader's recollection!

Our best newspapers publish anything that pleases; and our "best" people read it.

One of our educated women, some time ago, offered me a book, saying, "Here is a beautiful story,—and historical, too." The work was "When Knighthood was in Flower," an immoral romance with sufficient truth in it to make it the most pernicious kind of a falsehood!

I cannot understand how any sane person can waste time and money over the foolish vagaries of another's imagination; and how blameworthy is the reader when these written thoughts are malicious and immoral!

On all sides we hear much of the "blessing" of being able to read, of the public libraries, and of the multitudinous books within reach of all; we never hear of the "curse" of being able to peruse the soul-destroying imaginings which St. Paul says "should not be mentioned" among Christians, but which are furnished liberally by every one of our Canadian public libraries.

Canadian mothers, and other guardians of youth, who raise no objection to these bad books, do not now foresee all for which they will have to answer on the day of judgment!

How thankful we should be that Mother Church—"the tyrant Rome"—will not allow her children to read literature of the "Corelli" type!

Astounding in the extreme is the fact that many of our young girls, members of Christian sects, actually patronize fortune-tellers, and pay over their money in order to hear the untruthful nonsense that falls from the lips of any old hag sufficiently impious in character, and unnatural in appearance, as to qualify for a fortune-teller.

These young persons,—and older persons, too,—return full of their more or less hopeful "fortunes" and invariably finish the highly edifying recital with "I didn't believe her, though!"

Any man or woman who pays money for fortune-telling believes in it.

We need not go to heathen lands to find field for Christian missionaries!

How many so-called people of intelligence might be referred to the 16th lesson of our children's catechism, and to the question and answer: "Are crediting dreams, fortune-telling and the like superstitious practices, also forbidden? Yes; and all incantations, charms and spells; also, idle observations of omens and accidents, and all such nonsensical remarks. Lev. xix. 26; Jer. x. 2, 6."

I heard a gentle mother call her daughter to

breakfast; but no response came from the young lady poring over the "Sphinx" dream-book. Again ventured the mother's gentle voice in the query, "Have you found your dream?"! !

How the "Sphinx" and kindred dream-books scattered broadcast in this "enlightened" age, have magnified our mental calibre!

The centuries that have almost buried the Silent Lady in the sands of Egypt, dismayed behold in our modern "Christian" greater puzzle or riddle than the Sphinx!

* * * * * *

Manners and customs of succeeding generations change for the majority as do fashions in dress; and the accepted standard of intellectual taste controls our manners and customs, and vice versa.

Of this I find convincing proof by comparing one of our "ladies'" magazines of 1905 with a copy of Peterson's Magazine of 1863. In all but number and variety of illustrations, our up-to-date publication suffers by the comparison.

I choose four typical stories and four heroines, two of the present and two of the past.

Our first modern lady from picture and description would be a feminine cow-boy on land, but being on water she is in dress and bearing a bold Jack tar. She does not swear upon occasion—at least not audibly—but in readiness for any breeze that blows, she jumps overboard to rescue a drowning child, and is in turn followed by the "hero," etc., etc.

Our second modern heroine belongs to the other extreme, the "floppy" school; she strives to see from under the masses of hair of home and foreign production which are piled over her eyes; and she struggles to drag her extremities through whirls of flounces and frills which still entangle her feet.

She visits a noted foreign palmist-clairvoyant-hypnotist-fatalist, and unaccompanied, for it is a free country and an enlightened age.

Seated in his reception-room, surrounded by oriental, awe-inspiring decorations and symbols, he takes her hand, studies it, clasps it and declares that—she is his fate fore-ordained by the ages; he would recognize her even in the remotest planet where, in the evolutions and journeyings of the soul they will some day surely meet again, etc., etc.

The first story, of date 1863, is written in elegant language expressive of much thought and nicety of sentiment.

We draw our own portrait of the lofty-minded heroine, whose union with the hero has been prearranged by their parents, and who from a sense of duty sacrifices—without explanation—her own prospects in favor of a dear girl-friend, and is happy forever after!

The second old-fashioned story presents a gentle, anxious mother, who, with her convalescent son, goes to visit—not a palmist-clairvoyant-hypnotist—but a relative who lives in an old English country-house, where generations departed bodily are suspected of having left some of their lives behind,—in a wing generally closed, but on this occasion—on account of the large house-party—assigned to the lady and her son! !

The two stories from the past have nothing that is objectionable, but much that is pleasing in sentiment and plot; and for nicety of terms and elegance of phraseology are well worth a second reading.

The two modern and fashionable stories are not altogether slangy, and they have a dash and a daring quite in keeping with our address and deportment, but they are not written to be read a second time.

Modern manners are on a par with this "literature," and our intellectual standard on a par with both.

Our book-producers do not think; they write!

The world to-day is ruled by coarse, selfish, earthy materialism; and the greater struggle is not for food, but for dress.

If we go to the city promenades in quest of urban gentility and refined deportment, we find the narrowed-in majority ladies and gentlemen in dress, but something else in speech, manners, and lack of mental and intellectual development. Their personal atmosphere is as blighting as that of their unwholesome walls!

If we visit the country where there is abundance of God's sunshine, trees, flowers, and green grass—all refining and elevating influences—we find that the greater latitude enjoyed there encourages that spirit of buffoonery innate in primitive man, and which if not kept constantly in check results in the barbarizing of all who do not resist its temptations.

To me, the most interesting and agreeable men and women are those who live in the country, but who through early training and education appre-

ciate fully all Nature's beauties, and all their obligations to God, neighbor and self.

There are possibilities of highest intellectual advancement, and sources of happiness, in the country, from which the city and its residents are hopelessly isolated!

After all, as man is the noblest part of God's creations, whether in country or city, Christian mothers and guardians do well to remember that they are directly responsible, and that it is the adorning of the mind and not of the body that makes for that "noblest part."

If, as we profess to believe, our salvation depends upon our love of God and neighbor, what is to become of the average intelligence that chatters unceasingly in praise of selfish self, and uncharitably of neighbor?

How tiresome and hope-destroying this entity is; and it predominates among us who walk the earth to-day!

If we do not think it worth while to browbeat this entity we can run away from it; a book is better company, and it is not anti-Christian to choose our company.

By the way, I am always suspicious of good people who in a tone of reproof "think it a duty to friends, acquaintances, and self" to make constant rounds of friendly calls; either they are repaid by enormous budgets of questionable gossip, or their time is worse than lost.

When we cannot perceive the good of our appropriating of other people's time, or their right to the wasting of ours, surely the day has come to narrow our circle, and to cut down our list of friends!

* * * * * *

Contradictory as it may at first sight appear, our modern mechanical contrivances and appliances for the lightening of labor tend not to simplify and shorten, but to complicate and lengthen the duties and time exacted by the material side of life; they seem to have created a necessity for unwholesome variety in food and dress—but especially in dress.

We allow ourselves to be driven by this necessity.

The influences of the age are not uplifting; they do not compel refinement.

Public entertainments for the education of the mind are not necessarily elevating; they are banquets that cater to our order, to our wants, to our level.

In the matter of dress, people with no margin of means affect the same fashionable superfluities as do people of wealth and leisure.

Richness and variety of dress are among the incidentals connected with affluence, and expected of moneyed people and becoming to them only; a portion of their wealth is thus put in circulation to the benefit of the general public.

The "imitation" rich take unction to themselves in the assertion, "what we do not wear out, we give to the poor"! Delicate fabrics—in many cases still belonging to merchant and dressmaker—made up with lace, frills and furbelows, are of no use to the "poor."

If the time wasted in the laundering, putting-on, and wearing of such flimsiness, were directed towards the honest cultivation of the mind, how much more agreeable the wearers would be!

Unrefined speech and manners, clothed in finery, become all the more shocking and disgusting.

With care, but mark, I say—with care—very little, not only of dress but of all this world's goods, can be made a great delight, and for a long time.

Order and cleanliness, if remembered everywhere and always, can result in but order and cleanliness and the lightening of labor: to this add refined simplicity, and Christianity, and life will certainly be worth living.

Many a mother—at the antipodes of course, not in Canada, Oh, no!—who says she has no time to teach her child "manners," is now sitting far into the night to rival her neighbor, and to finish finery for that dear child: to-morrow she will put the showy gauds upon a little—heathen!

The sweetest thing in life is a little child; and the sweetest child, is the one of gentlest manners and simplest dress.

Is the Christ Child ever presented in anything but simple guise?

In religious communities, where love of God and neighbor receives first allegiance, noble ladies and princesses, by cleanliness, order, and personal neatness inclusive of constant raiment-repairing, dress elegantly and wear out never more than—two gowns or "habits" in an ordinary lifetime!

* * * * * *

The foolish, life-shortening policy of the poorer classes in affecting the opulence of the wealthy, suggests our belief that before God all men are equal.



"Echo Villa," Home of Kahkewaquonaby, Brantford, Ont.

The professional beggar who comes to our door, although he may not know it, according to the irrefutable laws of race descent, confirmed by genealogies and history generally, is the descendant of kings!

This fact makes us smile at the recollection of the overbearing, high-head descendant of some unforgotten ancestor, who, worthy or unworthy, a generation or century back, held worldly position a little above the ordinary.

The Spaniards say "Beneath the king, all men are equal!"

Everything Spanish is delightfully interesting in the light of the forthcoming "Spanish match" between King Alfonso of Spain and our Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught!

In Spain, a beggar soliciting alms from a grandee merely requests a kindness from a neighbor, and in return proffers a cigarette which is never declined.

A lady friend, who has lived several years in Spain, assures me that the Spaniards are indeed all equal and all aristocrats; that it goes with the blood; that the poorest peasant woman polite as any princess, wields her fan with the grace of a queen, and—knows it; that the Spaniards disdain that commercial spirit which other nations mingle with their friendships and—should I write it—with their loves!

The "Spanish matches" of bygone centuries brought much of Spanish treasure to England.

We have in our "Imperial Crown" Dom Pedro's famous ruby, worn by his brother-in-law, the Black Prince, at Crecy; we have Katherine of Aragon's splendid dowry; and the gold and valuables that accompanied Philip II. of Spain, and which were lavishly conferred upon Englishmen by him and his retinue!

The press notices of the impending Spanish-British royal alliance, are singularly amusing—in the light of days gone by.

One article in an American paper, refers to the friendly feeling of King Alfonso towards the United States; it enlarges upon the capability and worthiness of the personable young king; it professes admiration for the progressive spirit now actuating Spain; and finishes with the acknowledged necessity of Alfonso's bride being and becoming a Catholic.

All very good! Just as it should be!

The present flatterers were the cruel detractors of the past, when the boy king and his widowed mother fought the battles of life and Spain bravely, and sowed in tears and terror what they now reap in joy and peace.

We British "Anglo-Saxons" were willing to assist our brother "Anglo-Saxons," the Americans, in exterminating, when possible, the Spanish and all "Latin" races,—so inferior to us in every way, and so obstructive to our apparent right to possess the earth!

That infamous cry, "Remember the Maine!" which embodied the obvious wish to fasten the guilt of the Maine disaster and the Cuban war upon Spain, was the lowest level to which the Americans as a nation ever stooped. The Ruler of nations is also a just God; therefore many a shivering "Anglo-Saxon" soul has already been confronted in eternity by that condemning, murderous slander, "Remember the Maine!"

We also joined in holy horror of Spanish "cruelty"—while American officers were doing to death and "Christianizing" peaceable Filipino citizens, by the "cold water cure"! and other tortures!

We sanctimoniously cited that un-Christian spectacle, the Spanish "bull-fight"; but we did not go into explanation of it, did not describe it to be what it really is—the most scientific, the most graceful, the most wonderful, the most painless way in which a most savage animal can be dispatched by one stroke of that master swordsman, the Spanish toreador!

The brave "toreador" is the pet of the Spanish people; he lives in affluence during his active life, and when he retires he is granted an annuity and the freedom of every city in Spain.

The overweening love of the Spaniards for their national sport has brought upon it the condemnation of the Church; but they have persevered in retaining it, and it has been humorously said that "Roman 'bulls' and the Spanish bulls continue to suffer in company"!

Horse-racing has associations that are not altogether edifying; but the most self-lauding "Christian" enjoys reading the chariot race in "Ben-Hur"; yes, and waxes enthusiastic before its realistic production!

We "Anglo-Saxons" never mention the superlative "cruelty" of the British hunt, where not only men, but refined women, over miles and miles of country, with terrorizing hounds chase to death the gentle deer, the fox, and the timid

hare. Great is the joy of those—ladies especially —who are "in at the finish"!

Behold, Oh, world! how loving and lenient we are to ourselves!

Let us watch this "Spanish match" to the "finish" and we shall find that at the concluding festivities there will be shown at least one sample of Spain's "national sport," where "Anglo-Saxon" celebrities, British and American, will be in great and delighted evidence!

Spain has neither crumbled, nor yielded to us her fragments!

* * * * * *

The fall of a nation has a miniature presentment in the breaking-up of a household and the abandonment of a home.

"Abbotsford," the historical and palatial residence of Sir Walter Scott, has been leased—it is said of necessity—by his great-granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, to the Dowager-Marchioness of Bute.

Mrs. Maxwell-Scott bears a striking personal resemblance to her famous ancestor; so also does her son, the young "Sir Walter," now in his twenties.

When this fair and interesting lady as a young girl made her first appearance at court, Queen Victoria greeted her with a kiss, exclaiming, "So this is all we have left of Sir Walter!"

The leaving of her beloved "Abbotsford" will cost many a pang!

Mrs. Maxwell-Scott is an ardent Catholic and her neighbors are Catholic nobility and gentry of exceptional piety.

The late Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O. M. I., who a few months ago passed away in his eighty-sixth year at Tewksbury Centre, Mass., U. S. A., celebrated his first Mass at "Abbotsford," having for chapel the apartment known in Sir Walter's time as the "housekeeper's room." Among others who assisted at that Mass with the Maxwell-Scots were the Duchesses bearing the ancient names of Roxburghe and Buccleuch.

"Abbotsford," doubtless is given proper place in Father Fox's memoirs, which are, I think, entitled, "Celebrated People I have Known."

Father Fox was distinguished even among his brother priests for the wondrous breadth and depth of his charity. Requiescat in pace!

* * * * * *

As our friends individually possess some peculiar charm which endears them to us, and is therefore given a niche which no one else can ever fill, so every living home possesses an apartment or furnishing treasure, which is to us the heart and soul of the place.

Before me are four souvenirs which to me were once the vital attractions of four homes; two are pictures, one is the pen with which these lines are written, and the fourth is a bit of lattice-work.

One picture is copy of the Blair College portrait of Mary Queen of Scots; the other, entitled "The Tambourine," is of a sunny-eyed Italian girl.

This pen is one of the last used by a noted and brilliant young Canadian barrister, who was appointed to high offices, and was then cut off in his early manhood.

The fourth treasure, the bit of lattice doing duty as my "ruler," is from the lattice-work of "Echo Villa." Has not the "lady's lattice" from time immemorial suggested to our mind's eye the most interesting and desirable form of beauty, elegance, and ease, that this world has ever offered!

IDRIS.

Pressed Flowers.

STRANGE, is it not, that with nature smiling on me in the full beauty of her renascent splendor, the bloom of roses, the scent of honeysuckles, the charm of creeping tendrils and climbing vines, I should turn to such a subject as flowers that are dried—pressed—dead!

The sense of the ludicrous is sufficiently impressive to make me realize that these botanical specimens usually provoke a smile. Holmes would undoubtedly have classified their possessor in the same category with the landlady's daughter, whose tastes ran in the direction of "locket" and "autograph album," or with that species of decayed gentility in "bombazine." Quite welcome, Mr. Holmes, I assure you, but for all your witticisms, you have a sense of pathos to which even pressed flowers would appeal. The cold, unsympathetic observer may smile, but to the happy owner each dead petal is dearer than the most fragrant blossom in early freshness. Though withered and faded, it tells a story that will not die as long as memory is capable of retaining thought. Its suggestions are sweet, and though it no longer has the power to expand un-

der the gentle rain or wooing sunshine, it has a still stronger power of unfolding the strongest associations. But to leave the speculative for the more interesting real, here is quite an array of the specimens under discussion. Could they but speak, what would be their revelations? Pretty little wild rose, still nestling in your withered leaves! Ah, yes, your history is fresh in memory. You tell of that loveliest of summer days when you bloomed in beauty in a shady nook,—"born to blush unseen,"—you must have thought. But no, your hour had come. A pretty launch landed near your resting-place and nature lovers were soon scattered here and there gladly yielding to the incantation of the idyllic spot. You did not escape attention; a big bumble-bee was sipping away your sweetness to his heart's content, without, however, robbing you of one charm. You were greeted with the exclamation: "Oh, what a dear little rose; I must have it!" And immediately, defiant of his stinging majesty, a fair, white hand was round your stem, you left your woodland home, where the sun smiled on you through the few breaks in the thick clustering foliage, and what was your mission in the new sphere to which you were transported? You made one heart happy that first day of your enterprise—or may be two hearts—and though there is no reviving your early loveliness, you are treasured as much as when first beheld in the ravishing spot that so enhanced your beauty.

And this slender little specimen—Ah! the wild laurel from the dear Canadian woods, telling of blissful, golden hours, when searchers for wild flowers came upon the graceful spray and a coronation followed, the nature of which lies hidden with the other pleasing memories. Was it to honor a provincial poet laureate? Perhaps—the pretty little leaves will keep their secret. This wild forget-me-not seems associated with the same incident. No need to whisper its name, that day is scarcely a retrospect, rather more like a living present, so vivid is each impression.

And the large, blue Robin's Plantain? Why that is of historic interest, it bloomed on the Plains of Abraham and could tell an interesting tale were it given to volubility of expression, but it guards well the secrets of that famous battlefield, of the labyrinthian Citadel with its ominous suggestions, as well as a few episodes of very modern history not considered of sufficient general interest to unfold themselves to the world at large.

But what is an old yellow dandelion doing amid such a collection? Do not depreciate this golden star; it tells the sweetest story of all, bringing to mind the loveliest little lad that any artist could paint with a halo round his hair. He is singularly fond of flowers—a passion not usually so pronounced in children of two years, and one day appeared in his angelic beauty, his slender fingers eagerly clasping a treasured dandelion. He was shown some pretty plants, graceful ferns and rich foliage, but nothing appealed to his childish nature like this cluster of bright petals, a fair rival to his silky curls of the same lustre. In the course of conversation some self-denying principle seemed to take possession of this tiny personality, and whispering something to his mother, the only audible words were: "Give my f'ower to the lady." Acting on impulse, he placed his treasure into the "lady's" hand and looked so pleased. The gracious deed was keenly appreciated; there were others present and why should he show his preference for one? Ah! the winsomeness of a child's love, and the mystery of his own sweet way! He reveals just what he pleases and is privileged to give every inclination full sway. Dear little golden locks and fair angelic form! With that act of renunciation you found a place in the "lady's" heart and enshrined yourself forever in her memory.

This large damask rose has also its history. "A withered rose, yes, but she gave it in brightness and beauty and bloom." Gave it as we are wont to present flowers of congratulation on the occasion of any marked success. But who remembers the triumph? It is as short-lived as the rose's fragrance, and the withered petals breathe not even the memory, but they tell another story that knows no ending.

Here is sweet clover retaining its perfume and suggesting reminiscences just as delightful. Reminiscences of the mighty cataract in all its sublime grandeur where "The spirit of the Lord moves over the face of the waters," in the dull grey dawn, when the rising mist and the deep overhanging clouds seem one grand mystery. The spray ascending in matin homage, the majestic clouds consuming the offering. Oh, the sublimity of those early dawns viewed through the spell of Niagara's bewitching power! Another look at the sweet clover and it speaks of the soft moonlight stealing noiselessly as if to hush the incessant roaring, but the placid heavens and the rushing waters will ever be an impressive con-

trast. Another look and it whispers the one word "rainbow," when the prismatic arch is before me in all its beauty. It whispers also of the wild picturesqueness of the scene where it grows abundantly. It whispers also—but just for myself—of the happy days spent in the sweetest clover that ever scented the air.

There are flowers that bloomed over the graves of our loved ones and seem more fitly symbolic, crushed and withered than diffusing cheerfulness. There are flowers that spoke love and happiness in their freshness and now are fitting exponents of the death of both. There are pressed maple leaves still retaining their wealth of color, that tell of autumn rambles when the Canadian emblem delighted the eye with its varied richness of tints. A very "dream of fair colors" and one dried leaf has the power to bring all back and to make the heart beat as it did many years ago.

One more flower, the latest among the collection, this dear lily of the valley, which in its freshness, nestled close to a little golden door that guards the Divine Prisoner within a tabernacle. "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of this house," and the tiny petals recall many a vigil spent with Thee. Oh, the effectiveness of a withered flower! This one evokes enough memories to overshadow all others. It is an incentive to emulate the whiteness of the lily, so that we, too, may one day, not only nestle close to the golden door of eternity, but pass beyond its threshold into that glorious realm where all is perpetual bloom.

DOROTHY B.

Trust.

(A robin has built her nest and reared her young on the window-sill of the *sanctum* of the NIAGARA RAINBOW, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.)

Blessing a temple already blest,
Glad with the wine of spring,
Robin here chooses to build her nest:
What do the bright days bring?

Warblings and busyings ev'rywhere,
Glints of a red, bright breast,
Straws to be gather'd now here, now there,
—All for this wondrous nest.

Building without on the window sill,
—Never a thought of screen—
Favor'd Loretto may spy at will,
Only the glass between!

Waiting and watching of weeks despite
Rain-blast and chilling dew;
Warding and warming thro' day and night
Eggs of the rarest blue!

Serving to quicken or soothe her ear
—Voice of the mighty Falls;
Nothing, that sin-haunted mortals fear,
Brave little heart appalls!

Come the expected at last! at last!
Joy fills the mother breast;
Loneliest vigils are past! are past!
—Birdlings now fill the nest.

Rare little, weak little, dear sweet things!
Quickly the days go by;
Soon, Ah! too son, have you found your wings,
What can you do but fly!

* * * * * *

Birdlings within, as the ones without,
Scatter as birdlings must;
Fate, send their summer no cloud of doubt,
Leave to them robin's Trust!

IDRIS.

The Ransomed Church.

NEXT to the "Eternal City," Rome, to Christians the world over, the great City of London, England, possesses chief importance; and of all the churches in that great city, St. Etheldreda's, the "ransomed church," has enjoyed unique history in that, emblematic of eternity, its story describes a circle beginning with its being built a Catholic church, in 1290, under Edward I., flourishing until its capture and occupation by the Reformers for three hundred years, and closing with its ransom and restoration to Catholic worship, in 1876.

As, by the laws of relationship and connection, all the sections of contemporary history overlap, we may say that the history of St. Etheldreda's Church involves the history of England!

This church is in Ely Place, so named because it was the seat or place of the bishops of Ely, in which they resided during their sojourn in Lon-

don, and attendance on Parliament. Their estate consisted of several acres of land, the principal buildings upon which were the Bishop's palace, the great hall, and St. Etheldreda's Chapel or Church. There were beautiful trees and shrubs, orchards and gardens.

To quote from the "History of Ely Place," by the Rev. Stephen Eyre Jarvis, the present rector



ST. ETHELDREDA'S, ELY PLACE.
THE GREAT EASTERN PICTURE-WINDOW OVER THE HIGH ALTAR.

of St. Etheldreda's: "Within the precincts of these residences the Bishops retained their jurisdiction as in their own dioceses. Some of these episcopal residences with their enclosures, were exempt also from the ordinary civil jurisdiction, so that taxes could not be levied there. Hence they were called "Liberties." Ely Place, besides being a Liberty, was also a "Sanctuary," where persons pursued by the law for certain offences could not be arrested by the civil authorities. To this day Ely Place has a kind of municipality of its own, consisting of certain commissioners elected annually by the householders. They manage the paving, draining, lighting, watering and guarding of the place. They have their own day and night watchmen, with gold-laced hats, who fulfil the functions of police. Here still, as in days of yore, the silence of the night is broken by the call, hour by hour, of the watchmen, from ten o'clock at night until six in the morning. The last of the oil street lamps, which were the means of lighting all London before the introduction of gas, was kept up in Ely Place until the Fathers of Charity took possession of St. Etheldreda's. Only then was this old oil lamp removed from over the presbytery door. At the doors of some of the houses may still be seen the iron extinguishers used to put out the torches which were the only lights of the London streets before the introduction of street lamps and which were carried by servants or link-boys before the sedan chairs of the gentry."

Although the Palace, Hall and cottages are gone, St. Etheldreda's Church remains, and it has always been the heart and soul of Ely Place.

A well-known English architect, Mr. S. Nicholl, A. R. I. B. A., says of it: "This ancient and beautiful structure must have stood out as beautiful even in the days when there was not an ugly building in London, not a structure which did not delight the eye of the artist and craftsman, a state of things we can hardly realize now. Even then it was almost alone of its kind; it is now in London quite peerless."

The chapel dedicated to St. Etheldreda is a right-angled parallelogram, in length 91 and in breadth 39 feet, having at each angle an octagonal buttress or turret, crowned with a conical cap or pinnacle. The east window is large and handsome; on each of its exterior sides—as well as of the windows on the north front, are niches with pedestals for statues which once were there.

St. Etheldreda's is a double church or rather a two-storied one, having a souterrain or crypt, the size of the upper and principal chapel, which is used for week-day Masses and for Sunday low Masses.

This church was built on the ground left by Bishop de Kirkeby, during the episcopate of Bishop de Luda, and resembles in architectural peculiarities and beauties the tomb of Bishop de Luda in Ely Cathedral, the tombs of Edmund Earl of Lancaster and Aveline his wife, at Westminster,—and that of Archbishop Peckham of Canterbury,—four works of art that are not surpassed by anything architectural in Christendom.

St. Etheldreda's bears so much resemblance to them in some details as to point to the same architect.

Having been told the story of the ransomed church by the late Rev. Father L. C. P. Fox, O. M. I., it can easily be imagined with what impatient feet I passed through the Gate of Ely Place and hastened towards the entrance to the church, which bears the inscription—"St. Etheldreda's Catholic Church: Erected by Edward I., 1290." Ah! those were touching, thrilling words!

St. Ethedreda's was the last church in England wrested from the Faith of our Fathers, and the first one ransomed, and restored to it.

Hanging on the wall of the porch I saw the "Lion and the Unicorn," which, when the reformers tore down the Crucifix, was twice given the place of honor over the high altar. The semblance of Christ crucified has present innings! Rev. G. S. Jarvis's history tells us: "In the porch there is a well-carved escutcheon of the Royal Arms of England, which in its day evidenced the Royal supremacy. It is of the date of Charles I. When the Fathers of Charity took possession of the chapel, it was found hanging over the communion-table, which took the place of the ancient altar. Of course it was taken down, but being a beautiful piece of oak carving, it was placed outside the church on the wall facing the south entrance."

At the door was the holy water font or stoup, which had been chiselled and blessed more than a thousand years before. Sir Gilbert Scott, the famous architect, says of it: "You may call the bowl British or Roman, for it is older than the Saxon period." It was found buried in the center of the under-croft or lower chapel; from which fact it is thought that it may have belonged to an ancient British church, and as a sacred vessel no longer in use, it was buried according to Catholic custom, in order that it might not be desecrated to common uses. Here, then, stood, not improbably, the earliest Christian church of London on this very spot, which was then a wild or wooded hill, outside the walls of the Roman city, like the British church of St. Martin, just outside the walls of Canterbury.

Fortunately, it was the festival of St. Etheldreda, and the hour was that of high Mass in the upper chapel.

Oh, what awe and reverence took possession of my soul! I stood, indeed, upon holy ground.

Three priests officiated at the altar, in pointed vestments quite strange to my eyes.

The music was intensely devotional, the service grandly impressive, and the sermon, delivered with a decidedly English accent (by the rector, Father S. E. Jarvis), was eloquent and most instructive.

After the congregation dispersed, I lingered at the door in conversation with a genial, elderly lady, who furnished me with the history of Ely Place, and other Sunday reading. While looking over her literature I aired some of my passing thoughts after this manner: "What a privilege it is to attend this grand, old, really English church, which presents, unchanged, to English people, the Christianity brought to England by St. Augustine! And how delightful to hear an English sermon from an Englishman,—especially for the first time! I have, of course, heard sermons in English, and very eloquent ones; but preached by Irish, Scotch, French or German priests who might have preferred speaking in Irish, Gaelic, French or German. But there is no mistake here! And how very English they look,—especially the one who wears the eye-glass!" This was too much for my amiable hearer, who quickly and rather testily replied, "Indeed, then, he is not English: he is Irish. That is Father B-rr-n of Waterford, Ireland." (And she was Irish, too!)

I lodged in Ely Place five weeks, and had the pleasure of attending St. Etheldreda's both week-day and Sunday; Sunday services were held in the upper chapel, week-day services in the lower chapel, which is also known as the under-croft or crypt.

The walls of the upper chapel, the church proper, still bear pathetic evidence of the spoliation and desecration they once witnessed; here, near the altar, are the niches and bracket pedestals, where once stood the statues of our Lord's friends, the saints.

Facing the altar, means facing the great east window which is the largest in London; the altar is new, but this beautiful Gothic window, in all except its glass, is as old as the church.

In view of this window, knelt in thanksgiving Bishop de Luda, and with him at the consecration of St. Etheldreda's, in 1290, His Majesty King Edward I., the "Great Plantagenet."

All the Catholic royalties were frequent guests, frequent worshippers. Here they came in their

joy; here, wearied of the world and its vanities, they came in their sorrow.

During the time of Bishop Arundel, who afterwards became Bishop of Canterbury, John of Gaunt or Ghent, Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III., and father of Henry IV., took refuge at Ely Place when his palace of the Savoy had been burnt down by rioters. Here he remained until his death, which occurred in 1399, as Hollingshead relates: "In the meantime, A. D. 1399, the Duke of Lancaster departed out of this life at the Bishop of Ely's place in Holborne, and lieth buried in the Cathedral church of St. Paule, in London, on the north side of the high altar, by the Ladie Blanche, his first wife."

His Most Gracious Majesty Edward VII. is a direct descendant of John of Ghent, Duke of Lancaster.

To quote from the Rev. Jarvis's history: "The next circumstance to be noted regarding Ely Place has reference to an event of great interest and importance in the history of England. It is remarkable for the dialogue written in connection with it by Shakespeare. The Duke of Gloucester is represented as saying to the Bishop of Ely, John Morton, on the morning of the execution of Lord Hastings at the Tower of London, 'My Lord, you have verie good strawberries in your garden in Holborne. I do beseech you send for some of them.' 'Marry, and I will, my Lord, and with all my heart,' replies the Bishop. Then followed that extraordinary scene which took place in a room shown to this day, called the council-room, in the White Tower, in which the tyrant bared his withered arm, accused Hastings of witchcraft and treason, and condemned that nobleman to instant death. Notwithstanding his complaisance, Bishop Morton was taken into custody by the Protector on the same day, with Archbishop Rotherham, Lord Stanley and others who were suspected of being opposed to the schemes of Richard."

The bishops resisted the tyranny of the haughty great, and solaced the broken spirit of the mighty fallen.

Here knelt a soul more sorrowful than John of Ghent—Katherine of Aragon, wife of Henry VIII. Rev. Father Jarvis informs us, "In 1531 a sumptuous banquet was given in the great hall of Ely Place. King Henry VIII. and Queen Katherine with the foreign ambassadors were present."

Poor Queen! and the "sumptuous banquet"! What mockeries this world's festivities often are!

The divorce case was then pending, and in a few months to be decided against her. As she visited here for the last time with her graceless husband, what premonitions must have agonized her mother-heart; for upon the elevation of Anne Boleyn, Katherine's little daughter Mary was taken from her and never permitted to see that mother again! More cruel than martyrdom!

The history continues: "Here also in the cloisters of Ely Place it is said that Henry VIII. first met with Cranmer."

Cranmer was the arch-"hireling" shepherd, the chief Judas of the Reformation in England. Cobbet the historian, a member of the "established by law" Church of England, speaks of Cranmer as the most villainous, most despicable of the Judas Reformers and proves that he was allowed to walk the earth too many years before being granted his deserts.

Here came Katherine's worthy daughter, Queen Mary, and always in tears. She twice publicly pardoned Cranmer and all guilty with him of high treason; but he and they abroad and at home openly plotted against her life. The pious Mary wore her earthly crown as the heavy responsibility which if faithfully appreciated in this life would bring to her the promised heavenly crown, which she now wears despite the historians who for obvious reasons calumniate her.

This altar window witnessed the advent of Sir Christopher Hatton, the graceful favorite who danced himself into the affections of Queen Elizabeth, "Supreme Head" of the Church of England,—who turned down and out her Bishop of Ely, and established here the winning Sir Christopher to make of this chapel a dancing-hall or anything else he pleased. Elizabeth visited Sir Christopher when he was on his death-bed in Ely Place.

Sir Christopher Hatton gave his name to "Hatton Wall" and the street "Hatton Garden," that once knew the historic "strawberries." All is pavement now; there is not an inch of unpaved ground in Ely Place.

After the death of Sir Christopher, Ely Place was let on lease to the Spanish Ambassador, Count Gondamar; the church was again used for Catholic worship. Here the English Catholics, as in the other ambassador's chapels, were able to hear Mass without incurring legal penal-

ties. It is related in the Howell letters that the Countess Gondamar, with her maids, used early in the morning to sweep and clean the chapel and get all things ready for Mass.

Count Gondamar occupied Ely Place during seven years of the reign of James I.; then it was leased to the king's cousin, the Duke of Richmond, who died here.

In the reign of Charles I., Matthew Wren, uncle of Sir Christopher, the great architect, was made Bishop of Ely, and resided in Ely Place, but for only two years, when he was committed to the Tower for endeavoring to restore Catholic practices into his diocese, and he remained there for twenty years—until 1660, when he was released.

In 1640, Ely Place was converted into a prison; during the civil war that followed this date, Ely Place served as a hospital for wounded sailors and soldiers.

Mr. Charles Cole, an architect, purchased Ely Place property in 1772, rebuilt the houses, and preserved the chapel, as a place of worship for the residents on the estate.

In 1844, St. Etheldreda's passed into the hands of the Welsh Episcopalians. It remained in their keeping until the whole of the property in Ely Place came to be sold under an order of the Court of Chancery, to finish a lawsuit between the descendants of one-time claimants. The Fathers of Charity heard of the proposed sale, and sent an agent to bid for the church, which was knocked down to him for the sum of £5,400—less than the value of the freehold ground on which it stands. It was only after the sale that they learned that the property had passed into Catholic hands. The day following the sale the Welsh clergyman called on Rev. Father Lockhart, the "ransomer," and offered for it a considerable advance on the sum he had paid. When the reverend father declined to sell, the Welsh minister rejoined, "Well, sir, I am sorry we have lost the old place, but this I will say, if we were to lose it, I am glad it has passed into your hands, for you will appreciate its beauty, and, I have no doubt, restore it in a way we should never do."

Ah, how true! Only those of the Old Faith appreciate fully and reverently the sublime beauties of the grand old temples—the minsters and cathedrals—built by and for the Old Faith.

Owing to the restoration of church and crypt, the building was not reopened for Catholic worship until the 23d of June, 1879, on which day the Feast of St. Etheldreda, its titular patroness, is annually kept in the Roman calendar.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning celebrated that Mass in the under-croft. Oh, what a gathering was there! Among others were the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, who restored the great east window as it now is, in memory of his sister, the nun Etheldreda; Lady Herbert of Lee, the gifted writer, another benefactor of St. Etheldreda's, and mother of the late British Ambassador to the United States; Rev. Father Lord Archibald Douglass, known in Canada as well as in England through devoting his income to the benefit of the boy waifs of London; the late Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O. M. I.; and the Rev. William Lockhart, B. A. Oxon., Pastor, Ransomer, and Restorer of St. Etheldreda's Church.

Many of the spiritually-minded from among our separated brethren were present. They also, as the service proceeded and eyes became dim, bent their heads and wept in sweet, silent sympathy, with their Catholic brethren. Were they not also the descendants of Edward I. and the English who erected this grand old sanctuary, and assisted at that first Mass of 1290?

A last word must be given to the great eastern window, which is one of the most beautiful in England, the largest in London, and which fills almost the entire end of the church. It is the gift of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, in memory of his sister, Etheldreda. The upper part of the window tracery is filled with imagery of angels with their instruments of music clustered round the figure of the Archangel Michael, who is hurling the great red dragon from his place of pride. The principal figure filling the central space over the altar is that of Our Lord, crowned and robed as our High Priest and King, His right hand raised in the act of blessing. To the right hand of Our Lord stands His blessed Virgin Mother; to the extreme right, St. Bridget, to commemorate the well-beloved old chapel of St. Bridget in Baldwin's Gardens; on the left hand is St. Joseph; and on the extreme left, the figure of St. Etheldreda. St. Etheldreda or Audrey is represented wearing her crown as a Saxon princess; for she was the daughter of Anna, the Christian king of East Anglia, and was born at Exning in Suffolk, in 630. Her dowry was the Isle of Elge or Ely; hence the Bishops of Ely



Library, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

dedicated their London Chapel to this saintly princess who founded the celebrated Abbey of Ely, and who in her sixth year as abbess died there of the plague, on the 23d of June, 679. Venerable Bede, her historian, says, "She was taken to the Lord in the midst of her people, and just as she had herself ordered, she was buried not elsewhere than among them in a wooden coffin."

IDRIS.

"Bits of Gossip."

THE title, "Bits of Gossip," aptly describes Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's chatty little volume of reminiscences. A skilful discrimination has gone to the selection of material from her recollections of the past, and the most trivial incidents she records have an interest of their own, because she describes the habits, customs, and attitude to life of a generation that has passed away, and that even in so short a space of time has become alien to our own. A sense of peace and leisure steals across us as we read of the village in Virginia where her childhood was passed, "with its two sleepy streets lined with Lombardy poplars, creeping between a slow-moving river and silent brooding hills," in a silent world, where there were no railways, no automobiles or trolleys, no telegraphs, no sky-scraping houses, no great capitalists, no trusts or labor unions—whose very names, even, were not yet invented—and where, after a presidential election, a month often passed before the man on a galloping horse brought the name of the successful candidate.

The book is especially full with reference to that time, and to the years of the conflict between the states. Mrs. Davis gives some glimpses of the abolition folk, which help to illuminate history, for the generations who have arisen since those troublous times have not a very clear idea of what manner of folk they were—and it is well to know about them, for they kindled the torch that lighted the fires of the greatest war of the nineteenth century.

In her brief foreword our author gives a reason for jotting down these reminiscences of a busy and observant life that has brought her in contact with many notable people.

"It has always seemed to me that each human being, before going out into the silence, should leave behind him, not the story of his own life, but of the time in which he lived,—as he saw it,—its creed, its purpose, its queer habits, and the work which it did or left undone in the world. Taken singly, these accounts might be weak and trivial, but together, they would make history live and breathe."

If a good many people had done that, centuries ago, a few of the records might have survived and come down to us—as the story of Mrs. Knight's journey from Boston to New York has come down to the later generations. Would not such narratives be prized to-day as of incalculable value? It is not so much the story of individual experiences that is wanted as the pen pictures of life and times, of manners and customs and modes of thought among plain people. It is that sort of record which Mrs. Davis gives us in this modest volume. She might have made it twice as large and not have wearied her readers. That she has used eyes and ears to good purpose, and has treasured impressions is apparent on every page.

Probably Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis would call herself an old woman now, but there is little evidence of it in her "Bits of Gossip," in which she has grouped a whole bundle of reminiscences that are as vivid and spirited as if they related to matters of yesterday, instead of going back to ante-bellum times, and to the Concord and Boston circles, when Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, Holmes, Longfellow, Fields, Lowell and the others of that ilk were the leaders of American thought.

In the early sixties she went to Concord. Thoreau was dead, and the shadows were gathering about Hawthorne, who had but recently returned from Europe. Here is one of the impressions she received of Emerson:

"He was the typical Yankee in appearance. The tall, gaunt man, with the watchful, patient face and slightly dazed eyes, his hands clasped behind his back, that came slowly down the shady village street toward the Wayside that summer day, was Uncle Sam himself in ill-fitting brown clothes. I often have wondered that none of his biographers have noticed the likeness. Voice and look and manner were full of the most exquisite courtesy, yet I doubt whether he was conscious of his courtesy or meant to be deferential. Emerson, first of all was a student of man, an explorer into the dim, obscure regions of human intelligence. He studied souls as a philologist

does words, or an entomologist beetles. He approached each man with bent head and eager eyes. 'What new thing shall I find here?' they said.

"I went to Concord, a young woman from the backwoods, firm in the belief that Emerson was the first of living men. When I heard him coming into the room at the Wayside my body literally grew stiff and my tongue dry with awe. And in ten minutes I was telling him all that I had seen of the war, the words tumbling over each other, so convinced was I of his eagerness to hear. If Edison had been there he would have been just as eager to wrench out of him the secret of electricity, or if it had been a freed slave he would have compelled him to show the scars on his back and lay bare his rejoicing, ignorant, half-animal soul, and an hour later he would have forgotten that Edison or the negro or I was in the world—having taken from each what he wanted.

"Naturally Mr. Emerson valued the abnormal freaks among human souls most highly, just as the unclassable word and the mongrel beetle are dearest to the grammarian or the naturalist. The only man to whose authority he bowed was Alcott, the vague, would-be prophet, whose ravings he did not pretend to fathom. He apparently shared in the popular belief that eccentricity is a sign of genius.

"He said to me suddenly once, 'I wish Thoreau had not died before you came. He was an interesting study.'

"'Why?' I asked.

"'Why? Thoreau?' He hesitated, thinking, going apparently to the bottom of the matter, and said presently: 'Henry often reminded me of an animal in human form. He had the eye of a bird, the scent of a dog, the most acute, delicate intelligence—but no soul.'

"Emerson's interest in his Ego was so dominant that it probably never occurred to him to ask what others thought of him. He took from each man his drop of stored honey, and after that the man counted for no more to him than any other robbed bee. I do not think that even the worship which his disciples gave him interested him enough to either amuse or annoy him."

Mrs. Davis gives a vivid picture of Holmes, "the little doctor."

"Physically, he was a very small man, holding himself stiffly erect—his face insignificant as his figure, except for a long, obstinate upper lip—'left to me,' he said, one day, 'by some ill-conditioned great-grandmother,'—and eyes full of a wonderful fire and sympathy. No one on whom Dr. Holmes had once looked with interest ever forgot the look—or him. . . . The Autocrat was patrician enough to represent the descent of a daimio, with two thousand years of ancestry behind him. He was the finest fruit of that Brahmin order of New England which he first had classified and christened. He had too keen an appreciation of genius not to recognize his own. He enjoyed his work as much as his most fervent admirers, and openly enjoyed their applause. I remember one evening that he quoted one of his poems, and I was forced stupidly to acknowledge that I did not know it. He fairly jumped to the book-cases, took out the volume and read the verses, standing in the middle of the room, his voice trembling, his whole body thrilling with their meaning.

"'There!' he cried at the end, his eyes flashing, 'could anybody have said that better? Ah-h!' with a long, indrawn breath of delight as he put the book back.

"But with all his whims, Dr. Holmes was no unpractical dreamer like his friends in Concord. He was far in advance of his time in certain shrewd, practical plans for the bettering of the conditions of American life."

"Hawthorne was in the Boston fraternity but not of it. He was an alien among these men, not of their kind. I am sure that wherever he went during his whole life, from the grassy streets of Salem to the docks of Liverpool, on Parisian boulevards or in the olive groves of Bellosguardo, he was always a foreigner, different from his neighbors. The man next door interested him no more than the man in Mozambique. He walked through life, talking and thinking to himself in a language which we do not understand. . . . Even in his own house he was like Banquo's ghost among the thanes at the banquet.

"Personally he was a rather short, powerfully built man, gentle and low-voiced, with a sly, elusive humor gleaming sometimes in his watchful gray eyes. The portrait with which we all are familiar—a curled barber-shop head—gives no idea of the singular melancholy charm of his face. There was a mysterious power in it which I never have seen elsewhere in picture, statue, or human being.

"Hawthorne was the product of generations of solitude and silence. No wonder that he had the second sight and was naturalized into the world of ghosts and could interpret for us their speech.

"America may have great poets and novelists, but she never will have more than one necromancer."

Of Lowell Mrs. Davis says:

"His politics and poetry were, as a rule, kept inside of his books. He himself in every-day life was so simple, so sincere, so human, that you forgot that he had any higher calling than that of being the most charming of companions.

"Mr. Whittier, on the contrary, was always the poet and the Abolitionist. He did not consciously pose, but he never for a moment forgot his mission. He was thin, mild, and ascetic, looking like a Presbyterian country minister. He gave his views of slavery and the South with a gentle, unwearied obstinacy, exasperating to any one who knew that there was another side to the question."

Here is Mrs. Davis's first meeting with Louisa Alcott, of "Little Women" fame:

"During my first visit to Boston, in 1862, I saw at an evening reception a tall, thin young woman standing in a corner. She was plainly dressed, and had that watchful, defiant air with which the woman whose youth is slipping away is apt to face the world which has offered no place to her. Presently she came up to me.

"'These people may say pleasant things to you,' she said abruptly; 'but not one of them would have gone to Concord and back to see you, as I did to-day. I went for this gown. It's the only decent one I have. I'm very poor;' and in the next breath she contrived to tell me that she had once taken a place as 'second girl.' 'My name,' she added, 'is Louisa Alcott.'

"Now, although we had never met, Louisa Alcott had shown me great kindness in the winter just past, sacrificing a whole day to a tedious work which was to give me pleasure at a time when every hour counted largely to her in her desperate struggle to keep her family from want. . . . It was as natural for her to do such things as for a pomegranate-tree to bear fruit. . . . Amid her grim surroundings, she had the gracious instincts of a queen. It was her delight to give, to feed living creatures, to make them happy in body and soul.

"She would so welcome you in her home to a butterless baked potato and a glass of milk that you would never forget the delicious feast. Or, if she had no potato or milk to offer, she would take you through the woods to the river, and tell you old legends of colony times, and be so witty and kind in the doing of it that the day would stand out in your memory ever after, differing from all other days, brimful of pleasure and comfort.

"Years afterward she came to the city where I was living and I hurried to meet her. The lean, eager, defiant girl was gone, and instead, there came to greet me a large, portly, middle-aged woman, richly dressed. Everything about her, from her shrewd, calm eyes to the rustle of her satin gown told of assured success.

"Yet I am sure fame and success counted for nothing with her except for the material aid which they enabled her to give to a few men and women whom she loved. She would have ground her bones to make their bread. Louisa Alcott wrote books which are true and fine, but she never imagined a life as noble as her own.

"The altar for human sacrifices still stands and smokes in this Christian day of the world, and God apparently does not reject its offerings."

To the southern women, who had "that sweet, soft, elusive charm of the purely feminine woman," Mrs. Davis pays high tribute:

"The old-time Southerners had very much the feeling toward their reigning belle that the Italian peasant has for the Madonna. She expresses to him purity, motherhood, and religion, all in one.

"I was once in a southern town when one of these famous beauties passed through on her way to the Virginia Springs. She remained all day with her escort in the little village inn, and all day a closely packed mass of men waited patiently outside to see her. Probably every man in the town was there. When the young girl was brought out at last to enter her coach, every head was uncovered. There was not a sound nor a whisper. With a deference that was almost reverent they gazed at her beauty and blushes, and stood bare-headed and still silent until she was out of sight.

"Does this seem ridiculous to you? It was the natural homage of the man to youth and beauty and innocence, and I think it was a wholesome thing for both the man and the woman."

Mrs. Davis's recollections of the earlier South

and of the Civil War abound in incidents too long for quotation, though among them are many curious, amusing, or pathetic. Her quaint narrative of the old notions of "personal honor," and the bloody sequels which followed, are chapters of social history of great value. She has carried out admirably the spirit in which she began this book, as indicated in the sentences quoted from her preface. Such reminiscences should be preserved for those who come after. They are glimpses of departed conditions that no amount of legends or descriptions at second hand could ever equal, either in fidelity or interest. Her book has a distinctive historical value of its own.

One of the closing paragraphs gives us an insight into the heart of the writer:

"For it is a mistake to talk of the twilight of age, or the blurred sight of old people. The long day grows clearer at its close, and the petty fogs of prejudice which rose between us and our fellows in youth, melt away as the sun goes down. At last we see God's creatures as they are."

ESTELLE FORRESTEL.

An Ideal Union.

THE subject which we are about to treat rests for the moment an incomplete work as our hero and heroine, yet in the flower of age, have only made their début in the world of letters.

The "Journal de Françoise," a sprightly Canadian publication, and the French editions of Cyrano de Bergerac, give us much valuable information from which we glean many interesting facts concerning the lives of Mr. and Mrs. de Rostand, who both aspire to the illustrious in literature and it is poetry that crowns them with laurels. They live in sentiment, poetical inspirations, and mutual effusions. They exchange their sympathy, and communicate in confidence, enjoying those delightful hours that characterize the flower of youth. Mrs. de Rostand has declared her intense feeling for her husband in a remarkable poem entitled "L'Eternelle Chanson," into which she has thrown all the tenderness of a heart that loves. It is with sweet and captivating utterances that she makes allusion to the brevity of this love of twenty years, "de ce cher amour, qui passe comme un rêve." There are many of her charming verses, displaying a refined taste, full of delicate ideas and grace, and where we feel "toutes les palpitations d'un coeur."

Mrs. de Rostand was born in 1870. She is a blonde with a rose tint in her cheeks and an abundance of golden hair. Quite elegant and in accordance with the demands of fashion, she follows the progress of styles with distinguished taste. Mr. de Rostand is also worldly, wearing handsome coats and sumptuous cravats, like a young premier of the French theatre. He lives in apartments ornamented with old silks; all these exterior refinements seeming but to intensify their happiness. Mrs. de Rostand is her husband's devoted companion, uses her brightening influence in the hours of discouragement and is overcome with transports of joy for the success that crowns his literary efforts.

They live very happily together as she shares in all his inclinations—always seeking his glory more than her own.

It is said that Mr. and Mrs. de Rostand are two poets who have the purest talent. Mr. de Rostand is perhaps the more clever, as from his childhood he was surrounded by a literary atmosphere, well-calculated to bring out and develop the tastes that were natural to him. He is romantic in the extreme, a born poet and a dramatist almost from his cradle. Through the publication of his volume of poems, de Rostand has been known in a general way to French Littérateurs. But a masterstroke like "Cyrano de Bergerac" was necessary to make its author a favorite in his own land and to send his name abroad as one excelling even previous noted French authors.

When de Rostand commenced this great work he hired a place in the country so that no visitors or invitations might tempt him away from his daily toil. Rich, young, handsome, married to a woman all Paris was admiring, he voluntarily shut himself up for over a year in a dismal suburb, allowing no amusement to disturb his incessant labor. If this play is the best this century has produced, our young author has not stolen his laurels, but gained them leaf by leaf during the endless midnight hours of rewriting, cutting, modeling, never contented, always striving after a more expressive word, a more harmonious or original rhyme.

There are several reasons why the play is a

success. Perhaps the first and greatest is its real value as literature. It is in every sense of the word a great poem, pure, beautiful and simple, abounding in quotable passages and expressions. The play, too, is pure in its subject matter; there are no repulsive intrigues, no questionable scenes, and it will bear translation without that ruinous expurgating so needlessly necessary to some of our so-called standard works.

"Cyrano" comes at times perilously near burlesque, but it never descends to it. The interest never decreases. "It consists," as M. Filon says, "entirely in the strange contrast presented by Cyrano's double nature. On the one hand, the brave and tender heart, the tongue so marvellously quick in a fencing-match of words, the hand so skilful in the more deadly play of the sword. And then the ridiculous face, the nose for children to mock at, Don Juan imprisoned in the skin of Quasimodo." Finally, the triumph of the play is attributed to the author's skill in revealing the spirit that prevailed in the seventeenth century. The model of his hero appears to have been attentively considered, his thought, and even his mode of expression. And the author has proved his dexterity and technical science which have been greatly admired. He is unmistakably a man of letters, possessing professional tricks and pursuing the difficulty of rare rhymes. Mrs. de Rostand has less ingenuity but it seems that her sensibility is more penetrating. She recites with splendid grace, without affectation or excess of coquettishness, with a clear and musical voice and with a spontaneous art. Her subtle poetry leaves in our memory a brilliant and endurable trace, an impression of youth and freshness.

It was at an early period that our hero and heroine were seized with mutual admiration. The sweet emotions of their betrothal and the impression of their honeymoon are reproduced in two volumes, one entitled "Les Pipeaux" and signed Rosemond Gérard, the other "Les Musardises" of Edmond de Rostand. These are their first works and nothing more fresh, more tender, more sincerely ingenuous has been composed in the French language.

In the enthusiastic stanzas entitled "Rêve de Bonheur," Rosemond Gérard describes with ravishment her future surroundings as she would like them to be. Her dreams were realized, for in such an abode far from the city these congenial poets spent their first years together. This happy life so filled with reciprocal felicity still exists.

Nothing is more charming than the "Bébé S'éveille" under the title of "Roses de Noël." They attempt to make us remember the joys of our young days, revealing the feelings found in the hearts of mothers and the pleasure given to children by the coming of Santa Claus. In "Ma Première Lettre" she speaks with gracious simplicity of her début in epistolary style. She wrote many verses of Autumn as "Maison à Louer," "Le Dernier Papillon," and a beautiful poem, "Trois Voix," where she dreams of her castle of idle fancies.

She has a spirit of intuition, a sense of the science of the beautiful and finally a tint of melancholy, common to all artists.

Reflecting on the favorable impression made by Mr. and Mrs. de Rostand, do we wonder at their arousing the enthusiasm of the world? Let us join their admirers in wishing them a continuance of their career in the beautiful path of roses and the sweet rest they have found under the shade of the palms.

ETHEL M. RAINS.

A lady is simply the highest type of a woman. She will be gentle and modest, mistress of her temper and curiosity. She will know and honor her own place in the social order as the divinely appointed molder, teacher and refiner of men, and out of this beautiful and noble place she will not seek to move. To fit herself for her place she will cultivate body and mind—the body in health and vigor, that she may take her share of burdens and be cheerful under them and that her work in the world shall be as fairly done as her hands can do it—and the mind in knowledge, accomplishment, and taste, that she may be a delight and a help in her home.

The economy of saving time is wise, but there is an economy of spending time. In reading, especially, hurry is most wasteful. Reading is the making of thoughts, of ideas, of pictures in the brain. All young photographers know how little is to be made out of an "unexposed plate," but do they understand that there may be such a thing as an under-exposed brain? It takes time to make impressions on the mind. If you read too fast, either aloud or to yourself, the mind receives poor impressions, or none at all.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

MAUD MERLE,	ESTELLE FORRESTEL,
BERTHA HENRY,	GLADYS WEST,
BEATRICE BECK,	ROSE McCORMICK.

Subscription price, $1.00 per year, in advance. Address all communications to

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

JULY, 1905.

Doubtless there was something poetic and even chivalric in the homage paid by the ancients to Juno, Minerva, Venus, and Diana, but love and childlike confidence formed no part of that homage. Even Flora, the brightest and most charming of the heathen deities, failed to inspire her votaries with affection. The first woman before whom the children of men bowed with loving reverence, was she who beneath the shadow of the redeeming Cross had assumed in their regard the sacred name of Mother. And since that hallowed hour when Mary the Mother of Jesus stood beside her expiring Son upon Golgotha's height, until the present day, every Catholic heart has from the cradle to the grave rendered to her a loving and a trusting honor.

To each one of us she is beautiful as the Rose of Sharon, stately as the cedar of Lebanon, and fair as the olive tree in the plain, yet most sweet and gracious to us her children. Hence we joyfully pay her tribute and homage, and no modern devotion is so sweet in its associations, or so dear to the heart of the child of Mary, as that of the beautiful month of May.

When the orb of day rises over the face of nature, and reveals trees and flowers and shrubs putting forth their early blossoms and creating a new verdure, then ascends from millions of pure souls a sweet odor of prayer and of praise to the throne of the Virgin of Israel, the Queen of May; and when the glorious planet sinks in "coral and pearly hues," casting its golden sheen over the fair earth, again does incense and a sweet oblation rise from countless hearts devoted to Mary.

Within Loretto's hallowed portals, with loving, lingering reiteration, we have wreathed our chaplet of Aves before our Lady's shrine and, in the vesper twilight, have sung our hymns of praise. And now, as the bright hours wing their flight and the shadows fall, we lovingly turn our steps to her rose-decked altar to place our humble offerings at her feet—and our hearts in her blessed keeping.

*

Our annual Triduum, under the direction of Rev. L. Cotter, S. J., a master in the spiritual life, whose earnest manner and clear thought-presentation won all hearts to the cause, was rich in helpful means and practical instruction.

During this brief retirement from study, and entire absorption in the subject of religious perfection, the supreme importance of all that concerns the soul forced itself to the surface of our reflections, with the conviction, that only those who have made a thoroughly good retreat, can estimate its value, not alone to the soul, but to the character.

Father Cotter's words were an incentive to the best and the noblest in thought and in action, and, remembering his admonition and direction, we go forth forewarned and forearmed against all that mars the beauty of true womanhood.

*

The fourteenth of June—a bright, blue sky, soft, golden sunshine, and Loretto's portals opened wide in joyous welcome to the noble Count Vay de Vaya, Apostolic Prothonotary, the

cheerful radiance of whose presence is gilding the closing days of our school year.

We would fain discover words unuttered before yet fitted to grace the auspicious occasion and express our high appreciation of the honor conferred by this distinguished Prelate, to whom the Institute is so favorably known, and whose address to the students reached such delightful climax in eulogistic description of its various houses in many lands.

Invested with an intense interest in our eyes from the fact of his being a sojourner in the Eternal City and in frequent communication with our Holy Father, we were prepared to be somewhat awed by the presence of Monsignor Vay de Vaya, but his gentle simplicity of high-born grace and peculiar charm of manner soon dispelled all thought of a greatness which obtrudes itself, and his entrance to the assembly hall was greeted by an outburst of welcoming song, followed by an address in French, from Miss Beatrice Beck, and several musical selections.

Monsignor Vay de Vaya replied in French and in English. The keynote of his discourse was gentleness and purity of heart in woman—"Be pure as the beautiful crystals that sparkle on the waters of your Cataract—gentle yet heroic maidens, whose time, strength, and talents shall be constantly directed to the one grand object."

It is gratifying to chronicle a visit like this. when a noble title is crowned by that which alone is worthy of the name—nobility of soul and sanctity of life. This is the proud title which we glory in for our honored guest.

*

We have received from Benziger Bros., New York, "The Transplanting of Tessie," a happy little story that children of all ages will thoroughly enjoy. Tessie Neville has been transplanted, because of illness, from her convent home to Wycherly Hall, her uncle's great domain. To the simple, pious child, the luxury by which she is surrounded is very fascinating. There are various adventures with an escaped convict whom Tessie's uncle had sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, and finally "little Joe's" serious illness, in which nothing that science can do equals the trusting faith of the convent child. The finale is all that any one could wish, and "the Teresa Neville Home" is the crowning ending to one of the prettiest tales that Mrs. Waggaman has ever written for children.

*

"The Race for Copper Island," by Rev. H. S. Spalding, S. J., has also been received from Benziger Bros.

In this new book Father Spalding has transferred the scene of his story from Kentucky to the Great Lakes. Those who admire his two Kentucky stories will find in this volume the same exact and delightful descriptions of nature; although the pine and birch have taken the place of the hickory and beech trees, while, instead of the Beech Fork and Ohio, we have the Ottawa River and the Great Lakes.

It was no small praise for Father Spalding when his descriptions were compared with those of Cooper. In the present story the author has invaded the country in which were laid the plots of Cooper's most popular novels. We wish for the writer the same lasting popularity in juvenile literature.

The story deals with the discovery of the mines in upper Michigan during the time of Joliet and Marquette. The hero is a young Canadian boy, Paul Guibeau; but, perhaps his companion, a Huron Indian, by the name of Red Bear, is the most interesting character.

*

"The Rights of Our Little Ones," or First Principles of Education, by Rev. James Conway, S. J., might be called a *multum in parvo,* for it contains a full statement of the leading principles on the rights of the parent, State, and Church in matters of education, in catechetical form. It is especially timely at a moment when educationists would usurp all rights in regard to

the bringing-up of children, even to the pauperization of our public schools, and the taxing of the poor for the higher education of the rich.

The ever-increasing interest in the true principles of education has called for a *new and cheaper* edition of Father Conway's booklet, which may be procured from Benziger Bros., New York, for the trifling sum of ten cents—paper binding.

*

"The Senior Lieutenant's Wager and Other Stories," published by Benziger Bros., New York.

Thirty different authors contribute to make this volume a rare treat and a most appropriate gift book. Open it at random and you will find a story that will entertain, instruct, and encourage.

*

Niagara flows for mankind—not for New York or Canada alone—to teach the mighty lessons of Nature's wonder and power. Diverted, it will flow for the coffers of a few private individuals to enable them to produce power at a cheaper rate than their competitors who have not an opportunity to obtain it. Here is a comment on our century and our civilization. What will be the conclusion? In this question there is a strange commingling of commercialism and science. The grandeur of God's handiwork and the meanness of the dollar are brought face to face. It is enough to cause the shade of Father Hennepin, the first white man to see the Falls in all their pristine glory, to descend from his abode of peace and raise his hands in holy protest.

*

The Centenary of Hans Andersen, the "Cobbler's Son and Fairy King," has brought tribute to his work and memory from many lands. New editions of his books have been issued, and personal mementoes reproduced and sold in the cause of charity. Hans Andersen has rightly come into his own.

Glimpses of Ruskin—Seen in his Letters

WE can scarcely be too grateful to Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., for giving us these two volumes of correspondence, intimate in character and unstudied in style and contents, for they are illuminative of the man John Ruskin, and after all has been said and written about him in the past thirty or forty years, and after all the study we have given to his writings, it cannot be said that even his admirers know him very intimately—certainly not so thoroughly that we cannot rejoice at the new light which these letters throw upon his personality, modes of thought, special occupations, and ways of looking at things. "No other series of Ruskin's letters," says Mr. Norton, "extended unbroken over so long a term of years, or was likely to possess so much autobiographical interest. . . . Inadequate as a record of life, they may be read as an irregular narrative of a friendship with which neither difference of temperament nor frequent and wide divergence of opinion had power to interfere. Thus presented, they afford a remarkable picture of a personage altogether exceptional. The measuring rod which serves for common men will not answer for him. His nature was in the highest degree complex; it was full of contradictory elements which he never succeeded in reconciling so as to obtain steady equilibrium and tranquillity of soul, or persistent fixity of aim. His will was unstable, for in him reason was subject to sentiment and often to transient emotion.

"I am not disposed to attempt depicting in words a nature of which a complete and correct description would be extremely difficult. Ruskin has himself given in 'Praeterita' an account, unsurpassed in sincerity, frankness, and penetration, and not less so in charm, of his childhood and youth and of the main influences by which his character was shaped. Begun late in life, portions of this account display with unconscious pathos the partial unsoundness of his mind at the time when he was engaged upon it, which finally prevented him from completing what, so far as it goes, is one of the most delightful of autobiographies. These letters may be regarded as a sequel to 'Praeterita.' They begin where it leaves off and run on to near the end of life.

"In preparing them for the press, and reading



MEMBERS OF ST. CATHARINE'S LITERARY CLUB, LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS.

them in a mass consecutively, after an interval of many years, they touch me even more deeply than when they came to me one by one. Taken all together they form a tragic record of the perplexities of a great and generous soul, the troubles of a tender heart, the spendthrift use and at last the failure of exceptional powers. Such genius, such high aim, such ardent yet often ill-directed effort, and such great yet broken achievement, such splendors sinking into such glooms,—it is a sorrowful story!

"Though this be the main impression made by these letters, yet they show that while there was little happiness in the last forty years of Ruskin's life, there was much in them of enjoyment. Though the background of his life was dark, many gleams of sunshine passed over its foreground."

The Letters begin shortly after Professor Norton made Ruskin's acquaintance in a manner which he briefly describes in the opening pages of the first volume, and are continued at irregular intervals. Mr. Norton has not revealed the soul of his friend needlessly, nor raised the curtain upon those intimacies, which good taste demands should be kept sacred and inviolate. The Letters reveal only that part of Ruskin about which the world has a right to know.

A letter of introduction from a mutual acquaintance brought Mr. Ruskin and Professor Norton together—the latter wished to see the Turners which hung upon Ruskin's walls. He was received with unaffected kindliness, and his host gave no indication of his sense of "the infinite waste of time in saying the same things over and over to the people who came to see our Turners."

"Mr. Ruskin was at this time thirty-six years old. The second volume of 'Modern Painters' had been published ten years before; he had meanwhile published the 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' and the 'Stones of Venice,' and he was busy this year in writing the third and fourth volumes of 'Modern Painters.' His abundant light-brown hair, his blue eyes, and his fresh complexion gave him a young look for his age; he was a little above middle height, his figure was slight, his movements were quick and alert, and his whole air and manner had a definite and attractive individuality. There was nothing in him of the common English reserve and stiffness, and no self-consciousness or sign of consideration of himself as a man of distinction, but rather, on the contrary, a seeming self-forgetfulness and an almost feminine sensitiveness and readiness of sympathy. His features were irregular, but the lack of beauty was made up for by the kindness of his look, and the expressiveness of his full and mobile lips."

Truly, an excellent pen portrait. Professor Norton did not expect to see Mr. Ruskin again. It was only an accidental meeting in the cabin of a Geneva steamer, eight months after, that led to a renewal of the first acquaintance.

The frontispiece for the second volume is from the well-known portrait of Ruskin, showing him with the heavy gray whiskers and heavy, flowing hair. Another illustration is a group of three figures, Ruskin in the centre, with his hand linked in the arm of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and W. Bell Scott standing on the other side. Several facsimiles of MSS. and of sketches by Ruskin, together with views of Brantwood and Coniston Hall, make up the other illustrations of the volumes.

Professor Norton relates that after his return from Europe, in May, 1873, ten years passed before he again saw Ruskin. "They were years of grave change and sad experience for him. He continued to engage in dangerous excess of dispersed and exhausting work, and to yield to a still more dangerous excess of emotion. The intensity of his sensitiveness to immediate impressions, the passionate ardor of his feelings, the habit of uncontrolled expression reacting to increase the temper from which it sprang, continued to aggravate the bitterness of his resentment against the evil of the world, and to deprive him of peace of mind. His unsettled religious convictions failed to afford him solid spiritual comfort and support. His writings, largely devoted to social questions, exposed him by their manner as well as by their doctrine to harsh criticism, by which he was wounded and embittered. He felt deeply the separation which was growing wider and wider between himself and other men. His firmest convictions were opposed to the prevailing ideas of his time. He stood alone and like a prophet to whom his people would not hearken. Personal sorrows added to his troubles. His brain and his heart were alike overwrought.

Yet there were intervals when the natural elasticity and cheerfulness of his disposition asserted themselves, when the delights of nature or of art

could still minister to his happiness, and when all the sweetness and generosity of his nature displayed themselves in their incomparable abundance.

His friends could not but be anxious for him, and they strove in vain to persuade him to moderate his exhausting career. For a long time the vigor of his constitution enabled it to endure the excessive strain to which it was subjected, but finally, in 1878, it gave way, and he was brought near death by a violent inflammation of the brain. The immediate attack passed, leaving apparently little effect. The monthly issue of 'Fors Clavigera,' which had continued unbroken for seven years, and in which he had poured out his thought on every subject, displaying himself and his affairs with astonishing frankness and sincerity, was now suspended. It had been a dangerous mode of relief of his overburdened spirit.

From this time he was never safe from similar breakdowns, which occurred at intervals with more or less severity, with gradual permanent damage to his brain."

In October, 1882, Professor Norton received the following characteristic communication from Mr. Ruskin:

"I've just got your letter of the 1st., and have only been out for a little walk in the dew, and to see the Carrara mountains, and come back, round the Chapel of the Madonna of the Rose, to answer it. I've done some curious work for you since on the walls of Fesole, finding out also much for myself on them, and underneath them. But it's the Niagara bit I want to answer to-day.

"There seems to me no question but that this generation is meant to destroy of the good works of men and of God, pretty nearly all they can get at. But—what *next?* The temporary help to Niagara, or poor little fragments saved at Pisa or Canterbury are virtually nothing, unless as a leaven, and spark in ashes, for future bread and fire. What *now?*—is the question for all of us. Here in Lucca, I was drawing last night a literal bouquet of red Campaniles. Five in a cluster, led by the Guinigi—up against amber and blue sunset. But, they must all soon come down; the wonder is they've stood so long. And what is to be built instead?—chimneys? or minarets of muezzin to the Religion of Humanity? or shot towers?

"Underneath them, Mr. Collingwood, surveying Lucca for me, has shaded already fourteen churches with 12th. century—or earlier—fronts. When these are gone, what is to vary the street effects? The Italians think *Magazzini,* but what think Americans, the better sort?

"What do you propose to make of the new blank world which Nature herself seems resolved to sweep clean for you, down to her own snows, and carry off the last ruins of Italy with the melting of them, all the four bridges of Verona gone in one day's swirl of Adige.

"My own conviction has been these twenty years that when the wicked had destroyed all the work of good people, the good people would get up and destroy theirs."

* * * * * *

"It was soon after my last stay with him," writes Mr. Norton, that Ruskin began to write his 'Praeterita,' the record 'of scenes and thoughts,' as its title says, 'perhaps worthy of memory in my past life.' It was issued in monthly numbers, beginning in April, 1885, but its regular publication was at times interrupted by illness, and the last number, the twenty-eighth, appeared in July, 1889. By far its largest autobiographical part is occupied with the account of Ruskin's childhood and youth, ending practically with the year 1856, when he was thirty-seven years old. It was the year of the beginning of our friendship. Although there are many passages which indicate the disturbance of his mind, yet, barring these, the spirit and style of the book are thoroughly delightful, and truly represent the finer characteristics of his nature. He has written nothing better, it seems to me, than some pages of this book, whether of description or reflection. The retrospect is seen through the mellowing atmosphere of age, the harshness of many an outline is softened by distance, and the old man looks back upon his own life with a feeling which permits him to delineate it with perfect candor, with exquisite tenderness, and a playful liveliness quickened by his humorous sense of its dramatic extravagances and individual eccentricities.

After a fresh attack of illness in 1889, Ruskin was never able to take up again the broken thread of his story. The last ten years of his life were spent in retirement, and save for recurrent attacks of brain trouble, his days were peaceful and not unhappy. He still enjoyed the beauties of Nature and Art, still liked to read or hear read his favorite books, still loved to listen to simple

music. He was cared for with entire tenderness and devotion. His sun sank slowly, and amid clouds, but they did not wholly darken its light.

The last words of his own writing which I received from him were written on the 21st. of November, 1896, a few months more than forty years from the date of the beginning of our friendship. They were at the foot of a letter of Mrs. Severn, and were written in pencil with a trembling hand,—"From your loving J. R."

"Praeterita" ends with the following words, strangely symbolic of much of the life of which they close the record: "Fonte Branda I last saw with Charles Norton, under the same arches where Dante saw it. We drank of it together, and walked together that evening on the hills above, where the fireflies among the scented thickets shone fitfully in the still undarkened air. *How* they shone! moving like fine-broken starlight through the purple leaves. How they shone! through the sunset that faded into thunderous night as I entered Siena three days before, the white edges of the mountainous clouds still lighted from the west, and the openly golden sky calm behind the Gate of Siena's heart, with its still golden words, *Cor magis tibi Sena pandit,* and the fireflies everywhere in sky and cloud rising and falling, mixed with the lightning, and more intense than the stars."

It would be a very easy matter to cull from these Letters—the first volume extends to 1870, and the second to 1887, and they portray the writer in all moods—but it would scarcely be fair to the reader to give him a few morsels from the feast when he may find the whole table spread before him. In preparing the book, Professor Norton has assumed that the reader has some acquaintance with Ruskin's works and with the general trend of his life, and it will be found a delightful exercise to read it as a sort of autobiographical narrative and to collate with it so much as may be practicable of the works to which Ruskin refers in the Letters. This would entail a very leisurely perusal of Professor Norton's two volumes, but thereby would the reader prolong the pleasure which they will give, and sense in the fullest measure the charm of Ruskin's style as a letter-writer, freshening the while his appreciation of the genius of this wonderful man. It will deepen also the reader's sense of obligation to Professor Norton for these two entirely delightful and revelatory volumes.

BEATRICE BECK.

"A Belle of the Fifties"—Mrs. Clay of Alabama—In Ante-Bellum Days.

A VERY interesting volume of the memoirs of the famous Mrs. Clay of Alabama, covering the social and political life of Washington and the Southern States between 1853 and 1866, has been edited and put into narrative form by Ada Sterling—who has done the work admirably—and a series of reproductions of contemporary portraits gives additional value to the book. Mrs. Clay, whose "procession of memories" is here set down, was the wife of Mr. Clement C. Clay, Jr., and is now Mrs. Clay-Clopton. The editor of her memoirs tells us that, at eighty years of age, her energy and enthusiasm are unimpaired, and that the magnetism and fascination which she exercised in those unrestful days which preceded the great Civil War are as great as ever. The narrative fully bears this out. Mrs. Clay is, indeed, an old woman now, but in the years of which she writes, she was in the heydey of her brilliant and attractive womanhood, and was one of the best known ladies in the world of Washington. The daughter of Dr. Peyton Randolph Tunstall—in his day one of the best known men in North Carolina—and the granddaughter of General William Armstrong, she came of good Revolutionary stock. The death of her mother, while the author of the memoirs was still a young child, led to her being placed in the care of family relatives in Alabama, and thus she became early identified with that state. In the early forties she married Mr. Clay, a young legislator, the son of Senator Clay, who represented Alabama in the United States Senate. The family was connected by ties of blood with the great Henry Clay, of Kentucky. In her opening chapter, in which she gives an account of her girlhood, Mrs. Clay says:

"That marriage feast in the morn of my life was beautiful; the low, spacious house of primitive architecture was white with hyacinths, and foliage decorated every available space. The legislature came in a body, Solons of the State, and young aspirants for fame; the president and faculty of the State University, of which Mr. Clay was a favored son; and in that glorious company of old Alabamians, my identity as Virginia Tunstall was merged forever with that of the rising young statesman, Clement C. Clay, Jr.

A week of festivity followed the ceremony, and

then my husband took me to my future home, in the northern part of the State. There being no railroad connection between Tuscaloosa and Huntsville in those days, we made the journey from the capital in a big four-wheeled stage-coach. Stone Mountain reached, we were obliged to descend and pick our way on foot, the roughness of the road making the passage of the coach a very dangerous one. But these difficulties only lent a charm to us, for the whole world was enwrapped in the glamour of our youthful joys. The sunsets, blazing crimson on the horizon, seemed gloriously to proclaim the sunrise of our life.

We arrived in Huntsville on the evening of the second day of our journey. Our driver, enthusiastically proud of his part in the home-bringing of the bride, touched up the spirited horses as we crossed the Public Square and blew a bugle blast as we wheeled round the corner; when, fairly dashing down Clinton Street, he pulled up in masterly style in front of 'Clay Castle.' It was wide and low and spacious, as were all the affluent homes of that day, and now was ablaze with candles to welcome the travellers. Here, within, awaited a great gathering of family and friends eager to see the chosen bride of a well-loved son.

It is sixty years since that wonderful wedding day, and of the maidens who attended me—there were six—and the happy company that thronged Judge Collier's home on that crisp February morning when I crossed the Rubicon of life, all—even the bridegroom—have passed long since into the shadowy company of memory and the dead."

Mrs. Clay's Washington experiences began ten years after her marriage. She tells us that when she first came to the capital, she knew really very little about poiltics, "notwithstanding the fact that from my childhood I had called myself 'a pronounced Jeffersonian Democrat.' Naturally, I was an hereditary believer in state's rights, the real question, which, in an attempt to settle it, culminated in our Civil War; and I had been bred among the lawmakers of the sturdy young State of Alabama, many of whom had served at the state and national capitals with marked distinction; but from my earliest girlhood three lessons had been taught me religiously, viz.: to be proud alike of my name and blood and section, to read my Bible, and last, to know my 'Richmond Inquirer.' Often, as an aid to the performance of this last duty, have I read aloud its full contents, from the rates of advertisement down, until my dear uncle, Tom Tunstall, had fallen asleep over my childish efforts."

We perceive the effect of these lessons as the narrative proceeds. Mrs. Clay became a "Fire-eater" of the sort who would not so far condescend as to permit a Northern black Republican to take her in to dinner. She speaks of it humorously now, and recounts a few comical incidents, but it was very real then.

Senator Clay was a man of high character, scholarly attainments, and free from much of the assertiveness that marked many of his confrères. Entering Congress with the beginning of the Pierce administration, he became a close friend of the President, of whom Mrs. Clay gives an intimate picture. She narrates how at a time when the conflicts between North and South had become especially heated, and when the difficulties in the President's path became especially vexing and wearisome, on a certain snowy night, President Pierce came alone, and incognito as it were, to their apartments in the hotel, and spent the evening. It was simply the resource of a wearied and worried man, seeking in the consolations of friendship, some relief from the cares that perplexed him. "How fully Mr. Pierce relied upon Senator Clay's discretion may be illustrated by an incident which lives still very vividly in my memory. . . . We heard a low and unusual knock at the door. My trim maid, Emily, hastened to open it, when there entered hastily a tall figure, wrapped in a long storm-cloak on which the snowflakes still lay thickly. The new-comer was muffled to the eyes. He glanced quickly about the rooms, making a motion to us, as he did so, to remain silent. My husband rose inquiringly, failing, as did I, to recognize our mysterious visitor. In a second more, however, perceiving that we were alone, he threw off his outer coat and soft hat, when, to our astonishment, our unceremonious and unexpected guest stood revealed as the President!

'Lock that door, Clay!' he said, almost pathetically, 'and don't let a soul know I'm here!' Then, turning, he handed me a small package which he had carried under his coat.

'For you, Mrs. Clay,' he said. 'It is my picture. I hope you will care to take it with you to Alabama, and sometimes remember me!'

I thanked him delightedly as I untied the package and saw within a handsome photograph superbly framed.

'Ah, my dear friends!' said Mr. Pierce, leaning forward in his armchair and warming his hands as he spoke; 'I am so tired of the shackles of Presidential life that I can scarcely endure it! I long for quiet—for—' and he looked around our restful parlors—'for this! Oh! for relaxation and privacy once more, and a chance for home!'

His voice and every action betrayed the weary man. We were deeply moved, and my husband uttered such sympathetic words as only a wise man may. I soon had the pleasure of seeing the President and Mr. Clay in all the comfort of a friendly chat. Primarily, the object of his visit was to discuss an affair of national moment which was to be brought before the Senate the next day; but the outlook of the times which also fell naturally under discussion formed no small part in the topics thus intimately scanned. Both were men to whom the horrid sounds of coming combat were audible, and both were patriots seeking how they might do their part to avert it. It was midnight ere Mr. Pierce rose to go.

My remembrances of that secret visit have ever remained most keen. Often, when I think of the lonely grave on the quiet hillside at Concord, I recall the night when weariness of body and State formalities impelled the President to our cozy fireside, though he beat his way to it through snow and winds, stealing from the trammels of his position for the mere pleasure of walking the streets unimpeded and free as any other citizen.

President Pierce entered the White House in 1853, full as a youth of leaping life. A year before his inauguration I had seen him bound up the stairs with the elasticity and lightness of a schoolboy. He went out after four years a staid and grave man, on whom the stamp of care and illness was ineradicably impressed.

I often contrasted the pale, worn, haggard man whose 'wine of life was drawn, and the mere lees left i' the vault,' ere his term—so coveted by many—was spent, with the buoyant person I first met on the breezy New Hampshire hills!

Especially a lovable man in his private character, President Pierce was a man whom our nation might well be proud to have at its head. Graced with an unusually fine presence, he was most courtly and polished in manner. He was also an eloquent speaker, and, though reserved to a degree, was very winning in manner."

While Mrs. Clay's book deals principally with the social and political personages of Washington life in the years between 1853 to 1861, one obtains a full glimpse of the intensity of the feeling of the time, and the steadily increasing bitterness that grew between the sections. During the first half of the Pierce administration, we are told, while these things were felt, society preserved outwardly a smiling surface, and was scrupulous in the discharge of social obligations. As the conflict grew, however, society divided along the lines of political cleavage, and it was one of the cares of hostesses, who held by reason of official position a neutral ground, to see that in their entertainments there should be no awkward clashings, or that people bitterly opposed did not come together. In one chapter Mrs. Clay recounts vivaciously how William H. Seward circumvented her determination not to meet him. It was at a fancy ball, at which she appeared in the rôle of Mrs. Partington, and won the encomiums of the fashionable world by her clever and droll personification of Shillaber's famous "Aunt Ruthy." It is apparent from the pages given to the description of the famous ball, that she was a consummate comédienne. Her admiring husband laughingly told Mr. Seward, on this occasion, that "America lost its Siddons" when Mrs. Clay married him.

In the seventh chapter we come upon an account of the appearance, in Washington, of the "girl prima donna, Adelina Patti," when she made her début in "La Traviata," and we have a photograph of the diva, aged sixteen, in a vast crinoline, and another of Jenny Lind, in 1851, at the time when the incomparable Swede was enthralling the Americans at the Castle Garden concerts, especially with her singing of "Home, Sweet Home." "When, at the end of the programme, the fair, modest songstress came out, music in hand, to win her crowning triumph in the rendering of a familiar melody, the beauty of her marvellous art rose superior to the amusement which her pronunciation might have aroused, and men and women wept freely and unashamed as she sang—

> ' 'Mid bleasures and balaces,
> Do we may roam,' etc."

The great interest of the book lies in the reminiscences of the war, and these are so full that it

is hardly possible to give an adequate idea of their interest. Taking at random a page from the narrative of the closing days of the war, when the Southern cause was lost, we come upon the following unrecorded incident. Jefferson Davis had just parted with his family on his way to prison, and he passed the window of the saloon on the steamer at which Mrs. Clay was standing, her husband, also on his way to the Fortress, being on deck. "Mr. Davis stopped for a second to say good-bye, and soon the weeping of children and wailing of women announced the return of the stricken family. I heard a soldier say to Mr. Davis's little son, 'Don't cry, Jeff. They ain't going to hang your pa!' and the little fellow's reply, made through his sobs, 'When I get to be a man I'm going to kill every Yankee I see!' "

Some notable historical figures are among the silhouettes that our author's memory calls up. Thomas H. Benton was still living and was a noted figure. Mrs. Clay describes his dignified appearance on horseback, and speaks of the eagerness with which the guests at his table listened to his recollections of men and times gone by, to his account of the Clay-Randolph duel, to some of his great contests in the Senate. He was then one of the men who linked the republic of that day with the decades of the first third of the century. She tells how, years afterward, during the Cleveland administration, she met at a reception given by the Endicotts, a busy little woman, attired in simple black apparel, who proved to be Mrs. John C. Fremont, the daughter of Benton. The two ladies had met frequently in the antebellum days. Dr. Maurey, General Cass, Chief Justice Taney, General and Myra Clark Gaines, the Crittendens of Kentucky, were among the figures of the epoch, while General Sam Houston of Texas, then Senator, and relic of a stirring age, drifts across the page, in his gray felt slouch hat, his black frock coat, his gay Mexican serape wrapped about his shoulders. When in his seat in the Senate, he spent his time whittling hearts and other trifles from the pile of soft wood with which his desk was abundantly furnished. His personal appearance was strikingly distinguished and he impressed the beholder as a veteran leader of men. You turn page after page, ever encountering some new group whose names have become a part of the history of the American people. Wonderfully fascinating are these chronicles of that brilliant, turbulent, feverish time, when the nation stood on the brink of a chasm whose depth and extent none could measure, and indeed of which very few souls ever dreamed. Among the more prescient minds on both sides of the controversy, however, it was felt that the struggle was coming.

The closing chapters are devoted to Mrs. Clay's experiences in working for the release of her husband from Fortress Monroe. Toward the close of the struggle, Senator Clay went to Canada, on a diplomatic mission, which was ineffective, but which enabled him to take some share in that famous conference at Niagara Falls. He left Canada and returned to the South some months before the downfall of Richmond. After the assassination of President Lincoln, there were wild stories about the conspiracy's being hatched in Canada. It is not to be wondered at that base minds, seeking to profit by the excitement which followed Lincoln's murder, should come forward with all sorts of tales. Among them were men who poured into too willing ears a wild fiction to the effect that Senator Clay had been concerned in the Canadian end of the "conspiracy." The character of the man was a sufficient answer, one would have thought, to any such charge, even in that excited and passionate time, but Stanton and Holt were very eager to find victims to satisfy popular clamor. President Johnson issued a proclamation offering a reward of $25,000 for Clay's arrest. He was then in the interior of the South, and had not been in Canada for six months. It was characteristic of the man that, as soon as he learned through a casual newspaper of the proclamation, he lost no time in surrendering himself to the nearest federal army officer. He was lodged in Fortress Monroe, was confined with all the strictness meted out to a state prisoner, and there he remained month after month, without knowing what charges were preferred against him, refused any opportunity to consult counsel, or to see his friends. It was not until he had been a prisoner for many months that Mrs. Clay succeeded in obtaining a permit from President Johnson to visit her husband.

All this time, both Holt and Stanton were looking for some evidence on which they could accuse Jefferson Davis and Mr. Clay of complicity in the murder of Lincoln. President Johnson told Mrs. Clay, a short time before he ordered her husband's release, that Stanton "had been with

him for an hour, clamoring for blood of Davis and Clay." Senator Clay was released on April 17, 1866, after nearly a year's imprisonment. An invalid when he entered the Fortress, his health suffered still more from the rigors of prison life, consequently he retired to Alabama, where he died a few years later. It is with his death that the volume closes—and the reader feels a debt of gratitude to the aged lady who has drawn so skillfully upon the storied memories of a brilliant and exciting past.

BERTHA HENRY.

Bartered Birthrights.

FEW of us see the light surrounded by the luxuries which rank and wealth afford; a vast majority must be content with necessaries, while a still greater number struggle through their young days pursued by poverty, misery and suffering, thankful for the gift of life, but full of longing for the gilded accessories which deluded minds imagine can make this vale of tears a rose garden of pleasure. Yet rich and poor, weak and strong alike, commence the journey to eternity in the undisputable possession of one invaluable gift,—one gem beyond all price—spotless honor, the inheritance which God the Father gives to even the least of His earthly children, as surely as He gives him an immortal soul to guard and keep untainted and return to its Creator. It is the birthright of man, just as his soul is his birthright; for without the soul there is no man. And this is why the creature to whom God has given honor and strength, and pride to defend that honor, should humbly thank the great Benefactor as he thanks him for his life—his soul, ceasing to murmur against the designs of Providence, which did not bestow on him wealth, rank or power; for why should he mourn for temporal wealth when he has grace and will to attain eternal riches?

The custom of ages has led to the general belief that honor or dishonor clings to successive generations of the same family; that the dishonesty or disloyalty of an ancestor necessarily implies the dishonesty of his descendants. This would lead us to infer that honor is the birthright of families, not of individuals, but we know that the character is developed according to its surroundings, and it is difficult for an unformed mind to escape the good or bad effects which are invariably the results of example, without receiving a more or less permanent impression of the characteristics of those with whom they come in contact. Therefore if a man fails in defending his honor, if he barters this birthright, he is not justified in imputing his fault to others, as his father Adam imputed his downfall to the influence of Eve. "The fault is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings." Yet we find thousands of instances recording failure in this defence, where, judging from the education and common sense of the defaulter, we would believe he possessed the knowledge of the value of a stainless character and would be loath to carelessly mar its worth only to possess what some consider its equal,—the fleeting treasures of the world. Here, as in every other crisis of the life of man, we possess an example and a warning in the Scriptures, but, as is not unusual in other cases, men seem to become suddenly doubtful of the fact that history repeats itself, and plunge headlong into the momentary pleasures which their baseness has brought them.

Every history presents to us vivid pictures of men who in quest of mere distinction from their fellows, stepped from the narrow path of duty and loyalty, and dragged their honor in the dust, ruining what had once been a fair reputation only to be rewarded, first by gold, flattery and mere shams, deprived not only of the position they hoped to achieve, but of all that honest men hold dear; and then by sneers and contempt and open disgrace.

In our own country we look upon the name of Benedict Arnold as synonymous with that of traitor, not because our history's scornful finger points to no other, but because in the time of her greatest trial, when his country was fighting for her young life and her greatest need was for strong, stainless heroes, he did his cowardly best to sap what strength she had, and leave her lifeless after her brave struggle for existence. A dashing, handsome and captivating young officer in the new, though successful, Continental army, admired by his superiors and loved by his men; he dashed to earth all the fair hopes which might justly be those of a victorious general in a cause which could not fail, merely to gratify his private feelings of avarice and revenge. And he was rewarded with a few pounds, a position in the enemy's army, and the everlasting scorn of British and Americans alike.

Even more numerous than these military traitors are the political men who daily sell their honor and their party's cause; for similar gains.

Every newspaper teems with accounts of trust betrayed, of misery and suffering brought on by the untrustworthiness of political magistrates in every degree of power. Stories of sorrow and poverty caused by defaulters in financial transactions come to us from every side. Names of men as undying as the best-loved and most admired of all ages, but names that live through the very strength of the scorn with which they are breathed—are graven by the unpitying hand of Time in the list of cowards and traitors, despised and contemned, not only by honest hearts, but even by those to whom they sold themselves.

Compare with these traitors to a nation's glory the petty traitors of social life. The deeds are identical, and though the results are more or less serious, the perpetrator is no less contemptible. No doubt, he thinks with horror on the subjects of dishonesty and cowardice, history supplies, never realizing that they are his models when he scorns the friend of a time which was less prosperous and whose hand was ever ready to help him through the narrow ways.

Perhaps this trait is shown more distinctly among the feminine element and one of its saddest and most prominent phases is that of a girl who in quest of distinguished social position and wealth forsakes her friends and family ties, her religion and her God. How she would writhe to be called coward and traitor! And yet little thought would serve to convince her of the justice of these appellations and the depths of folly in thus bartering her priceless birthright.

Shakespeare has aptly said:

"Life, every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honor, far more precious-dear than life."

ANNA L. RYAN.

The Father of Dynasties.

TO-DAY, the eighth of April, is the eighty-seventh birthday of King Christian the Ninth of Denmark, members of whose family are at home in almost every Royal House of Europe. Denmark is only a little State, but bold indeed would be the enemy that would attack a kingdom with so many Power connections.

To begin with, King Christian is father of our own beloved Queen Alexandra, and his grand son, Prince Charles of Denmark, married King Edward's daughter, the Princess Maud, whose baby Prince is thus grandson of one king and great-grandson of another. Another of the daughters of the King of Denmark is the Princess Thyra, Duchess of Cumberland, so that there is a triple bond between his Majesty of Denmark, King of the Goths and the Wends, and our own Royal Family.

With Russia his relation is equally close, as his daughter, the Princess Dagmar, married the late Czar, and is mother of Nicholas II. His second son is King George of Greece, and his eldest son, the Crown Prince Frederick, married Princess Louise of Norway and Sweden, niece of King Oscar. Their eldest son, Prince Christian, married Princess Alexandrina, of the German House of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and their second son, as already said, is the husband of our own Princess Maud. Their eldest daughter, the Princess Louise, married Prince Frederick of Schaumburg-Lippe, and their second daughter, Princess Ingeborg, is the wife of Prince Charles of Sweden. They have also four unmarried children, the youngest being fifteen.

King Christian's youngest son, Prince Waldemar, married, in 1885, the Princess Marie of Orleans. The year after his marriage he was elected Prince of Bulgaria, but declined the honor.

There are many advantages in being a member of a Royal family.

You move in the best society, eat and drink the daintiest things, live in a palace, and instead of going to theatres and concerts, send for the actors and musicians to come and play—gratis—at home.

But King Christian in early life was only a very modest Royalty. His wildest hopes never extended to Kingship. His cousins, the Oldenburg family, were the Royal family of Denmark, and there was another family of cousins, the Augustenburgs, between the Danish throne and young Prince Christian Glücksborg. His family lived in severe simplicity, on an income which would make many a provincial grocer shudder. The girls had to make their own frocks and think seriously of how to earn their own living, and it is even related that young Christian himself gave drawing lessons.

When Queen Alexandra was born, in 1844, her father was not only without the slightest



MEMBERS OF ST. CATHARINE'S LITERARY CLUB, LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS.

prospect of ever becoming a King, but had to go back more than three centuries to trace the relationship of his family to that of the King of Denmark.

The good fairy that raised Prince Christian from obscurity to grandeur took the form of an international treaty. Denmark and the German Duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg were joined under a common sovereign, but the German States did not like this, and insisted that if King Frederick of Denmark died without issue the duchies should be separated and the next King hold Denmark alone. The Augustenburg family, who were next in the line of succession, agreed to the prospective giving up of the duchies, but Denmark scorned the idea, and found powerful allies, who made a treaty by which the Augustenburgs were passed over and Prince Christian was made heir to the throne on condition that he would not part with Holstein and its sister duchy.

Thus suddenly the poor prince became heir to a throne, but he had long years to wait in something almost like poverty, and then, in 1863, when he succeeded as Christian IX., the Duke of Augustenburg—father of the present German Empress—claimed the sovereignty of the duchies which his father had relinquished for a small consideration.

The German Diet sent an armed force to seize the duchies, and Austria and Prussia did the same on their own account. King Christian, relying on England and France, declared war against both Powers, but was deserted by his friends, and lost the disputed territory they had compelled him to claim.

How Austria and Prussia fought for the spoil, and all the tremendous consequences of that quarrel belong to another story.

King Christian thus began his reign disastrously, with a costly and ruinous war, and his people were suspicious and resentful. But he won over his people by his sterling worth and simple manliness of character. He was no extravagant King. His life and the life of his family were on the plainest lines. Early poverty had been a splendid training. Queen Louise, after more than twenty years of careful household management in private life, was well prepared to be a Queen. She was a woman of great intelligence and judgment, highly accomplished, industrious, and lovable. She soon won her way to the hearts of the Danish people.

The King himself waged a constant struggle against constitutional government throughout the greater part of his reign, but democracy has steadily won its way, and the people have never cherished resentment against his Majesty. So simple was he in his ways that one day, when on a walk, he stopped to argue with some dock laborers who were talking Republicanism in the street, and then went home in high glee to tell the Queen how he had convinced them. The Queen and he, after a meal in the Palace, would pass out the remains of dainty dishes through the window to scavengers in the street.

As husband and father, King Charles early won the affectionate admiration of his people and of the Courts of Europe. Thus his children were chosen to occupy thrones and to become fathers and mothers of Kings. The family parties at Copenhagen in the summer have become European events.

Alone in Europe Denmark was visited by the late Czar, who romped with his children and nephews and nieces, at the rustic little Château of Bernatorff, with its beautiful surrounding parks. Later on, the Royal house parties grew so big that the Château would no longer hold them, and Fredensborg, the rambling "Castle of Peace," built by Frederick IV., was enlarged, and became the Royal home.

Here Queen Alexandra has her own little suite of three plain little rooms, which are used for other visitors in the most simple and unceremonious way when she is not there, although there are four hundred rooms. All state is laid aside at the family gatherings at this beautiful old castle—an hour's ride from Copenhagen—where the Royal families of Europe can meet and play without the tiresome formalities to which they are subject when moving among those of less high degree.

King Christian is as generous as he is simple-hearted. Too old now to take very long walks, he is often seen driving—he used to ramble great distances with his favorite collies, and get into difficulties by giving away everything in his purse. Doubtless his regular and simple habits have led to his living to so great an age. Tall and spare, with soldierly figure and clean-cut features, there is not a sign of indulgence in his appearance.

W. B. H.

The Child That Never Grew Old.

A HUNDRED years ago there came into the world a child that never grew old!

Poor, shy, little Hans Andersen, never quite at home in this rough world, always making for himself in the secret chambers of his heart fairy worlds where he could retire and be happy, has left a priceless treasure to the childhood of all time. His stories have been done into every tongue of Europe. And children everywhere know Hans Andersen's quaint, shrewd, sensitive, wondering, questioning view of life and its mysteries.

Little Hans was born in a poor little cottage in the Danish city of Odense, in the roof-gutter of which was a box-garden that still blooms in the pages of "The Snow Queen." His grandfather and grandmother had been well-to-do farmer folk, but had been ruined and had come up to the city, the grandfather then becoming insane.

Hans' father, instead of going to college, was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and pined under the monotony of his task. Odd and retiring, he mixed little with others, read the "Arabian Nights," and Holberg and La Fontaine, and made a companion in long country strolls of little Hans. At last the father, fascinated by the career of Napoleon, went away to the wars, but soon returned, shattered in health, and died of fever. His widow first worked as a laundress, then married another cobbler, and little Hans, neglected and lonely, began to store up the wonderful thoughts which have since filled his almost countless stories. He sat unnoticed at home, making a toy theatre, reading stories and plays, sewing out of scraps of colored rags the costumes of his puppets.

He would go to the big asylum where his grandfather was confined, follow the idiots about with mingled curiosity and terror, or visit the spinning room at the poorhouse and listen to the tales of the old dames, to whom with childish vanity he gave the scraps of learning he had acquired from his father, chalking on the door to their amazement drawings supposed to show the heart, liver, lungs, and other internal organs.

A Frightened Little Waif.

Of schooling the fanciful, nervous little boy got next to none. He ran away from his first school because of a tap with the birch. At his second there was but a single girl, the other scholars being boys. To this little girl Hans told stories about himself. He was of noble birth, but a fairy changeling. When he grew up he would take her to his castle. And so on!

But the practical little maiden only said, "He is mad, like his grandfather!"

The effect was terrible. It sealed up the heart of the romantic little child, and more than ever made him lonely and secretive. He idled and dreamed his time away, and sought to propitiate his stern teacher with gifts of wild flowers!

He grew up to be a tall, gawky, ugly-looking boy, who dreamed away his years, still dressing dolls, singing in the lanes and meadows, filling his mind with a jumble of plays and stories, utterly out of touch with the real world around him. He fled from boys of his own age, and was the laughing-stock of the neighborhood.

A visit to the town by a travelling opera troupe convinced him that the stage was his profession, and off he went to Copenhagen to seek his fortune. He was now fourteen. Madame Schall, a dancer, to whom he applied, thought the strange creature mad, and sent him away.

Reduced to his last dollar, he tried to get work as a carpenter, but was driven away by the coarseness of the workmen. Siboni, the director of the music school, took the curious young person under his protection, and began to train his voice, which broke down completely, after six months, and wrecked all his musical hopes.

A small monthly allowance was made him by a few of his friends, and he lived, almost starving, in an empty storeroom, without even a window or any light. He wandered about Copenhagen as a child, knowing nothing of the mysteries of its daily life, seeing all with the child's simple eye and literal interpretation. Even now he still kept up his puppet-show in his dark and lonely room, and would beg patterns and shreds of ribbon from the shops for his dolls!

He began to read much in the town library, and often had nothing to eat, pretending to his landlady that he went out to meals with friends.

He wrote plays for the theatre, which were scouted because of the lack of any knowledge of grammar, and in one piece copied whole passages from Holberg, his father's favorite dramatist.

"Yes, but they are so beautiful," replied the innocent young man when the plagiarism was pointed out.

Just when hope seemed vanishing, and young Hans was likely to drift into the depths of pauperism, there came a sudden change of fortune. Collin, the director of the Royal Theatre, saw grains of purest gold in parts of the boy's writing, and asked the king to nominate him to a school.

This was done. It was a bitter and humiliating experience to the great, overgrown dunce who was yet so exquisitely sensitive.

He was put with boys half his age, the rector of the school lashed him with sarcasms and jeers, and at last he was taken away because he could not bear it all.

"You will end your days in a madhouse," were the parting words of the angry dominie, who thus unintentionally revived the dreadful idea of a possible inheritance of his grandfather's weakness.

However, young Andersen went on to the university, and while there wrote a play which Collin produced with tremendous success. The applause so moved him that he ran to Collin's house and sank down in a passion of tears.

A Travelling Student.

Royal favors did not end with the school and college education. Poor Hans was still unable to "fend for himself," and when he was five-and-twenty the King gave him a "travelling scholarship," and he set out on a tour of Europe.

This was a wondrous experience to the young man. He met artists and kindly spirits in Italy and elsewhere, and his mind began to blossom into beautiful work. He wrote novels which were most successful, and, above all, the tales which have won the delighted appreciation of the little ones of all nations. He got to know great men everywhere, and more than once visited Dickens, who was kind to him in a warm, fatherly way. When he is over fifty Hans writes thus to the great English novelist:

"Your letter has made me infinitely happy! It has quite possessed me! I am overcome with joy at the thought of being with you for a short time, of living in your house, and forming one of your circle."

What is the secret of Andersen's charm? Surely it is his childlike simplicity, his reading of the great drama of life even into the tiniest things of the house or the wayside. For instance, who but a grown-up child, writing a serious book of travel, and describing a drive in a diligence, would give us such a charming account as this of a flight of midges?

"There soon came hundreds and hundreds of elves, in quite different habits and forms, through the open window of the diligence; they came from the dark pine trees and heath-blossoms. What a chattering there was, and such rocking and dancing! They often sprang right over my nose, and were not ashamed to perform a circular dance on my brow. These pine elves looked like real wild men, with lance and spear, and yet they were as airy as the fine mist which in the morning sun exhales its fragrance from the bedewed rose." W. B. H.

Justin McCarthy—His Book—"An Irishman's Story."

IN reading this fascinating revelation of a fascinating and noble personality, one realizes what an enormous change has come over the profession to which Mr. McCarthy is still an ornament. The life of a provincial journalist, in a period as recent as 1848, was far from pleasant. Here, for instance, is a passage which describes the life of a corps of reporters—of whom Mr. McCarthy was one—during the State trials that followed an abortive insurrection in Ireland:

"There were lines of railway, indeed, running from Dublin to various parts of the country, but none of them had been extended so far south as to connect Clonmel with Cork city. . . . But, it was not a stage-coach journey which caused the trouble we reporters at the Clonmel State trials felt most trying and exacting. The 'Examiner' was to appear on the Wednesday evening, and some important evidence had been given on the Tuesday which it was absolutely necessary that the readers of the papers should have in the next issue. The court, perhaps, had continued its sitting until some hour long after the departure of the evening stage-coach. In those days, it is hardly necessary to say that we had no electric telegraph at work, and the only means of communicating between Clonmel and Cork was by horse, or horse and vehicle of some sort. There was nothing, therefore, for it but that two of us reporters should charter in Clonmel an Irish jaunting-car, drive through the greater part

of the night and morning to Cork, and, when we got there, sit down without thought of rest in the newspaper rooms, go on writing out our 'copy' until it was finished, and then start off again as quickly as possible on our return journey to Clonmel."

"I know of no writer," says a friend of the eminent historian, "who gives you a greater sense of ease and naturalness than Justin McCarthy. If I were to choose one writer over another of whom he seems to be the descendant and representative in our time, I would choose a countryman of his and of mine—Oliver Goldsmith. There is in both the same admirable lucidity, unpretentiousness, naturalness; the word chosen always seems the inevitable word; the impression left is always definite and clear. It is only when you sit down to write yourself that you see what mastery of style there is in this apparently effortless simplicity. This chapter of autobiography which Mr. McCarthy has given to the world has all the charm of his writing; his pen even in his seventy-fifth year, retaining all that freshness and all that charm that have made him the delight of more than two generations of novel and newspaper readers. Incidentally, I may remark that it is the record of a noble life. In simple, unimpassioned, sometimes even in hurried sentences, he tells a tale that, properly realized, is one of heroism. Quiet, modest, sometimes even painfully shy, Mr. McCarthy has faced almost every kind of risk for his opinions; the frowns of the great, the violence of mobs, the loss of income, the loss of health, the dread spectre even of hunger. I said once that it was almost a pity he did not end his life on the scaffold, that he might show with what composure a quiet man of letters could die for Ireland. I amend that saying now by declaring that there are sacrifices even greater for a cause than death on a scaffold; and that is to sacrifice income, station, and health through a long succession of years, and that is what Justin McCarthy, to my knowledge, did."

Justin McCarthy was born in the city of Cork. His father belonged to a class that was not uncommon in Ireland, those who had all the qualifications for the profession of the law—knowledge, experience, and ability, but lacked the one essential of sufficient capital to take out the necessary qualifications. It was a home of "genteel poverty," as Mr. McCarthy says; but, like many Irish homes of the same lowly financial position, it was also a home of culture and refinement. Mr. McCarthy's father was a scholar of large reading and of distinct literary gifts. This clerk to the magistrates, with a beggarly income, could read Latin and Greek with facility, could write a poem or an essay, had read all that was worth reading in English literature—in short, was that extraordinary creature of learning and literary talent in a lowly position which is to be found in Ireland more than, perhaps, in any one of the other islands which make up the kingdom. As to the few women of the household, "My mother and sister," writes Mr. McCarthy, "live always in my memory as the ideals of womanhood. Looking back as carefully and thoughtfully as I can, I recall nothing in the character of either woman which suggests aught but purity, sweetness, utter unselfishness, and loving devotion to every duty. My sister seems to me to have had her mother's virtues and her father's literary tastes. She was an accomplished French and Italian scholar, and published in a magazine a full translation of one of George Sand's novels, and several versions of poems by Petrarch and Alfieri. She only lived to enter upon womanhood. She had only just passed out of her twentieth year when she passed out of life altogether."

One delightfully instructive chapter of Mr. McCarthy's autobiography is devoted to his "Schoolmaster," John Goulding—"the one and one only to whom I owe any teaching which was of value to me in my after-life, and to whom I owe the beginning at least of any literary or scholastic instruction it was my good fortune to acquire during a life much occupied in the reading and study of books. Mr. Goulding's idea of teaching was first of all to awaken in his pupils a sincere desire to learn. His firm conviction was that all methodical teaching is of little avail unless it can arouse in the pupil that sympathetic desire to become taught and to profit by the instruction. . . . In a novel of mine published not long ago and entitled 'Mononia,' I have described this teacher of mine under the name of 'Mr. Conrad.'"

Mr. McCarthy, whose knowledge of Father Mathew was close and intimate for many years, pays high tribute to the great Apostle of Temperance, who "had the rare and happy faculty of at once touching the hearts and quickening the understandings of those with whom he held converse. Whether he talked to a peasant on the

roadside or a little boy in a school, or a vast assemblage from a public platform, it was certain that the full meaning of every sentence he spoke would reach its mark at once. . . . Thackeray, in his 'Irish Sketch Book,' makes mention of having several times met Father Mathew in Ireland, and appears to have been greatly charmed by the sweet simplicity of his manners. Thackeray took particular notice of the fact that, when he met Father Mathew at a private dinner-party, the Apostle of Temperance always found occasion to exchange a friendly grasp of the hand and a few genial words with the butler or the footmen, to make benevolent inquiries of them concerning their wives and children, and to show a kindly acquaintance with their domestic affairs. . . . With all his horror of drunkenness, with his lifelong devotion to the cause of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, Father Mathew had a never-failing patience with and pity for the drunkard. No matter how often an unhappy man might have broken his pledge and gone back to his evil habits, Father Mathew was ever ready with forgiveness and renewed hope, never despairing of the weakling's possible redemption. He had no words of reproach or even of stern condemnation for the sinner who had fallen back into sin, but only spoke in language of tender remonstrance and of sweet encouragement to renewed and happier effort. It was this very attribute of unfailing sympathy and sweetness that made Father Mathew's influence all but magical over those with whom he had any influence whatever."

Like most young Irish men of letters, Mr. McCarthy always dreamt of going to London—that city at once of hope and of despair. "London was to me a kind of fairy-ground, to which my love of English literature drew me with an almost romantic longing. I longed to become familiar with the London of Shakespeare, with the London of Prince Hal and Falstaff, of Addison's 'Spectator,' of Byron and Dickens and Thackeray; the Temple Gardens,—where the red and white roses were plucked, where Addison and Steele had wandered, which were familiar to Dr. Johnson, which had been pictured in so many poems and romances,—what would I not have given for a sight of that hallowed enclosure!"

It was not in London, however, that Mr. McCarthy was destined to begin his long association with the English Press; his first engagement was in Liverpool, where he was brought in contact with many interesting personalities, and secured an appointment on the "Northern Daily Times," the first daily paper published in the English provinces, which had just been started in Liverpool. During this period of his journalistic career Mr. McCarthy was among the reporters who followed Cardinal Newman's elaborate and beautifully chiselled sentences in a series of lectures denouncing the Sultan's abominable system of government.

Mr. McCarthy was an intense admirer of the genius of the author of the "Scarlet Letter." "Hawthorne was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. His noble features, his eyes now flashing with sudden light, now dreamily meditative, must have impressed even the least artistic of observers. . . . Hawthorne was one of the shyest of men, and I often wondered how he ever contrived to get on in such a position as that of American Consul in Liverpool, where he was certain to be besieged all day by crowds of his own travelling countrymen, and by commercial Englishmen and shippers eager to transact business with him. I remember that in those far-off days he used to wear, when the weather was cold, a heavy plaid shawl wrapped around his shoulders and breast—a garment common enough among men of that time, but now as unlikely to be seen on Liverpool streets as the crimson cloak of a mediaeval cavalier. He often had a little boy with him in his walks, a little boy whom I afterwards came to know well when he had grown to be the distinguished author, Julian Hawthorne. Among my recollections of Liverpool there are no memories more picturesque than those which I associate with Nathaniel Hawthorne and his son."

When Mr. McCarthy became attached to the reporting staff of the "Morning Star," its editor was the late Samuel Lucas, a brother-in-law of John Bright, and its business manager was Alfred Hutchinson Dymond, who afterwards won a distinguished position in the Canadian Parliament and finally became the head of a great State institution in Brantford, Canada, for the education of the deaf and dumb. During those early days on the "Star," Mr. McCarthy obtained his first and only opportunity of undertaking the work of special correspondent in a foreign country, on the occasion of the coronation, at Königsberg, of William I., King of Prussia, that Prussian King

who was afterwards proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles. "I gazed upon the Rhine," he says, "with the eyes of a lover and a worshipper, and then I made my way on to Berlin. Here I had to remain for some days in order to obtain my necessary warrants of admission to the ceremonials at Königsberg, which I reached late one evening. . . . I was much amused by the grandiloquence of some of the invitation cards I received, in which I found myself set forth as the 'High and Well-born Justin McCarthy,' and so forth. I need not enter into any description of the coronation ceremonial, which took place in the picturesque old cathedral of Königsberg, further than to mention that the musical service was conducted by the illustrious Meyerbeer in person, who died not quite three years after. The figure of Meyerbeer was more interesting to me at the time than that of the new sovereign who was destined to become the German Emperor; but there was one other figure in the Königsberg ceremonial which impressed me with a deep and thrilling interest. It was that of the great statesman who was then merely described as Herr von Bismarck. The form of that rising statesman seemed even then to overshadow all others. His very presence had command in it. Bismarck had certainly no claim to be regarded as a handsome man, but he was tall, of almost gigantic mould, and his every movement suggested a sense of conscious authority and power. I had the honor to be presented to him at Königsberg. I found him very genial; he talked freely, and it was an especial relief to me, with my imperfect German, when I found that Bismarck could speak English with perfect fluency and accuracy, although with a very strong German accent. Like most Germans, he was very well acquainted with the great English authors, and his parliamentary speeches were often marked by singularly happy and appropriate quotations from Chaucer and Shakespeare and from living English writers, such as Carlyle and John Stuart Mill."

"An important incident in my journalistic life was my introduction to the personal acquaintanceship of Robert Browning. Tennyson and Carlyle I had already met, although only casually, and I never had anything more than the slightest personal acquaintance with the great poet and the great prose writer. Dickens and Thackeray I had met in the same sort of way, but I was brought somewhat more closely under the notice of Thackeray, and I actually had an invitation to dine with him. The dinner-party, however, to which I had been looking forward with the most intense anticipations of delight, never came off, for Thackeray's sudden death sent a shock through the whole civilized world just before the appointed day. . . . I had increasing opportunities of meeting Browning, and our acquaintance lasted until his death."

While Mr. McCarthy had been editor of the "Morning Star," he placed a novel as a serial in Harper's Magazine. This was his literary introduction to the American public—domestically a welcome was waiting for him at the home of his brother, who had become an American citizen. Socially, Cyrus Field, the Atlantic cable man, was his sponsor. In September, 1868, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy arrived at Hoboken.

William Cullen Bryant, the fortunate owner of a Long Island country house, was Mr. McCarthy's first literary friend, and introduced him to many literary and distinguished men. "It was still early autumn, and Bryant was living at his beautiful country place, Roslyn, on Long Island. When he got my letter, he came to see us at once, and not merely invited us to his Long Island home, but positively insisted, in his kindly and genial way, that he must carry us off for a few days' sojourn with him, and we were only too well pleased to be ruled by his hospitable pressure. My wife and I spent several days with him at Roslyn—the first American country house we ever visited—and most delightful days they were in every sense. The poet's daughter Julia kept house for him and was a most charming hostess. Bryant loved to show us his gardens, his flowers, his fruits, his favorite trees, and the many picturesque views which could be enjoyed from rising grounds in the neighborhood. He must have been then some seventy-five years of age, but he was as quick and ready in his movements as if he had not passed middle life, and despite his white hair, his long white beard, and bald forehead, he seemed to carry with him something like the elasticity of perpetual youth.

Bryant had traveled much in Europe and the East, and had visited England several times. He was one of the most variously educated men it has ever been my good fortune to meet. His classical scholarship was of the highest order, and I think his translation of the 'Iliad' one of the

best English versions ever produced. He was intimately acquainted with the literature of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, and could speak the languages of these countries with perfect fluency and with remarkable accuracy. I may mention that at a later period of my acquaintance with Bryant, the poet presided at a dinner given at Delmonico's Restaurant to a number of distinguished foreign visitors who had come to New York, if I remember rightly, on the occasion of some international exhibition. Bryant had to introduce by a speech of his own each toast proposing the health of a foreign guest. He spoke, according as the toast suggested, in the language of the country from which the guest had come, and he seemed to captivate the several nationalities by his linguistic skill, as well as by his natural gift of eloquence.

During the winter months Bryant occupied a house in the fashionable part of New York, and there with his daughter he had a brilliant reception every week, at which one was sure to meet the most distinguished representatives of art, letters, and political life, American and foreign, who happened then to be in the city. I was present at many of these receptions, and I have seldom spent pleasanter hours than those at his house. Bryant gave me later a fine photograph of his own noble head and face, with his autograph on its margin, and that most valued picture still forms a conspicuous ornament of the study where I work."

"I have always regarded Wendell Phillips as one of the greatest orators I ever heard, and I should rank him as a public speaker with Bright and Gladstone. He seemed to me to have a fluency equal to Gladstone's, and at the same time a simplicity of diction which might well be compared with that leading quality in the eloquence of Bright. . . . Wendell Phillips lectured on all manner of topics,—literature, politics, travel, social life and morals,—and he could always suit his style and his manner to the nature of his subject and the capacity of his audience. His lectures might generally be described as easy, colloquial and yet brilliant talk, put into the simplest and easiest form of words, and yet thrilling in every sentence with a force and fervor which kept his listeners in breathless attention. But when he spoke from a public platform to a vast crowd on some great political subject, he then became the genuine orator, and his impassioned sentences swept like electric fire over the assembly he had gathered around him. Even on such occasions, however, the great speaker never sacrificed any of the pure simplicity belonging to his natural style. His voice was remarkably powerful and was at the same time singularly melodious in its tone, and yet he never seemed, even when addressing the most crowded assembly, to be putting any strain upon his lungs or making an unusual effort."

"Emerson was the first man who showed me over all the places of historic interest in Boston, and I was invited to stay with Longfellow and with Lowell at their homes in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and I had repeated opportunities of enjoying the delightful companionship of Oliver Wendell Holmes."

Industry is the keynote of Mr. McCarthy's literary career. Virtually on the staff of the "Daily News," the "Weekly Independent," and "Harper's Monthly," he regularly contributed his quorum and found time to write novels and histories in between, to say nothing of leading the Irish party in the House of Commons.

In 1900, Mr. McCarthy retired from politics, and retrospecting his political career, he says in his concluding chapter:

"I hope I may not be considered too egotistical when I say that it must ever be to me the brightest memory of my working lifetime that I was able to give twenty-one years of continuous service, such as it was, to the cause of Ireland, that I felt a pride, too, in having been so long a member of the House of Commons, and that my feeling of personal pride was not lessened by the fact that I had gained nothing in the worldly sense, but on the contrary had lost much by turning from the quiet paths of literature into the excitement and the exhaustion of political and Parliamentary warfare. I was not vain enough to suppose that I had rendered any substantial service to the Irish National cause, but it was at all events something to have served among the representatives of Ireland, and to have shown that I, too, could make some sacrifice for her cause."

"I now come to an event in my life which was utterly unexpected by me, and to which I must ever look back with gratitude. In the early part of the year 1903, I received from the Prime Minister, Mr. Arthur James Balfour, the announcement that King Edward VII. was about to confer upon me a pension from the Crown because

of services which the Prime Minister was kind enough to say I had rendered to literature. Mr. Balfour observed that such a pension had nothing to do with political questions, and he added that the Ministry had recommended the Royal favor without having consulted me on the subject. When it is remembered that Mr. Balfour and his colleagues formed a strongly Conservative Administration, and that during the whole of my Parliamentary career I had been an unceasing opponent of Conservative policy, it will be seen at once how generous and disinterested was their action towards me."

MAUD MERLE.

Lilies to Loretto.

(To E. M. R., May 19th, 1905.)

Ah, lilies to Loretto! What indeed
But heav'n to heav'n; and riches where no need!
* * * * * *
These Lilies of the Valley, prayerful sped,
—A coronet of blessings on thy head
Will loving rest, and whisper, sweet, today
The thoughts that fill a mother-heart alway;—
The pray'r that lilies' purity may be
Throughout thy life the virtue dear to thee,
Be here recall'd by ev'ry waxen bell,
Our Lady, Lily pure of Israel!
* * * * * *
The Christian world embracing blinding fate,
Forgets to "bless" the Lord's Immaculate.
Oft homes of luxury, exhaling death,
Bring shame upon the house of Nazareth;
That humble home o'er all the vict'ry won,
By purity that gave us Mary's Son!
Alas! our record; once it was not so:
Reproachful turns the page of long ago,—
When undivided Christendom had care
Responsible, for sons as daughters fair;
And purity was oath of Christian knight,
Who "By Our Lady!" struck for God and right!
* * * * * *
Oh, call her thine with each and ev'ry breath,
—The cherish'd of the Child of Nazareth!
Hold fast her hand; His place is ne'er denied
The child who closely clings to Mary's side:
To sweetest grace be true, and never fail
To love the sanctuary of her veil:
—Then for thee death can tell no sadder knell,
Than May's soft zephyrs win from lily bell!

IDRIS.

"The Ransomed Church."

(St. Etheldreda's, Ely Place, London, England.)

Behold the fane that tells a country's story,
By Edward rear'd, the Great Plantagenet;
Here England's shame and England's olden glory,
On this stone record are forever met!

Long buried here for fear of desecration,
A cleansing font[1] of Christian Church was found;
That Roman knew, or British consecration,
Ere Saxon foot had trod this holy ground!

That Ely's[2] mitred heads had here indwelling,
Brought "Liberty"[3] and mercy's kind records;
Not Cæsar's iron hand had here compelling,
This "Sanctuary"[4] blessed was the Lord's!

To Saxon Etheldreda dedicated,
—For in the Lord all peoples are as one—
Here turn'd the Norman Prince when hapless, sated;
And John of Ghent[5] with earthly courts was done.

Hence fearless Morton[6] summon'd from his cloister,
E'en though such fate as Hastings' he foresaw
In daring to withstand the tyrant Gloucester,
—Within the Tow'r upheld God's moral law!

To Ely Place came woe and desolation:
Of passion's slave let bleeding England tell,
And Henry's mandate to the plunder'd nation—
"I will not serve: I'll rule both heav'n and hell!"[7]

Once here imploring Heav'n t' avert the danger,
Knelt Katherine of Aragon in tears:—
"In England's beauteous realm again a stranger,[8]
Tho' faithful wife and queen of twenty years!"

Then this dear spot pass'd o'er to souls unshriven,
—And harden'd hearts feel not the need to pray!—
The Lord's anointed from these walls were driven,
And God from this His altar, turn'd away.

Of those th' unwilling church's stores did fatten,
—Her church that knew his mistress "Head Supreme"—

Elizabeth's gay, dancing Lord of Hatton[9]
Here realiz'd in life a heathen's dream!

Meet monument this temple's wondrous beauty,
To one who long in death has slept, afar;
Nor fear nor favor turn'd from Christian duty,
That lady loyal, Countess Gondamar:[10]

—Who with her maids, ere yet the sun had risen,
Prepar'd the church for Holy Sacrifice;
The Faithful sav'd from fine, and death, and prison,
When only slaves walk'd free 'neath English skies!

By those who faith had lost and Christian fearing,
The Cross of Christ was from this altar torn;
And in its place they paus'd not in uprearing
The "Lion and the (fabled) Unicorn"![11]

The altar of three centuries' desecration,
Again bears semblance of the dying Lord;
Past is "St. Etheldreda's" desolation,
"The Ransom'd Church" is to the Faith restor'd!

And Lo! again resum'd—the ages spanning—
The worship lov'd that long these walls have miss'd;
Presiding at the altar, saintly Manning,[12]
Our eagle type of John th' Evangelist!

The sweetest joy,—our brethren separated[13]
Rejoicing with us to the "Ransom'd" come!
The saddest grief, by centuries estimated,—
We may not give them now the "welcome home"!

IDRIS.

1. This ancient font stands at the door of the upper chapel.

2. Ely Place was the London residence of the Bishops of Ely, during their attendance on Parliament; therefore it was—

3. A "Liberty" exempt from ordinary taxation, and also—

4. A "Sanctuary" where persons pursued by the law for certain offences might take refuge.

5. John of Ghent, son of Edward III., and ancestor of Edward VII., died in Ely Place.

6. John Morton, Bishop of Ely, and Lord Hastings, were suspected of opposing the schemes of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. The Bishop complacently faced the tyrant, even when Lord Hastings was being executed; Shakespeare mentions this bit of history.

7. Henry VIII. was the first sovereign who required his subjects to acknowledge him "Supreme Head" of the Church.

8. Queen Katherine's plea as she flung herself in tears at the feet of Henry VIII., when called into the divorce court. Henry and Katherine visited Ely Place together, for the last time, in 1531, when the divorce case was pending.

9. Here Hatton Wall, and the street known as "Hatton Garden" are still reminders of the ownership of Sir Christopher Hatton, for whom Queen Elizabeth turn'd out her Bishop of Ely!

10. Wife of Count Gondamar, the Spanish Ambassador to England in time of Elizabeth and James I. St. Etheldreda's was let on lease to them as their private chapel. Here they welcomed their co-religionists.

11. "The Lion and the Unicorn" now hang outside, in the porch of the church.

12. Cardinal Manning celebrated the re-opening mass on June 23rd, 1879.

13. Numbers of spiritually-minded, sympathetic Protestants, attended the Restoration service at St. Etheldreda's.

The Lilac Bloom.

All brown in with'ring death,
Falls into gloom
The summer's op'ning breath,
—This lilac bloom;
The while it stirs my heart with wond'ring pain,
That promise sweet so soon should fade again!

Tho' seen,—but cruel cost;
On summer air
Thy perfume, never lost,
Floats ev'rywhere:
And serves as lesson to our wav'ring faith—
Thy sweetest exhalation is in death!

* * * * * *

When all-resign'd our will,
Should life know fears?
—Fate cruel, finds us still,
Demanding tears!
With roseate hopes that brown and wither'd lie,
'Tis well, O! human heart, thou too canst die!

IDRIS.

The fairest flower in the garden of Creation is a young mind, offering and unfolding itself to the influence of divine wisdom, as the heliotrope turns its sweet blossoms to the sun.

The interchange of ideas is always stimulating; the knowledge that others have trod the same difficult path is always inspiring; we can all help one another by sympathy if not by words.

Closing Exercises.

IF a visitor had entered the assembly hall on Thursday, June twenty-second, he would have fancied himself transported to some fair realm of elysian beauty, so completely were its study-inspiring walls hidden behind tapestries of verdure. In the distance, soft, delicate tints of green cast cool shadows through the lace draperies, and from out the deep recesses of the window-seats American Beauties bent their queenly heads, shedding sweetest perfume on the air—fit setting for that joyous band in the radiant hour of girlhood, and those seniors yonder in lovely creations of gossamer lace, their arms filled with flowers, eagerly awaiting the coveted laurel crowns. O halcyon days of youth, bathed in the sunshine of happiness and wreathed with the flowers of affection and hope, why must the vision fade into the broad vista of the future!

But what shall I say of the programme?—charming from beginning to end would best describe its attractive features. The Brahms' number was a thoroughly enjoyable one, and too much credit cannot be given to the four fair performers for their clever interpretation of this difficult composition. Mention must also be made of Miss McGuire's piano solo. This young lady seems to be gifted musically, and her rendition of Balakirew's delightful transcription of "The Lark" by Glinka, was very artistic. Miss Josephine Fleming quite captivated the audience with her brilliant solo, "Hark! Hark! the Lark!" Miss Fleming has the happy faculty of vivifying what is played by her own artistic temperament. Miss Maud Merle's splendid soprano voice was heard to good advantage in her two well-chosen selections—"Evening Hymn" and "Spring." This young lady, who was also the successful competitor for the gold medal for elocution, presented two charming numbers, namely, "Lady Jane Grey" and "Marcello's Masterpiece."

In her first selection Miss Merle not only succeeded in holding the attention of her audience with her intelligent and interesting unfolding of the story, but she was very successful also, in impersonating the two strongly contrasted characters of the haughty duchess and the aged seer. Another charming feature of her interpretation of this poem was the series of beautiful tableaux which she called up in the imagination of her hearers.

The cultivation of the imagination is one of the great benefits to be derived from the training in elocution; and in the acquirement of this power to visualize the images in a literary selection and make them vivid to others, Miss Merle has made marvellous progress during the present year.

This was even more apparent in her recital of "Marcello's Masterpiece." Here the opportunity for imaginative work was greater, and Miss Merle took full advantage of it in her exquisite and pathetic portrayal of the artist's longing for fame—so elusive, so apparently hopeless to his heaven-born genius.

The study of French has always received special attention at Loretto, and the careful instruction given in this language was manifest in the recitation of Victor Hugo's "Napoleon II.," recited in the original by Miss Beatrice Beck. Not only did she render the selection with perfect accent, and the smoth, clear-cut enunciation characteristic of the educated French, but she also delivered it with the dramatic fervor and exaltation of feeling which this sublime ode demands. Even one not familiar with the French language would have felt the charm of this recitation, its poetic beauty and its lofty theme.

The pathos of Miss Estelle Forrestel's number, "The Tola of Mustard Seed," and the beautiful spiritual message it conveys, were both brought out with rare charm and with an impressiveness which could not fail to move and edify her audience.

Her interpretation of her second selection, "The Soliloquy of Marie Antoinette," was especially noteworthy for the beauty and appropriateness of the pantomimic effects, the significance of the pauses and the contrasts of tone color. The poem is a difficult one, lacking narrative interest, and only by a careful study of its dramatic possibilities and its emotional sequences can a reciter hope to hold the attention which an audience would readily accord to some other selection telling an absorbing story.

That Miss Forrestel carried her hearers with her throughout the selection must be regarded as a distinct triumph, the consequent reward of faithful and assiduous study.

The young ladies of the elocution department have evidently fully appreciated their great good fortune in being able to study under Mrs. Mae Baker Robinson, who is so favorably known in



GRADUATES OF 1905.

Estelle Forrestel Bertha Henry Beatrice Beck Maud Merle

Buffalo and elsewhere both as a teacher and an artistic public reader.

Among the guests were Most Rev. D. O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto, Very Rev. D. Cushing, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto; Rev. D. Best, O. C. C., Prior of Carmelite Monastery, Falls View; Rev. O. Wiedmann, O. C. C., Niagara Falls; Rev. Paul Ryan, O. C. C., Englewood, N. J.; Rev. A. Werner, O. C. C., Falls View; Mr. Merle, Mrs. Merle and the Misses Merle, Chicago; Mr., Mrs. and Miss Forrestel, Buffalo; Mr. and Miss Henry, East Brady, Pa.; Mrs. Robinson, Buffalo; Miss Gorman, Hazleton, Pa.; Miss Simpson, Toronto; Miss Kean, La Salle, N. Y.; Miss Ducey, New York; Miss Mahon, Baltimore; Mrs. Faltis, Detroit; Miss Dennis, Charlotte, N. Y.; Miss O'Brien, Welland; Miss Ellis, Miss Hannan, Miss Reilley, Miss Foster, Niagara Falls; Mr. Lynch, Buffalo; Mrs. Shea, Hamilton; Mrs. McMahon, Niagara Falls; Mrs. Ridout, Toronto; Mrs. Bartl, Niagara Falls; Mrs. Cannon, Buffalo; Mrs. Dolan, Niagara Falls, N. Y., etc., etc.

PROGRAMME.

INVOCATORY.

Waltz Song . . . . . *Ergmann*
FULL CHORUS.

Piano Duo—Serenade . . . . . *Brahms*
ESTELLE FORRESTEL, BEATRICE BECK, BERTHA HENRY, JEANETTE POWERS.

Recitation—"Lady Jane Grey" . *S. M. Gertrude*
MAUD MERLE.

Chorus—
(a) Tota Pulchra es . . . . . *Ferrata*
(b) Hymn to St. Cecilia . . *Myerscough*

French Recitation—"Napoleon II." *Victor Hugo*
BEATRICE BECK.

Vocal Solo—
(a) "Evening Hymn" . . . *Cyril Scott*
(b) "Spring" . . . . . *Becker*
MAUD MERLE.

Recitation—"The Tola of Mustard Seed"
. . . . . *Sir Edwin Arnold*
ESTELLE FORRESTEL.

Piano Solo—"The Lark" . . *Glinka-Balakirew*
LUCILLE MCGUIRE.

Recitation—"The Soliloquy of Marie Antoinette" . . . . . *Selected*
ESTELLE FORRESTEL.

Piano Solo—"Hark! Hark! The Lark!"
. . . . . *Schubert-Liszt*
JOSEPHINE FLEMING.

Recitation—"Marcello's Masterpiece" . .
. . . . . *Robert J. Barrill*
MAUD MERLE.

"Ave Maria Loreto" . . . . . *Rieger*

At the close of the performance, the first words of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto were a spontaneous expression of commendation for the brilliant entertainment at which it had been his pleasure to assist—an unparalleled success, surprising even the most ardent and enthusiastic admirers of this deservedly esteemed institution of learning. Then addressing the Graduates, His Grace gave paternal assurance of his kindly interest in them, adding: "Remember above all else that the end of your effort is to complete and perfect essential womanhood. You have only laid the foundation of knowledge. No matter how great may be the accomplishments represented by this day's honors, life's rugged highway stretches onward and upward, and all the qualities which your teachers have striven to nurture in your characters will be needed. No tardy loiterer along life's pathway wins the rosy, star-crowned heights where the glorious words of the Master may be heard. In whatever sphere God's wise providence may place you, whether to grace the sacred shrine of home, or to battle with the troubled waters of more worldly strife, be true to the sacred ideals you have learned to reverence within the precincts of your Alma Mater."

GLADYS WEST.

Successful Competitors at the Closing Exercises.

Graduating Honors conferred, at the completion of their Academic Course, on Miss Maud Merle, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Estelle Forrestel, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Bertha Henry, East Brady, Pa.; and Miss Beatrice Beck, Edmonton, Alberta, N. W. T.

Papal Medal for Church History, obtained by Miss E. Forrestel.

Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, obtained by Miss Elizabeth Robinson.

Bronze Medal for English Literature, present-

ed by His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, obtained by Miss Bertha Henry.

The Thurston Medal for English Prose Composition, obtained by Miss Gladys West.

Gold Medal for French, presented by the Baroness Cotta de Cottendorf, Stuttgart, Würtemberg, obtained by Miss Beatrice Beck.

Gold Medal for Mathematics, obtained by Miss E. Forrestel.

Gold Medal for Elocution, presented by Miss Gorman, obtained by Miss Maud Merle.

The Clara Whitney Mudd Medal for Literary Interpretation in the Elocution department, obtained by Miss E. Forrestel.

Gold Medal and 1st. Class Honors in Senior University Course of Music, awarded to Miss Josephine Fleming.

Gold Medal and Honors in Senior University Course of Vocal Music, awarded to Miss Maud Merle.

Prize for Music, in Senior University Course, obtained by Miss L. McGuire.

Silver Medal and Honors in Junior University Course of Music, awarded to Miss Eleanor Lilley.

Silver Medal and First Class Honors in Primary University Course of Music, obtained by Miss M. Leary and Miss Alice Ridout.

Silver Lyre for Fidelity in St. Cecilia's Choir, awarded to Miss L. McGuire.

Certificates and Honors in Junior University Course of Music, obtained by Miss Florilla Webb and Miss Kathleen Ridout.

Certificates and Honors in Primary University Course of Music, obtained by Miss Elizabeth Robinson and Miss Stella Talbot.

Gold Medal for Oil Painting, Water Colors, and China Painting, awarded to Miss M. McCall.

Silver Medal for Water Colors, awarded to Miss M. Weter.

First Prize in Advanced French Course, obtained by Miss Gladys West.

First Prize in Senior German Course, obtained by Miss Gladys West.

First Prize in Intermediate German Course, obtained by Miss Louise Bartl.

First Prize in Primary German Course, obtained by Miss Elizabeth Robinson. Honorable Mention, Miss Florilla Webb.

First Prize for Elocution, awarded to Miss G. West.

First Prize for Elocution, awarded to Miss F. Webb.

Prize for Elocution, awarded to Agnes Mudd.

Diploma for Stenography, awarded to Miss J. Fleming.

Diploma for Book-keeping, awarded to Miss I. McCarney.

Prize for Ladylike Deportment, awarded to Miss Nano Wheaton.

Prize for Fidelity to School Rules, merited by Miss J. Fleming, and Miss M. Leary, obtained by Miss Fleming.

Prize for Order and Personal Neatness, merited by Miss N. Wheaton and Miss R. Merle, obtained by Miss Wheaton.

Prize for Amiability, by vote of companions, obtained by Miss M. Weter.

Prize for Charity in Conversation, obtained by Miss Fleming.

Prize for Promptitude in Rising, merited by Miss L. McGuire, Rita Sheedy, Jeanette Powers, Elizabeth Robinson, May Weter, Florilla Webb, Josephine Fleming, E. Lilley, M. Leary, K. Ridout, S. Talbot, A. Buddle, J. Kiep, E. Ryan, J. Hefferan, A. Mudd, Maud Maloney, M. Talty, obtained by Miss Robinson.

Prize for Prompt Return after Vacation, merited by Miss Gladys West, Agnes Mudd, R. Merle, A. Buddle, J. Hefferan, K. Ridout, V. Altenberg, obtained by Miss Agnes Buddle.

Prize for Plain Sewing, obtained by Miss Rosina Merle.

Prize for Darning, obtained by Miss Dorothy Barker.

Prizes for Fancy Work, obtained by Miss J. Fleming and N. Wheaton.

Prize for Penmanship, obtained by Miss Rosina Merle.

Prize for Drawing, Senior Division, obtained by Miss Kathleen O'Brien and Rosina Merle.

Prize for Drawing, Junior Division, obtained by Miss A. Buddle.

First Prize in Eighth Grade, English, merited by Miss M. Leary, E. Robinson and A. Ridout, obtained by Miss A. Ridout.

Prize for Grammar, Eighth Grade, English, obtained by Miss R. Coffey.

First Prize in Seventh Grade, English, merited by Miss Rita Sheedy and R. Merle, obtained by Miss R. Merle.

First Prize in 2nd. Class French, obtained by Miss J. Hefferan.



"The Maples," Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

Prize for General Satisfaction in French, merited by Miss A. Ridout, R. Coffey, M. Leary, E. Robinson, E. Lilley, F. Webb, obtained by Miss R. Coffey.

Prize in Preparatory French Class, obtained by Miss E. Ryan.

Junior Department.

Silver Cross for Catechism, obtained by Miss Rita Coffey.

Prize for Fidelity to School Rules, and for Ladylike Deportment, obtained by Miss Alice Ridout.

Prize for Prompt Return after Vacation, equally merited by Miss Alice Ridout, F. Cannon, C. Merle, L. McChesney, M. Bampfield, R. Coffey, obtained by Miss A. Ridout.

Prize for Promptitude in Rising, equally merited by Miss R. Coffey, C. Ryan, A. Ryan, A. Ridout, obtained by Miss Clara Ryan.

Prize for Order and Neatness, obtained by Miss Lillian McChesney.

Prize for Amiability, obtained by Miss A. Ridout.

Prize for Drawing, obtained by Miss A. Ridout.

Prizes for Writing and for Plain Sewing, obtained by Miss Ivy Mamby.

First Prize in Junior Third Class English and Arithmetic, obtained by Miss Eleanor McManus

Special Prize for Sewing, obtained by Miss Marjorie McManus.

Prizes for Improvement in Class Work, awarded to Cecelia Merle, Irene Dolan, Margaret Duignan, Hattie Newman, and Margaret Bampfield.

The Shade.

This tree, which stands with arms outspread,
With leaves like fingers tremulous
To seize all coolness overhead
And softly waft it down to us.
This tree—it means a hundred years
Of rain and sun, of drought and dew,
Before this shade which rests and cheers
Into to-day's perfection grew.

Some kindly one—forgotten now—
May thoughtfully have placed the seed,
Foreseeing that each reaching bough
Would satisfy a worn one's need.
Whoe'er he was, that unknown one,
Who set the seed, or sproutlet slim,
He knew not that he had begun
What stands a monument to him.

The trees—the kindly trees—that blaze
With spring's green flame or autumn's blush,
The sentry fires that line the ways
Into the woodland's peaceful hush—
Through all the years they slowly grow
Until they shield the flowered sod;
The trees—the kindly trees—they show
The patient thoroughness of God.

This tree, which stands with arms outspread,
Seems to pronounce, while standing thus,
A blessing, and to gently shed
A benediction over us.
The sunlight shuttles through the leaves
With threads of gold that flash and play,
Across the warp of shade it weaves
The mingled fabric of the day.

W. D. Nesbit.

The mirror: "To be beautiful in the eyes of those at home—this is to be beautiful, indeed! A young lady who is the sunshine of her house is one of the great lights of the world. The happiest wives and the most idolized of mothers are not beautiful women."

The woman: "But a beautiful woman sheds sunshine by her mere presence."

The mirror: "No woman ever illuminated her home with beauty alone. A beautiful woman is apt to rely too much on her beauty. Bathed in the jeweled tints of the sunrise, she forgets that these are not lasting. The woman in the valley, upon whom the morning glory does not fall, delves deep in her nature in search of other jewels—jewels of character, which she shapes and polishes and brightens for her perpetual adornment."

No large, generous soul was ever a worrier. Calmness, serenity, poise, and power to move through life rhythmically, without jar or fret, are characteristic of greatness and true nobility.

Letter-Box.

LORETTO ACADEMY,
SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich., June 1, 1905.

DEAREST IRENE:

Remembering your own appetite for "Lotos-eating," can you pardon neglect of correspondence in one who has been enjoying a prolonged sojourn in the enchanted land where that languor-producing flower thrives? To explain my meaning: Tennyson's delightful poem of "The Lotos-Eaters" was a very effective feature of our Graduating Exercises on May tenth. But I must not begin at the end to tell you about them. The Ukraine March, a sprightly quartet, opened the program and was followed by a very sweet chorus—"Blow, Soft Winds." Ethel Rains then expressed the sentiments of joy occasioned by the presence of His Lordship Bishop Eis of Marquette in an address of welcome. And now prepare to regret your absence more than ever, for the next selection was one to thrill with pleasure every Irish heart that heard it—"Come Back to Erin" was played with so much feeling that impossibility was all that kept some in the audience (can you guess whom?) from taking the first ocean lines. We had scarcely become resigned to the fate which prevented our answering the appeal to return to the dear Emerald Isle, when our attention was transferred to Rome in the reign of Domitian. The drama, "A Daughter of the Cæsars," was very pathetic, and the rôles were really very well sustained for an amateur entertainment. I think even as critical an elocutionist as you would have been pleased could you have been present. I am sorry you could not be here.

The Norwegian Dance and Water Music were beautifully rendered by four of the most advanced music pupils, but their delicate variation of expression was not more appreciated than the little children's Toy Symphony. It was deliciously amusing to see the juvenile musicians performing on their tiny instruments with all the earnestness and composure of virtuosi, and judging from the applause, they infused some of their own patriotic enthusiasm into their audience when they sang "Columbia," and accompanied it by the waving of the ever-glorious "Stars and Stripes."

"Us little ones," as they grammatically (?) style themselves, were perfectly bewitching as fairies in their operetta, "Charity Rewarded."

And now I must tell you about the Lotos-Eaters. The graduates recited it, taking exquisite poses suggested by the descriptions in the poem. Their Grecian costumes were artistically trimmed with Lotos, the same blossoms being also profusely strewn over the stage. The scene was very beautiful and the girls did credit to the excellent training given by the dramatic teacher, both by the grace displayed in the posing and the feeling and variation of tone in the reciting. If you have not forgotten in your one short year of "Restless ease" the rather early hour at which that beloved (?) little silver bell terminates our revels in dreamland you may be able to form some idea of the intensity of feeling put in the lines, "Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil," for this declaration seemed to appeal in a very special way to the narrators. But if they hoped for rest after graduation they were doomed to disappointment, for, in the tribute from the undergraduates, they were urged to further exertions in the mental sphere. This tribute was a poetical drama. "The Golden Future," written specially for the occasion by—oh! I forgot; it is a local secret, but your knowledge of the Muse's favorite at the Soo may help you to divine the poetess. The scene was in a beautiful garden where each fair flower was represented by an undergraduate. A messenger from the Golden Future was charmed by the beauty of the spot and the flowers easily persuaded her to remain among them before fulfilling her mission. To while the pleasant hours away, each floweret was to guess to whom is due the diadem promised by the Golden Future. The Rose pleaded for the warrior slain, setting forth in glowing terms the brilliancy of his noble deeds, but the messenger showed how his reward was given him in the universal chanting of his praises, and called upon the Pansy for her thought. Then were the musician's powers well lauded, but in vain! for it was shown how recompense surrounded him in the appreciation given to his art. Poppy endeavored to rouse the admiration of their guest by depicting the wondrous skill of the artist, pleading that "Through God's own work he wins renown, meriting, as reward, thy golden crown." But even he, it was proved, receives the compensation of his labors in other ways, and the Lily, full of confidence, sang the Poet's praise, telling how—

"The poet's vision inspiration finds
To sway the hearts of men, to lift their minds."

Her eulogy, however, met with the same result—a portrayal of the poet's reward.

Then the modest Violet spoke in favor of the

"Worthy act unseen by men,
Beheld by God alone, above,
And perpetrated solely for His love,"

and was commended for her choice, being told that she had discovered what was truly deserving of the crown. But she "had not full divined the mission" of the messenger which was presently unfolded, for she had come on an embassy of special purport, to a festal scene. After expressing beautiful hopes for their future, she invited the flowers to join their benisons to hers and golden wishes were showered on those whose school days were so nearly ended, Miss Ethel M. Rains, Miss Anna L. Ryan, Miss Frances Le Clear, Miss Katie Shirley. Are you not sorry you did not wait till '05 to graduate? or are you satisfied with the loving wishes which attended the class of '04?

Having graciously acknowledged the tribute, the graduates received the crown of the present—a wreath of laurels and their Loretto medals from His Lordship Bishop Eis, who then addressed them, encouraging them to continue their studies and profit by the teachings they have received. The Bishop spoke strongly in favor of Catholic education, and cited several forcible examples of the pernicious results of non-religious training.

While we were glad to see the well-deserved coronation of the years of earnest study spent by our loved schoolmates, there was sadness mingled with our joy, a selfish regret that next year will not find them in our midst; however, we must only be contented to let them go into wider fields to seek that marvellous crown promised by the Golden Future. May their quest be most successful!

But the graduates are not the only ones with whom we have been rejoicing recently, for on May twenty-fourth dear Mother Joseph Eucharia celebrated her Silver Jubilee. Knowing her, you will easily understand what pleasure it afforded all to help make the day a memorably happy one.

At eight o'clock there was High Mass in the chapel, Schoepf's Mass in G being very sweetly rendered by the girls.

Father Gagnieur gave a beautiful and impressive sermon in which he spoke of what twenty-five years of noble self-devotion to God's holy service really means, and said that when there was such joy on earth over so long a time spent in response to God's call, it would be difficult to imagine what the rejoicing must be in Heaven. Father Gagnieur pointed out the great confidence placed by the church in woman's power to influence children in the formation of their characters, for what higher tribute could be paid her than to entrust her with the training of the young upon which depends the welfare of the world. And this is the responsible trust given to nuns all over the world. To what task could they devote themselves which would be more pleasing to Our Lord? In drawing a comparison between the life of a religious and that of a worldly woman, the father forcibly demonstrated how contemptible are twenty-five years of self-indulgence, petty vanities and resulting heartaches when contrasted with the same period filled with deeds of charity and self-denial which are rewarded, not as the former by transient gratification, but by God himself. This fact was particularly dwelt on that the road to salvation remains ever the same and can be travelled only by those who are willing to continue the work of Christ, who so clearly said, "I am the way."

The delightful day was crowned by a truly festive evening repast and an entertainment of a diversified character in which serious and very amusing numbers were intermingled.

Decoration Day, too, was spent in a very novel manner, although we Americans were greatly disappointed when told that we could not imitate last year's celebrations by having a picnic on the exciting (?) Canadian shore. The morning was too cool for an excursion to the woods, but in the afternoon we went to the Rapids—with whose charms I think you are slightly familiar. The day was ideal and besides the natural beauties we enjoyed an unexpected musical treat. A lady and gentleman sitting at a short distance from us were singing very sweetly, and we tried to draw nearer to them cautiously, lest the discovery of an audience might interrupt the siren-strains. The little ones, however, soon became too enchanted to keep away, and fairly surrounded the singers, but much to our delight the latter did not discontinue their melodious entertainment and we enjoyed their beautiful songs—which were

mostly sacred—for more than an hour. Just when we would have acquired sufficient will-power to return home, had the harmonious strains continued, is an unsolved problem, but before such an act of heroic self-denial was necessary, the singers came and spoke to us, thus giving a very welcome opportunity of expressing our appreciation of their exquisite music.

It is certainly such happy days as these that make us grateful for the consoling gift of memory, which alone can prevent Time from robbing us of the golden moments of our lives.

Yours lovingly,

KATHLEEN M. MARSHALL.

BEYROUT.

DEAR SR. F.—

The attractions of Beyrout—the coming holiday resort in the near East—are engrossing our attention. Beyrout, one of the principal ports of Asiatic Turkey, and the commercial capital of Syria, is one of those cities like Naples, Constantinople, or Genoa, which must be approached by sea if the undeniable beauty of its situation is to be properly appreciated. Seen from the ship it seems a veritable city of gardens, with its houses half hidden by groves of orange, fig, and mulberry trees. The background is equally pleasing, the lower slopes of the Lebanon Mountains, one mass of olive orchards dotted with villages, gleaming white in the brilliant sunshine.

On landing we find a curious mingling of the Orient and the Occident. The East and West jostle in the streets and bazaars. The most progressive town in the Turkish dominions, we are not surprised to find gas-lit streets, water-works, tramways, railways, and even an attempt at a European sewage system.

The crowded streets offer bizarre contrasts; bicycles and camels and well-appointed carriages of rich merchants mingle with donkeys and mules; slovenly-looking soldiers are elbowed by the fierce and swaggering Druses, each a walking armory of weapons, for, though the natives are strictly forbidden to go about armed, the Turkish police find it politic not to notice their Druse subjects, who have shown themselves exceedingly awkward customers. The white-veiled Syrian women, the Arabs and Bedouins, and the gaily-dressed Jewesses make up this moving panorama of street life.

There is plenty of accommodation for visitors, and the leading hotel, the Orient, is distinctly good for Syria. The principal hotels are on the sea-front, near the harbor, and the daily tariff is about ten or twelve shillings, though in the height of the season, the Orient—the English hotel—would ask at least fifteen shillings a day. There are cheaper hotels, such as the Angleterre, and the German hotels, Gassmann and Allemand, where the pension would be from eight to ten shillings.

The climate is warm, sunny, and equable—"genial and seldom oppressively hot," is the brief verdict of that high authority, Baedeker. It is free from the wide range of fluctuations of temperature, which is complained of at Jerusalem, whose extremes of 112 degrees and 25 degrees have been recorded. On the other hand, the rainfall of Beyrout is greater; but, taking the winter and spring climate together, there is no doubt that Beyrout possesses the more salubrious climate.

A few miles north of the city is a cliff at the mouth of the Dog River. This is so called on account of a remarkable rock in the shape of a dog; a geological freak, in short, which jutted out from the cliff, and owing to certain crevices in the rock curious sounds were emitted when the wind was in a certain quarter. The legend there that this dog acted as the tutelary guard of the river, and was in the habit of barking on the approach of an enemy, would naturally result from this curious acoustic property. The rock has fallen into the sea and now lies on its back, and the four paws can be clearly distinguished.

The steam tramway, grandiloquently called a railway, from Beyrout to Damascus, true to the traditions of Eastern travel, proceeds at a leisurely and dignified pace, the one through train daily taking as many as ten hours on the journey of ninety miles to Damascus. And even this time is nearly always exceeded. But the variety of the scenery and the glorious views should compensate for the leisurely progress. We pass at least three distinct climatic zones during the first forty miles or so, passing through the tropical region of the plains to a landscape which rather suggests Scotland than Syria. This fact should indicate the necessity of warm clothing, for, in crossing the Lebanon, snow is frequently met with, just as in the journey from Algiers to Biskra. As the railway mounts some 4,500 feet, and the gradients are steep for certain portions, the Abt rack and pinion system is used.

Forty miles from Beyrout is the new Rayak Station, whence a branch line—finished in 1902—runs to Baalbek, the journey occupying about an hour.

The ruins of the Baalbek Acropolis occupy an enormous area, and for extent can only be compared to the Acropolis of Syracuse, in Sicily, or the temple area of Madura, in South India.

The local guide, alleged to be written in the English language, which is to be obtained for a few piastres from the guardians of the temple, should certainly be bought if only for its unconscious humor.

I can only find space for a few of the choicest witticisms. Elijah is naturally referred to, but somewhat cavalierly. "This confounded prophet came to Baal." In graphic description of scenery the author is at his best. Describing the inimitable view to be obtained from the "Cedars of Lebanon," we learn that "the scenery is delightful and enchanting. The sea from afar looks like a vast, beautiful prairie, and Besheri, with the mountains that surround it from all directions, make the view so nice."

His description of the cedars themselves is scarcely so lucid, though equally interesting. "Its wood is very strong, and has a deal of tar; its smell is fragrant, and neither can the moth gnaw it nor dampness injure it. The Bible boasts in its lumber, elevation, grandeur, and utility for the masts, building, and statues."

On the return to Baalbek, from the cedars we pass Yamonorum, the village of the martyrs. Here is to be seen—I quote again the same guide-book—a remarkable fountain which "flows from the height of a mountain, and forms a magnificent waterfall, and flows down roaring to a far distance, and turns many mill-stones. In autumn, but in summer and spring, it overflows to its enormous bulk."

Unfortunately for those who prefer to wander unmolested among the ruins, the easy-going methods of the old Turkish régime no longer obtain. A few piastres to the guardian formerly gave the tourist the freedom of these magnificent mountains of antiquity. Now, since their systematic exploration and restoration—subsidized by the German Emperor—have been taken in hand, all is changed; and the temples are "done" in the orthodox manner that obtains in France or Italy.

Much of Baalbek is unfamiliar, but when we reach the famous Six Columns we feel that we are among old friends. How the colossal stones which form the cornice were raised to the top of the columns, is a problem which neither engineers nor antiquaries are able to solve.

E. Reynolds-Ball.

The Nile.

Dear Sr. F—

Here I am in the land of the sun—on the Nile! For days past we have been steaming steadily into the mysterious land of the South—against the steam, but always followed by a brisk north wind, which tempers the sun with a current of cold. Every day it grows warmer, and the clouds grow fewer. The veils which stretched near Cairo from horizon to horizon—thin, but now and again obscuring the sun—dwindled down to light wisps; and now these, too, have gone, and the sun rises and sets in a sky of immaculate blue. The great fact to us English people is that it never rains. That great disturbance has gone out of our lives. We can forecast the morrow without considering it. We feel a new mastery over time.

So here on this great river—twenty times as broad as the Thames—we float and live, and shall float and live for a thousand miles. This ship—a comfortable little stern-wheeler of the Anglo-American Company—is our only home, and we never leave it except to mount donkeys for a visit to some temple or tomb.

Sit on the deck here with me, shaded by the awning from the fierce rays of the mid-day sun, and look around. The Nile varies infinitely in breadth, but here it has narrowed down to less than a half of a mile. On each bank you see a strip of bright green standing out vividly against a background of brown cliffs. That green is Egypt, and those cliffs are the edges of the vast deserts beyond.

For a moment to the east the desert mountains of Arabia throw out a bold, brown spur, rugged and sun-riven, which narrows the strip of green to less than a quarter of a mile. Every inch of that strip is used. As we pass we can see all the signs of an active and busy peasantry—ploughs driven by oxen and camels, herds of sheep and buffalos, the rich, early green of growing corn—the tall, waving grass of the maize—the purple of the lupin-blossom—all against a background of tall palm trees, fringing the foot

of the yellow precipice. Peasants with their donkeys and bundles of hay wait on the bank for a ferry to take them across. The herd-boys run from every quarter down to the bank, screaming shrilly, "Backsheesh!" "Backsheesh!" It is the cry of all Egypt.

Still we steam on, leaving all behind. Far off on the western bank is a black mass of human beings, who, to the naked eye seem a crowd of boys bathing, or troops drilling. Look at them through these glasses. You will see that it is a mighty throng of men, robed and turbanned, with staffs in their hands. They move like one man. They rush down to the river, kneel, and wash hands and faces in the waters. They rush back, prostrate themselves, rise again, throw themselves down again—at first in groups, then in battalions. They are praying—praying with the perfect discipline of a regiment. At one moment you see an upright line—then the line is down—then on its knees—then upright again. Each movement is precisely directed south-east—towards Mecca. All the time, aloof from the whole proceedings, a huddled group of black-robed women sit apart, and only pray when the men have finished.

It is a funeral—perhaps an important funeral—and these devotions are preliminary to crossing the river to the right bank, where bodies are here buried—above the reach of the autumn flood.

Another day. We are passing a large Nile village—a crowded group of brown mud-cubes, clustered under a group of lofty pines, giving dates, fuel, and shelter to the villages. A waft of tainted air comes to us from those little narrow alleys, and the sound of savage barking from the half-tamed dogs. Above the straw and palm-leaf roofs of the huts rise large square towers built of bricks and broken pots. Round them is a shimmer of wings. They are the pigeon towers, and much the gayest structures in Egypt. Myriads of blue and white pigeons fly everywhere, and devour the grain at their sweet will.

The houses, if you can call them such, are windowless, with small doors, and often actually broken and half-ruined by the constant action of the river, always wearing away slices from the lofty banks. The narrow passages between the dwellings are crowded with an incessant stream of human beings, camels, dogs, and donkeys. There is a break in the high bank, and a number of women have come down to the river for water, their great jars poised unerringly on their heads.

We steam on, back to the countryside. At intervals of fifty to a hundred yards along the banks little bronze figures, bare of everything except head and loin cloths, are raising water from the Nile to irrigate the fields. Their machinery is the ancient "shadoof"—perhaps five thousand years old in the Nile valley. There are three tiers of basins, and on each tier is a palm-fibre bucket at one end of a long balance, with a counterpoise of dried mud on the other. The bucket is swung down, filled with water, raised to the tier above it, emptied, and swung down again. We shall soon grow familiar with the "shadoof." We shall see it for many hundreds of miles, and always the same little copper-colored figures working it, steady, industrious, cheerful. The sound of their songs will come to us in the morning and the evening, and become part of the music of the Nile.

But the hot glow of the day is over, and the sun drops nearer to its setting.

Ah! Those sunsets! Each one is different, and yet every one is glorious. But the full glory does not come until you think that it is over. Take to-night, the great ball of fire has dipped underground, and we are just saying, "It is all over." Suddenly the whole sky begins to glow afresh. At first it is a brilliant light in the East. This brightens and brightens until it becomes a surface of gold. The Nile beneath turns to a deep violet mirror of the upper vault of heaven. Then the gold slowly dulls and turns to yellow, with a line of orange beneath. The palm trees and the slender sails of the Nile boats stand out in dark silhouette against the sky. The colors fade almost as quickly as they came. The banks stand out black from the still radiant river; the dark rushes on apace. Above us the moon glistens like a lamp hung in the heavens. The night has come.

Yet another day. To-day we have visited a Temple. To-morrow we visit a tomb. We land early in the cool of the morning, find donkeys ready for us, mount and ride near or far, return, and steam on again into the South. As we go farther we become conscious that this land was once the home of a complex and refined civilization that flourished certainly for three thousand—probably for nearly ten thousand years—in the dawn of time. Egypt no longer stands out as the chance home of a few arbitrary, eccentric kings,



A Favorite Haunt, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

with a fancy for heaping stones in pyramidal forms—but of a mighty people who bowed to their kings because they represented their country—of a people who in art, religion, and science had produced a civilization not far inferior to our own. Day by day we see the pictures of their life, still bright with color, in the tombs, and stand like pigmies at the feet of the colossal statues which they erected to their great men. The sand and the sunshine have preserved these relics as no others in the world. The shroud of living rock round their paintings has annihilated time, and kept them as fresh as last year's Academy. They were worth preserving—if only to make us moderns humbler, and to make us realize that we are not the first of men.

As we return from the aisles of these mighty temples—some, like Abydos, Edfu, and Abou Simbel, almost as perfect to-day as on the day when they were reared—we find ourselves viewing the Egyptians of to-day as the sordid tenants of a dismantled house, perhaps the descendants, but certainly not the heirs, of those who once made it great.

It is the Twilight of the Gods.

H. Spender.

London, England.

Dear Sr. F—

What a notable figure has passed away in the person of the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who died at Coates Castle, Pulborough, early yesterday morning.

Her Grace was the doyenne of the Peerage, a splendid specimen of the grande dame, and her death removes the last of the noble ladies of the old school. Her life was, indeed, almost conterminous with that of the late century. Born in 1812, the year in which Ciudad Rodrigo was stormed, and two years before the Battle of Waterloo, she survived four Sovereigns of the British Throne, and had the unique distinction of being felicitated on her ninety-first birthday by no fewer than one hundred and forty-five of her two hundred and ten direct descendants.

The second daughter of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and a half-sister of Lord John Russell, Lady Louisa Jane Russell, as she then was, married James, second Marquis of Abercorn, who, in 1864, established his claim to the French Dukedom of Chatelherault, which had been abeyant since 1651, and was, in 1868, created the first Duke of Abercorn.

The Duchess was a great friend of Queen Victoria's from the time the Duke was appointed Groom of the Stole to Prince Consort. Her Grace first came prominently before the public when her husband went to Dublin Castle. She did much to promote union among the various classes of Irish society, exercised a real hospitality, and sought to stimulate thrift among the peasantry. The Irish idolized a native Lord Lieutenant and his wife, and of the many popular wives of Viceroys, few more completely won the affections of the people.

Of the marriage there were seven sons and seven daughters, of whom five sons and five daughters survive her. Eighteen months ago her Grace's descendants organized a birthday celebration in her honor, on July 9, 1903. The Duchess, wearing black silk, with pale pink roses, descended the terrace steps on to the famous lawn of Montagu House, and was greeted with a double ovation, cheers from her relatives, and from a band the strain of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes!" Earlier in the day she had been photographed, in company with one of her youngest great-great-grandchildren, the Master of Dunglass. Now, for the afternoon reception, smiling and jubilant, she occupied the place of pride in this great family group, and held a kind of informal court of honor. One by one the youthful members advanced and delivered their childish speeches of felicitation to their "Chère Grand'mère," and loaded her with fine bouquets. She made a characteristically charming reply, and the proceedings closed with a final photograph of this memorable group.

The late Dowager Duchess was not quite old enough to remember the entrance of her famous brother, Lord John Russell, into Parliament, an event which took place the year after she was born, when he was elected member for Tavistock; but she lived to see five of her sons in Parliament at the same time—one among the Lords and four among the Commons—namely, Lord Claude, George, Frederick, and Ernest Hamilton. There are four of her grandsons in the House of Commons at the present time—the Marquis of Hamilton, the Earl of Dalkeith, the Hon. Frederick Lambton, and Lord Turnour, the youngest member of Parliament.

The House of Lords will not want a quorum while the Duchess's descendants are within the precincts of Parliament. In addition to her son, the Duke of Abercorn, there are in the Upper

House her three grandsons, the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Durham, and the Earl of Lichfield, in addition to three sons-in-law—the Duke of Buccleugh, the Marquis of Landsdowne, and Lord Mount-Edgcumbe.

It is odd to remember that the late Duke of Abercorn retired from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, in 1876, on account of the state of the Duchess's health, and yet she survived him nearly twenty years. D. G.

Couvent de Lorette,
Port Louis, Mauritius.

Ma chére Beatrice:

Nous voilà, depuis peu, de retour à notre cher "Lorette." Quelle joie de revoir les lieux aimés et si pleins de souvenirs!—le dortoir, la classe, le réfectoire, la chapelle, et enfin nos bonnes maîtresses dont nous étions séparées depuis un mois! Car je dois vous dire qu'ici les grandes vacances ont lieu à la fin de l'année—de la mi-Decembre à la mi-Janvir. Il fait si chaud à cette époque, qu'un peu de repos nous est nécessaire; ensuite, pour nous Mauriciens, les fêtes de Noël et du jour de l'an n'existeraient plus si nous ne les passions "at home."

Puisque nous sympathisons sans nous connaître, je ne crois pas vous ennuyer en vous entretenant de ce qui m'intéresse. Le 15 Décembre a eu lieu une petite fête scolaire, organisée pour récompenser nos efforts et nos succès de l'année; nous avons joué quelques petites comédies, et avons applaudi avec joie celles de nos compagnes qui ont mérité le plus de prix, et qui d' ailleurs s'étaient déjà distinguées aux examens publics, tenus au mois d'Août. Les petites croix et médailles que la bonne Soeur Filomène a la bonté d'envoyer pour nous servir de récompenses, ont été distribuées par Sa Grandeur, aux plus sages; nous les portons avec joie, les considérant comme un insigne des élèves de "Loreto." Après avoir reçu maints bons conseils de nos dévouées maîtresses, nous les avons quittées pour rejoindre nos familles.

Je ne vous entretiendrai pas en détails de mes vacances; mais, puisque vous aimez les descriptions de notre petite île, je vous parlerai d'une promenade ou plutôt d'une excursion que j'ai eu le plaisir de faire au Peter-Both. C'est, en hauteur, le second pic de Maurice et il fait partie d'une chaîne de montagnes qui s'étend de la ville de Port Louis au plateau de Moka. Son nom lui vient d'un marin hollandais qui fit naufrage sur nos côtes au commencement du XVII. siècle. A peu près à un mille de ce pic, s'en trouve un autre, "le Pouce," ainsi appelé de la forme de sa cime. Ces deux montagnes communiquent ensemble par un petit chaînon qui borde, dans sa partie méridionale, la profonde vallée connue sous le nom de "Vallée des Prêtres," parce que là s'établirent les premiers missionnaires que reçut la colonie.

Mais revenons au Peter-Both. Rien de plus curieux et de plus étonnant à étudier, sous le double rapport de la forme et du sol, que ce gigantesque amas de laves, de pierres et de terres mêlées: pour la forme, ce sont deux cônes nécessairement reposé sur le plus grand. Pour le sol, c'est quelque chose d'âpre et de sauvage, de grave et de sublime. En haut d'abord, le glacis aride avec ses crêtes dentelées, ses excavations volcaniques, ses contorsions burlesques et sa froide immobilité—en bas ensuite, la forêt épaisse et sombre, qu'on dirait comme plongée dans sa gravité centenaire: forêt toute peuplée de grands arbres couronnés d'un feuillage vert foncé, et dont les bras tendus sans cesse vers le ciel, comme pour l'implorer, feraient presque croire au spectateur qui les contemple, que ce sont des pèlerins nouveaux d'une religion inconnue, cherchant, mais en vain, à gravir cette autre colline sainte, et que Dieu, dans sa juste colère, a frappés d'un martyre analogue à celui des Danaïdes et de Tantale.

Puis, au dessus de tout cela, un disque immense de nuages se détachant du pur azur des cieux, et venant former, en s'abattant sur le faîte du mont, une éternelle et blanche couronne. C'est ainsi que le Peter-Both s'est offert à notre vue. L'admirable contraste qu'il forme avec les campagnes qui l'entourent, a quelque chose qui frappe et émeut vivement. Le mont, c'est la nature vierge; la nature telle que Dieu l'a faite! La campagne, c'est la nature polluée: la nature telle que l'homme l'a faite!

On a longtemps cru que ce pic abrupt était inaccessible, mais un hardi explorateur en ayant tenté l'ascension,—il y a de cela bien des années —réussit à parvenir au sommet de la montagne. Après quatre heures d'une marche pénible et périlleuse au milieu de glacis arides et de précipices béants, il atteignit le col qui unit le pic à l'épaulement. Il essaya d'abord à jeter à tour de bras de l'autre côté du pic, un projectile auquel il avait fixé une ligne, mais ses efforts ayant échoué,

il imagina d'avoir recours à une flèche qu'il construisit aisément. Ce moyen lui réussit. Liant ensuite fortement sa corde autour du col par une des extremités, il attacha l'autre à la flèche, et tirant alors sur la ligne, 5 minutes ne s'étaient pas écoulées qu'il en était venu à ses fins. Grimpant alors par la seule force de ses poignets, suspendu entre deux immensités—l'immensité du ciel sur la tête, l'immensité du précipice sous les pieds, il atteignit en quelques instants le faîte. Son premier soin, aussitôt arrivé, fut de ficher en terre une grande gaule—dont il s'était munie —surmonté d'un pavillon, et de rassembler, comme témoignage de son succès, quelques sujets parmi les minéraux et les rares végétaux qui y croissaient.

Comme vous le pensez, il ne nous était pas possible de tenter une pareille ascension, nous avons dû nous contenter de contempler la montagne de sa base. Néanmoins, cette charmante promenade m'a laissé, je vous assure, un agréable souvenir.

Mais je m'aperçois que je suis bien longue. Soyez indulgente pour mon bavardage, et recevez le souvenir affectueux de

Votre toute dévouée,

IDA ESNOUF.

LONDON, England.

DEAR SR. F—

You have probably heard of the approaching marriage of the Marquis of Bute and Miss Augusta Bellingham. Many circumstances combine to invest it with more than an ordinary share of public interest. The union of a well-known Irish family with an equally well-known Scots family is in itself a matter of supreme social importance, but there are other features connected with the forthcoming ceremony which render it one of a distinctly romantic character. Lord Bute is not the first Scots nobleman who has sought a wife in Ireland, and like some of his ancient compatriot predecessors he has engaged a vessel in which to take away his bride. His lordship will travel over to Ireland in a specially-chartered yacht, and anchor two miles from the fishing village of Annagassan, County Louth, a short distance from the bride's home at Castle Bellingham, and after the ceremony the happy pair will drive from the church to the seashore, where they will go on board, and sail off to Scotland for the honeymoon. Seventeen pipers and drummers, dressed in Highland costume, will be in attendance at the ceremony, and the journey from the church to the landing-stage will be made in Lord Bute's carriages, which are being specially brought over for the event.

The wedding, which takes place on Thursday, 6th. July, is being looked forward to with the greatest interest in Irish social circles, and, weather permitting, the proceedings bid fair to eclipse anything of the kind ever witnessed in the neat little village which takes its name from the Castle Bellingham estate. On the Tuesday prior to the wedding, Sir Henry and Lady Bellingham will give a large garden party, to which all the nobility and gentry of the County Louth and many friends from Dublin have been invited. The function will take place in the beautifully-laid-out grounds of Castle Bellingham, and promises to attract a very brilliant and distinguished gathering. On the following day, the tenants on the estate will be entertained at a garden party, and advantage will be taken of the occasion to present addresses from the tenantry to the bride-elect and Lord Bute. On the following day the wedding will take place at the Roman Catholic Church, Kilsaran, and the ceremony will be performed by Rev. Patrick Fagan, the parish priest, assisted by his curate, the Rev. P. Murtagh. The bridesmaids will be Miss May Bellingham, cousin of the bride; Lady Margaret Stuart. Lord Bute's sister; Miss Crichton Stuart, the bridegroom's cousin; Lady Norah Noël, and Miss Ismay Preston, all of whom will be arrayed in white, with Irish cloaks of St. Patrick's blue.

Admission to the church, which is of limited dimensions, will be by ticket. The religious ceremony will consist of a Low Mass, and it is expected that the musical portion of the service will be rendered by a well-known Dublin choir. At the close of the service the bride and groom, attended by the Highland pipers, will proceed in processional order to Lord Bute's carriages, passing through lines of school children, attired in white, drawn up on each side and strewing flowers in the pathway of the newly-married couple. On reaching the seashore, at Annagassan, boats will be in readiness to convey them to the yacht. The tenantry will be assembled at the shore to give them a send-off. At the head of the procession of boats which is to form the escort to the yacht, will be the barque containing the happy couple. It will be painted white, and manned by rowers dressed in white, with crim-

son caps, bearing the Bellingham coat of arms. At the prow the Irish flag will be unfurled, while the Scottish flag will fly at the stern. Following the vessel containing the bride and bridegroom will come a boat with Lord Bute's pipers and drummers, who will play appropriate music until the yacht is reached.

In the evening there will be a display of fireworks at Castle Bellingham, and the popular rejoicings will be further manifested by the lighting of bonfires on the neighboring hills. The decorations throughout will be in black, white, and red—the colors of the bride's family—and blue and yellow—the colors of Lord Bute's.

Amongst the guests who are expected to take part in the ceremony, the names of the following may be mentioned—the present Marchioness of Bute, Lady Margaret Stuart, Lord Ninian, Lord C. Stuart, the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough, Viscount and Viscountess Southwell, Lord Herries, and Miss Butler.

A large house party will be entertained by Sir Henry and Lady Bellingham during the festivities, for which elaborate preparations are being made. The relations between landlord and tenant on the Castle Bellingham estate are, happily, of the most cordial description, and the happy event soon to be celebrated in the district is being anticipated by all classes with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction.

The home of the Bellingham family is one of much historical interest. It contains many priceless heirlooms and relics of former times, and is situated in the midst of a lovely district, which, though very peaceful now, was, a few centuries ago, the scene of many stirring incidents in one of the most disturbed periods of Irish history. The present structure was built on the site of the old castle, burned down by James II. at the time of the Battle of the Boyne. Some portions of the old castle still remain, a few ivy-clad ruins alone bearing witness to the conflagration for which James's army was responsible. Colonel Thomas Bellingham, an ancestor of the present owner, was an A. D. C. to William III., and compiled the well-known diary which Macaulay utilized to such a considerable extent in writing the history of the Revolution in Ireland. One of the trees in the grounds around the castle is known as "The King's Oak," from the fact that King William took luncheon under its branches while on the march which culminated in the famous battle. As a memento of the occasion, he presented to Colonel Bellingham a case containing a knife, fork, and spoon, which has since been carefully treasured by the family. King William also presented his A. D. C. with a spirit case, containing four bottles. One of these has never been unsealed or uncorked, and remains to the present day in its original state of preservation. Another relic very carefully preserved at the Castle, is a ring containing a portion of the hair of the ill-fated Charles I. It was presented to an ancestor of the Bellingham family, an ardent Royalist, by Charles II., with whom he went abroad at the conclusion of the struggle which for a time destroyed the fortunes of the House of Stuart. There are many other highly interesting curios in possession of the family, and there is also a splendid collection of pictures, including two valuable Lawrences, one a portrait of Sir William Bellingham, who was private secretary to the younger Pitt, and the other of his wife, Lady Bellingham, who was a niece of the famous Peg Woffington.

I. T.

School Chronicle.

May-day! "They crowned her Queen o' the May!"—sweet month of blossoms, borne to us on violet-laden breezes, while every little bird is pouring his happy heart into ecstatic melody—beautiful, joyous, thrilling life—first breath of that dear haven—summer. With what matchless charm comes the song of the robins, freshly installed in their haunts among the new pale-green leaves! Above them, in the fresh, scented air, glows the great blue dome, radiant with light and the purification of spring.

May-day with its clustering associations, its gayly-decked May-poles, around which gather knots of merry dancing children, is here, and, in the distance, seated on a flowery throne under the rich canopy of the blue sky, the May-queen presides over the frolics of her elfin band. Wreaths of flower jewels sparkle on her brow, and the carpet of her throne is studded with violet gems. The Queen of May is holding her court, and her subjects bow before her, their queen of love.

But deeper, holier sentiments are connected with May, for it is the month of Mary, and the masses of blossoms which bank her altars vie with each other in doing homage to the Queen. White-robed children scatter perfume around her

altars, and from afar comes the slow, sweet chant of her Litany. May bands have been organized and the members are earnestly striving for the honor of placing that virginal crown, on the last day of May, on the brow of their Queen.

May ninth—An appropriate celebration of the Schiller Centenary by the members of the S. C. L. Estelle Forrestel opened the proceedings with a biographical sketch of "the poet, historian, dramatist, philosopher and critic, who is as widely read on the banks of the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Sacramento, as on the banks of the Rhine, the Elbe, or the Danube, for Schiller belongs not only to Germany, not only to Europe, but to the human race, a precious heritage for coming generations, a model of character, a genius of letters, a prophet of the ideal." Brought up amid the vine-clad hills of Marbach, beneath the ancestral castle and monastery of the Hohenstaufen at Lorch, and trained at a Latin school in Ludwigsburg, the Versailles of the Dukes of Würtemberg, Schiller crowded into his brief life of forty-five years more of intellectual and moral achievement than any other man of his age.

When the great master of tone, Beethoven, felt the inadequacy of pure sound to express his thoughts, in the climax of his greatest symphony, he turned to the idealist, Schiller, and wedded his noble music to the "Ode to Joy." When Goethe felt the breath of a new inspiration, he wrote to Schiller with a deep sense of obligation, "You have made me a poet once more."

The chorus of German lament, led by Goethe, on that fifth of May, 1805, with the famous line —"Denn er war unser"—the world takes up today, and tenders to the sorrowing muse leaves for the laurel wreath to be placed on Schiller's tomb.

Then followed "The Lay of the Bell," "The Hostage," and "The Diver." The monologue from Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," recited by Maud Merle, concluded the tribute to the master spirit.

May tenth — Baseball Teams — Echoes of "Foul, two out, down in the field, guard the third base," assail the ear, bringing the message that, down in the campus, excitement is at its height, and the B. B. teams have once more begun their annual contests.

Pennants and streamers of Yale Blue and Gold wave in the breeze, and from among the trees flutter red and blue ribbons.

Beatrice and Veronica have broken the records for home runs,—never in the history of baseball have such marvellous exploits been witnessed at the bat.

As Capt. Kitty takes her place at the first base —the winning of Blue and Red depends on her—silence reigns, and here and there a guard moves farther down in the field, nearer the fence, for the brave Captain seems to have a great propensity to make for the hedge and—freedom!

For a moment the bat is poised in the air and, like a shot, the ball escapes the hands of the guards. There is a rush, and, like a veritable Mercury, the valiant Captain skips over the bases, the ball has been recovered for a moment, it is doubtful which will arrive at the base first, suspense is depicted on every face, and then the vibrant air and the waving banners tell the story —the Captain of the Blue and Red has won the day!

May eleventh—In the distance the wood nymphs seem to beckon us with enticing hand and lure us with the echoes of spring to the banks where the violets grow; and our pulses are atingle in exultant response to the call. The trees are blushing pinkly in the fitful sunshine, the meadows are jewelled with wild flowers, the morning sun has called to the daisies to open their eyes and to the dandelion to unfold its tassel of kingly gold, while an emerald haze of happy branches waving to soft breezes, envelopes us, as we invade and explore every shady nook and dell for the sweet profusion of fragrant violets they contain.

As souvenirs of our charming excursion, dainty boxes of blossoms have been sent to less fortunate city dwellers, for who does not love these perfume-laden darlings of the spring.

May twelfth—Mass celebrated by Rev. J. Gleason, of Melbourne, Australia. We joyed to hear his glowing accounts of the success of our sister students in the land of the Southern Cross, and felt a pardonable pride in his enthusiastic praise of our convents there.

After a separation of more than thirty years from a beloved sister, a reunion had just taken place in Denver, Colorado; and now Father Gleason has gone—to place an ocean once more between him and this loved one.

May fifteenth—A delightfully informal and all too brief hour of enjoyment, afforded by a visit from Rev. W. J. Eagan, C. M., and Rev. F. J.

Walsh, C. M., Niagara University. With a sigh of regret we saw them depart, but not before we had obtained a promise of another visit in the near future.

May seventeenth—The motor fever has reached the sacred precincts of the *sanctum,* dared to cross the threshold, and even attack certain members of the S. C. L. It was hard, indeed, for some of the uninitiated to believe that such a thing could come to pass—they had always looked upon the motor as a transitory evil, of which the less said the better. But, when a glittering car came speeding up the avenue, and, with the musically rhythmic chugging of the engine and tooting of horns, two of the Club members sped down through the vista of trees and disappeared, the heart of the horse-lover was crushed and broken, and all arguments, vivid descriptions of thrilling sensations, etc., were in vain. But wait! wait until the fatal microbe seizes these anti-motor enthusiasts, wait until they are transported through space in an automobile! then will they abandon the horse without regret, then will they turn and offer homage to—"the king of the age—the motor-car."

The Misses Wheaton and I are indebted to the thoughtful courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Doran for the special enjoyment in question—an afternoon of delightful motoring through the scenic beauties of Niagara—for which we desire to offer the renewed expression of our gratitude.

May twentieth—A visit from Mrs. F. S. Hammond née Margaret Freeborn, accompanied by Mr. Hammond and the charming little daughter of the house, Helen—who, by the way, was quickly captured and carried a willing captive to the seniors' room, where, to judge from the peals of laughter which issued from that apartment, the wee maiden received a vast amount of attention and helped to while away the hours. Strange, is it not? that the seniors seemed to prefer her society to following the wanderings of Cæsar and his legions.

It were needless to add what pleasure Mrs. Hammond's former teachers felt in conducting her and Mr. Hammond through her one-time convent home, with its ever-dear haunts and clustering associations.

May twenty-fourth — Victoria Day — The staunch loyalty of Uncle Sam's daughters severely tested. Somehow they did not seem quite reconciled to the idea that studies should be continued on the twenty-fourth and all celebration left to the "Queen's Own." So, with what cannot truthfully be called reluctance, they clasped hands with their Canadian sisters and for one day, at least, allowed them to sing, *unmolested,* "God Save the King."

One young and enthusiastic vocalist, seated gracefully in an apple-tree, showed her enjoyment of the National Anthem to such an extent as to attract much attention—it is praiseworthy to note that patriotism as well as hockey is characteristic of Rat Portage. King Edward's dominions were well represented, Jamaica presenting a marvellous appearance under a canopy of flags, Montreal bravely standing by her colors, while Edmonton eclipsed all in splendor and display.

Even on the brink of the Cataract a grand salute of twenty blasts was fired—in recognition of the day, we suppose—but we would have been just as well pleased had that celebration been less strenuous.

May twenty-seventh—The Sacrament of Confirmation administered by Most Rev. D. O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto, to the following pupils—Rita Sheedy, Elizabeth Robinson, Rita Coffey, Alice Ridout, Eleanor Lilley, Josephine Kiep, Stella Talbot, Mary Leary, Florence Cannon, Eleanor McManus, Cecilia Merle, Irene Dolan and Lillian McChesney. A beautiful address from His Grace, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, closed the ceremony.

June first—We realize that Winter has at last really said the much-longed-for farewell, for the roses are in bloom, the birds sing in tireless choral confusion and the gay clamor of these woodland songsters is in harmony with our own happy mood. I might add that the first note of joy has been struck by the announcement that Beatrice Beck is the fortunate winner of the gold medal for French, presented by the Baroness Cotta de Cottendorf, Stuttgart, Würtemberg.

The name Cotta goes with learning. The great-grandfather of the present Baron was a savant and a patron of Goethe and Schiller. He published their works for them and benefited them in many ways. The presentation of the Cotta medal is appropriately coincident with the Schiller Centenary.

It is with feelings of untold happiness that the writer of these pages announces her own success in winning the Thurston Medal for English

Prose Composition, the value of which is doubly enhanced by her acquaintance with the kind donor.

June second—Again that serenade! The poets sing of the troubadours of old, immortalizing them in matchless verse. Could they but hear our votaries from the land of the "Magyar Tanz," could they but nightly catch the strains that are wafted to us on the accompanying roar of the Falls! One is strongly reminded of the Indian war-whoop—and then the weird notes change, and a long, monotonous strain, interspersed with various—and as yet unanalyzed sounds—breaks upon the ear. I fear we are too lost in the light music of modernism to appreciate this straining after unknown ideals in our foreign friends.

June third—The end of "A Tale of a Lonely Parish." Who would dream that young ladies situated, as we are, in the very suburbs of the great and flourishing metropolis of Drummondville, could be so affected by it! Clearly do we see the need of "The Simple Life," as a national institution, for since the members of the S. C. L. have been transported to Billingsfield, the *Muses* have had no time for things material, but have been exhausting their powers in the production of Greek Odes à la John Short. Would that were all! But when our ideal of decorum and upper-class dignity—Bert—sends out an expedition in search of a Juxon type, it is not surprising that the more frivolous should occupy themselves in locating a quiet country vicarage in the midst of a hurrying Mecca of humanity, and in vainly endeavoring to poise a Squire's Hall on a boulder overlooking the Gorge! We can only sigh in sympathy and recommend "the Simple Life."

June seventh—Rev. F. J. Walsh, C. M., Niagara University, ever bounteous in his intellectual treats, gave a charming lecture on that poet, dear to all hearts—Tennyson—and called forth our deepest admiration not alone for the poet but for the man—"the complete man must be a well-poised duality of the active and the passive or receptive; must unite with an 'all-subtilizing intellect,' an 'all-comprehensive tenderness,' must 'gain in sweetness and in moral height, nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world.'"

Father Walsh dwelt on the spiritual in Tennyson, the lessons of "In Memoriam," in which the poet unburdened his grief-laden heart for the friend of whom he wrote—"In Vienna's fatal walls God's finger touch'd him, and he slept." Had Tennyson never been a mourner, he might never have been the great teacher he was:

"Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair;
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise."

All experienced that feeling of pleasure with which an old and dear friend is greeted at the familiar words—"Break! Break! Break!" We were at sea, the surf breaking over the crags at our feet, the spray dashing in our faces, and in the distance beyond that boundary line of blue sky, another world waiting to be discovered, explored.

This delightful word-picture will ever be remembered with the deepest gratitude to Father Walsh, who has given us such an insight into the mind and work of Lord Tennyson.

June eighth—Before leaving for an extended trip abroad, Very Rev. Dean Morris, St. Catharines, and Rev. W. J. Doherty, S. J., Montreal, came to bid us farewell. Both of our reverend guests have hosts of friends at the Falls, the day was one of the happiest, at its close an informal entertainment, then a *bon voyage,* and Dean Morris left, bearing endless messages to the Lorettos beyond the seas.

June tenth—This morning, at least, not a sigh was breathed when that silver-tongued (?) disturber of our dreams approached, for in the bright and near future was a delightful three hours' sail on the lake, and dear friends awaiting us in Toronto. How kind those friends were is well-nigh impossible to describe. The Abbey gave us glad welcome and entertainment, and when the hour came to utter that saddest word—farewell—we all appreciated that one of our most enjoyable afternoons had been spent within the walls of the mother house. With renewed expression of gratitude to our kind hostesses and an au revoir, we boarded the "Corona" and steamed out of the bay, homeward bound for the beautiful mansion on the hill, shrouded in rainbow splendors. Passing Old Niagara and gliding down the river, the inspiring strains of *Ave Maria Loreto* floated across the moonlit waters—a votive hymn of praise and thanksgiving.

June fifteenth—A charming visit from Rev. J. Lynch, C. M., and Rev. E. Farrell, C. M., Niagara University, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, of Denver, Colorado. Mr. O'Connor is one of the University's most distinguished sons, and we were pleased to entertain him and Mrs. O'Connor—herself a convent pupil. For a concluding number, Maud Merle told the tale of "who gave the bride away"—perhaps it was cruel—those concerned had evidently hoped to escape the ring path. But Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor took all in good part and laughed heartily—the latter especially appreciating the situation.

Father Lynch then made a very witty speech, referred to the festive holiday season, the unspeakable gladness of these vacation days of June, and wished us the fullest enjoyment of them.

June seventeenth—Henceforth the sight of a phonograph will ever recall the gay afternoons for which we are indebted to Father Farrell, who came this morning to brighten a rainy day with the sunshine of his presence and the music of his phonograph! For hours the room rang with silvery voices and delightful laughter, the music went merrily on, and, before the shades of evening fell, the camera was brought into requisition to preserve mementoes of these happy hours.

June nineteenth—Miss Miriam Nash, the kind donor of the prize for plain sewing to the little ones, would have been amply repaid for the hours of labor spent on the attire of the Philadelphia beauty, could she have witnessed the enthusiastic outbursts of admiration at the appearance of the débutante in the hall.

Many were the sighs for a departed childhood, untold were the eager heart-throbs of the minims for the fairy doll in exquisite confection of lace and ribbon—a triumph of dear Miriam's deft handiwork—and of Dame Fashion's latest whim.

June twentieth—My pleasant task is done. Alas! I fear it has been all too pleasant, for old Father Time seems to have travelled so speedily that I find myself at the end when I had fondly hoped I was only half way. On golden wings each sun-bright day of June was borne, bringing us nearer and nearer to the closing scene. A few short days and that charming circle of literary maidens and "sweet girl graduates" will have disappeared—laurel-crowned—to face the untried experiences of a different life—to win from the unborn years, slumbering in golden promise, all they hold most precious for time and eternity. How the sweet bells of Memory chime along the path of these fleeting moments!

May they grow with the years to more perfect womanhood—to be most true to the ideal of duty—to be more truly worthy of the beautiful title of "Loretto girls."

GLADYS WEST.

Personals.

Oheyo.

Adios! Adios! Las tramvias! Las tramvias!

It's really spring, the birds are *wobbling*.

Who wrote the Epistle to the Romans?
Wasn't dere no name signed to it?

Camp Calamity—more calamitous than ever—has a gentle rival in Kamp Kill Kare—the resort of the lotus-eaters.

What is a grampus?
That's a little cat's grandmother.

Isn't she advanced enough in music to use a barometer?

When I heard her sing I thought I was in the next world!
Which one?

No wonder *chivalry* became *rash* when the fair hostess of the Do-Drop-Inn stigmatized it in such sanguinary terms.

The irrepressible Jays are mute—high society does not agree with them!

Laura Secord was a celebrated rope-walker. She went across the Falls three times. If she had gone once more she would have been drowned.

The Province of Ontario is governed by a *left-handed* Governor.

What a dreadful *fore paw* she made!

A picnic is a movable feast.

Just before it killed me the tooth came out.

Felicitations to Swish—30 years in the saddle, and never lost a race!

I do hope some Dutchman will marry me when I grow up, for I want to be a duchess.

Carbonicide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India and

a carbonicide got in that there hole and nearly killed every one afore morning.

Can't they fix the cords of Paderewski's neck in this country?

I'd have you to know that I was not born ignorant.
Well, I was.

Where's the planet Juno?

Woe! Woe! the hostess of the Do-Drop-Inn is quarantined!

Who told that unadorned tale?

I always did love poetry, especially that poem by Edgar Allan Poe—*The Crow.*

How do you spell *trellis,* the kind of a bridge that cars go over?

Me and Annie went to see it.
Oh, what grammar!
Well, I'm not talkin' grammar now.

The erstwhile guests of the Do-Drop-Inn are now in quest of *furnished vacancies.*

I hope you'll understand what's understood in these lines.

History repeats itself.
Indeed it doesn't. Our teacher makes us repeat it.

Know your Shin Kana?
I'll have no sentiment about a June bug. Go to your place.

Wouldn't you rather go down the *radiator* than walk down stairs?

I have on my mediaeval flannels—they're neither winter nor summer ones.

The fifth of June—and still that chest protector!

The canvassers are at work—and yet Mae waives all claim to amiability—since the Charity ball.

Go' bye! Go' bye!



NEW YORK
Underwriters' Agency.
ESTABLISHED 1864.

Policies Secured By
ASSETS, $14,542,951.78.

JOSEPH MURPHY,
Ontario Agent,
28 TORONTO STREET,
TORONTO, ONT.

WM. A. LEE & SON,
Toronto Agents,
14 VICTORIA STREET,
TORONTO, ONT.

J. N. Adam & Company,
GREATER BUFFALO'S
GREATEST STORE.
Mail Orders Promptly and Perfectly Filled.

Royal Insurance Company
OF ENGLAND.
Assets exceed $65,000,000.

W. A. LEE & SON, General Agents,
14 Victoria Street, TORONTO.

WHEN IN BUFFALO
A QUIET PLACE FOR A DAINTY LUNCH
OR ICE CREAM
McGERALD'S
FANCY BAKERY & ICE CREAMS
627 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Conservatory Repertoire,

The Latest and Best Collection of

PIANO MUSIC.

Instructive and Entertaining.

PRICE $1.00.

Published by J. FISCHER & BRO.,

7 and 11 Bible House, New York.

Send for our Catalogues.

BRAAS BROS. CO.,

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

Mason, Carpenter and Sheet Metal Work, Painting, Plate, Gravel, Tin, Copper and Terra Cotta Roofing.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

To See

all the sights of

Niagara Falls . . .

on both sides of the river

No trip can equal the great

Scenic Belt Line

CARS leave Prospect Park on the American side every fifteen minutes, the trip including:

VICTORIA PARK
WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS
BROCK'S MONUMENT
QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

The Great Gorge Route along the water's edge from Lewiston to Niagara Falls, Fare $1.00

A Trip to Buffalo on the YELLOW CARS

A delightful trolley ride to the heart of the city

Return Fare 50 Cents

Write for beautiful illustrated folder of the International Railway lines to

J. E. STEPHENSON, P. & F. A.,
178 Main Street, Buffalo

Troy Laundry Machinery Co., LTD.

OUR LINE IS THE LARGEST, BEST AND MOST COMPLETE.

WRITE US FOR CATALOGUE AND LAUNDRY GUIDE.

Troy Chicago New York San Francisco

Your Institution is not complete without a Laundry Plant.



Copyright 1905, by O. E. Dunlap.

MOONLIGHT ON THE NIAGARA.

Looking up the river from the head of Goat Island.

NIAGARA RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., OCTOBER, 1905. No. 4.

To Unseen Friends.

O friends, whom I have never seen!
Who yet have helped me on my way,
Who've made earth look more fair and green
And added sunshine to my day—

O hero! through whose noble deed
My own weak soul has stronger grown,
O poet! in whose lines I read
A message sweet, and all my own—

Clear thinker! who to me revealed
Some truth or beauty rare and fine,
To which my eyes had still been sealed,
Hadst thou not made thy treasure mine—

O painter! who for me did place
Upon the glowing canvas there,
That sweet, that rarely beauteous face,
That wooes me for a while from care—

O saint! whose pure and holy life
Makes me long to be holy, too;
To wage with wrong unceasing strife—
How can I pay my debt to you?

O friends! whom I have never seen!
Who yet are helping me each day;
The good you've done to me, I ween,
I never can to you repay.

But I can pass the cup along—
The cup of blessing fresh and sweet—
Into some mouth can put a song,
Can smooth some path for weary feet.

And this shall be the payment meet
I'll render for your gifts to me;
I'll try to make the lives more sweet
Of some whom you will never see.

C. H.

Individuality.

"LET us make man to our image and likeness." The fulfillment of this proposal illustrates more forcibly than any other argument the diversity of the Deity's attributes, for in the whole human race who has ever yet found any two individuals' exact counterparts? We come into the world, each stamped with a certain image and likeness, which a life time of efforts never wholly eradicates, though we often try desperately to effect a change and those who surround us try still more desperately (on us, of course); the stamp is there indelible. Since we must face this truth, it had best be with a logical mind, the outcome of whose reasoning would bring some consoling reflections when we are inflamed with the zeal of remodeling our neighbor.

On one is the stamp of energy, stimulated by the indomitable will, the physical strength, the blunt determination, which a lifetime of renunciation would never mould into the timid, shrinking personality, or the weak character that has not the courage of its own convictions. A kind destiny ushers another into existence marked with the likeness of God's fairest attributes. Sunshine smiles on his youth, flowers spring up in his pathway, and like the child endowed by the good fairy, jewels fall from his lips at every utterance. In the shadow of crime another sees his first dawn; he is fostered in the atmosphere of sin, thorns and stones bestrew his pathway, and like the child cursed by the wicked fairy, vipers fall from his lips at every utterance. Where is the image and likeness of God? The power of kindness will find it, the keenness of charity will discern it, the ardor of zeal will discover it, and bring it more and more to light until it finally dispels even the hovering gloom. Whereas, if

one meted out the same justice to both individuals, the latter would be forever deprived the Beatific Vision. Christ Himself revealed the latent beauty of such characters. Men and women, at whom we in our lofty sentiments of self-righteousness, would have looked askance, from whom we would have drawn back our garments lest contamination be in their very touch, with whom we would not deign to eat and drink —these were forgiven much because Christ saw beyond the unfavorable exterior into the hearts that loved much.

Again in the delightful atmosphere of a cultured home, another image is stamped with fairest attributes. The individual breathes naught but intellectual air, his thoughts are fed on noble principles, his aims are centred on all that is lofty, he walks hand in hand with the world's greatest writers and soars to the clouds with the poets, nature's voice is music to his ears, and nature's charms have the power to please beyond all others. Bring such a one into contact with the poor, benighted individual, who, from the dawn of existence was surrounded by illiterateness, whose intellectual growth was stunted, whose eyes were never opened to nature's beauties, whose ears were never attuned to music's charms, whose appreciative faculties lie dormant, whose sensibilities are blunt, who scoffs at culture and gracious ways,—what a contrast you have! They look askance at each other, the one with a feeling of infinite pity for his less favored brother, the other with mixed sentiments, partly jealousy, partly would-be contempt.

Another individual is the essence of reserve, formal, unapproachable, apparently devoid of feeling, as no emotion is ever betrayed. He beholds grand works of nature and art with the utmost impassiveness, and heart-breaking experiences are gone through with provoking calmness. What sentiment exists deep down in his heart he alone knows, for he is a strong advocate of the unexpressed. In marked contrast is the creature of impulse, believing that every feeling that sways the human heart should be revealed, to whom self-restraint is a practical impossibility. If he loves, his radiant smile tells you so; if he hates, his frown is not disguised, nature's fascinations appeal to him and he is loud in admiration, his soul is stirred by poet's words and his countenance aglow, he is dissolved in ecstasy, you please him and are rewarded with copious thanks, complimented in pleasant terms. Would one designate such characters,—the cool, phlegmatic, unemotional, and the ardent, impulsive,—as the "angels who fear to tread" and the "fools who rush in"? *Chacun à son gout.*

Again we meet on life's highway, the simpering, politic, insinuating individual,—the "Uriah Heap" style of humanity, on whom the honest, straightforward man would like to use some of his violence. The rollicking, careless, happy-go-lucky individual, who grates on the serious mind. The negligent, unreliable, wavering individual, who exasperates his punctual, decided, unfaltering neighbor,—but why multiply instances? They are as numerous as there are human beings on this earth and the only conclusion to arrive at that will foster serenity of mind when agitated by the friction of positive and negative, is that we must accept people for what they are. The unlettered and the cultured cannot amalgamate; the impulsive can no more completely hide their characteristics than the unfeeling can expand in ecstasy; the lover of nature cannot expect everyone to revel in the gorgeous sunset, or glow over babbling brooks and winding rivers; the weathercock cannot be a fixture, the butterfly cannot be an owl. History proves this most emphatically. It took an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon to conquer,—it took a Michael Angelo, a Murillo, a Raphael to paint. It took a Milton to lift us to the sublimest heights of poetry,—a Beethoven to ravish us with melodious strains. Could any of these have performed the work of the other? Could the hermit living in austere solitude, practising the most rigid renunciation, work out his salvation with the aid of a nagging wife? Or could the zealous missionary, aflame with love for souls, find solace in solitude? There is such a thing, undoubtedly, as going against nature, and heroic sacrifice succeeds to some extent in smothering inclinations; but this is life work! The saints accomplished it, and we, with the best of our poor, weak, human endeavors, try to remodel our characters, with the example of Christ before us, to "look and make according to the pattern," but the inclinations we thought to extinguish do but smoulder, and the flame leaps out when we least expect,—the angry word, the cutting reply, the selfish act, the contemptuous gesture, the unfeeling reproach, the utter lack of sympathy, the weak yielding, the stubborn unrelenting,—and we are forced to acknowledge

that the old personality is ever in ascendency, that our lives are stamped by our individuality so ineffaceably that the ceaseless round of years will not obliterate the mark.

A little reflection on these truths proves efficacious in the arduous task of "bearing one another's burdens." A consoling thought, to conclude, is the assurance of the "many mansions in my Father's house" where all these widely diversified characters may find room when the tired, combating spirit enters into rest.

DOROTHY B.

A Minor Strain.

The day was diffused with sunshine
And sweet was the perfumed air,
A very dream of joy was life
With never a hint of care.
But strange, wayward Fate was moody,
And so to beguile the hours,
She played upon my poor heart-strings
With all her mysterious powers.
It was just the day for music,
For soul-stirring melodies,
A Sunlight Sonata surely
Would she evoke from the keys
I thought; but no, there resounded
A plaint so wailing and weird
That it thrilled my very fibres;
I could scarce say what I feared.
The notes spoke of grief and sorrow
That each human hand must weave
With the golden threads of pleasure,
Her share of life's woof to receive.
I thought I was rife for combat
Whate'er the struggle would be,
So I mocked at Fate and waited
Her touch with serenity.
No wonder my poor heart quivered
At the chord of tremulous tones
She struck! Then she cruelly listened
For reverberating moans.
The sounds vibrated diversely,
No two akin save in pain.
Could ever such chord be sounded
In my sad, tried heart again!
It told of a disillusion
I had scarce the strength to bear,
It told of a broken idol
All shattered beyond repair.
It told of a merciless playing
With a tender heart and true,
Of the scorn of its wealth of love
That each day would wound anew.
It told of a depth of sorrow
I had never known before,
Of sunlight dimmed, of dreams dispelled,
Of a hope that would live no more.
As the sad, weird strain resounded,
Through trembling nerves with disdain,
Such anguish keenly I suffered,
Such harrowing ache and pain!
But e'er I was hopelessly crushed
In my grief, a melody
Soft and soothing was gently played,
A kinder Hand touched each key.
Not till then I saw my error
In thinking 'twas sportive Fate
Had touched my heart-strings so cruelly
That naught can alleviate.
Ah, no! 'Twas the Master testing
My love through the deepest pain,
And now I can calmly thank Him
For that blessed minor strain.

DOROTHY B.

The Spirit of Sympathy.

FEW people are more repugnant and more undesirable as companions or associates than cold, impervious, unimpressible persons, who pass unmoved and apparently untouched through scenes of joy and scenes of sorrow, seeming to have no chords to vibrate in common with the humanity about them, to be set apart from the range of common feeling and common emotions. Some pride themselves on the cultivation and attainment of those unsympathetic traits, this immovability and hardness of heart. They call it dignity, strength and poise of character, a spirit of calmness and serenity—all virtues to be desired in their true form and right proportions, but not to be mistaken for selfishness, callousness, uncharitableness and coldness of heart.

Better almost anything, even childish extravagance and impetuosity, than these. Imperturbability of countenance and steadiness of nerve under all circumstances and conditions are regarded by some as marks of high culture and stern discipline, and so they may often be; but the danger is that this hardening process may be carried so far as to deaden if not destroy the

finer sensibilities, the soft and tender feelings which sweeten and ennoble humanity, and which only grow and blossom in their fullness and beauty in hearts that are open to the sunshine, in natures that have been enriched and made large and fruitful because they have been genial, receptive and responsive to the common needs, influences and demands of common life in its common round; because they have been in close and sympathetic touch with the currents of thought and emotion which are always and everywhere swaying the lives and conduct of men.

To stand studiously aloof from such things, to cultivate a habit of repressing and silencing every display of feeling, every exhibition of sympathy, under the mistaken idea that such is the way of the refined and lofty nature, can only result in time in encrusting the heart about with a shell that withers and kills its tenderest and sweetest virtues because it allows neither the going out nor the coming in of those happy influences in whose free action alone can such virtues live and thrive. A person with such an encrusted heart, a nature that can pass unmoved up and down among the joys and sorrows of humanity with tearless eyes and mirthless countenance—such a one might serve when done in marble on some lofty pedestal; but she has no place in a world like this, where weddings and funerals, the usherings in and the usherings out of life, constitute so large a part of the business of mankind. A culture of whatever kind that gives a result like that is worse than no culture at all. Better a land of thorns and brambles than a dry and arid desert; better a simple and untutored savage than a heartless, passionless philosopher, a human iceberg, a walking glacier. Of such a one it may be more truly said than of him who "hath no music in his soul," that he is fit for treason, strategems and spoils, and is not to be trusted.

It remains to be said, and said truly, that there is no soil in which the flower of human sympathy grows in such beauty and plenteousness as in the soil warmed and enriched by the love of Christ. As Christ Himself gave nearly all His earthly life to lowly ministration among His fellow men, to turning their sorrows into joys, and their despairings into hopefulness, so He is set before the world to-day and for all time as the very pattern and ideal of all pity and compassion. In a world of sorrows He was eminently a Man of Sorrows, and yet He gladly ministered at the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee, and His presence threw no shadow over that happy time. He was not ashamed to weep when others wept, nor to be moved in many ways by the scenes through which He passed. A heart so truly tender, a nature so open, so responsive, so closely in touch with the life of all humanity, so vibrant to all the nobler and higher influences which move the souls of men—such another the world has never seen.

And so to be Christ-like is to be sympathetic; it is inevitable. To be filled with His spirit is to be filled with pity and compassion, to follow in His footsteps is to follow in deeds of love and mercy. Christianity is distinguished from all other religions in the world by the impulse and direction which it gives to kindness, charity and sympathetic feeling among men in the largest and most concrete form. And as with Christianity so with the individual Christian, a distinguishing characteristic is the spirit of tenderness and sympathy, a desire to go about as did the Master, doing good and failing not. The saintliest and divinest life is the life abounding in deeds of mercy. In a world so full of sorrow and misery as this, no heart can be true to itself nor true to God, no soul can fulfill its mission, no nature can be ordered according to the ordering of heaven, that is not sympathetic, compassionate, full of love. To be otherwise is to be abnormal, lifeless, Christless. C. W.

A Damsel of the Olden Time.

A Sketch from Life.

By "Alba."

"NOW, my dears," said Miss Prim to the small class of very young ladies that assembled in her schoolroom five afternoons of the week, in the ancient, grandmother days when private schooling was in favor, "your next English lesson is rather a hard one. To-morrow, of course, is French day; but, on Friday, we shall finish the map of Austria, and I shall expect you to memorize the course of the river Danube, with that of all its principal tributaries; giving the names of all the cities and towns on each—"

"Without the map?" inquired the small chorus in a tone of consternation.

"Certainly; without the map. Then, your grammar lesson will also be a little more difficult than usual. It includes the list of prepositions, of which there are forty-eight. I shall expect you to repeat them—"

"By heart?" insinuated the startled class.

"Certainly—by heart. But," continued Miss Prim, encouragingly, "as it is, altogether, rather a harder lesson than usual, the girl who knows it best shall have three tickets."

At this announcement, countenances brightened considerably. It may be explained that Miss Prim was wont to enrich the most successful pupil of the day with a small ticket adorned with several texts and a very minute picture; which ticket the said pupil carried home as an evidence and guarantee of her industry and attention. When these tokens amounted to the number of twelve, the happy possessor brought them to school; whereupon Miss Prim cut from a sheet a large and resplendent ticket—supposed to be worth the whole twelve—and gave it to her "for keeps." But a single small one was the ordinary allowance for the day. On memorable occasions, two had been awarded. Now, for the first time on record, was held out the dazzling prospect of three; and spirits rose accordingly.

"I need hardly say," continued Miss Prim, shaking her head, and regarding with a rueful countenance the incorrigible Miss Elsie—*alias* Alice—the youngest of the class by about three years, and the idlest by about three hundred, "I need hardly say there is no use in promising tickets to you. You never know your lessons—"

"Except my music," suggested Elsie in a subdued and deprecating murmur.

"*Ahem,*" responded Miss Prim, sandwiched, so to speak, between her sense of justice in face of the undeniable fact that Elsie always *did* know her music, if nothing more, and her sense of the necessity of maintaining discipline, "music is not enough. We must know other things besides music. If you grow up able to play well, that will not save you from being ridiculous if you cannot spell, and are ignorant of grammar, history, and geography."

This was the nearest approach to a scolding that Miss Prim ever indulged in, and it invariably fell to Elsie's share; not, certainly, through the fault of the good lady, who cherished a strong if covert partiality for the little delinquent who caused her so much trouble. She did not scruple to say, when the child was out of hearing, that there was nothing Miss Elsie could not learn if she chose; keeping, of course, steadily and exclusively before Elsie's own eyes the melancholy fact that she never chose. The affection poor Miss Prim cherished for her little pupil may fairly be regarded as an instance of the attraction of opposites; for while the governess was a typical embodiment of prose, Elsie was a born artist in most senses of the word. She had used her very considerable influence with a very indulgent mamma to have her dresses made long "like a big lady's"; quite a departure in an age when girls even in their earlier teens were dressed in very short frocks, and very long pantlets—stiff or waffle, according to the material demanded by the time of year. The horror with which this costume was calculated to inspire a person of Elsie's temperament probably lay at the root of the suggestion, as sympathy in the same was certainly a strong factor in obtaining her mother's consent. The little damsel preferred no choice as to the material of her dresses, but regarded the cut as of great importance; and many were the glances she gave over her shoulder as she walked along, to make sure that her skirts touched the ground. She was also given to watch her opportunity when her mother was out or engaged, in order to adorn her small self with a forbidden article in the shape of a large cashmere shawl, delicate in texture and coloring, but sole specimen between Land's-End and Orkney as an out-door wrap for a damsel of nine, albeit a little tall for her age. The *tout ensemble,* including, of course, the bright face and daintily-trimmed bonnet a-top, made a pretty, if somewhat comical, picture; and the smiles it provoked were of the indulgent order.

Elsie's eccentricity shewed itself in other ways. She slept with volumes of poetry under her pillow, and memorized Spanish ballads—translations, of course—when she ought to have been learning her spelling. When walking out, she always selected the most unfrequented roads, in order to recreate herself by a *sotto voce* rehearsal of her beloved poems with as little distraction as possible. At Miss Prim's class—of which she was, as we have seen, the tail-piece—her attendance on "English Day" was not due till an hour after the other girls had assembled, as their more

advanced age allowed them the privilege of studying flower-painting, an art to which Elsie was not yet promoted, notwithstanding her ardent longings in that direction. She compensated herself, however, by regularly turning up at the earlier hour, and watching the fascinating process of copying very wooden auriculas and pansies, with an intensity of purpose and attention which would have worked wonders if applied to her lesson books. As her very indulgent papa had bestowed on her a splendid paint-box, and as it was not difficult to obtain from the same indulgent papa all the necessary drawing-paper, it is not surprising that Elsie achieved at home, and from memory, various rather questionable copies of these same wooden—but adored—pansies and auriculas; especially as she devoted to them all the time she could spare from her practising and sundry little domestic duties, which had to be attended to, and trusted in Providence for spelling, grammar, French vocabulary, etc. To return to our narrative.

Time being up, the class dispersed, to dream about the Three Tickets and endeavor to obtain them. That is, all but Elsie, whose whole being was wrapped up in a circumstance which completely eclipsed the brilliant prospect held out by Miss Prim. For had not Miss Black and Miss Gray just that very day entered upon the delicious task of copying, each of them, a lovely brier-rose! Miss Black's was pink, and Miss Gray's was white; and it was impossible to tell which of the two was the more beautiful or the more natural. The outlines were completed, and next "English Day" would see the artists enter on the ravishing process of dead-coloring the leaves and tinting the petals. As soon as Elsie reached home and finished her tea, she got out pencil and paper, and by dint of much perseverance and a very sizeable piece of India rubber, achieved an outline which, if not very correct, came near enough to delight the small artist. What a feast she promised herself on Friday, when the mystery of tinting the blossoms—especially the white one, which, although white, stood out in some unaccountable manner from the paper—should be revealed! And wouldn't she take care to be at Miss Prim's among the very first!

Alas for the fallacy of human hopes, and for that deplorable slip which is so apt to get in between the cup and the lip! No sooner had the class assembled, and the young ladies taken their respective places at the window-table, each with her box of paints and other conveniences before her, than Miss Prim, her patience fairly exhausted, pounced upon Elsie, who was adjusting herself in her usual corner, conveniently, for observing the whole process.

"Now, my dear," cried the long-suffering lady, in her most determined tones, and seizing the culprit by the scruff of the neck, "just come and study your lesson. You know very well that you haven't looked at your books, and that you don't know a single word. I shall not allow you to look on at the painting to-day. Here are your books; here is the atlas; sit down and study."

The little girl ventured on no remonstrance, but with a heavy heart took the seat her governess placed for her at the centre table; which seat was judiciously placed with its back to the flower painters. Elsie had thus only the choice between studying her lesson books and studying the opposite wall, unadorned as it was by a single picture, or anything more inspiring than a double coat of kalsomine. As it was not indolence but counter-attractions that supplied her with stumbling-blocks, she chose the former, and with such good effect that while the most successful competitor lost her bearings at "except," and broke down at Tokay on the Theiss, Elsie triumphantly cleared the forty-eight prepositions, and deposited the Danube with all its tributaries safely in the Black Sea.

Miss Prim was so overwhelmed by this unexpected result, that she then and there got out her scissors and picture sheet, and cut from the latter a magnificent Twelve, with which she duly presented Elsie, to the edification and envy of the competing duxes.

History does not state whether the event exercised any permanent influence on the little damsel's subsequent efforts; but one thing is certain, to wit, that along with the trophy of her victory she carried home a profound consolation in the fact that the Misses Black and Gray had been unable to get farther with their respective brier-roses than grounding the shadows of the rather numerous green leaves with Indian ink—a process which Elsie already understood, and that the coloring business and mixing of tints would not come on till next "English Day."



AUTUMN ON GOAT ISLAND.

Copyright 1905, by O. E. Dunlap.

A Heroine of Pisa.

AT the beginning of the eleventh century the Saracens, from Sardinia, of which they had taken possession, harassed with their piracy the Tyrrhenum. From time to time, they landed in Italy, and, with their wonted daring and cruelty, destroyed everything that came in their way. Their captain was the famous King Musa, at the sound of whose name every face became pale, every eye fixed and glassy, every heart thrilled with terror. No one had ever seen him, but he was said to be dark as hell, hideous as Satan. He was hated as well as feared, and the blood of thousands of victims cried for vengeance and called down upon him the curses and threats of the Italian people.

The bitterest enemy of the Saracen king was great Tacopo Orlandi, chief of the Senate of Pisa. Aye, nobility and experience made him the first citizen in the Republic, and above all he loved Pisa, its freedom, its greatness, its glory. King Musa was a constant menace, and the only object of hatred in the old patrician's heart. Alone he lived in his beautiful, dark palace on the right bank of the Arno, and the spacious, luxuriously-furnished rooms, where once noble ladies and gallant knights assembled, saw Tacopo Orlandi's snowy head bent over his books and papers, wearied by the heavy burdens of the Republic.

Only one gentle creature could bring light to his eyes and happiness to his joyless life—Cinzica Sismondi, his niece and ward. When her mother died she was but two years old, and her father, Commander of the Pisan fleet, was always far off on the sea. Old Tacopo, who had been foolishly fond of the child and had listened attentively to her innocent prattle, now worshipped the beautiful, noble girl, in whose wise converse he found pleasantest pastime after the arduous labors of the day. Evening after evening, when the sun had set on the Tyrrhenum, his leisure hours were spent with her by the fireside, Tacopo seated on the great oaken chair which, for centuries past, his ancestors had occupied, Cinzica on a low stool at his feet. She told him all she thought and felt—her bright dreams, her vague longings, her little sorrows. He related to her the story of his life and the history of his country; all that age and experience had taught him.

Youthful and buoyant as Cinzica was, she led a quiet, solitary existence. Strange voices had reached the Chief of the Republic. "King Musa," unknown friends had more than once whispered in his ears, "will avenge himself for the defeat of his army, on the dearest object of your love." And what was the dearest object of the patrician's love, but this girl, the pride of his age, the sunshine of his life?

One day, at a window of her palace, Cinzica Sismondi stood, admiring the beauty of the Italian sunset. She was following with her eyes the triumphal march of the sun in a glory of crimson clouds, before sinking into the far-off sea, when a low, strange voice called:

"Cinzica."

She was startled. In the quiet street below, a tall man, in pilgrim weeds, stood. From his face, almost hidden in a dark cowl, two black eyes stared at her with such fiery gaze that she felt her heart beat faster in her breast.

"Cinzica," the pilgrim spoke, "I have a message from your father. I wish to speak with you."

"Oh, sir," she cried in a burst of joy, "you are welcome! It is a blessed day that brings me news of my dear father. My house and my servants will rejoice with me!"

"Your servants! Ah, no! No one must ever know of my visit. I must see you alone," he replied; and again a wild look met Cinzica's gaze.

Something warned her of an unknown danger, for she said with firm voice: "Then I refuse to see you."

"You forfeit your father's life!" the stranger muttered with a sneer. At that fearful threat, the fearlessness of the Sismondi awoke in the girl's heart.

"Sir, come to me to-morrow at Vesper time, I will await you in my Oratory," she said—and there was not the slightest tremor in her voice.

Next day, Cinzica met again the strange pilgrim, and with no other arms than a small crucifix, pressed ardently to her heart, fought with him the hardest battle of her life—and won it. In the solitude of the Oratory, he had thrown aside the pilgrim weeds, and lo! King Musa himself, handsome and terrible as a fallen angel, appeared before the horror-stricken girl.

He had heard, he said, of the great love of Tacopo Orlandi for her; and from that moment had longed to kill her, to cut his foe's heart. But

now, her beauty, her courage, her nobility had disarmed him. He would not imbrue his hands in the blood of the purest creature he had ever beheld. "Be silent," he added, "if the life of your father is dear to you! No one must ever know that King Musa's soul was once moved by a woman."

If Cinzica's life was spared, her happiness was destroyed forever. In her great love for her father she found strength to conceal the anguish of her heart,—even from Tacopo Orlandi. God alone knew it, and helped her to be bright and smiling as of yore. Day and night the figure of the fierce Saracen haunted her. The terror he inspired was mingled with pity for the degradation into which he had fallen. Might he not have been, perhaps, as good as he was brave, if his benighted soul had been opened to the light of truth? Thus she pondered and prayed in her Oratory, kissing the little crucifix that had aided her in her first struggle, and beseeching the God-Man who had forgiven his murderers, to forgive the poor Saracen his great sins!

One calm summer night, as Cinzica lay awake in her chamber, an unusual sound of oars in the waters of the Arno reached her. "Who is crossing the river at such an hour?" she asked herself. A sinister thought darkened her brow, and she hurried to the window. In the pale light of the moon she saw a long line of boats gliding silently over the sleeping river, and, in them, thousands of men, who looked fiercely toward the city. "King Musa!" she murmured, and, immediately, she understood the danger which menaced Pisa.

A few moments only, and then those men, cruel as wild beasts, would fall upon the city, set the houses on fire, murder the citizens,—beginning with Tacopo Orlandi, her uncle, her friend. She alone could warn him in time, and save the city.

Quick as thought Cinzica knelt and with earnest prayer besought God to protect her. Then, making the sign of the cross, hastened through the silent, deserted palace, and was out in the street. As if in a dream, trembling, breathless, but guided by a Divine hand, she ran on in the darkness, while on the river the dreaded procession continued. At last, the Palace of the Consul loomed into view, but, alas! every one slept, and only the furious barking of the watch-dog answered her cries. Was it possible that God, who had hitherto helped her, would fail her in this extremity? Oh, no! God's grace assisted her to the last.

The barking of the dog awoke Tacopo Orlandi, and to him Cinzica delivered her message. "The Saracens attack us! King Musa is on the river!" she whispered, and fainted in his arms.

Pisa was safe. The citizens awakened by the sound of the alarm-bells, ran to the defense. A furious battle ensued, but the courage of the Pisans overcame the cruelty of the Saracens.

When the conquerors went to the Palace of the Sismondi to hail their young deliverer, a tall, majestic figure, wrapped in a dark cloak, stood before them. "A Saracen!" they cried. "Seize him! Seize him!" But he, casting aside his cloak and proudly raising his head, thundered:

"I am King Musa!"

And the people of Pisa, who had so many times cursed this dreaded foe, who had so often longed for his death, now bowed to the subjugated king, and left that glorious sword at the imprisoned soldier's side.

Fallen into the hands of his enemies, Musa looked for death, as for deliverance, but he must await in Tacopo Orlandi's palace the decision of the Senate in his regard. He was not a prisoner there, he was an honored guest, a friend. Indeed, the magnanimity and Christian charity of his enemy so touched him, so won his admiration, that his hate turned to love, and he began to be soothed by his kindness and enlightened by his words.

One day, Consul Orlandi said to him:

"Brother, swear never more to take arms against the Christians, and you shall be free. This is the vengeance of the followers of Christ."

The stately walls of the old palace beheld a strange spectacle. At Orlandi's feet, humbly asking him to teach him his religion and to love him as his son, proud King Musa knelt!

A true son he promised to be to the patrician, for Cinzica Sismondi, the pure, brave, beautiful girl, who once by her innocence had subdued him, consented to become his wife. King Musa clung to life again, where erstwhile he had longed for death. But death is the beginning of true life, and this true life he had not to wait for long.

One bright spring morning, the joyous peal of bells from the great Campanile of Pisa, told the world around the happiness which filled the hearts of all the citizens. The rays of the sun

illumined a magnificent cortége of soldiers and priests, nobles and ladies, slowly proceeding to the Piazza of the Duomo. Last of all came Musa, bareheaded, in the white tunic of the catechumen. At his side, in flowing veil, the girl who had been—and would ever be—his guardian angel. The cortége entered the Baptistry and soon its exquisite arcades, beautiful in their sculptured tracery, reëchoed the sound of a strong, manly voice. Musa pronounced the sacred words of abjuration, then the holy water fell on his bowed head, while the Bishop repeated:

"I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Thus the greatest enemy of Christianity had become a Christian. Once more the power of love overcame the power of hate, and Cinzica's greatest desire was accomplished. Why, then, did tears glisten in her eyes, why was her heart full and heavy, as she knelt by Musa in the baptistry? Earnestly she kissed her little crucifix, earnestly she prayed the Lord to give wisdom and strength to her, peace and steadfastness to him. But neither her prayers nor the blessing of the good Bishop could dispel the dark forebodings which filled her soul.

The sacred rite of baptism being over, all rose. Musa and Cinzica walked to the door of the baptistry, for the marriage was to be celebrated in the Duomo. Before leaving the temple, for the first time, did the catechumen moisten his fingers in the holy water and make the sign of the cross. But oh! A strong hand grasped his arm, and a sharp dagger smote his breast, while a harsh, thundering voice cried:

"Traitor to thy faith, die! !"

Thus, murdered by one of his Saracens, great King Musa died, uttering the name of his Saviour.

Cinzica Sismondi, the heroine of Pisa, devoted herself to the poor and the afflicted. From her broken heart came a yearning and a sympathetic sweetness for all whom the Divine Hand had stricken. And as, once, her white form had fled through the darkness to save her native city from the attack of its enemies, so, many and many a time, her pure, spotless soul found its way into the darkness of poor lost hearts, to bring to them peace, happiness, and safety.

Maria Concetta Silenzi.

To a Belated Rose.

I.

Hope, all belated,—the last and alone—
Let me thy fragrance but once more inhale:
Sweetly thou bringest the days that are gone;
Thee will I tell of Elysium a tale.

II.

Rose, I caress thee; ah, lone little flow'r!—
Press'd is thy velvet face close to my cheek;
Gather'd to wither; all fleeting thine hour;
While our communion lasts hear my heart speak:

III.

Back from the joyous past ventures a child,
—Why should the mem'ry but make my heart ache?—
Quick to believe when by beauty beguil'd:
Closely I hold thee, sweet rose, for her sake!

IV.

Daily her lov'd ones awaited the child,—
Witching their fragrance, enchanting their red—
In our sweet converse thy June sisters wild
Taught other heavens than those overhead:

V.

Breathing that here is the heart's native land;
No plea for exiles;—"The noble of this
Live to be blest at the rose-world's demand;
Faith is true recompense; duty is bliss"!

* * * * *

VI.

Life! I have follow'd where stern thou hast led,
Pour'd my heart's sunshine on drear ways and wild;
—Debtor, requir'd at thy hands are my dead,
Restore—but in dreams—the lost roses and child!

Idris.

Simplicity clothes us from head to foot in Christian-like gracefulness. It gives an unworldly air to all we do, an astonishing persuasiveness to all we say, and our very silence and inaction have something so celestial about them that they exorcise evil and convert souls.

Un Portrait.

CATHERINE, notre vieille bonne, l'humble, la fidèle Catherine, oui, c'est précisément d'elle que je vais vous dire un mot. Ne l'avez-vous jamais vue? Non? Eh bien, elle est laide, très laide, énormément laide. Des yeux cernés, quoique très bons et bien veillants, un nez camus, une bouche très large, un teint entre le jaune et le vert, des rides partout fines et entrelacées, une perruque brune, frisée, et une capote verte elle aussi, qui semble faire partie de la perruque. Quant à la taille, elle a perdu toute trace de forme féminine pour devenir une masse considérable, enveloppée de préférence dans des guenilles vertes, qui conservent encore une velléité d'élégance et de coquetterie. Mais c'est le temps, je vous prie de le croire, qui a fait ce ravage, qui a détruit les couleurs brillantes, la grâce et la souplesse de la taille, qui a transformé la belle jeune personne, dont Cortone, la ville Etrusque de glorieuse mémoire, avait raison d'être fière.

Catherine était alors dans sa phase première, et ce fut dans ce beau temps qu'elle séduit le jeune veuf, de profession carrossier, qui lui donna son coeur et son nom. Mais le bonheur ne dure pas ici-bas, et le jeune ménage dut bientôt l'apprendre; "il 'mi Bista," comme dit encore sa femme, les larmes aux yeux, mourut poitrinaire dans la fleur de l'âge. La longue maladie avait dévoré toutes les épargnes: voilà donc Catherine, avec ses deux enfants, en route vers la capitale, pour gagner son pain.

Après plusieurs vicissitudes, elle vint frapper à notre porte, et quoique je fusse alors bien petite, par les narrations des grands j'ai compris que la douleur profonde et les privations avaient eu déjà la cruauté d'accomplir leur oeuvre dévastatrice sur la figure, qui jadis avait séduit le carrossier. Catherine, pas instruite, mais pleine de droiture et de bon sens, pieuse comme l'était alors tous nos paysans, adroite et habituée au travail, fière comme une reine, rude et douce en même temps, s'attacha à nous avec toute la force de sa simple nature et gagna notre affection.

Dans les moindres souvenirs de mon enfance, elle a toujours sa place, toute naturelle, souvent comme personnage actif et essentiel, quelquefois comme une image presque effacée dans l'enfoncement du tableau. C'était elle qui nous coiffait et nous habillait avec soin, qui absorbait toute notre attention dans des récits touchants et fantastiques, qui nous accompagnait dans nos promenades et nous surveillait dans nos amusements enfantins, qui nous épargnait par ses prières bien des réprimandes et des punitions méritées. C'était elle qui avait pour nous, en rentrant, des bonbons et des joujoux, malgré la défense formelle de maman, qui plus tard s'intéressait à nos petits triomphes d'écolières et qui débitait à n'importe qui, les récits de nos gestes glorieux. Et malgré ça, sa fierté excessive la poussait de temps en temps à parler de nous quitter; nos parents n'y faisaient pas attention, Françoise, très, très petite alors, se cramponnait suppliante à son tablier, et après une minute tout rentrait dans le calme. Et vraiment, dans sa simplicité, dans sa rude tendresse, elle obtenait de nous pas seulement l'affection, même le respect et un espèce de culte. Il ne nous venait pas à l'idée de lui désobéir, de la contrarier en quelque chose—et ce fut seulement plus tard, bien plus tard, que nous songeâmes à rire tout bas entre nous, de son langage pittoresque, de son jargon, mélange de pureté toscane et de simplicité paysanne.

Mais Cupidon, dans l'ombre, nous jouait un mauvais tour. Catherine entourait sa perruque et sa natte brune, de soins encore plus délicats, s'arrêtait de préférence à un certain coin de la rue et regardait loin, où un beau mirage semblait la fasciner, sortait le dimanche toute pimpante, sa belle robe noire et sa plus fraîche capote.

Un beau jour la foudre éclata—Robert au lieu de "Bista", pas carrossier mais cocher—les voitures ont toujours attiré Catherine—et un autre coeur conquis—enchaîné! Et elle s'envole vraiment, cette fois, elle va, malgré son demi-siècle, partager de nouveau joies et peines de sa seconde âme jumelle. Et ses joies elle les raconte à tout le monde, fière de son mari, un pomme rangé, économe, sobre, affectueux, un trésor! Mais ses peines elle ne les raconte pas et porte toujours fière son pesant fardeau, acceptant avec dignité, ce qu'on lui donne comme gage de petits services rendus. Et elle s'aide par des commerces menus: elle engraisse des pigeons et élève des oiseaux et "una gallinina" qui lui donne chaque jour, gentiment, un oeuf pour sa nourriture. Et elle déjeune avec du pain et du persil, mais prépare de bons soupers pour son mari et soigne encore sa perruque et renouvelle régulièrement ses capotes. Pour nous la même jaloux exclusivisme, qui fait qu'elle se blesse quand on s'adresse à une autre

pour des services extraordinaires. Cependant jamais une plainte, seulement un digne silence de reine offensée. Chez nous aussi la même affection, la même considération presque déférante. On la ménage autant que l'on peut pour lui venir en aide, on s'excuse presque quand on la dérange, on l'accompagne à la porte quand elle vient nous voir.

Pendant que j'écris, une triste pensée me trouble. L'idée bien simple pourtant, qu'un jour, bientôt, peut-être, Catherine ne pourra plus venir chez nous, son bon sourire aux lèvres, son modeste paquet de bonbons ou de pommes à la main, ne m'avait jamais traversé l'esprit.

Et je sens que ce jour-là sera pour nous tous bien triste!

VINCENZA SILENZI.

Eithne's Love.

DRAMATIC SKETCH.

FOUNDED ON AN OLD IRISH LEGEND.

EITHNE, ... *King Far Feasa's Daughter*
FAR FEASA, ... *King of Connacht*
MANNANAN (accent on first syllable), . *Sea-God*
QUEEN MATRONA OF LEINSTER . *Eithne's Aunt*
MCLAGHLIN (accent on second syllable) . . *Matrona's Son*
DARENIA, SODELBIA, ... *Eithne's Friends*
MELLA, ... *Eithne's Foster-Sister*
BECCAN, AEDH, LASSARA, ... *Peasants*
CASSAN, MOCHOLLA, ... *Peasant Children*
LIDHE, ... *Pagan Spirit*
DRUIDS.
FAIRIES.

ARGUMENT.

A legend of great antiquity relates that King Far Feasa of Connacht, a monarch universally beloved and venerated, was honoured by the special friendship of Mannanan, the principal Sea-god, who delighted in intimate converse with the favoured mortal. After a year of enchanting intercourse a difference of opinion made itself felt on the score of rumours which came from the East of the Birth of a God whose compassionate love had brought Him on earth to suffer and die. Enraged by Far Feasa's evident attraction towards this God of Mercy, Mannanan laid the heaviest curse of a divinity on the King. He sank at once under his doom, and no human skill could restore his bodily and mental powers.

His only child, Eithne, devoted herself to her stricken father, but her unremitting care could bring little or no alleviation to his sufferings. One day, having allowed her foster sister, Mella, to take her place, for a while, at her father's couch, Eithne was sitting on the seashore when Mannanan suddenly stood before her. He came intending to gloat over the sufferings of his victims—father and daughter—but was spell-bound by Eithne's loveliness. Almost involuntarily he softened so far as to propose that he would release her father from his bondage on condition that for the ensuing years Eithne should sit, day and night, beside the King, portraying in her embroidery the tales of olden days which Mannanan had formerly poured into Far Feasa's mind, and the remembrance of which the god would revive if Eithne would undertake the prescribed task.

She consented. And, for the following years she never raised her eyes from her tapestry, while a slow, monotonous chant issued from Far Feasa's lips. Tales of kings and queens—of battles, banquets, convocations of sages, etc.—all were delineated by Eithne. Sleepless and heedless of everything beyond her task, she toiled on. Meantime, Mannanan, furious at Eithne's persistence, bade the Druids employ all their magic arts to allure or terrify her. They finally conjured up a storm that sent terror through the land. Through that last most awful night Eithne sat unmoved. A faint streak of light appeared, it deepened, and then, with a quick burst of glory, the sun flashed swiftly into the castle. Its glad rays touched the bowed head of the King. He rose to light and life and the fulness of regal manhood. A milder beam sought Eithne. She met it with a heart-warm smile. Her crown of Love was won.

I. SCENE.

KING FAR FEASA AND MANNANAN ON THE SEA-SHORE. A LIDHE GLIDES IN—IN THE DISTANCE.

MANNANAN—

Far Feasa, through the varying years we sit
Beside my vast dominions, and it seems

Yon voices bear the echoes of the past,
Its triumphs and its glories and its joys
In wondrous, changeful music. Is it so?

FAR FEASA—

Yon voices! Nay. YOUR voice alone, has breathed
Through every murm'ring wavelet. And again,
Through the o'erpowering tones that touch the clouds
When darkness frights the waters. You have deigned
Out of the fulness of your spirit sway
To use our mortal speech, and bid me share
The riches indestructible enshrined
In your immortal being.

MANNANAN— You will be
The wise custodian of these stores. You will
Unfold them to the succeeding ages—when
The gods may have departed.

FAR FEASA— Mannanan,
The gods will ne'er forsake us. They have been
Our refuge in prosperity. Our shield
From danger.

LIDHE (in the distance)—

But, oh! what a Star in the East!
What a light o'er the Bethlehem hills!
And the singing that tells of the captive released
I wait, while its harmony thrills
The glens, and the hills, and the mountains untrod,
For it heralds, I fear me, the reign of a God,
A God yet unknown,
On a semcircled throne.

MANNANAN— You have heard her

FAR FEASA— I would soothe
Her piteous fancies. She has dwelt too long
Among the sick and sorrowing. She holds
Too many a night-watch.
Woman-like, she mourns
O'er woes that ne'er will sadden us.

MANNANAN— 'Tis strange,
Mine is a life of centuries. And still—
Nor fear, nor e'en foreboding, dared to mar
My solemn peace, till now that wandering lay
Disquiets me.

LIDHE (in distance)—

What if that God, to us unknown,
Should come to claim an Island throne.

FAR FEASA— Our deities are strong.
And we, in steadfast fealty, will brook
No rival. You may trust us.

MANNANAN— Stranger grows
The portent of a mystic strife. Beware,
Far Feasa, it is dawning for you.

FAR FEASA— How?

MANNANAN—

Not all my gathered lore avails me when
I seek to pierce this mystery.

FAR FEASA— And why?
Could human weakness paralyze the mind
Of our enthroned divinities? I own
My feebleness, although the land around
Esteems me as a staff of strength whereon
A nation might rely. But you—with hand
Omnipotent, draw back the filmy veil
From eyes that pierce yon waters, guarding fast
The palace of your glory.

LIDHE—

Pan is dead!
Low lies the mighty head.
And the forgetful earth
Rejoices in the Birth
Of an unsceptred monarch of the skies,
Vested in mortal guise.

MANNANAN— Who will hush
That voice?

FAR FEASA—

'Tis not of earth, else mine would be
The task. No chant akin should desecrate
The fair, proud land of Eire.

LIDHE—

He has come—
Come from the fadeless splendour of a home
Where never grief or death
Have turned the fated lyre of earthly sighing,
Have lifted up the heart's loud voice of crying,
He craves the mortal breath.
Oh! why, ye gods. Oh! why
Comes He to weep and die?

FAR FEASA— Never god
Of ours has wept. And gods will never die,
For cares and anguish are th' apportioned lot
Of mortals. Our divinities abide
In their unchanging bliss. No God would be
Enchained in mortal vesture.

MANNANAN (angrily)— Perish e'en
The thought of union like to that.

FAR FEASA— It was
No thought of mine.

MANNANAN (angrily)— Admit it not.

FAR FEASA— Your ire
Has startled me.

LIDHE—

A music-laden breeze!
What bear you o'er the seas?
List—do you say—
The garb of clay
Has clothed—yea—clothed a monarch of the sky.
A God who seeks to die.
A God who seeks for suffering's pallid robe
In love—divinest love.

FAR FEASA—

Are gods like these made known
To other lands?

MANNANAN— Meseems a traitor flits
Among our spirit throng. Your gaze is strained,
As yearning towards her.

FAR FEASA— Yes. But that sweet lay
Is pure and true. Defiance has no share
In the soft warbling. Could you not receive
That suffering and that dying God among
Your mighty throngs—and love Him for the sake
Of His surpassing love?

MANNANAN (haughtily)—

What mean you, King?

LIDHE—

In the joy of the Star
O'er the Eastern plains
He has come from afar,
And the Holiest reigns.
O'er the darkness of earth
Shines the Star of His Birth
And the voices above
Speak the praise of His love.

FAR FEASA—

Great Sea-god, potent Mannanan, I pray
That you would bid the Infant God draw nigh
To Eire.

MANNANAN (scornfully)—

You would crown him o'er us?

FAR FEASA— Nay.
He needs no crown. He needs a share of love.
This we could offer Him.

MANNANAN (rising)— Far Feasa, kneel.
Swear, by the gods of Eire, you will ne'er
Do homage to the stranger.

FAR FEASA— Homage! No
I love Him for His love—His suffering love—
His love for those who die.

MANNANAN— Contemn Him. Kneel
To me. Reject the stranger.

FAR FEASA— Why contemn
A pitying God.

MANNANAN (raising his arms)—

Sun, winds, and waves, attend.
Yon King Far Feasa, through his realm renowned
For regal bearing, and a regal dower
Of wisdom, has—this day—this hour—incurred
The anger of the gods of Eire. Hence—

(Mannanan makes passes across Far Feasa's lips and eyes.)

Be mute—be sightless. Waste your life away
In tortures slow and terrible—bereft
Of hope or healing. Round your spirit be
The mantle of despair.

(Far Feasa sinks down, bowing his head to the ground. Curtain falls.)

II. SCENE.

EITHNE ON THE SEASHORE.

EITHNE (seating herself on a rock)—

'Tis borne on me—the day my mother died
I watched my stricken father bend his steps
Towards yon resplendent ocean—and my heart,
Alive to terror, bade Mclaghlin haste
To follow Him. In anguish I recall
Mclaghlin's tale—my kingly father's moan—
"Why should I bring my misery to thee,
O unresponsive sea!"
And then the form that noiselessly appeared
Beside the mourner, and the calm that spread
Over the face of him who erst had been
Convulsed with parting agony. Howe'er
He found his consolation is to me
A hidden thing. I only know he rose
To new and beaming life whene'er he sate
On this same shore at eventide alone.
And yet, O gods of Eire! oft I dream
That hour has brought us woe—unuttered
woe.

MANNANAN (coming forward and standing beside her)—

Princess—the Princess Eithne?

EITHNE (listlessly)— Yes.

MANNANAN (aside)— How fair!
Fair as the fairest goddess.
(aloud) Tears, Princess,
Are swift to those sweet eyes.

EITHNE— I know you not.

MANNANAN—

But I, Princess—with privilege of years
May tell you that the world around holds none
Whose claims to recognition could compare
With mine.

EITHNE— Perchance. But—pardon me—
'Twere vain
To strive. Alas! 'twere useless to renew
Past memories, bygone friendships—for the
King
Is sorely tried. And I, whose life is bound
To his, am heartless with my sorrow.

MANNANAN— Ah!
That King beyond all royalty—the wise,
The peerless King Far Feasa.

EITHNE (rising)— Once again
I pray, if friend you be to us, forgive
My haste. At times my father seems to yearn
For Eithne.

MANNANAN—

Seems! And has Far Feasa sunk
So utterly?

EITHNE— Sightless and speechless

MANNANAN— Stay.
Princess, from your reluctant lips I claim
An answer. And my question is—
What crime
Has stained the record, glorious in the sight
Of gods and men!

EITHNE—

No crime. No crime. Forbear.
Else I, Far Feasa's child, will lift on high
My vengeful supplication to the gods.

MANNANAN— What gods?

EITHNE— The gods of Eire—long beloved,
Long reverenced in our halls.

MANNANAN— By *you,* Princess?

EITHNE— And by Far Feasa.

MANNANAN (sternly)—
Hear me—and believe.
I wrought Far Feasa's doom. I Mannanan,
The Sea-god, who had daily stooped to be
His friend and his familiar.
Hear me still.
Princess, some subtle spirit deftly poured
The poison of a traitor through the veins
Of our most honored worshipper. And I—
Smote him.

EITHNE— Oh! spare me.

MANNANAN— Hear me yet, Princess.
The anger of a god is just—and hence
A rapid death-blow.

EITHNE (looking upward)—
Would it were, ye gods!
For me, and for Far Feasa.

MANNANAN— Never could
Compassion veil his guilt from me. But *you*—
Guiltless and lovely—mourn I much to see
Your young life sadly blighted.

EITHNE (moving on)— Heed it not.
My father needs me.

MANNANAN— What if you could bear
A tender ray of hope to him?

EITHNE— The gloom
Is deep around us.

MANNANAN— Mine it was to forge
His fetters, I, alone, Princess can loose
His chain.

EITHNE— You will not?

MANNANAN— Turn to me, Princess,
That chain is in your hands.

EITHNE— In mine!

MANNANAN— This hour
I place it in your keeping.

EITHNE— Holding still
Dominion o'er us.

MANNANAN— That—Princess—will rest
With you—you only. You are free—and you
Can free Far Feasa.

EITHNE— Speak your will.

MANNANAN— Unseen
By mortals I have passed your palace gates
And, entering its precincts I have sought
For King Far Feasa's daughter. You, Princess,
Were tarrying in Leinster. But your home
Bore traces of your presence. And I marked
The tapestries of wondrous beauty. These
Were yours, Princess.

EITHNE— They are.

MANNANAN— It was my pride
In hours of tranquil intercourse, to lead
Your royal father through the far-off years
My spirit gaze had rested on. I told
Of combats and of feastings—pictured forth
The pillars of our country. And your hand
Could fittingly portray these scenes.

EITHNE— The King
Remembers them no longer.

MANNANAN— I, Princess,
Am willing to impart to him the power
Of speech and of remembrance.

EITHNE— Wherefore?

MANNANAN— If
By night and day, unceasing, you will sit
Beside him, weaving all my treasured tales
Into your perfect tapestry. No pause,
No relaxation of your toil, Princess,
From year to year, monotonous.

EITHNE— And then?

MANNANAN—
If, on your finished task the sun should dawn
In morning glory, at its first bright beam
The King would rise to majesty anew,
To life in full fruition.

EITHNE— Be it so.

Curtain falls.

III. SCENE.

KING FAR FEASA'S PALACE.

Eithne seated at her embroidery. The King seated beside her. His head bowed down and his face turned partly aside. A long black mantle over his robes of state.

FAR FEASA (in a monotonous chant)—
. . . And then the dying child
Turned him to rest, and sought the arms of sleep
Apart from those who loved him. Erna wailed—
Wailed piteously—till, lo! there floated round
A sound of sweetest music; and the child,
Responsive to its welcome, softly sang
"I come, I come." And Erna rose. Her boy,
Her first-born, had departed.
Thus concludes
Queen Erna's first quick transit through the Land
Of sorrow.
Close that page.
The clarion sends
A call throughout the mountains. Let the heights
Glow with the beacon fires, and let the vales
Despise their peace . . .

Enter Queen Matrona and Mclaghlin.

QUEEN MATRONA—

O Eithne! Child of grief!
One word—one glance. Your dying mother pressed
Your hand in mine.

MCLAGHLIN—

Distress her not. Her fate
Is pitiful exceedingly—And still,
That wreck of Nature's sovereigns.

MATRONA— Ah! The King
Is gone beyond affliction. Hear him. Hear
That dull, incessant chanting. Speak, my son.
I dare not let those murmurs twine and cling
Around me. It were madness.

MCLAGHLIN (motioning towards Eithne)—

Such is love!
She knows not e'en that Spring was borne away
To Summer—and that Summer glided on
To Autumn.

MATRONA—

But the Spring-tide light has died
Within her eyes—and never rose-leaf wore
A flush more faint than lingers on her cheek.
'Tis verily the Autumn for her.

FAR FEASA (audible in the silence)—

Then
Though conquered on the battle-fields, the foe
With artifice and strength, so oft combined
In the Formorian warriors, had grasped
Our bravest and our fairest. These they bound
As captives, and from Dathi's son they seized
The Harp the Dagda cherished . . .

Enter Darenia and Sodelbia.

QUEEN MATRONA (coming forward to them)

You—at least—
Think fondly of our Eithne.

DARENIA— Always dear.

SODELBIA—

And dearer to us in the shades that closed
Around her.

MCLAGHLIN (greeting them)—

You were with her when the mists
Descended on her.

DARENIA—

No. In haste she came
Already lost and dead to us. She moved
As in a dream.
"Mella," she cried. Again,
"Mella." And when her foster-sister met
Her summons in dismay:
"Speed, Mella, bring
The silks prepared for tapestry—and when
They fail renew them, silently. My lips
Are closed.

SODELBIA—

And at the moment came the King
And sate as now you see him. Eithne's place
Was soon beside him. One last look—and we
Forgot—unnoticed—parted from them.

DARENIA— What
Avails our anxious tenderness? Yet how
Forsake her?

FAR FEASA (in his slow chant)—

. . . But—though many a hand essayed
To wake the Harp's rich music, silence met
The stranger's false caressing. Harp of love,
Loyal and true, its glorious chords would ne'er
Resound through its captivity . . .

MATRONA— I pray
Darenia or Sodelbia, will you touch
Eithne's deserted harp. Its notes might reach
Her ear. I shrink, affrighted, from the veil
That shrouds her.

Darenia and Sodelbia sing to Darenia's accompaniment.

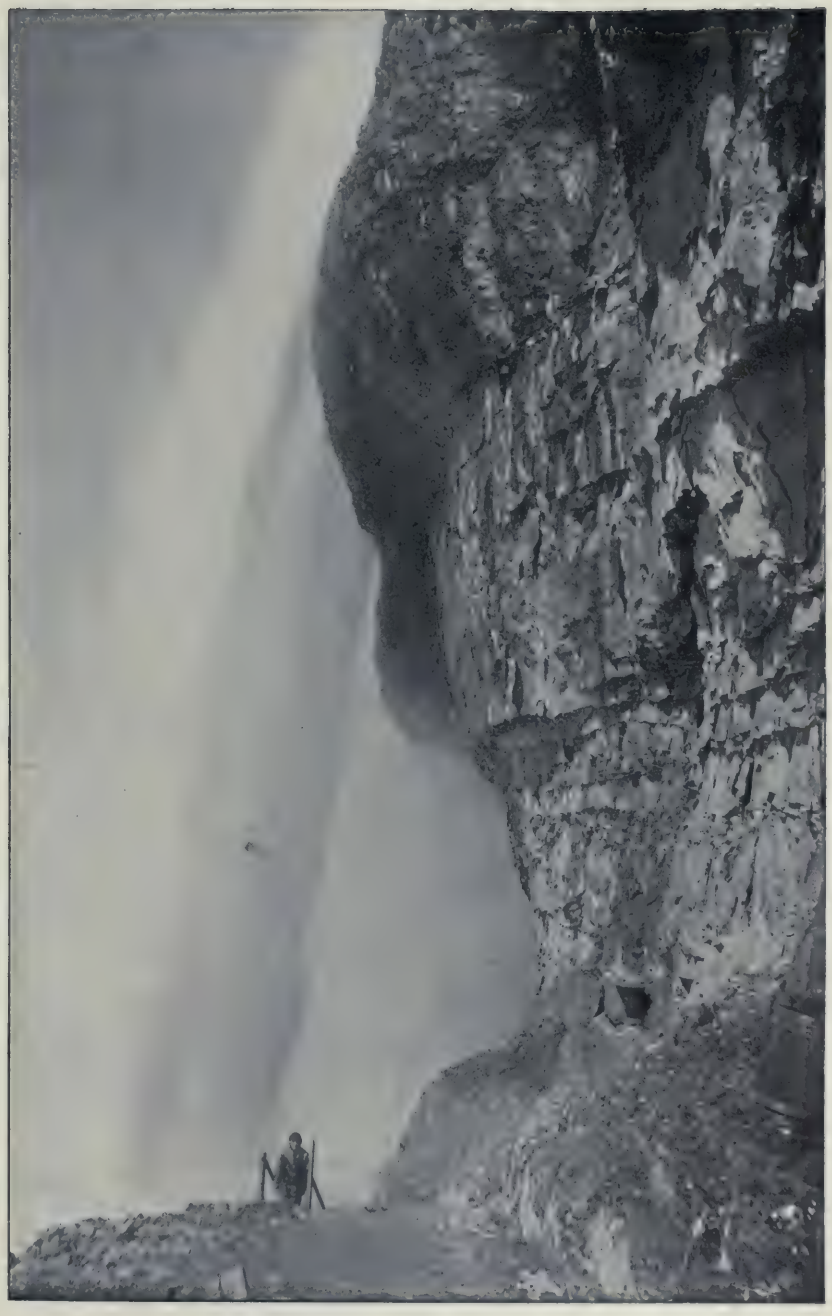
Air—"Eileen a ruin."

Love of our hearts, to thee
Eithne a ruin
Riseth a wail for thee,
Eithne a ruin.
Tears through the silent night,
Tears in the dawning light,
Tears that have dimmed our sight.
Eithne a ruin.

DARENIA (rising from the harp)—

Oh! the magic spell consumes
The Rose of Eire.

Enter Mella, with embroidery silks. She lays them beside Eithne.



EMERGING FROM THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

Copyright 1905, by O. E. Dunlap.

MATRONA— Mella, since the day
Of horror, you are privileged to be
Her helper.

MELLA—
Ah! dear Lady, none can share
Her burden.

MCLAGHLIN— What sustainment has she?

MELLA— None.
Nor food, nor sleep. Her solitude remains
Unbroken. And that one perpetual voice
Decreed to urge her on.

MATRONA— And drain away
Her life-blood.

MCLAGHLIN—
But, the King—the prostrate King—
Has he no tendance?

MELLA— Ah! my lord! our best
And noblest, would be honoured if he deigned
To use their faithful service. Who forgets
Far Feasa.

DARENIA—
O'er the fortress and the dun
And o'er the peasant's homestead hangs a cloud
That nought dispels since this mysterious doom
Robbed us of King and father.

They watch Mella sorting embroidery silks for Eithne.

FAR FEASA (audible in the silence)—
. . . And the Harp—
The Dagda's Harp—hung voiceless in the halls
Of the Formorian Chieftain, till, at length,
A wandering minstrel, poor and aged, laid
His hand upon the strings. The Harp gave forth
A clear, glad burst of melody. And all
Who heard it laughed with ecstasy. The Bard
Soothed it to softer cadences—and those
Around it sighed and wept, unknowing why,
Yet in their tears was sweetness.
Slowly fell
A lethargy upon them. When they woke
The Harp was gone. The Dagda's arms enshrined
His treasure.
Thus concludes the tale.
I ope
Another record . . .

MATRONA (excitedly)—
Come, Mclaghlin, come.
My strength will fail me.

Exit Queen Matrona.

MCLAGHLIN (to Darenia and Sodelbia)—
We are far away,
In Leinster. I would ask you for a word
Of Eithne.

DARENIA—
You shall have it. We will watch
The sweetest of our friends.

SODELBIA— Last eventide
A whisper, whence we knew not, seemed to breathe
Beside us, in the twilight: "Hope," it said.
"Hope on."

DARENIA— And we hope on.

Curtain falls.

IV. SCENE.

KING FAR FEASA'S PALACE.

The stage divided by a drop-curtain. Eithne and the King seated as before, in the background, concealed by the curtain. In the foreground Mannanan, pacing up and down.

MANNANAN—
I deem these mortal ministers should be
Endowed at times with some excelling gifts—
Celerity—agility. *(Pause.)* They come.

Enter two Druids.

MANNANAN—
What of my orders, Druids?
Have you marked
A change in Princess Eithne?

CHIEF DRUID— The Princess
Is dying.

MANNANAN— But her task?

CHIEF DRUID— It daily grows
More beautiful. Her skill, beyond compare,
Is marvellous.

MANNANAN—

You say her strength may fail.

SECOND DRUID—

I doubt it. She is resolute. Her hands
Have never faltered.

CHIEF DRUID—

Yet—her chill, white brow,
Her closed lips, dry and colourless,
Her long
Bright curls of golden lustre, fading fast
Or lit with palest silver—

MANNANAN (interrupting)—

Summon now
Your arts, at first enticing. Call our fays
To aid you. Is she friendless?

CHIEF DRUID— Verily
She seems well-nigh forgotten.

MANNANAN— None to balk
My just revenge—the safeguard of the gods
Of Eire.

SECOND DRUID— You relented.

MANNANAN— I deplore
My momentary weakness. Hate and fear
Surge wildly through my being at the name
Of King Far Feasa.

SECOND DRUID— And the young Princess.

MANNANAN— *She* never was a traitor.
Haste, employ
Your incantations—for the hour speeds near
For her release—and his.

Exit Mannanan.

DRUIDS (chant)—

From the woodlands and the valleys come ye forth,
From the South and from the North,
From the East and from the West,
In the guise ye deem the best.
With the dewdrops in your tresses,
And the roses' dear caresses
Wreathing round ye, in the sheen
That transpierces forests green.
From the hillsides where ye rest
In the East and in the West,
From the South and from the North,
Light-loved fairies, come ye forth.

Enter Fairy Queen, preceding fairies—dancing. At the same moment the drop-curtain rises—showing Eithne and the King. Druids move out of sight. Fairies cluster above and around Eithne.

FAIRY QUEEN (extending sceptre)—

Why sits she there?
Rise, Maiden, rise.

FAIRY (seated on the ground looking up at Eithne)—

She, once, was fair.

FAIRY QUEEN (to Eithne)—

Uplift your eyes.

FAIRY (cautiously approaching Far Feasa)—

I like him not—
His doleful moan—
And she must sit
Alone—alone—
Beside him, while the world to-day
Rejoices in the smiles of May.

FAIRY QUEEN—

Wake, maiden, wake,
I like you well.
I fain would break
The dismal spell.
Yon aged man
Has reached the span
Of tremulous mortality.

FAIRIES—

Oh! set her free. Oh! set her free.

FAIRY QUEEN—

Then—let her raise her eyes to me.

FAIRY (going close to Eithne)—

Poor maiden, we, the fairies, yearn
To break this spell. We pray you turn
One pleading glance to her who tries
To read your longing in your eyes.
Or e'en extend your weary hand
To touch our Queen's benignant wand.

FAIRY QUEEN—
She will not?
Then it is not meet
That Queen or fairies should entreat
A mortal maid. Though sad to see
Her silent, hopeless misery.

A storm bursts over the Castle. Mingled noises. Shrieks of agony. Thunderbolts. Flashes of lightning. Fairies hurry away. Peasants—men, women and children—rush in.

BECCAN—
Far Feasa! King Far Feasa! ruin falls
Upon us. You—our father and our friend—
Hearken. Oh! hearken to us.

AEDH— Hush! he speaks.
His trance is broken. Welcome be the war
Of elements.

FAR FEASA (in his usual chant)—
. . . Across the weighted sea
Fled the invaders. Never—never more
To haunt the Isle of Destiny. Aloft
Our snow-white Banner streamed—
And, on its folds
Was writ the legend:
"He who bears the Sword
Of justice—*he* bears peace."

LASSARA— Distraught—distraught.

Noises and flashes renewed.

CASSAN (throwing his arms round Lassara)—
Mother! I'm dying.

MOCHOLLA (clinging to Aedh)—
Father! the blue light
Has blinded me.

LASSARA— Beccan, my child is dead.
Come to us. Oh! the wrath of yonder skies.
And why? The weak and innocent—the babes—
What have they done?
Beccan, our friend of years,
Tell me has Cassan left me.

BECCAN (taking Cassan in his arms)—
He has swooned.
No more than that, Lassara?

AEDH— No; the boy
Is resting. He will never wake.

MOCHOLLA— My eyes
Are closed. Oh! father, open them.

AEDH— My child,
I will. Be patient. When that quick blue light
Dies out, as soon it will your eyes will ope.
You trust me now, Mocholla?

MOCHOLLA— Yes; I'll try.

Renewed noises. Total darkness.

AEDH—
How many a hearth prepares a bier to-night
For child and mother.

BECCAN— Many a home will be
A home no longer.

LASSARA— Oh! my little child!
My only one.

BECCAN— The boy will surely live.
Mocholla, hush those cries. You'll terrify
Poor Cassan.

AEDH (clasping Mocholla in his arms)—
Yes—my child, and we will die together.

Renewed noises.

A ray of light darts in behind Eithne. It flashes on the King. He rises up—throwing off his dark mantle—and clasps Eithne in his arms.

FAR FEASA—
Eithne, my child; my noble child, your crown—
Your Crown of Love is won.

SISTER M. GERTRUDE,
Loretto College, Stephen's Green, Dublin.

Politeness is perhaps instinctive with some, but with the majority it is a matter of training, of the slow and careful discipline of voice and eye and carriage. Under this training all the angles of personal vanity and self-consciousness are rubbed off, the person becomes adorned with grace, ease, gentleness and simplicity, and what may seem to the untrained observer as the perfection of naturalness may be simply the perfection of culture.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

GLADYS WEST.	ROSE M'CORMICK.
MAY WETER.	VERONICA ALTENBURG.
MARY BURCHILL.	ELIZABETH MCGREEVY.

Subscription price, $1.00 per year, in advance. Address all communications to

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

OCTOBER, 1905.

Because of the numerous Pontifical appeals exhorting the faithful to implore, through the intercession of the Queen of the Holy Rosary, Divine protection against the manifold evils that threaten the faith and morals of Christendom, mellow October vies with floral May as a month of special devotion to the Mother of God; and the rich harvests of the fields, the luscious wealth of the glowing vine, beautifully symbolize the teeming spiritual fruitage that fills the soul as a result of the recitation of our Lady's Rosary.

*

An old manuscript from the pen of Napoleon, has been brought to light in Paris. It contains a set of directions drawn up by him for the management of a school for girls, daughters of poor members of the Legion of Honor, at Ecouen. At the beginning he writes: "What will be taught to the young ladies who will be educated at Ecouen? You must first begin with religion in all its severity. Admit of no modification on this point. Religion is an important affair in a public institution for young girls. Whatever may be said to the contrary, it remains the surest guarantee for mothers and for husbands. Teach the girls to believe and not to reason. The weakness of the brains of women, the mobility of their ideas, their destiny in the social order, the necessity of a constant and perpetual resignation, and of a sort of indulgent and easily moved charity, can only be reached through a religion charitable and gentle.

It is my desire that there should come out of this establishment not very accomplished women, but very virtuous women. I want their attractions to be in their conduct and in their goodness, and not in brilliancy or amusement."

Then the old soldier goes into details of the studies, the food, the dress, etc., that the pupils should have. The women of to-day would not agree with him as regards the weakness of the brains of their sex, but all good mothers would echo his opinion, that moral training should be the foundation of the education of girls.

*

"The Golden Jubilee days of Mother-General," writes our Bavarian *Correspondent,* "were followed by the more serious ones of the annual retreat. The fifty Superiors who had journeyed to Nymphenburg—some of them from afar—for the festivities, made a four days' retreat with Mother-General, previous to the auspicious celebration. Most Rev. Franz Joseph von Stein, our Archbishop, celebrated the holy Sacrifice of the Mass—composed for the occasion by one of the priests, and sung by the Community.

In the afternoon, our postulants and those of Eichstädt, rendered their homage to Rev. Mother in four tableaux vivants, interspersed with appropriate hymns. On the second day there was High Mass for the whole Institute, and, in the afternoon, the congratulations of the postulants in the four principal languages of Europe. The Requiem for the departed members of the Institute was on the second of August, Feast of the Portiuncula. A grand concert, given by the music mistresses of Nymphenburg, terminated the festivities. The pupils will celebrate the Jubilee on the nineteenth of November.



Copyright 1905, by O. E. Dunlap

EFFECT OF ICE JAM IN UPPER RIVER.

Water between Prospect Point and first projection only, balance solid ice.

Our First Outing.

FAIR Summer is loath to depart. She seems to have lingered, awaiting our return, that we might see her reign, after a glorious climax, come gradually to a close in this paradise of picturesque attractions, for—

"That blue solicitude of sky
Bent over beauty doomed to die,
Ere long will, pitying, witness here,
The yielded glory of the year."

Wishing, therefore, to become better acquainted with this far-famed region of hill and dale, which presents such an ever-changing variety of scenery, so diversified as never to satiate, so restful in its grandeur as to be a source of constant delight, we boarded a trolley at the convent gate and merrily sped away, en route for the first objective point of interest—historic Lundy's Lane—the scene of one of the many battles fought during the war which was begun in 1812. The hillside is white with the marble homes of the silent sleepers. Imagination pictures the story of each pulseless heart, insensibly the din of battle is heard, and visions of distant firesides take shape, made desolate by that night's deadly work. Here, too, lies the body of Laura Secord, the brave heroine of 1813, who walked from early dawn till night through a mountainous wilderness, in the possession of the enemy, to carry the news of an intended attack to the General. Beside her lies her husband, waiting with the other noble and true, for the last trumpet-call.

The next stopping point was the lower Suspension Bridge, where one sees a repetition, on a smaller scale, of the rapids above the Cataract. The river here flows through the narrowest part of its channel and above a rocky bed, which, descending rapidly, creates a violent turmoil in the waters that leap in angry waves into the air, and toss and tumble and roar, in humble imitation of the Cataract over whose brink they have so recently passed. A mile below this point, the river makes an abrupt turn to the right, and in the angle thus formed is the Whirlpool—that hungry maelstrom, into which everything is drawn that passes over the Falls, and where timber, trees and human bodies are kept circling around in its vast basin for days, and sometimes for weeks, now tossed high in air by the turbulent waters, now floating in some quiet eddy, until they come within the influence of the current and are dragged away toward Lake Ontario.

The quiet little hamlet of Queenston, lying cosily at the foot of Queenston Heights, next claimed our attention. On the brow of the Heights and overlooking the Niagara River, stands Brock's Monument, erected to the memory of Sir Isaac Brock, who was killed on the plain below while gallantly leading on the British troops to attack the Americans. It is a massive fluted column of freestone, seventy-five feet in height, standing on a square base, thirty feet high, and bearing an effigy of the General. The view from the top of the Monument is magnificent, embracing a vast extent of country and far across the wide expanse and beautiful blue waters of the lake.

Queenston Heights was a great victory, but the Canadians paid a heavy price for it in the death of General Brock, who was loved by them as no other general before or since has been loved. The Americans recognized his gallantry by firing minute guns during the funeral, and the Stars and Stripes at Fort Niagara flew at half-mast, doing chivalrous homage to the hero-dust.

A trip through this wondrous region is like the perusal of a collection of stories in history, Indian lore, romance, poetry, or moral eulogy, and when evening brought us home, we felt that our outing had been not only enjoyable, but instructive and profitable.

ELIZABETH MCGREEVY.

My First Impressions of Loretto.

TO one who truly loves nature, Loretto offers many unique charms, crowning, as it does, the heights that loom up on the Canadian side, and commanding a magnificent and extensive view of that most stupendous masterpiece of nature—the Falls of Niagara—upon which the fortunate students may daily gaze and see new beauty every passing hour.

As the golden sunlight touches the foaming waters of historic Niagara and its balmy breezes grow cooler, we enter the peaceful shade of this home of refinement and learning. Instinctively, we are drawn to the library, where, amid the

luxuriant green of the palms which lend a note of freshness to the storied atmosphere, a large reading-table, extending half the length of the room, invites the booklover to while away the fleeting hours. The walls are lined with volumes of classic lore, and here, too, "the books of the hour" are to be found, showing that this busy household has time for communing with the minds that are making their mark on current literature. One might fancy oneself living in the days of Homer, Virgil, and Livy, or in the purer radiance of the Christian mind, with Newman, Faber, and Brownson. How beautiful were the lives of those whose one desire in writing was to make known that Faith which they had grown to love so well!—there is an almost prayerful atmosphere in communing with such souls.

Leaving these treasures, we cross to the low windows overlooking the well-kept drives and soft verdure of the campus. Groups of happy maidens, lingering in the flowery nooks that companionship has made dear, are discussing current topics, while merry children, engaged in the delightful pastime of apple-picking, with cheeks as rosy as their treasured spoils, make the adjoining orchard echo with their laughter. Half reluctantly and with a feeling of untold gratitude, we turn from the loveliness of the scene to the mantel, over which a group of illustrious musicians reminds one that music, the heavenly art, rightly termed the language of the soul, is not forgotten. Passing from the library, attention is drawn to familiar faces from the literary world—a living presence to those who are interested in their works—and near these, keeping guard, as it were, are many devotional pictures, representing the most noted European galleries. Autograph photos, souvenirs of the visits of Royalties, or gifts from those unable to come, hold a place of honor on the walls of this most attractive and interesting of rooms.

After ascending the staircase, we enter a long gallery and are face to face with a grand panoramic display of wondrous beauty and majesty. Awe, sublimity, and grandeur are the only terms one can use in connection with this outlook, and how tame they are, and how futile an attempt at description. The rushing torrent with its tumultuous waves, arrowy rapids, leaping cascades, Sister Islands, lying in the midst of the rapids, like emeralds in a setting of silver,—all pass in review and can never be effaced from memory.

Entering the reception room, our gaze is riveted by a life-size picture of Cardinal Merry del Val who, eight summers ago, honored the convent with a visit and was its guest for some days. Indeed, it is recorded that the salubrious air lent its magic to re-establish the delicate health, impaired by incessant toil in the Master's vineyard, of this distinguished Prelate.

After passing through a spacious corridor, we are shown, for the first time, the *sanctum*, around which cluster so many sweet memories of St. Catharine's Literary Club. The chairs about the room and the rostrum with its desk and chair indicate that time is not passed idly here. The walls are a veritable picture-gallery of "lettered magnates," the register a galaxy of literary stars, but our interest, for the moment, centres in the groups of former students and alumnæ editors. Where are they? What is their life-work? Some are, we trust, noble, unselfish women, lifting others out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope, others who have left all the world might offer, the visible guardian angels of the little ones within the cloister, while many, though living in the midst of its pleasures and allurements are angels of love, exerting a potent, marked, and universal influence wherever their ministry is needed. The view from the *sanctum* is most restful; the rose and the lilac, when in bloom, peep in at the window and fill the room with their fragrance. All around is beauty, sunshine and peace. Surely, in years to come, the retrospection of these girlhood days will bring us memories fragrant with flowers, sweet with the song of birds, and tender with school friendships.

ROSE MARIAN.

Autumn.

NATURE is again drawing us into a new world, a world not only marvellous in its beauty, but in its sadness. And what, you ask, is sad about this season, following the joyous summer-time? Listen to the whisper of the trees that are changing their garments of verdure for those of russet, crimson and gold, to the rustle of the withered foliage in the path, to the voices of the little birds singing their farewell from the tree-tops—they are answering the ques-

tion. Oh, Autumn! Season of parting! of fond reflection on joys that once were ours, of hopes and pleasures now forever vanished! Bitter-sweet draught of nature! Sweet, pensive, tender autumn! How oft have I watched the first pale rays of morning deepen in thy skies into the glorious flush of sunrise, flinging an untold glory over those mighty waters of Niagara, and again drinking in the splendor of departing day, till its waves, like molten gold, were hidden beneath the sable veil of night; and yearned to interpret the mysterious beauty of it all!

Other lands may have their charms, but Niagara is incomparable to one who has learned even a tithe of its magic fascinations. Where else do islands, grouped so enticingly, array themselves in such splendor? Where are there such interweavings of leaf and ledge, or where do other banks curve so caressingly around inlet and cove? Where do autumnal tints flush the trees with such sumptuous coloring—where else is there such wondrous pageantry?

At no other season is the invitation of the woods so strong. Though their glories are fading, yet the gold of the birches, the scarlet of the maple, the crimson of the bramble, the blood of the sumac and the bronze red of the oak, linger on many hillsides; and with such sky as one looks into only in the ember months, the color acts as an actual tonic, like music to one who is fagged in mind, or heavy of heart. It was our privilege in the mellow sunshine of early afternoon to enjoy a woodland ramble—a treat especially coveted by all new-comers, to whom the beauties of Niagara are a never-failing source of delight. Evidently, the invasion was resented by the tiny denizens of the forest that scampered nimbly across our path and from the safe seclusion of a friendly maple, berated the intruders roundly in a shrill chatter. Presently we came upon a fallen tree, lying invitingly among the leaves, accepted the tacit invitation, and seating ourselves upon the log, were soon engrossed in a favorite pastime. Ere long, every kodak had its treasures of shady dell, bright clustering berries, sunny landscape, sparkling river, and vine-clad cliff; the hours sped all too quickly away, but the unparalleled beauty of this autumnal scene shall ever brightly glow among Memory's best-loved pictures.

VERONICA ALTENBURG.

Island Reveries.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

LOVE of country and patriotism in the individual may be taken as proof of loyalty to home and friends.

On the 4th. of July, 1882, there was held in Buffalo, U. S. A., a review of the "Grand Army of the Republic"; the "Colonel" orator of the day in an address worthy of the occasion gave expression to this thought—"Patriotism without principle is merely animal attachment to place"!

Famous for his eloquence, he had little difficulty in proving that American loyalty is and always has been based upon the soundest and most admirable principles, independent of "mere animal attachment to place."

How we differ in our estimation of qualities! This animal attachment to place is to me one of the most appealing, most endearing traits of character; and it binds to us in brotherhood not only the bird of the air, but the poor beast of burden who, through mere animal attachment, will break out of comfortable quarters to return to the well-known sordid manger.

Our hearts go out in sympathy to the emigrant of English, Irish, Scotch, German, or American descent who descants upon the charms of the "dear home-land" and the virtues of its people; but his loyalty often refuses to follow his enterprising feet, he will not "praise the bridge that has carried him over," but he *will* stoop to speak disparagingly of Canada and Canadians, and this too, where Canadian ears may hear!

Every individual who crosses the ocean, or the boundary line of any country, to make his home in Canada, does the same in order to better his condition and circumstances! The consciousness of this hurts the vanity of the stupidly vain. When two of this type meet, after the preliminary "How do you like the Canadians?" they proceed to condemn us by more than "faint praise"! The Canadian within hearing is too polite, if of French descent, or too shocked, if of other extraction, to utter the advice, "You had better take the first emigrant ship or wagon back to your own hopeful country!"

Wherever these ingrates drop down they choose the least worthy specimen as the typical Canadian.

The thought that the immigrants of to-day will be the Canadians of to-morrow becomes amusing when we behold the in-pouring thousands of slavery-branded Europeans, especially those from the dependencies of Russia!

To all, Canada vouchsafes a welcome; although sometimes with misgivings, as in the case of London slum products. What logic is required to prove that so long as our King has a dollar in his pocket or a gem in his crown, so long as his table knows dainty fare and his body purple and fine linen, it is a shame for him to allow one of his subjects to be destroyed in body and soul by the cruel poverty that lurks in the slums of his capital city!—under his very eyes!

Shade of Henry VII., what a change! When thou wert King of England, not a single ill-clad or ill-fed citizen was there to detract from the dignity of London; and not a single tumble-down, badly-built, or ugly house to mar the beauty of our empire's capital.

Canada offers golden, glorious opportunities to all who leave the narrow and narrowing old world for her broad acres and sun-lit skies.

The Territories of Alberta and Saskatchewan already inaugurated as provinces, is fact startling to even the most sanguine of easterners. We must look to our laurels; but we still have the Governor-General with us at Ottawa, and we may rest in the complacency of the Cockney Englishman who cannot conceal the conviction that "'e howns the king"!

Among us is found what may be considered the finished product of the process of "Canadianizing." The French-speaking Canadians of Quebec are secure in the fact that their ancestors founded Canada, four hundred years ago; the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists who came here in 1784, have never taken any second place as "Canadians"; and the descendants of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" who chose Ontario, about one hundred years ago, constitute a worthy portion of our countrymen.

To one of these types, or to a blend of them all, a dash of other blood can do no injury: Canadians we have with us always!

Now follows the thought that the greatest good, the first essential in the up-bringing of the individual, in the making and guarding of the home, in the development of a nation, is the active, self-sacrificing, ever-vigilant Christianity of thought, word and action, which results in peace with God, neighbor and self.

Our "patriotic songs" that invite the war spirit might well be left to bloodhounds; the man of peace never lifts the sword except in defence of king and country!

* * * * * *

In this new and wonderful country there is much to do before we can answer at the bar of God and man, as responsible, worthy Canadians. Alas! some of us are disabling ourselves, and others have already disabled themselves for allotted life-work—and in what way? By a habit, —the drink habit!

Where that habit is, there rules the demon of drink; and we shudder as we recognize him in familiar faces we meet in the street, in the home, and—must I say it!—even in the house of God.

The individual who "drinks" is no good; he is an evil, a curse! Can he—this castaway—bring a soul to heaven? I leave the question as a conundrum. This I do know: his example starts and assists many on the way to perdition.

The "drinking" Catholic is the stumbling-block raised by Satan to keep thousands—millions—out of the Church! And shall we, through so-called refinement and politeness, refrain from raising a protesting voice?

"Ralph Conor," the clerical author, and one of our separated brethren, from the pulpit of his church has fearlessly denounced the intemperance which prevails, not only among men in the various walks of life, but among women in our upper circles of society. He has, of course, been met by the expected amount of brow-beating; but he has discharged what he perceived to be a duty. He is no poorer for having lost the admiration and patronage of the people he has offended. All honor to him as a worthy Canadian!

So long as there are suffering, starving little children—not to mention men or women—in this or the old land, it is bad enough to enjoy dainty fare, but it is abominably and disgustingly selfish —to say the least—to assist and complete the surfeit by degrading, demoralizing drink!

Catholic women! the world recognizes in you the safeguards of the home, and the champions of children; it is daily within your power to imbue these children with that horror of intemperance and intemperates, which will keep intoxicants far from their lips and life.



Copyright 1901, by O. E. Dunlap.

TERRAPIN POINT.

Here is a law in our own theology: The taking wantonly of a glass, a thimble-ful, of anything which will paralyze or suspend our God-given intelligence, is a mortal sin!

* * * * * *

All the world is rejoicing over the peace proclaimed between Japan and Russia, especially as the tyrant Russia has suffered an ignominious wigging at the hands of the "interesting" little Japs, and in recognition thereof is paying a war indemnity of five hundred million dollars. Extravagant outlay surely! But the much-needed lesson is worth it.

If true that this neat little sum must be paid by the Czar, how humiliating to the high and mighty Grand Dukes minus Sergius!

* * * * *

France also needs to be given her bearings by the "yellow peril"; she has outgrown Christianity!

Russia's Government persecuted all men, including Russians, but maintained the fable of religion by invoking the aid of the heavenly powers; the renegade Government of France is persecuting God by driving His ministers and His servants from the schools and from public office. The homes of France, the representatives of those homes will soon be Godless enough, if the hearts of the children are not imbued with the love of God, neighbor, and Christian precept.

France may soon be free from the fetters of Christianity, but only to be bound by the chains of infidelity, whose links press into the poisoned and ever-rebellious flesh!

Have we not seen, and do we not see, numerous examples of this fact?

Ah! the cruel nemesis, the mockery that follows the proud but sin-burdened soul that ignores the practice of religion!

Faith is easily lost; in uncongenial atmosphere it slips away from us gradually but surely, if in fear and trembling we cease to cry, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!"

When our brethren fall away, not blame but pity should fill our hearts for them.

The present President of France was repudiated by his grand, saintly old mother; and when she was dying he feared to face her last protest and appeal. "All the other members of his family were at her bedside, but the President was unavoidably detained!"

The saddest case in point is that of Victor Hugo,—one of France's most brilliant sons, as all the world knows.

His was a great intelligence; but his heart swelled with the pride of self-deification, and the cross of the humble Christ became unseemly!

What a power for good might have been his forceful and versatile pen; but as his writings were banned by the Church and barred to his pious countrymen and the Christian world, the genius of the poet, novelist and politician was worse than lost to his fellow men.

Thorough was his punishment, and saddening the recollection of it; but his admirers make no mention of the blight that darkened his life during the twenty-five last years of his existence.

Victor Hugo died a lonely old man in 1885, having survived his wife and their four children. His two sons died in the seventies; his daughter Léopoldine, together with her husband, was drowned shortly after her marriage. The second daughter, Adèle, gifted, accomplished, surpassingly beautiful, loyal to her faith, and the apple of her father's eye, through agony of mind and privations of which he was the indirect cause, ended her days in an American insane asylum.

When Victor Hugo, a political refugee from France, lived on the Island of Jersey, a welcome guest to the home was a young man of twenty-five, named Albert Andrew Pinsen, son of a clergyman of the Church of England. An attachment sprang up between him and Adèle Hugo, then in her twentieth year. Pinsen, according to a comrade's account, "was a man without an ideal, and with no ambition except the desire to secure easily the means to lead an idle life."

Adèle Hugo was the soul of honor and self-sacrifice; and her affection for Pinsen bordered on worship. The lovers became engaged.

Victor Hugo looked on indifferently; but Pinsen's father—his son not having anything of religion—objected to the marriage when he ascertained that Adèle was deeply religious, and much as she loved his son, could not take her allegiance from her Creator to bestow it upon a creature. Pinsen looked to his father for his bread and butter, and ate it hopefully for ten years, Adèle looking on in adoring patience.

Adèle Hugo had entered upon a literary career; and her efforts were the admiration of her father, who boasted that his style could not com-

pare with hers. She was now thirty (1861), could not be persuaded to give up Pinsen, so, wishing to see her happy and settled in life, Victor Hugo wrote to Pinsen, who was in England, requesting him on "his honor as a gentleman" to come and assist in the drawing up of a "contract of marriage." Pinsen responded, and immediately after he and Adèle had signed, left for England, whence he wrote that of necessity the marriage would take place in London, as he had purchased a Lieutenancy in the army and his regiment had been ordered to Halifax. Accordingly, Adèle and her mother started post-haste for London, only to find that "Lieutenant Pinsen" had sailed. They returned to Jersey; but in spite of all entreaties Adèle protested that she was under obligation to follow her affianced husband, so, leaving her father's house at night, and taking the money intended for her trousseau, she crossed the channel, journeyed to Liverpool, and embarked on the "Great Eastern" for New York, finally reaching Halifax.

Adèle immediately notified Pinsen of her arrival; he was not at all elated at the news, for he felt himself "cut out for the army," and quite incapable of worry or exertion. However, he assured her of his undying devotion, and of his being beset by cruel circumstances which conspired to postpone the marriage.

Adèle never boarded; she rented a furnished room with a family who became devoted to her, resumed her literary work, maintained herself by her pen when her funds became exhausted, never allowed a soul to enter her room, and lived upon "eggs, sandwiches, and chocolate" for years, and under an assumed name.

One day a caller upon the family—a Frenchman—noticing a letter on the hall table addressed to "Monsieur le Vicomte Victor Hugo, Guernsey," in great excitement asked them if they knew who Victor Hugo was. They answered in the negative, explaining that their lady lodger had left it to be mailed. The Parisian enlightened them!

Here was a revelation to the good people, who, immediately concluding that Adèle was his daughter, wrote Victor Hugo, giving him full particulars of her industrious, but lonely life of privation.

By return mail arrived profuse thanks, a cheque for Adèle and another for the family, requesting them to make any and every purchase for "Mrs. Pinsen's" comfort, and to enclose the bills to Victor Hugo.

Adèle's monthly cheque for twenty-five pounds on the Bank of British North America and payable to the order of "Madame Pinsen" was always presented by herself in person; but every dollar of it went into the pocket of the ignoble Pinsen except what would cover her bare necessities. For years she starved herself—literally.

Pinsen made a few minutes' call upon his fiancée three or four times a year; this hour or two of sunshine, of heaven for Adèle, comprised her pleasures for the year.

Rumor reached her at last that the gallant Lieutenant was about to be married to a certain estimable young lady; Adèle lost no time in consulting her lawyer, the late Mr. Mottom, Q. C., of Halifax, who, having obtained confirmation of the report, promptly laid Pinsen's marriage contract before the young lady's father.

Life in Halifax had at this juncture become trying to the gay Lieutenant; fortunately for him his regiment was ordered to Barbadoes.

Henceforth he refused to meet Adèle face to face; but feeling that he would some day return to a sense of his duty, she would not lose sight of him, so followed him to Barbadoes. Here for years she continued the life she had led in Halifax, writing all day, and frequently walking the floor all night; her mind at last gave way, so, in charge of a nurse, she was brought to the United States, to breathe her last weary sigh in an insane asylum, far from father, mother, brothers, home and country!

After Adèle's death, Pinsen having attained to a Captaincy, and discovering that he "wasn't cut out for the army," or to be shot at, sold his commission, and married a lady of his own "religion" and an income of fourteen hundred pounds a year.

Mr. Mottom, Q. C., of Halifax, after the death of Victor Hugo, in 1885, gave for publication the pathetic story of his favorite child, Adèle.

Victor Hugo affected a godless atmosphere, and welcomed it to his home: his darling little daughter, dearer to him than life, fell a victim to the result. He should have shielded her from the danger; but untrue to his God, he could not be true as a father.

Adèle Hugo never for a moment was anything but a true woman, and a true Christian; sorrow-

ful as was her life, that of her father's declining years was immeasurably more sorrowful.

What to him were the plaudits of the worldly, for which he had sacrificed honor, when one word, one smile of his dear lost Adèle would have outweighed them all!

IDRIS.

Chateau Malmaison.

CHÂTEAU MALMAISON—Josephine's old home—what pathetic associations cluster around every nook of the historic pile, which, in the early days of the First Empire, was for her what the Petit Trianon was for Marie Antoinette—an agreeable change from palatial splendor!

All the old historic French châteaux are gradually falling under the auctioneer's hammer, or crumbling away in ruins. Chenonceaux, the favorite residence of Catherine de Medici, now belongs to a Republican Deputy, Fouquet's palace at Vaux is the property of a sugar refiner, Luciennes is in the hands of a manufacturer, Sardou is the owner of the palace of the Montmorency's, a linen draper has bought Chamarande, a gift of Napoleon III. to the Duke of Persigny; a score of others has had a similar destiny, while Meudon, St. Cloud, and the Tuileries have been reduced to heaps of ruins.

In noble souvenirs Malmaison is the richest of all; it is the freshest oasis in the whole of Napoleon's career of devastation. Madame Bonaparte bought the property, in 1798, for the trifling sum of £6,400—paid partly out of her marriage portion and partly out of the military allowance of her husband, then General Bonaparte—and there it was that the future Empress Josephine spent the happiest and the most sorrowful portions of her life. Her Thursday receptions form a picture of doubtful repose in the midst of those busy, boisterous times. There she held a court, surrounded by poets and artists, among whom were Bernardin de St. Pierre, Legouvé, Chénier, Picard, Collin d'Harleville, Volney, Talma, Ducis, Lesneur, Girodet, Népomucène Lemercier, whom, Republican though he was, Josephine won over to the cause of the First Empire, and a host of other men of talent. The charm of those Thursdays was still further heightened by the dazzling beauty of the future Queen Hortense, the Countess Fanny de Beauharnais, Mme. Tallien, Mme. Houdetot, Mme. Caffarelli, and many others. That army of *élite* endeavored by elegance of language, dress and manners, to stem the current of coarseness and violence, let loose by the Revolution. At times a thin little man, with sallow complexion, hair lying flat on his head, and sparkling black eyes, might be seen talking in a retired corner with a general in uniform, and might be heard breaking into the general conversation, so elegant and recherché, with a brusque, concise and decisive soldierly phrase. That was young General Bonaparte, from whom Josephine's acts of kindness and benevolence drew the acknowledgment: "I can win battles; but you win hearts." In a thousand ways her beneficent disposition displayed itself, and to her many exiles owed their restoration to their native land.

The powerful influence which Josephine exercised over Napoleon was never abused, as he himself acknowledged, by a word of bad counsel. According to popular reports, it had been predicted twice over, at Martinique and in France, that Josephine would be queen; and as stormy scenes would sometimes occur between her and her husband, she had been heard to exclaim, "They speak of your star, but it is my star that rules these events." And, in fact, Napoleon was greatly indebted to her political talents and her fascinating manners, if not for his elevation to power, at least for his welcome among the influential circles of Parisian society. Though blinded by dynastic ambition, he must have felt eventually that his divorce was as mistaken in policy as it was indefensible and cruel in the execution. It is singular that Josephine, after all, should have given an heir to Napoleon in the person of her grandson, Louis Napoleon, the last Emperor of France.

It was at Malmaison that the Eighteenth Brumaire was prepared. It was there, too, that Lemercier read his tragedy of "Charlemagne" to the First Consul, who wished him to change the *dénoûement*, so as to show the conquered nations coming to Charlemagne to offer him in great pomp the crown and Empire of the East. The Consulate raised Malmaison to its highest splendor, but no sooner had Napoleon become Emperor than Josephine's modest château was abandoned for the palatial magnificence of St. Cloud. After the divorce, Malmaison became the Kimbolton of the unfortunate empress.

There the allied sovereigns frequently invited themselves to dine with her, and it was while showing the Empress of Russia the grounds that Josephine caught the cold that carried her to the grave, three days later, May 29, 1814. Since then Malmaison had no occupants of note until, after Waterloo, Napoleon revisited the scene of the only happiness he had ever known, and paid a visit to the tomb of his once-beloved Josephine, before going to Rochefort, where the Bellerophon was waiting for him.

Prince Eugène de Beauharnais looked after the property during his lifetime, but, in 1826, his heirs sold it to a Swedish banker. In 1841, Queen Maria Christina of Spain bought it, and sold it, in 1861, for £44,000 to the Emperor Napoleon III., who presented it to the State. Under the Third Republic Malmaison has been neglected and allowed to lapse into its present deplorable condition. It was sold to private persons, and now awaits other owners who may not be inclined to convert it into a Napoleonic museum, as is suggested by those desirous of seeing it preserved among the "historic monuments of France." In future some thrifty peasant will, no doubt, sleep in the chamber in which the conqueror of the world was wont to seek repose.

MAY WETER.

The Humility of the Great.

HISTORY furnishes abundant illustrations of the modesty and humility of the truly great. Such persons in all ages have been unostentatious, allowing others to speak of them, their writings, their notable deeds, rather than they themselves. In fact, humility has ever been the distinctive mark of the truly great. In our own circle of friends, close observation would, doubtless, lead to the discovery that those who are the most self-assertive are not the greatest, while those whom we honor for nobility of character and strong feelings of self-respect, are invariably sincerely humble.

Aptly does Ruskin remark: "I believe the first test of a truly great man is humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his power. . . . Great men do not expect of their fellow men to fall down and worship them; they have a curious sense of powerlessness; feeling that their greatness is not in them but *through* them,—that they could not do or be anything else than God made them; and they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and they are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful."

Robert Browning, of whom it has been said by a literary critic, high in authority, that "since Chaucer no Englishman has walked along our ways with eyes of such observation," was one of those unspoiled by flattery, who oftentimes in most spontaneous ways, gave evidence of his modesty. To the inquiry of a friend, who asked particularly about his son, the artist, Mr. Browning replied, "There is too much expected of him, he had such a mother." The poet once wrote a friend, during the absence from home of Mrs. Browning, when he had finished one of his fine poems, which needed her appreciation to satisfy him, that it was worth publishing:

"I miss my little human praise." Many would certainly be surprised that so wonderful a genius sitting on Olympian heights and in ever conscious greatness, looking down upon the lesser mortals who were proud to do him honor, should feel and should write so spontaneously, "I miss my little human praise."

It is always pleasant to hear of great men who are not ashamed of their humble origin. Charles Rollin, the famous writer of ancient history, was the son of a cutler; and, although he did not go about informing people of his personal affairs, he was never ashamed to own that his father followed a trade.

Charles did not remain a cutler, like his father, but entered a university, where he made such wonderful progress that he was soon elevated to the priesthood. In course of time he was received into the most exclusive circles, and it was considered an honor to entertain this brilliant scholar. He revived the study of Greek and made many reforms in the system of education. He was the author of several works besides his well-known "Ancient History." Voltaire speaks of him as one of the first French authors who wrote a good style in prose.

One day, when visiting at the house of a nobleman, Father Poulouzat, of the Oratory, who was among the guests, wished to cut something; but the knife proved dull. Rollin at once drew his own from his pocket, and laughingly said: "Ah, take mine, reverend sir! I know that it is a good one, for my father made it."

Rollin was a most generous man, and took great delight in sending Christmas boxes around

to his friends. In one of these he once put a knife, and the note which went with it said: "Do not be surprised if this gift seems to belong to Vulcan more than to the Muses. It was from the cave of Cyclops that I turned my steps toward Parnassus."

The life of Maurice Sully—a well-known dignitary in the Church—is replete with instances of the most touching humility. He went to Paris from his poor home in the country when a little boy, to seek his fortune, like many another lad, and begged his bread from door to door. His discouragements were numberless, but his determination conquered them all, and, with the help of some pious people, he went from one stage of advancement to another, until he became a learned doctor of divinity. His old mother heard rumors of his greatness, and, taking her staff, she said: "I will walk to Paris and see my boy." She found the gay city and inquired of some ladies for Doctor Maurice, as he was called. They offered to guide her to him, and threw over her a large woolen mantle which hid her peasant garb. But when her son saw her he said: "My mother is a poor woman. I cannot believe it is she till I see her old peasant gown." Then she threw off the cloak, and her son embraced her and presented her to his friends, who thought all the more of him for not being ashamed of his poorly dressed old mother.

He afterward became Bishop of Paris, and rebuilt the great Cathedral of Notre Dame.

The great General Turenne was the most modest of men. An audacious young fellow once asked him how he came to lose certain battles. "Entirely by my own fault," was the simple reply, which had the effect of silencing as well as amazing his questioner.

After having gained his celebrated victory at Dunes, Turenne was writing to his sister, fearing that she was alarmed concerning him. His note was in these modest words: "The enemy met us and was beaten. God be praised for it! I am rather tired, so wish you good-night, as I am going to bed."

The gentle author, Washington Irving, was the most modest of men, and lived in such retirement in his beautiful home of "Sunnyside" on the Hudson River, that even his nearest neighbors did not become acquainted with him.

One morning he was necessitated to cross a field which lay near his own. The farmer, a rough old fellow, came out and called to him: "You old vagabond! Leave these premises; and if I ever catch you round here again, I will set the dogs on you." Irving meekly retired as fast as possible, not fancying savage dogs.

Another time he was in his own orchard picking an apple, when a little boy—a son of one of his nearest neighbors—came running up to him and whispered: "These are not very good apples. I'll show you where there is a better tree. But we must be careful not to let Mr. Irving see us. I don't know him, but they say he is a dreadful cross man. Then," related Irving, laughing, "I went with the lad, and we stole about a dozen of my own apples."

La Motte, the well-known Bishop of Amiens, was no less a humble man than a great prelate. When he desired to give up all his honors and end his days in a monastery of La Trappe, he wrote to the Pope: "If I have done my duty, I ask this as a recompense; if I have been remiss in my duty, I beg it as a penance."

Some one said to him that he could cure a certain malady, if he wished. He laughingly replied: "Then you take me for a drug, do you?" When a friend compared him to St. Francis de Sales, he answered: "Would to God that I were worthy to occupy a place at his feet!" The Dauphin, son of Louis XV., invited him to present himself at court, but the Bishop declined the honor. "I can only serve to remind you that you are to die," he wrote in return; "a death's-head placed upon your priedieu will answer the same purpose."

MARY BURCHILL.

Some day men and women will both realize that gentle, moral lives are best for women—then they will become conscious of the fact that they can get the most out of life when they live the lives of gentlewomen. It is a pretty, old word. Prettier, I think, than "ladies." To be gentle and to be womanly means to be everything to those about you. And to be a woman without being gentle—well, do you like the type? —the "advanced woman"? whose speech and walk are alike strident, who has lost all that is best in woman, and gained all that is worst in man? There is really no place for her. She does not care for a home. She is not a builder of homes. And what will the world do when homes are done away with?

Letter-Box.

CEYLON.

DEAR RAINBOW:

A peerless day of splendid sport! Lifeless and dreary was the scene, yet fascinating beyond description. We were on one of the burning sand-banks which separate the great lagoons of Ceylon from the sea, the narrow boundary between the feeding and sleeping grounds of innumerable wild fowl. For many a weary mile, as far as the eye could reach, lay a shimmering line of sand; on one side the still lagoon, glassy and gray, steamed patiently under the sinking sun; on the other, the limitless Indian Ocean stretched on and on to where the blue dome of the sky seemed to mingle with it and melt away into space. Long green waves rolled slowly in, and, passing the coral reef, crumbled into white-topped breakers, which boomed and thundered unceasingly upon the dazzling beach.

We had discovered the route taken by the passing fowl to their favorite haunts, and lay hidden in the tussocks of coarse herbage waiting for the flight. The sun, setting in its glory-colored light, seemed to set the world aflame, and turned to gold the distant inland mountain peaks which soared above the low-lying line of cocoanut palms that fringed the mainland shore.

As if answering to its farewell blaze, a flock of whistling teal rose afar off, and with sibilant cries commenced their evening gyrations, preliminary to departing to their feeding-grounds island. Rising one after another from their reedy sanctuaries, the flocks wheeled round in wide circles, uttering the while their hissing calls. Nearer and nearer they came, till suddenly the sound became shrill, as one flock unsuspectingly approached our ambush. Bang! and a quick swerve, but too late; a rapid succession of reports, followed by the sound of bodies thumping on the soft sand, greeted our anxious ears.

With the exception of a few blue coots, which, trailing their legs awkwardly behind them, sought refuge with a splash among the reeds of an adjacent islet, our shots caused little disturbance, and again the "swish, swish" of a closely-packed flock of teal was distinctly audible as they swung round overhead. Four barrels were emptied in their midst, and some half dozen left the ranks and fell with splash or thud, the rest being soon out of shot. Higher and farther circled the startled flocks, till at last they were mere specks in the deepening red of the western sky.

Already the mist was beginning to gather round the reed beds which lay scattered over the gray water, their graceful lines reflected to perfection on its still surface. For some time the occasional croak of a frog, or "korok" of a hidden coot, was the only sound besides the eternal booming of the surf behind us. Suddenly the cry of a curlew sounded clearly in the evening air, and one's thoughts went back to the shingle banks and marshes of England, where, with a biting wind driving in from a gray sea, one had so often heard the familiar note.

It sounded strangely out of place on that steamy lagoon; but there was little time for wandering thoughts, as an answering call came back, and soon a small flock passed just out of shot, making for the flat beach upon which the tide was falling. They were the forerunners of the numerous birds that followed. Soon we descried a string of elegant flamingos heading straight for us, their long legs streaming out behind them. A moment of doubt, and then they were overhead.

Picking out our birds we fired, and two of the graceful creatures crumpled up and fell with a crash into the reeds hard by. The sky was seared with lines of fowl, each winging its way to some favorite ground, and ever and anon the guns spoke out, till the short-lived light of the after-glow faded and made way for the approaching night. Then suddenly darkness came, and with it the myriad fireflies, which danced and circled aimlessly among the dank and sweating reeds—and another day was dead.

As in the gathering gloom our canoe glides over the silent water, we can see the torches of the native fishermen burning luridly on the distant shore. Fainter and fainter grows the sound of the pounding breakers, till only a murmuring roar reaches us through the still night air. A heavy white mist gathers and obscures all from us but the glittering firmament above. There is a rasping sound as our canoe grates on the mainland shore, and, stepping out, we gladly leave the great gray waters to whisper their secrets to the night. Our bag is heavy and our hearts are light.

L. F.

DINARD.

DEAR SR. F—

Quaint Dinard and old St. Malo are attracting many wealthy American visitors just now. Dinard is really one of the most charming little spots on the west coast of France, and is fast coming into prominence by reason of its American colony. How the Americans discovered such an out-of-the-way and inaccessible, though delightful, little nook, is not precisely known, but one can readily imagine how, once found, the many charms of the locality rapidly increased its reputation and by degrees allured so many visitors, both as sojourners and settlers.

The beautiful scenery, the agreeable climate, the salt breezes, the aroma of the multifarious sweet-scented blossoms, are in themselves sufficiently fascinating, in addition to which the ancient and historical surroundings, the old-fashioned buildings and pleasant homesteads, with their quaintly-costumed occupants, lend enchantment to the place. There is an entire absence of conventionality, both as regards the mode of living, style of dressing and social functions. Most of the time during the summer season is spent out of doors, either in bathing or basking on the shore, making short tours in the vicinity or up the Hudson-like river, along the delightful banks of which pleasure boats stop at different points of vantage suitable to artists, botanists, and random ramblers. The favorite pastime of the majority of young people is to roam and romp inland along the meandering lanes and pathways leading through infenced fields, orchards and gardens, through which they are allowed to travel with the utmost freedom, there to pick corn-flowers, poppies, marigolds, large daisies and buttercups, honeysuckles and wild roses. The evenings are generally spent at the Casino, or dancing or lounging on the terraces overlooking the bay beyond.

Old Dinard stands on an eminence, situate close upon the confines of Brittany and Normandy, and commands a view of some of the most exquisite and varied scenery to be met with in picturesque France. From the summit appears the small and peaceful Bay of St. Malo, broadening and extending on to the English Channel. Immediately to the north, across the river, stands the ancient and famous city of St. Malo, with its long, narrow streets, its regular and curiously-shaped Continental buildings and ecclesiastical edifices, surrounded by the historical city walls which, in the course of centuries, have stood so many sieges, notably those of 1693, 1695 and 1758. Further on, standing majestically and alone, is the Hotel Franklin—a local landmark and a popular resort of American transients. An Eastern aspect, also across the river, reveals St. Servan, with its oddly-shaped streets and houses scattered in the background.

St. Malo was the birthplace of Cartier, Maupertuis, Lamettrie, Mahé de la Bourdonnais, Châteaubriand and Lamennais.

The Americans are certainly the life and soul of Dinard. They are first and foremost in arranging picnics, dances, parties and little tours, and altogether they make life most pleasant to the casual stranger.

There is probably no place better known on the European Continent to the American tourist than Dinard Ferry, with its primitive cobble-stoned landing-place, nestled in a corner sheltered from the sea and on the bank of the river. Its picturesque and winding stone stairway, ascending a precipice studded with houses built on rugged rocks on each side, forms one of the most attractive pictures in the country.

Although Dinard itself has within recent years undergone improvements and modernization, the old ferry still remains as of yore, and is a good landmark in the mind of many an American visitor who cherishes a pleasant memory of the land across the sea. L. D.

BRESLAU.

DEAR SR. F—

A line about this distant city, in which society is cultivated and elegant, and divided into as many cliques as in more pretentious places. There is an old Silesian nobility which takes the lead, and then follow the other grades down to the humblest. It is a University town—the University only dates from 1811, though it occupies a very large building. The city library is considered very valuable. For instance, in the whole world there are only 15,000 volumes of Incunables, and Breslau has 2,400 of them. It has also 2,840 volumes of manuscripts and 240 Aldines, together with the Oriental printed and manuscript works, known to those learned in such matters as the Bibliotheka Habichtiana. This library was formed by combining the libraries of

Frankfort-on-Oder, of the former Jesuit University, and those of various Silesian cloisters.

Breslau has a modern museum, the interior of which, for elegance, will vie with any in the world, though its contents are not remarkable in comparison with the older museums of Europe. The lower floor is devoted to a collection of casts of the most renowned specimens of antique sculpture, including those originals but recently brought to light by the latest explorations in Greece. In the upper rooms there is a gallery of modern paintings by German artists, chiefly Silesian, those by Graf Harrach, occupying the prominent place. This artist, a man of wealth and position, belonging to a titled Silesian family, is probably related to the great Austrian house of the same name, so conspicuous in Vienna. His paintings, principally on scriptural and historic subjects, are bold and original in design and coloring, and have given the artist a European reputation. "Peter Denying Christ" is very striking, from the brilliant arrangement of the lights and the bold individuality of the figures. Three soldiers are lying on the ground around a bright fire; behind them is the servant who recognized Peter, and, in the foreground, is the Apostle himself. Christ is being led away by guards, along a corridor, turning as the cock crows to cast a reproachful glance at Peter. The picture, though obviously defective in certain points of drawing, would attract attention anywhere.

The walls of Breslau, when taken down by order of Napoleon, left a wide space encircling the old city, which is but the heart of the present city. The moats were left filled with water, and the open ground was planted with trees, many of them indigenous to America. Flower beds and gardens of colored leaf plants add to the charm of the place. Cafés and music-halls are on this promenade, and an old fortification has been turned into a sort of coign of vantage, known as the Bastion, whence there is a charming view of the Oder and the opposite shores. Another point, known as the Belvidere, affords a pretty glimpse of part of the city. Beyond the Bastion is a very elegant war monument in openwork Gothic, flanked at each corner by cannon. The University, a building noticeable for its vast size and evident antiquity, is on this promenade, which is only broken at one spot where the houses close up to the river. In summer, a varied and delightful walk is thus offered, the feeding of the numberless large, greedy carp in the moat being one of its episodes. In the winter, the moat presents an excellent skating ground. And there is plenty of time for skating in Breslau, for the winter sets in early and closes late. The city is really as far north as the southern point of Labrador, and so partakes of the peculiarities of all northern climes, the summer days being very long and the winter days very short. In the summer evenings, excellent orchestral music may be heard in the music-gardens. For a week or two the Ratibor Musik-Schule, consisting of forty lads from ten to twenty years old, has been an attraction, appearing on different nights at different gardens. They play very difficult selections with spirit and accuracy, and despite the tender years of many of their number, make as good and effective music as the average adult military band. Ratibor, whence these talented, tow-headed boys come, is a town a few hours' journey south of Breslau, and must not be confounded with Ratisbon in Bavaria.

Breslau leaves in the mind a pleasant memory of agreeable society, majestic street vistas, old façades of the middle ages, charming strolls along the promenade, and grim churches, gloomy and forbidding outside, but inside glowing with artistic and antiquarian wealth—on the whole, a strange blending of modern progress and comforts with old-time architecture and reminiscences. The combination is at once striking and delightful. W. F. W.

LONDON.

DEAR SR. F—

A gray Sunday in the heart of London and rain falling at intervals during the day. The music of the clouds has just died away, and in the hush that follows I hear the twittering of many birds and the rustle of leaves and branches in the strong, cool, fragrant wind. At most times, in this vast and ponderous capital, the sense that oppresses a thoughtful mind is that of the overwhelming surge and stress of human life: in this serene hour the dominant consciousness is that of opulent, prodigious, diversified and all-encircling peace and beauty. One month ago,—a pilgrim, revisiting hallowed shrines, to say farewell,—I landed on the south shore of England, and, until this moment, drifting from place to place, I have known little but action and



FROZEN SPRAY ON THE TREES.

Copyright 1905, by O. E. Dunlap.

wearing excitement. To-night there is a pause, and the old feeling of genuine composure comes back upon my spirit, and I know that this indeed is the old home, the land of my youthful longings, the land that was the fulfilment of all my early dreams.

A sumptuous and beautiful environment naturally tends to genuine composure—but it must cease to be novel before it will begin to soothe. As I review the long interval since that lovely summer morning when the golden rocks of the Scilly Islands just glimmered into view—with white seas dashing over them, beneath the morning sun—I remember a mass of things, which only now have crystallized into harmonious pictures. There is a grand strain of organ music, and the gray spaces of St. Paul's Cathedral seem peopled with angel forms that float upward in the fretted vault and vanish into heaven. The sunlight streams upon the sacred memorials in the Poets' Corner of the great Abbey, and all the glories of English literature, from Chaucer to Tennyson, throng into the mind and overwhelm it with equal gratitude and wonder. It is night upon the black and silent Thames, and, under the cold light of stars, rise, grim and ghastly, the sinister bastions of the haunted Tower. Midnight is brooding over the plains and hedgerows and copses of beautiful Warwickshire, and as I sit upon the old white stone bench, by the riverside, in Stratford Churchyard, a chill wind stirs the leaves, and, beneath a gibbous moon, the great elms that encircle the ancient church are reflected in the still Avon, far below, and all the world is turned to memory and dream.

It is a glorious summer morning, and beneath a sky of blue and gold, and snowy drifting fleece, I watch the gray spire of the Shakespeare Church till it fades in the distance, and is gone, while all around me are green and yellow fields that seem to bask in warm sunshine, and are sweetly peaceful with recumbent sheep, and drowsy cattle, and indolent rooks. A little later the crag of Meon vanishes, the ancient town of Evesham, with its noble tower, its breezy vanes, and its broad reaches of sparkling river, recedes and disappears, and I am speeding through the gardens and apple orchards of Evesham Vale and Pershore, and, melting away from my vision, like rifted clouds of fairyland, the lovely Cotswold hills dwindle into silver haze. The blaze of noon is brilliant on the red roofs of Worcester, and the great gray Cathedral with its massive, ornate tower and cone-shaped pinnacles, comes upon the soul like a benediction, saying that beauty is immortal and that grandeur has not yet left the world. Soon the lonely heights of Malvern glide into the picture, and I see the charming, breezy crescent city, where it sleeps upon the mountainside,—its sober villas draped with the green and pink and scarlet of geranium, the white petunia, the drooping splendor of the fuchsia, the clinging clusters of purple clematis, roses that yet linger, although summer has almost ended, and great veils of emerald ivy that tremble in the perfumed wind. Storm and sunshine are glorious in their giant strife upon the windy summits of the Worcestershire Beacon, and of the ancient British camp that frowns over the beautiful vale of the Severn, but the wonderful prospect,—perhaps the most wonderful in all England,—is spread before me, at intervals, for many witching hours, while, looking down upon distant Gloucester, and Cheltenham, and Tewksbury, and over toward Winchcomb and Sudeley, —where lie the old kings of Mercia,—and across the Welsh hills toward storied Hereford, with all the beauties around me of what was once Malvern Chase, I muse upon the Wars of the Roses, and see, as in a vision, the whole vast and splendid pageant of the history of England.

So the days pass, and so the scene changes, and every change is fraught with meaning. The green slopes of distant Bredon Hill are left behind, and through the great tunnel beneath the mountains of Malvern the wanderer flashes into the sunny fields and smiling valleys of Wales. It is a peaceful afternoon at Hereford, and in the Lady Chapel of its venerable Cathedral I sit for a long time and gaze upon the lovely lancet windows, while to a small group of worshippers a kindly clergyman, with patient spirit and meditative voice, expounds an epistle of St. Paul, and by his benignant and simple manner makes the solemnity of the solemn place still more impressive.

Soon I am standing in Widemarsh-st. and looking upon the Raven Inn, where Garrick was born,—the greatest comedian, perhaps the greatest actor in every field, that ever illumined the English stage. It is a little brick building, upon a corner, in a busy neighborhood, and it is not in any way distinctive. No doubt it has undergone

changes, but it was a tavern when Garrick's parents stayed in it, and a tavern it still remains. Over the door of its "smoke room" a circular blue tablet, inscribed with white letters, declares it to be the actor's birthplace, and gives his date, 1716. His father was a military officer, at that time quartered in Hereford, and in the parish register of All Saints' Church, which stands but a little way from the Raven Inn, is still preserved and shown the record of the boy's baptism. Garrick's youth was passed, not in Hereford, but in Lichfield, where he went to school to Dr. Johnson, and therefore Hereford's associations with him, though important, are not extensive; but the old city is proud of her illustrious son, for his birth within her walls shines brighter in her annals than the deaths of old warriors or any deeds of ancient kings—Harold had once a royal castle here, Stephen sat crowned in the Cathedral, the chair on which he sat is still to be seen; and Owen Tudor was beheaded here, four hundred years ago and over, and buried in the monastery on the banks of the Wye.

The day is waning over the links of the Wye as I leave it, at Ross, and speed away, by Grange Court, toward the Severn and the sea. It is sunset at Newnham, and soon the famous river broadens, and the wide tracts of sand that fringe its banks show themselves, bleak and desolate, beneath the gathering night. My haven is Chepstow, and in the stillness and comfort of the Beaufort Arms I pass a little time of slumber and a longer time of thought, while the lonely moments lag onward, and, hour by hour, the church bell beats out their requiem.

Glad morning is at the Severn mouth, and over all the green hills and hard white roads of windswept, fragrant, glistening Monmouthshire, and I am standing in the pulpit of rock upon the wooded summit of the Wyndcliffe, and one of the richest and sweetest prospects that opulent England can furnish is spread before me, in a blaze of green and gold. All around, and stretching miles away, are thickly-wooded hills. In front lies the peaceful, sunlit valley of the Wye, —the little river curving here, and making a singularly perfect fan, on which stand a manor and a church, and every foot of which is cultivated, so that it blooms with verdure and plenty, to the water's edge. Beyond this fan of many-colored earth, and on the furthest shore of the stream, rise the shattered gray towers and gloomy battlements of Chepstow Castle, famous among the most picturesque ruins of this realm, and still a living witness to the many and strange vicissitudes of its fortune during seven centuries of teeming life. Around it are clustered the pleasant habitations of the charming town. More distant gleams the broad Severn,—which here receives the tributary waters of the Wye,—while, far away eastward, shines the wide expanse of the Bristol Channel, through which continually ebbs and flows one of the mightiest of Atlantic tides. The day is uncommonly clear, and all this vast and gorgeous pageant, resplendent under a dome of sapphire, is only darkened now and then by the fleeting shadow of a cloud, swiftly driven by the summer gale. On one side I look toward Berkeley, so darkly famous for the savage slaughter of a King, and on the other side toward Clevedon, so hallowed by the sepulchre of a poet. In yonder castle the hand of murder stilled the heart of Edward the Second; in yonder church, upon the lonely hill, was laid the dust of Arthur Hallam. Touching in itself, this marvellous and memorable scene is also touching for what it encloses and reveals, and I part from it as from something always to be loved and never to be forgotten.

The path is downward through dense, bird-haunted thickets on the mountain slopes, and through a quaint, cavernous, grotto-like moss-cottage at the roadside, and soon, as I drive along the valley of the Wye, a flood of sunshine streams upon the gray and ruddy stones of Tintern, and I behold the loveliest monastic ruin in all this storied land. The ruin of Fountain's Abbey,—at quaint and venerable Ripon,—is more impressive for the attribute of grandeur, more stimulative to the imagination, and, in its sequestered and desolate loneliness, more touching to the heart; but Tintern possesses every attribute of tender grace and every charm of poetic beauty. Only the walls remain, of cruciform nave and transept, with cloister, chapter house, refectory, and a few adjacent rooms; but these remnants, almost uniform in architectural style, present a symmetry of proportion, an elegance of simplicity, an opulence of detail, and a lovely lightness of effect, for which it would be well-nigh impossible to find a parallel. The church must have been the perfection of the stately perpendicular. The tracery of its windows is of the most fascinating delicacy,—the

south window, in particular, being of such just proportion and such winning character that the eye lingers upon it as if enchanted. As you sit beneath that superb casement, while the huge broken masses of white clouds drive swiftly overhead, and the brilliant grass and the white daisies ripple at your feet, you will try to shape, in fancy, some image of this beautiful Abbey, as it looked to the Cistercian monks who built it six hundred years ago. The natural scene around it is, practically, unchanged. The sweet and placid river still babbles round the promontory on which it is built. The wooded hills arise and spread away, to encompass and shelter it, on each side. But for the tiny street of dwellings that straggles along upon the riverside, the modern craft afloat in the stream, the cleared lands adjacent, and perhaps an infrequent sound of travel, you might think yourself living in Plantagenet days.

This is a place given wholly to careless indolence, graceful disorder, perfect cleanliness, stillness, repose, and peace. The stones themselves seem to have fallen asleep. Great shrouds of ivy have covered some of the walls, and when the breezes softly flutter them, you think of a slumbering dreamer stirring in his dream. By a spiral stone staircase in the north transept it is possible to reach a considerable height,—indeed, to the summit of the nave, across which there is a dizzy passage, and the explorer will be well rewarded with the view. Such forms, such tracery, such carving,—they are the work, not of skill only, but of love; and, looking on this wonder of ruined beauty, you feel once more the great vital, final truth—that everything which is precious, in art, in literature, and in life, is born of self-sacrifice and reared in spiritual devotion.

It is yet bright daylight when I look my last on Tintern Abbey and whisper farewell. Many a year have I longed to see it. Many a dream of it have I cherished—thinking of Wordsworth's great poem which the sight of it inspired. The reality is more than a dream. In one heart, henceforward, it will dwell forever, with the golden sunshine sleeping on its ivied casements, and the rooks flying over it, and the benediction of heaven garnered in its bosom.

W. W.

ROME.

DEAR SR. F—

Thank you so much for your letter, which I was really pleased to receive. How kind of you and Miss Beck to send me the copies of the ever-welcome RAINBOW, radiant and beautiful beyond my power to describe!

You have asked me for a description of the blessing of the Grotto of Lourdes, in the Vatican gardens. It was a most interesting ceremony. Perhaps you do not know that Pius IX., after the Proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, had erected in the Vatican gardens a small facsimile of the glorious Grotto. It was only one metre in length, but exactly like the original. Leo XIII., a few years before his death, speaking with Mgr. Shoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes, to which diocese Lourdes belongs, said he would like very much to have another Grotto built in larger proportions. The good Bishop, desiring to gratify the wish of his Sovereign Pontiff, opened a subscription to collect funds for the accomplishment of the project.

The work was speedily carried on. On June 1st., 1902, Leo XIII. blessed the new Grotto. But the building was far from completion. After the death of Leo XIII., the Abbé Delpy, Secretary to the Bishop of Tarbes, came to Rome to give further help, and to direct the architect.

In March, we heard that, not only the Grotto, but a little marble church, a facsimile of the Basilica of Lourdes, stood on a hill in the Vatican gardens—a new monument to the glory of Mary. The blessing took place on the 28th. of that month. Twenty thousand tickets had been distributed among Romans and foreigners, so that the Vatican gardens, usually so quiet and silent, witnessed, on that lovely afternoon, a vast cosmopolitan concourse.

To me it was all sweetly beautiful. The green lawns which, for centuries past, the Vicars of Christ had trod, the blooming glades they so often beheld, the myrtle hedges near which, so many times, they paused to rest and meditate, the long alleys which sheltered them beneath their fresh shade, had a strange, deep charm for my soul. . . . The crowd proceeded slowly and quietly until, at last, the notes of the Papal March filled the air, and, against the clear, blue sky we saw the white church spire, then the whole marble façade of the chapel.

A beautiful terrace, one hundred metres long, opens before it, and, under this terrace, the Grotto is hollowed out of the solid stone. A pretty, snowy statue of Our Lady, with blue cincture and Rosary at her side, just like the apparition to simple Bernadette, seems to light the dark cave. The place being so crowded made it impossible for me to go and kneel at once at the feet of the Immaculate.

At half past three, a thrill of joy ran through the people, for, amidst the green foliage of the trees, the purple and gold of the Papal state carriage appeared, and the bright cuirasses of the Noble Guard glittered in the sunshine. "Long live the Pope! Evviva! Evviva!" burst forth from the multitude, and thus were wafted on the wings of the gentle breeze the joyous greetings of the faithful to their beloved Father.

The cortége stopped near the Grotto. The Holy Father, who was in the *Berlina* with Monsignor *Maggiordomo* Cangiano de Arevedo and Monsignor *Maestro di Camera* Bisleti, descended and ascended the long staircase, leading to the church. His beautiful and picturesque train of Monsignori, Camerieri Segreti and Noble Guard followed him. After a short visit to the chapel, which is still bare of all ornament, he returned to the front of the terrace, where he remained motionless, while a sweet choral, composed by Perosi for the occasion, rose from the *Sistine Cantori* and filled the air, mingling with the murmuring of the wind through the venerable trees. Above was the blue Roman sky, all around the sun made an aureole of glory, from the midst of which shone the white figure of our saintly Pontiff. Standing among his people, without any outward sign of his power, simple, good, loving, he was to all eyes and hearts stronger and greater than ever, for more than ever he resembled Christ, his Master, who humbly walked amidst the Galilean people, and taught them, and helped them, and loved them, and blessed them. He, too, beholding that crowd of all tribes and tongues bending before him, once more pronounced the words he loves so well and repeats so often with such deep tenderness of tone: "Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus!"

Then, coming down, still escorted by his retinue, he ascended the dais erected in front of the Grotto. Near him, beside Monsignor Maestro di Camera and Monsignor Maggiordomo, were Cardinal Merry del Val, Cardinal Richelmy and others of the court, while four Noble Guards, motionless, proudly stood behind his throne. Monsignor Shoepfer, kneeling, read a touching address, offering to His Holiness in the name of Catholic France, the new Grotto and the little facsimile of the Basilica of Lourdes. Pius X. kindly replied. The French pilgrims who had come to Rome for the occasion, heard the discourse of the Pope, thanking them for their love, praising them for their fidelity, encouraging them to firmness, pitying their lost brethren, and finally wishing that the true light of the Gospel might again illumine their beloved country. The voice of the Pontiff trembled as he pronounced these last words, and I am sure every French heart there beat faster, and every Catholic soul united with the venerable head of the Church in this most earnest prayer.

The Holy Father passed through the crowd, blessing as he went, entered the Berlina, and once more the brilliant cortége moved along the green alleys, while the people, in a burst of joyous enthusiasm, clapped their hands, threw up their hats, and shouted with thundering voices: "Evviva! Evviva!"

MARIA CONCETTA SILENZI.

LORETTO ACADEMY,
SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich.

DEAR IRENE:

Could I but picture the enchanting scenes which have dazed my enraptured vision since we waved our adieux from the steamer "Saronic," as she glided gracefully from the American Soo, on June 25th., how you would enjoy it! But anything like a graphic description of my summer's outing is among the impossibilities. Were I blessed as *some persons* with the Muse's favor, I should invoke her aid, and then this letter would bear to you pen pictures, vivid and glowing. I am not: therefore I ask you to view my humble efforts through your rose-colored lenses.

With the continuous delights unfolded to the traveller on the St. Mary's River, you are familiar, so I shall pass quickly down its picturesque course, across Lake Huron and over to a little junction on the Canadian shore, where the memory of some rather unusual experiences makes me pause in retrospection. The prospect of spending three hours in such a desolate spot would have been a discouraging one to a lonely



Copyright 1904, by O. E. Dunlap. SHOVELING A PATH TO PROSPECT POINT, FEBRUARY, 1904.

wayfarer, but fascinating companionship and an abundant sense of the ridiculous sufficed to place the thoughts of that memorable day among the most pleasant recollections of the summer. In violation of fastidious tastes we sought refreshment in one of the few wooden houses which graced (?) the vicinity. A sign, which evidently had no regard for suitability, informed us that the far-from-imposing structure was—*The Mansion House! ! !* I can scarcely refrain from relating *all* of the surprises we experienced within its palatial (?) walls, but I must tell you one incident which afforded us much amusement. The tea being served with the course which immediately followed soup, one of the party, who was sufficiently conservative to wish hers at her accustomed time, found it cold when she was ready to partake. Summoning the waitress—by pulling the tail of a turtle whose use we had discovered only after many wild speculations and experiments—my companion asked for some *hot* tea. There was a moment's awful silence, and then the maid exclaimed in accents of unfeigned incredulity, "What! ! and *throw this out?*" And housekeepers in cities are complaining of *extravagant* maids! There were other quite thrilling and even more surprising adventures, but circumstances forbid their disclosure. Our laughing powers were so completely exhausted when we got on our train, that we feared Detroit friends would be alarmed by our solemnity. But they could now testify to the recovery of our risible faculties.

The delightful excursions from Detroit are innumerable, but the city park, Belle Isle, is one of the most attractive places imaginable for picnicing, boating and driving. The Venetian canals and gorgeous floral displays make this bewitching island an ideal place in summer, and the throngs of people that visit it every day give evidence of public appreciation.

From Detroit we went directly to Toronto, around which charming city we had a very enjoyable automobile ride, visiting the magnificent Parliament Buildings, the University and other public edifices. But the hour spent at Loretto Abbey surpassed all others in pleasure, for there we saw dear friends whose society, I know, you would envy us.

En route to Montreal, the steamer, "Toronto," passed many inviting bathing beaches, where campers seemed to be enjoying themselves to the utmost. Looking back from the boat, Toronto and its hills present a very pretty picture, but that scenery cannot compare with the indescribable beauty of the Thousand Islands. When I say "indescribable," I mean it literally, for even the most fascinating descriptions of a genius must fall short of the transcendant reality. The myriad islands, each with an individuality of its own, furnish a striking example of the infinite power of the Creator, and one is instinctively moved, on beholding them, to thank Him for making this sphere of ours so beautiful. The diversified architecture of the summer homes built on these alluring islands, is a source of constant delightful surprises, for from a most artistic little rustic cottage one may turn her admiring gaze to the large palatial residence of a multi-millionaire. On seeing such spots, one can understand Tennyson's conception of Lotos-Land as an island—

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream
With half-shut eyes *ever* to seem
Falling asleep in half a dream!"

But such pleasure being an impossibility, we soon found ourselves in the broader part of the St. Lawrence, where its majestic waters are unbroken from shore to shore. Then we had the exciting adventure of *shooting* the numerous rapids, ending with the turbulent Lachine, a short time before we reached Montreal. This important business city still retains much natural beauty, unspoiled by intrusive factories. Mount Royal, which looks down from its lofty heights upon the St. Lawrence and its lovely embankments, is one of the principal attractions of the locality, and seems like a mighty protector, ever guarding the quaint old city at its base. The drive up the mountain, which is the city pleasure park, grows more and more beautiful with every turn in the winding tree-lined roadway. Arrived on the summit, one has a magnificent view of the surrounding scenery. While we were in the observatory, a terrific thunder-storm began, and I cannot imagine a more sublime picture than that presented by the angry clouds as they swept down upon the city. On the mountain are the Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant cemeteries, all of which are excellently cared for and typical cities of rest. In the Catholic cemetery are Stations of the Cross in costly figures. They are

placed at intervals along the road leading up a hill, which is said to bear a striking resemblance to Mount Calvary. The fact makes this Way of the Cross particularly devotional, and many pilgrimages are made there. On the crown of the hill is that scene which represents the culmination of Our Lord's Suffering—the Crucifixion! I cannot describe the emotions one feels upon beholding the three crosses, each with a life-size figure nailed to it, and remembers that the agony depicted on the face of the central victim was the price of our salvation! Montreal is renowned for its churches, whose grandeur resembles that of the temples in the Old World. In the Château de Ramesay are numerous interesting relics of the war. Remembering a certain "mock auction," it gave me much pleasure to see the offices of "The Star"—the name always awakes amusing reminiscences. After leaving the historic Canadian city, our next visit was to Montpelier, a place whose beauty and inhabitants alike captivated us. The capital of Vermont is a peaceful little city nestling in a tranquil valley. This aristocratic spot has the distinction of being the birthplace of Admiral Dewey, and we had the pleasurable honor of having had narrated to us, by his charming niece, some interesting events in this hero's life. The scenery around Montpelier is diversified and picturesque. The sunlight and shadows playing on the hillsides reminded us forcibly of the dear Irish mountains and their treasured associations. One drive we particularly enjoyed was in the historic old stage-coach, which carried passengers between Concord and Montpelier, long before the time of steam-engines. The coach was procured to convey guests to a reception at the Country Club. I love the east and the eastern people. During our sojourn there we were most delightfully entertained, and shall ever cherish fondest memories of our visit to the darling little "dimple in the hills."

Since leaving home we had seen some choice bits of scenery, but the White Mountains, especially around Bretton Woods, seemed to reach the culmination point of sublimity as well as of altitude. It would seem that Mother Earth had exerted all her powers of fascination to charm visitors to this entrancing spot. The combination of varied beauties would appear sufficient to convert the most prosaic of beholders into a kindred spirit of Keats in his enthusiastic admiration of Nature. Whatever style of scenery one prefers, he can surely gratify his taste there; the most delicate beauties modestly hide in the enticing woodland paths, while the awe-inspiring majesty of the mountains stands out prominently, as if defying anyone to deny their sublimity; the picturesque little Ammonoosuc River with its merry falls and cascades, lures the lover of solitude to stroll along its secluded embankments, while the luxurious hotels offer the inducements of society, exquisite music, swimming and water-polo pools, elaborate dancing-halls,—in short, all the allurements of "Vanity Fair," to one whose inclinations tend in that direction. The numerous drives are all that one would expect in such a delightful region, but the trip up to Mt. Washington is about the most popular, for from the summit can be seen, on a clear day, "the dark and deep blue ocean," ninety miles distant. Of course, in comparison with the view from Pike's Peak, this is insignificant, but it is the greatest that can be had in Northeastern America. On Mt. Washington it is necessary to have steam heat all summer, a circumstance which has made me sigh for its cool climate on some of our suffocatingly hot days.

Echo Lake, Crawford's Notch, and innumerable other places deserve all the praise bestowed on them—even in the guide-books.

From Bretton Woods the greater part of the journey to Portland, Maine, was among the mountains, and many were the tantalizing glimpses of cascades and mysterious paths, which maddened our desire to linger longer in this sylvan retreat.

In Portland we saw Longfellow's birthplace and spent an afternoon in the historic Wadsworth-Longfellow house. This was the first brick dwelling in the city, being built by General Peleg Wadsworth, in 1785. Though now in care of the Maine Historical Society, the homestead still retains the antique family furniture and many interesting souvenirs of the poet's childhood and youth.

In Boston, the museum is the only place of interest of which I have not told you before. It has a very valuable, if not appallingly extensive art collection, which I could not attempt to describe, while its historical relics are perfectly bewildering.

Short trips to Manchester-by-the-Sea, one of the most "exclusive" and lovely of summer re-

sorts, and to Phillips beach, an equally attractive retreat, where we were delightfully entertained, were among the "last but not least" of our eastern pleasures.

And now once again domiciled in our dear Loretto, which many changes have made almost strange, while we extend a cordial welcome to our new teachers and companions, our hearts are sad at the loss of the loved ones who have found other fields of labor, but whose memories will be ever cherished in our midst. May every happiness and blessing attend them in their new homes!

Yours lovingly,

KATHLEEN M. MARSHALL.

INSTITUTO DELLE DAME INGLESI,
VICENZA, VENETIA. ITALIA.

DEAR SR. F—

I know you are anxious for something about the Institute in Vicenza, and I am pleased to be able to furnish the desired information concerning it. I shall begin by introducing myself as a daughter of the Emerald Isle, who came here last November. I was for many years a pupil of Loretto, therefore, do not feel quite a stranger when writing to you.

Vicenza is a lovely old town, with many interesting buildings and churches, particularly that of Monte Berico, where our Blessed Lady appeared, in the year 1428—needless to add it has been a very hallowed spot ever since, and many pilgrims come from distant countries to pay homage and honor to her whose intercession is so powerful with her Divine Son, as has been manifested by the innumerable cures wrought at this holy shrine.

About four years ago, the lovely statue of the Blessed Virgin was crowned by the present Pope, who was then Patriarch of Venice. The ceremony was most impressive and was attended by several Cardinals, Bishops, priests, etc.

The pupils of this house worked a handsome curtain, which was presented on the occasion, and much admired by all who had the pleasure of seeing it. Perosi, the famous Italian composer, was here during those days, and gave one of his oratori, which was most beautifully rendered and well worth hearing.

The Institute house is large and has a lovely garden, containing various kinds of flowers and fruits, there is also a fine court, where the pupils play and enjoy different outdoor games.

A few months ago there was a magnificent exhibition of paintings and needlework, consisting of everything from the smallest or daintiest garments to the most exquisite lace fans, leather book-covers, inlaid boxes, blotters, etc., all artistically designed and finished—creditable alike to teachers and pupils.

At Christmas the pupils go home for two days, but, before leaving, give an entertainment to the poor children of the parish, who also partake of a substantial luncheon and receive clothing. Rev. Mother kindly prepares a Christmas tree for the boarders; and afterwards a play, appropriate to the festive season, is performed.

The next event of importance is the Carnival, during which there are great festivities, in which all take part. On Shrove Tuesday there is a dance, singing, etc. Then Lent begins and everything is quiet until the glorious Easter-tide, when the students return home again for two or three days, but remain for Easter Sunday. On this day quantities of eggs are hidden in the garden, the children look for them, and partake of them at lunch, which is served out-of-doors.

During the month of May there was a fearful downpour of rain, which continued for days without ceasing and consequently resulted in an inundation. The whole country was under water and the people were obliged to use boats to go through the streets. The poor suffered considerably during this time. Being unable to work, a collection was made for them, to which the rich willingly contributed.

Rev. Mother's feast was not celebrated, as in former years, owing to the sad condition of the country, after the flood.

The examinations took place at the end of July, then the distribution of prizes, after which the pupils went for a month to take the baths, and returned the last day of August, when, with the nuns, they left for the country Villa, where they will remain for two months, and return to Vicenza toward the end of October.

With the hope that this short account may please you, I remain,

Affectionately,

PHILOMENA MURPHY,
Enfant de Marie.

School Chronicle.

September fifth—There must surely be some undiscovered magnetic power which attracts us to Niagara and Loretto, for, when Nature begins her loving task of robing the trees in their mantles of red and gold and the birds seek their southern home, then it is that the ties which bind us to our Alma Mater begin to strengthen, and we find ourselves once again within her dear portals. Companions, and alas! too often, kind instructresses may have gone, but Loretto itself with its clustering associations is unchanged, and our *sanctum* is as ever uninvaded by other than the Muse's steps.

The charm of these early autumn days has attracted many visitors Niagara-ward, and among those who sought the convent, I have the honor to note Conte e Contessa Andreozzi Bernini, and L'Abbé H. Langlard, Professeur, Collége de Vaugirard, Paris, France. From the latter we gleaned many interesting—if saddening—particulars of his native land.

The test of the "old girls'" loyalty has recently been shown in deed as well as in word, and Miss Maude Merle most surely deserves special mention, for, among the earliest arrivals she came, accompanying her two sisters, to greet the nuns and students with whom she had spent so many happy years. Her glorious voice resounded once again in its old-time vigor and freshness in the chapel during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We predict a brilliant future for this gifted singer, who is pursuing a course of voice-training under renowned Signor Marescalchi.

September tenth—Absence has not effaced Loretto from the memory of its friends, a fact that is thoroughly appreciated, as was shown by the enthusiastic reception accorded to Rev. E. Walsh, C. M., Niagara University, on the occasion of his recent visit to the study hall. Indeed, the dear Father showed marvellous patience and good-will in answering the numerous questions put to him, and made the afternoon most enjoyable for us. A delightful recollection of the charming Tennyson recital, with which Father Walsh so kindly favored us last term, still lingers, and we are presumptuous enough to hope that we will be equally fortunate this year.

September fourteenth—Photos received of the Art Exhibition at our convent in Vicenza. If pictures speak so well what must the originals be! Everything is displayed, from the finest and daintiest lace work to exquisitely-decorated fans and hand-painted parasols, beautiful cushions, fire-screens, rare carvings, pictures in oils and water colors, embroidered costumes of silk and linen,—in fact, all that delights the eye of the connoisseur.

It is too bad we are so far from Vicenza. Warmest congratulations to our sister students across the sea, on the perfection of their artistic handiwork.

September seventeenth—At a word, faces but now sober are wreathed in smiles, hearts that are, perhaps, a trifle heavy at thought of home, are light as air. The sombre study hall, with its charts and ponderous volumes, appears gay, the centre of universal joy; peal after peal of laughter echoes through the room, chasing the haunting shadows of lessons, and, why? "Father Rosa is here"—our ever-welcome friend has not forgotten us, and gives us bountifully of the few short hours spent at Niagara.

The Minims are present in full force and settle into the excited circle, while Father Rosa recounts tale upon tale, pointing the moral with such inimitable humor that, unconsciously, they profit by what is to them an hour of unalloyed happiness.

Would that we were favored more frequently by visits from Father Rosa, for his presence marks memorable epochs in our school life.

September twenty-ninth—Second meeting of St. Catharine's Literary Club. Officers for the coming year elected, with the following result—Gladys West, President; Rose McCormick, Vice-President; Edith Garneau, Librarian; Mary Burchill, Treasurer; May Weter and Veronica Altenburg, Secretaries.

This meeting was of special interest, owing to the recital of the history of Mary Ward, Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of that of the historic St. Mary's Convent, Micklegate Bar, York—the first founded in England, and the object of the great Archangel's signal protection, as instanced by a circumstance of an apparently miraculous character, which has ever since been annually commemorated with



Copyright 1904, by O. E. Dunlap.

ICE FORMATION ON PROSPECT POINT, FEBRUARY 17, 1904.

Brink of the American Fall to the left.

thanksgiving to St. Michael on his autumnal festival, on the eve of which, the youngest child in every Loretto house, accompanied by candle-bearers, next in age, and followed by all the pupils in processional order, carries a picture of him through the house and into the chapel, where it remains during the special devotions with which the octave is celebrated.

September thirtieth—A walk to the Metropolis. Oh, joy unknown to the less favored! You are losing the spice of life—an adventure worthy of a Captain Gerard!

During the summer months, the promenade was the only drop lacking in our cup of joy. Hence no sooner safely ensconced behind the convent walls than the seniors and juniors—much to the envy of the intermediates—sally forth to reconnoitre ground made familiar by endless journeys. We see it in the winter when we pursue our toilsome way to Land's End and back, past the North Pole, that breezy centre of inactivity, through soft, fluffy snowbanks, plodding knee-deep, accompanied by the cheerful serenading of the whistling wind. Spring finds us there again when the first tiny violet peers from the clusters of green leaves and the robins in the scantily-garbed trees are frightened at their own voices; and later, with the warm June sunshine breaking the hearts of the vain, by tantalizingly scattering tell-tale marks on noses, cheeks, etc. Every landmark is the same, save here and there, the leaf we had left in patriotic Green, has gone over to the Orange! We recognize old friends in every passer-by. There is one new structure—and, perhaps—one strange inhabitant!

The keeper of the Sulphur Springs still tilts his chair at the same angle, and the little Italian children come out and put their tousled heads through the bars of the fences, in the same manner as of old.

All is unchanged except the girls walking in pairs down the avenue—perhaps *they* are a trifle more *condescending*, under the added dignity of Upper Class-ship.

September thirtieth—The air was sweet with the freshness of morning, hearts were light and faces glad, as seniors and juniors boarded a car for Queenston. Toronto was on the horizon, a long and delightful sail over the thirty-six miles of blue Ontario was in prospect, and our spirits rose to meet the occasion.

Descriptions of that glorious ride along the river bank would fill a volume, but when the car wound down the hill from Brock's Monument into Queenston, an involuntary "oh!" burst from the lips of the party. It seemed as though the whole world had assumed an aspect of red and gold, while delicious tints of russet and green relieved the background. Its beauty was untouched by the hand of man—here artificiality had never ventured.

The day was perfect, and the trip across the lake a series of pleasures—the return trip had one mishap—the tragic flight of a bonnet, rescued, however, from a watery grave by some kind Don Quixote, and found waving merrily in the breeze, like a flag at half-mast.

As the "Corona" dropped anchor at Lewiston, the last rays of the setting sun were tingeing the erstwhile blue waters with crimson—and the shadows failed to dim the radiance of that September day.

The music of wedding bells echoes from the land of the Southern Cross where, on the twenty-third of August, Miss Mildred Coffee became the happy bride of Dr. Daniel Kelly, of Wharparilla, Victoria.

Writing of the event, our Australian *Correspondent* says: "One of the smartest weddings seen in Sydney for some time, was that of Miss Mildred Coffee, of "Iroquois," Chatswood, and Dr. D. Kelly. The ceremony took place at St. Mary's Church, North Sydney, and was performed by Rev. George Kelly, S. J., assisted by Rev. Joseph Brennan, S. J. The church had been beautifully decorated by the bride's girl friends—a large wedding-bell of white flowers being a conspicuous feature. As the bridal party entered the church, Mrs. Weidemann sang 'Beloved, It is Morn.' The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very handsome in an exquisite gown of white satin, with Court train, and trimmed with richest Honiton lace—the gift of her grandmother. She wore a veil, and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a shower-bouquet of white carnations, hyacinths, and maidenhair. The bridesmaids, Miss Holly Coffee, sister of the bride, Lily See, Anna Garvan, and Fairy Burne, wore pink and blue chiffon, and white hats trimmed with pink and blue hydrangeas. They carried muffs of pink and blue hyacinths, and wore pearl wreath brooches, the gift of the bridegroom.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, Mrs. Hensleigh played Mendelssohn's *Wedding March.* A reception was afterwards held at the home of the bride's parents. A large marquee was erected on the lawn, and here the déjeuner was served.

To give the list of guests, which contained some of the most prominent names in Sydney, would, indeed, be an undertaking. Of those who attracted our attention were Sir John See, Hon. John Hughes and Mrs. Hughes, the Hon. and Mrs. Reginald Black, the Hon. John Meagher, M.L.C., Col. Orlando Baker, U. S. Consul, Col. F. B. Freehill, Consul for Spain, Judge and Mrs. Murray, etc."

We hope it is not too late to tender our congratulations to dear Mildred, whose visit to this Loretto, a few years ago, still lingers in the memory of the older students. Dr. Kelly has a bonny bride, and to both we wish much happiness.

GLADYS WEST.

Personals.

Wenn shee getts this note ile bee far away.

"Why, this isn't Niagara Falls, is it?"
"No,—just Niagara."

"What are sins of omission?"

"They're sins you ought to have committed and didn't."

"Did you ever tell a lie?"
"S'pose I did."
"Do liars go to heaven?"
"No."

"It must be awful lonesome in heaven with nobody there but God and George Washington."

"While I was waiting for her this morning I said my night prayers."

"Lord Alfred Tennyson was a great poet, and he wrote a lot of beautiful pomes with long hair. His greatest pome is called *The Idle King.* He was made a lord, but he was a good man and wrote many oads."

"Why does the earth turn round the sun on its own axis?"
"Because it doesn't want to get roasted too much on one side."

"Moses's mother pitched his little cradle within and without with pitch and left him there in the pool of Siloam. But when the daughter of Solomon got the green leaf from the dove she hastened and brought food convenient for him, and the babe crowed thrice and grew up in her court."

"Portia was a kind and true-hearted young lady; who was very good-natured, especially to some of her gentlemen friends, when those young men were going to choose their coffins."

"The story was written by Shakespeare, who married Hiawatha. He was born in Venice, where he and the merchant shot arrows of the same fly when boys. It was here that he learned to season mercy and justice."

"Fanny wrote to me that there was a lady on the steamer with her who had neither savwar-fare nor Mal D. Mayor, and Fanny asked her 'Etes-vous Francaise?' and she said, 'Je swee Zamericaine'."

"Me spik Anglish."

"Nellie, anser this note rite away and tell me whi thee teechur changed mi seet."

"What is it to-day?"
"Oh, just the same *rig-ma-row.*"

"I'm going to begin vulgar fractions to-morrow."
"You shall do nothing of the kind, you shall study the most refined fractions they have in the school."

"The boy is not an animal but they can be heard to a considerable distance."

Ebenitzer—thereby hangs a tale—is a tempery dog.

"Dat alway de way wen dere are too many fire on de place" (irons in the fire).

"He's a grand elocutionist. He took the part of King Edward in the Merchant of Venice."

The historic Do-drop-in has been re-opened and the fair hostess beams upon the guests as of yore!

Emulation is not rivalry. Emulation is the child of ambition; rivalry is the unlovable daughter of envy.

"Chasing Butterflies."

Little children chasing butterflies,
Floating in gauzy splendor, rainbow-hued,
Their dimpled arms outstretched to grasp their prize,
That charms and dazzles only to elude.

How sweet the sight! yet full of sombre presage
Of destiny awaiting infant hearts.
Oh, happy they! unconscious of the message
Of life's uncertain joys and poignant smarts.

Sweet babes! Long may ye know no greater sorrow
To bring bright dew drops to your bonny eyes!
Fondly we hope that life's too sure to-morrow
May hold no disenchantment in its skies.

MARGARET FITZGERALD.

To serve God—herein lies true happiness, the happiness of yesterday, the happiness of to-day, the happiness of all days. But we must know this, and when we know it, we must act. Many never know it, and of those who know it, many never commence to act; of those who commence many do not continue, or else continue so feebly that their search for happiness serves merely to weary and disgust them still more with their false happiness—that is, with their real unhappiness.

To-morrow! How often we say that, when a resolution is taken, or a purpose designed, and how mockingly Fate laughs back at us! To-morrow! As if time was in our poor mortal hands, or as if, to the cowardly and procrastinating, there ever is a morrow! As if that word alone has not been the bane of more good intentions, and the death-knell of more noble actions, as if it does not stand for more harm, and ill, and suffering, than any other common to the lips of man!



NEW YORK
Underwriters' Agency.
ESTABLISHED 1864.

Policies Secured By
ASSETS, $14,542,951.78.

JOSEPH MURPHY,
Ontario Agent,
28 TORONTO STREET,
TORONTO, ONT.

WM. A. LEE & SON,
Toronto Agents,
14 VICTORIA STREET,
TORONTO, ONT.

J. N. Adam & Company,
GREATER BUFFALO'S
GREATEST STORE.
Mail Orders Promptly and Perfectly Filled.

Royal Insurance Company
OF ENGLAND.
Assets exceed $65,000,000.

W. A. LEE & SON, General Agents,
14 Victoria Street, TORONTO.

WHEN IN BUFFALO
A QUIET PLACE FOR A DAINTY LUNCH
OR ICE CREAM
McGERALD'S
FANCY BAKERY & ICE CREAMS
627 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.

FIRE INSURANCE

Montreal-Canada
FIRE INSURANCE CO.
ESTABLISHED 1859

Net Surplus over all Liabilities exceeds $200,000.

Richmond & Templeton, Chief Agents, Toronto

JOHN L. ANDERSON,
FERRY STREET,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED MEATS OF ALL KINDS.
TELEPHONE CONNECTION. **POULTRY IN SEASON**
Niagara Falls South, Ont.

Established 1864
COLE & McMURRAY,
Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating,
Furnaces, Stoves and Ranges.
Hardware, Paints, Oils, Glass, Sewer Pipe, etc.
Niagara Falls, Ont.

NIAGARA ICE CO.
PHONE 148-X.
Spring Water Ice. First-Class Service
Orders by Telephone Promptly Delivered.
F. H. BOULTER, Manager.
Niagara Falls South.

Member of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants.
EDWARD GUNNELL,
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT AND AUDITOR,
141 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.
Telephone, 3536 Cortlandt.
General Accounting and Auditing, Corporation Accounts, Partnership Accounts, Investigations, Inventories, Cost Systems for Shops, Factories and Manufacturers.

TELEPHONE 95A.
M. MORSE & SON
UNDERTAKERS AND PROFESSIONAL
EMBALMERS
Main St., - - Niagara Falls South, Canada.

Kindergarten Supplies, Science Apparatus,
AND ALL KINDS OF
SCHOOL SUPPLIES.
THE STEINBERGER-HENDRY CO.,
37 Richmond St. W., TORONTO, ONT.

..THE STAR BAKERY..
High-Grade Fruit Cake, Delicate Bonbons, Delicious Jelly Rolls, Cakes of all kinds, Toothsome Sweetmeats.
Our Homemade Bread is still in the lead.
Cream Bread is the choice of many bread-winners.
Wedding Cakes on hand and made to order.
W. J. MANUEL, Ferry St., Niagara Falls, Ont.

The Catholic Book and Religious Goods House.
Manufacturers and Importers of Vestments, Statues, Chalices, etc., etc.
Society Regalia, Badges and Banners.
Publishers of THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY,
The only book of its kind in the United States.
Complete Edition, $1.25, and postage, 16 cents.
The M. H. Wiltzius Co.,
413-417 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

R. F. CARTER ELECTRIC CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
And Contractors for Electrical Works.
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
The largest and best hotel at the Falls. Write for rates.
INTERNATIONAL HOTEL CO., - PROPRIETORS.
S. A. GREENWOOD, Manager.

Korten Brothers Co.
SUCCESSORS TO
OTTOMAN CAHVEY CO.
ESTABLISHED 1875
Wholesale Coffees, Teas, Spices, Baking Powders and Extracts.
CHICAGO.
We work in our Customers' interest ALWAYS.

Jan. 1905



Photo by Orrin E. Dunlap

TERRAPIN POINT, GOAT ISLAND

In full view from the windows of Loretto Convent

NIAGARA RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XIII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JANUARY, 1906. No. 1.

Old and New.

Where are they hidden, all the vanished years?
Ah, who can say?
Where is the laughter flown to, and the tears?
Perished? Ah, nay!
Beauty and strength are born of sun and showers;
Shall these not surely spring again in flowers?

Yet, let them sleep, nor seek herein to wed
Effect to cause;
For Nature's subtlest influences spread
By viewless laws.
This only seek, that each new year may bring
Out of new gifts a fairer, softer spring!

F. Bourdillon.

Niagara—King Winter's Throne.

By Orrin E. Dunlap.

THE summer beauty of Niagara is of commanding grandeur, and hundreds of thousands of people from all parts of the world annually pay tribute by their admiration of the dancing, falling waters. With the coming of the cold season, however, Niagara does not lose its popular interest, for it has come to be recognized as the throne of King Winter. No other part of the world can so justly claim this distinction, for in winter, Niagara is doubly attractive and beautiful, and it has been well said that those who have viewed the cataract only in summer have but half seen it. Between the seasons of summer and winter there is a brief period of transformation—the passing of the green foliage—a period of temporary barrenness, suggesting the preparation of Nature for the beauty to be wrought by the icy breath of winter. These are the views to be had from Loretto, so superbly set on the bluff high above every surrounding point, as though purposely placed that its loved ones might enjoy to the utmost every change of scene developed by the passing days, for truly in winter a single day brings wondrous transformations under the windows of magnificent Loretto.

O, the beauty of it all! The fascination; the inspiration. The grand old river comes rolling, tumbling, tossing along, speeding down from Lake Erie and serving as a transportation agent for myriad cakes of ice that are broken and churned in the chaotic waters above the falls, and then plunge from the higher to the lower level of the river over the mighty precipice into the gorge below. Here they are caught by the currents, and swung round and round in the eddies until they jam between the rocky shores, and an ice bridge is created. This icy band between the two countries increases in size and strength, as the ice floe continues to roll down from Lake Erie. The force of the river currents upheaves it here and there, while at other places it develops deep crevices, the entire mass forming one of the most remarkable and attractive ice creations known to man. The conditions under which an ice bridge forms at Niagara are usually those resulting from a west wind, which sweeps the water and ice of Lake Erie toward the entrance to the river channel at Buffalo, when it overflows into the river and rushes onward to the Falls. These ice floes are tremendous, but when the ice reaches the gorge it is broken into very small pieces, and it is marvelous that they should have the power to create a bridge of such strength as the famous icy structures of Niagara are well known to be. When the wind goes down, the flow of the river is less-

ened, the level drops, and the ice jam of the gorge keys itself between the immovable shores, where some of the bridges remain for months, frequently changing in appearance, as the effects of the governing elements are felt. After an ice bridge is well established, people cross from shore to shore. In time, a well-beaten path develops, "hotels" are erected at midstream; photograph galleries are opened; souvenir stands grow numerous, and hot lunches drive the cold away. Frequently, especially on Sunday afternoons, thousands of visitors pass to and fro across the frozen mass enjoying the winter spectacle and the thought that underneath the ice bridge there flows at least 190 feet of water, pushed on by the torrent that is ever plunging over the cataract.

Close by the American Fall, a huge ice mountain develops, from the top of which it is fun to coast, and down the slippery sides of which boys and girls, men and women, slide on bright days, all in the enjoyment of the winter festival of Niagara. It is marvelous how high the ice mountain grows. Each year brings a new formation, so that no two seasons show the spectacle alike. Its form and appearance are ever changing during the winter, for it develops as the spray falls and is congealed. Other huge mounds of ice develop on the rocks at the base of the American Falls, each one of mammoth proportions, and from the cliff great stalactites hang suspended, giving a grotto-like appearance to the face of the waterfall, for, when these conditions exist, King Winter is in full control of powerful Niagara, and has nearly stopped the flow of water down through the American channel, by ice jams on the level above in the vicinity of the head of Goat Island, and on the reefs along the riverbed. Below Terrapin Point, that beauty spot out from Goat Island, more of the pretty ice mounds develop, and the cliff beneath the view point is transformed into remarkable beauty by the ice that gathers there.

All of the ice formations mentioned are of impressive magnitude. To see the delicate touch of beauty, a trip through Victoria Park or about the State Reservation is necessary. At Prospect Point the spray falls upon the trees, and is there frozen to whiteness, so that looking back into the park grove the scene is like unto a forest of purest marble. Tree trunk, limb, twig, every bush, everything all around, is coated with the frosted garb that glitters in the sun until the effect is dazzling.

Each cold season pretty little Luna Island is buried under the mass of ice that gathers there, and the big trees are bent to break by the millions of tiny spray drops there congealed. Along the drives and paths of Goat Island, the scene is one of fairyland, and close by the river, where the spray from the Horseshoe Fall finds a resting place, all is whiteness everywhere. A wind or a rain may destroy the beautiful appearance of the trees, but with the next chill the spectacle is restored. As Harvey Wendell says:

"One painter only ne'er grows old
Through summer's heat and winter's cold;
One sculptor ne'er his skill has lost,
Unrivaled, grand, immortal Frost;
No other artist, unannoyed,
Could see, each year, his work destroyed;
No other, with such patient cheer,
Would reproduce it year by year."

The Emperor's Christmas.

IT is Christmas Eve in the year 1811; and all the evening since ten o'clock, Napoleon has been working alone in his cabinet in the Palace of the Tuileries. The large room is dimly lighted; here and there amidst the shadows some gilt object glistens vaguely—the frame of an invisible picture, the golden lion heads which form the arms of an easy chair, the heavy gilt tassel of a curtain. The shaded wax candles in the two candelabra only light the large table; an atlas and many thick volumes bound in green morocco, an N and a crown stamped in their covers also, litter its surface.

The master has been working for nearly two hours, and it is over these maps and the state and situation of his armies that he is bending his massive brow—a brow marked by a deep, black furrow, a brow heavy with thought, heavy as the world of whose conquest he dreams. The atlas is open at the map of Asia, and the Emperor's hand, nervous, feminine, delicate, traces slowly with his forefinger, here, there, all across Persia, a road to Hindustan. Yes, India, by an overland route. Why not? His navy vanquished and destroyed, the Conqueror has only this way before him. Yes, he will march under the palm trees of fabu-



"Behold, I Bring You Good Tidings of Joy that shall be to All the People. This Day Is Born to You a Saviour, Who Is Christ the Lord of the City of David"

lous forests, followed by his golden eagles sparkling amidst the bright steel of the bayonets, to strike England to the heart—he aims his blow at her treasure, her eastern empire. Already he possesses the greatness of Cæsar and of Charlemagne, and now he wishes to obtain also that of Alexander. He dreams this dream without any astonishment. He knows the East already—he has left there behind him, mounted on a dromedary, a slender general with long hair; on the banks of the Ganges, the now portly Emperor in his long gray coat, will require the Elephant of Porus. He knows how to captivate people, and how to chain them to himself. There he will command white-turbaned soldiers, with bronze faces; there he will see attached to his staff rajahs sparkling with precious stones, and there he will question the idol monsters, with their ten arms stretched out beneath their diamond mitres, about his destiny—although quite recently, in Egypt, the flat-nosed Sphinx before whom he dreamed, with both hands resting on his bent sword, had refused to yield him her secrets.

Emperor of Europe! Sultan of Asia! These are the only titles which shall be carved on his mausoleum.

There is an obstacle—Russia, the immense! But as he cannot be certain of the vacillating friendship of Alexander, he will conquer him; and the small hand of the Emperor eagerly turns over the pages of the green books which can tell him almost to a man the great army which is already massed toward the Niemen. Yes, he will conquer the Autocrat of the North and he will take the Czar as his vassal, followed by hordes of savage Cossacks, to the conquest of the East.

Emperor of Europe! Sultan of Asia!—the undertaking is not too much for his desire or for his genius. When he has formed his mighty empire he will not hazard its continuance, as did Alexander of old, by dividing it among his generals; for since March 20th., Napoleon has a son who will inherit all his glory and all his power. At the thought of this child, sleeping so near him in the silent palace, a smile played over the face of the Emperor.

Suddenly he raised his head with a movement of surprise—what was that strange, dull sound issuing from this heavily-curtained, well-guarded room? It almost seemed as if all the gold bees on the silk hangings had begun to buzz. The Emperor listened more attentively, and, at last, in the murmuring sounds, he distinguished the vibration of bells. Ah! yes, it is Christmas Eve—and the Midnight Mass—truly, the bells which had been recently replaced in all the towers and belfries by Bonaparte, when, as Consul and peacemaker, he wished to reconcile in France the brothers who were at enmity. How many times had they not rung in his honor, glorious *Te Deums* of victory, and what carillons they had sounded a few short months before—on the day on which the King of Rome was born! That was a memorable date when heaven, in giving a son to the hero, seemed to be of the same mind as himself, and had thus recognized the legitimacy of his work and given him a pledge that it should endure. This evening, however, in the cold, clear night, they were ringing as joyously and triumphantly as they had done for Austerlitz or Wagram, and it was in honor of a lowly Babe, the Son of a carpenter, born in a stable long, long ago, when the mysterious voices proclaimed in the starry vault of heaven, "Glory to God in the highest; and peace on earth to men of good will."

The Emperor listens to the Christmas bells; he falls into a reverie; he remembers his obscure and lowly childhood; he recalls the Midnight Mass in the Cathedral of Ajaccio, when his uncle the archdeacon, officiated, and the return of the large family to the old home which bore witness to much poverty, proudly endured. He remembers the beauty of his mother as she presided at the frugal midnight revel, when they feasted on chestnuts. His son, the son of the victorious Emperor and of the Archduchess of Austria, would never know such misery; he should be master of the world.

Outside in the icy night the Christmas bells were still ringing. At the palace door, the soldier, pacing quickly to and fro beside his sentry box, trying to warm his frozen feet, might, perhaps, at the moment remember a prayer or a psalm which he had learned at his mother's knee in the old village home—and a smile would pass over his face as he thought of the Infant Jesus cradled in the manger.

The Emperor gave no heed to the pious appeal of the bells; he thought only of his son, and suddenly he felt an irresistible desire to see him.

He arose, clapped his hands, and immediately a door which was concealed by the tapestry, opened and Roustan appeared. At a sign from his master he took one of the candelbra, and,

lighted by the faithful Mameluke, the Emperor went through the silent corridor to the apartment of the little king. He entered, with a sign dismissed the nurse and the other attendants, and then placed himself beside the cradle of the wonderful infant. The King of Rome was sleeping soundly, the cradle was a mass of white muslin and lace, across which was laid the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. His tiny face with fast-closed eyes was half hidden in the pillow, and that, with one little dimpled hand which rested on the coverlet, made two pieces of warm infant flesh—and over this innocent and pure babe, peacefully sleeping in his cradle, the broad scarlet ribbon passed like a stream of blood, like the river of blood which was to be shed, that one day this tiny head might wear the heaviest of crowns, and that one day this delicate little hand might grasp a sheaf of sceptres.

Napoleon looks at his son; he dreams—and never did human pride caress more delicately a human heart—that the great dignitaries of his court, that his generals more famous than those of Homer, that his ministers and his senators bedizened with gold lace, bend before this cradle, trembling with reverence and respect, and that the Jacobin renegades themselves, the old regicides who now wear the imperial uniform, hardly dare to aspire to the honor of kissing this baby hand. The Emperor is still lost in reverie, and in the confused sound of the bells, ringing for Midnight Mass, he fancies that he hears the even tread of the marching of troops, and the rolling of wagon wheels over there on the frozen roads of Germany and Poland. Intoxicated with paternal ambition, more than ever he dreams of the great army and of the conquest of Russia and Asia—and he registers a vow that he will leave all the thrones of the old world to his heir.

He has already given the infant the City of St. Peter as a toy, and he shall soon find some other holy cities among his playthings. Emir of Mecca, Rajah of Benares—these are titles worthy of the King of Rome! Alas! why has not he, the invincible captain, a million, two millions of soldiers to command? It is the universe itself, the entire world, he desires to place in that tiny hand. He dreams—deaf to the sound of the holy bells, without one thought of Him who reigns in the skies, and in whose sight the greatest empires are as anthills.

He dreams—but he does not see in the future his immense army overcome in the snows of Beresina. He dreams—but he does not see his eagles mown down and his battalions destroyed by English grape at Waterloo. He dreams—but he does not see the lonely rock in mid-ocean where the tortures of Prometheus await him, and, above all, he dreams and does not see in the Park of Schönbrunn, under a gray autumn sky, a pale, sad young man in a white uniform, wearing an Austrian order on his breast, who coughs as he walks among the fallen, faded leaves.

And as the Emperor follows this wonderful dream, imagining the reign of his son and of his successors over all the universe, and dreaming that he himself, Napoleon, will at last become a legend—a fabulous myth, a new Mars, a solar god ruling in the midst of a zodiac composed of his twelve generals—the bells still ring—joyously, triumphantly, distractedly—in honor of that poor little Babe, born at Bethlehem, nineteen hundred years ago, who has truly conquered the world—not with blood and victories, but with words of peace and love, and who will reign in the hearts of men for ever and ever through all the ages.

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

Island Reveries.

"Farewell!—but whenever you welcome the hour
"That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
"Then think of the friend who once welcomed it, too,
"And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
"His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
"Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
"But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
"Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you!"

—MOORE.

Friendship's poet is Thomas Moore;—but is he not the poet of any and all of the virtues? What is so precious as a friend?—a steadfast friend!

How interesting is the contemplation of the friendships formed from period to period; and

how saddening is the recollection of friends estranged through time or distance, who once were near and dear to us!

The wearing-out of a friendship, although from failure of a common interest, is appalling!

A worn-out friendship cast aside, is so much of this life parted and gone forever. Our friends may be few or many; but each individual one possesses for us some peculiar charm never to be found in another. No new friend can ever quite take the place of the old friend.

The vacant places in our hearts resound with mournful echoes.

The friendship that has not for its support and strength the common cause of the mutual doing of good, is bound to come to an end when wisdom steps in as adviser!

The Christian heart can find no attraction in the heathen.

It may be wisely ordained that friendly intimacies are sometimes rudely interrupted. Friendship monopolies, like all other monopolies, are selfish in the extreme. Perhaps it would always be preferable to have fewer intimates, and a greater number of general friends. Should we not regard all fellow mortals as our friends, and in the true spirit of Christian unselfishness expect from them only the privilege of doing them any required good in our power?

Ah! we forget the catechism of our childhood which taught us—"Love your neighbor as yourself!" and to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" replies, "Mankind of every description!"

We must be true to God, true to ourselves, and if true to our neighbor—can we not be frank with him or her as with God and ourselves?

How detestable is the worldly wisdom, the deceitful hypocrisy of the friend who warns us in whispers to beware of our other—common friends! If this friend has heard evil speaking, he has been an evil listener! He would have us believe that our common associates are agents of Lucifer; he, the all-knowing, makes out an unenviable case for himself!

Are our friends our ill-wishers, and but enemies in disguise?—then our informer is their worthy peer!

Must we, withholding the confidence due to friendship, pretend to the trust and allegiance which we are betraying? No! no! let us not stoop to dishonest prevarication and insincerity. Prudence of speech is commendable; but the truth uttered by the lips of the unwary but upright, has for its champion the strong arm of the omnipotent God.

Mark well—our cautious, non-committing, beaming Christian friend, possesses the insinuating faculty of setting foolish tongues wagging,—then, oh, what a rich harvest he gathers in!

A personality of this type is less attractive than the honest, conscientious pagan; for while the former practically ignores Christianity, the latter frequently manifests a natural yearning for the true and only solace that can satisfy the immortal soul.

* * * * *

Some one has said, "If you wish to estrange your friend, visit him!" This is suggestive of the fierce personal rivalry and jealousy that is among us to-day, and which, if not restrained, develops into hateful antagonism, emblematic of barbarism and degenerate Christianity.

This is the spirit that actuates some complacent Christians, who, beginning in whispered criticisms, desist not until they have painted their friends lurid demons.

Cardinal Manning's summing-up might well be appropriated by the most sanctimonious of us; he says, "I know that I have committed more sins than I know any other man to have committed!"

Constant examination of conscience and frequent confession enable us to know ourselves!

When we are willing to forgive and forget our own faults, why do we not extend the same mercy not only to our enemies but to our friends!

We forget the old code which binds host and guest;—the former to dispense the hospitality he would wish to receive,—the latter, having partaken "salt," to preserve charitable silence as to shortcomings of host or entertainment.

We have consolation in the intimacies of children, which are perfect as the loves of the angels. Dear little hearts, "fresh from the hand of God," artless and truthful in companionship, loyal in absence!

What unalloyed delight is their intercourse!—we simulate that delight, in our afternoon "teas"! This culminates in "the society smile," that inane grin which even the lap-dog refuses to cultivate: hence the poodle deserves a measure of respect!

We blight the green fields of life into deserts; but thanks to a pitying Providence there are always oases in the desert. One of these is the home of an ideal hostess,—rare, generous, grand kinswoman! When her guest makes inquiry as to household rules, her reply is—"Make yourself at home! I wish you to be thoroughly comfortable! Talk, read, sit, walk about, go and come when you please! Come and talk to me when agreeable!"

Herein is paradise regained! Now throng recollections of rummaging about among books, and of turning the leaves of years upon years of various magazines.

Who would not treasure memory so rare?

This ideal friend, hostess and kinswoman has now done with active life; she sits surrounded by her books, and portraits of beautiful women, —her own portrait scarcely less attractive than her "Mary Stuart," or "Eugénie."

August in presence,—well does she bear the name "Augusta"!

* * * * *

A second Augusta, friend and hostess, comes to mind,—and I cannot refrain from claiming her also as a kinswoman,—a woman of great heart, tender and sensitive in the extreme. Her name will go down to posterity as the friend and comforter of motherless and sorrowing children, and the champion of all weaklings.

She was ever cognizant of the weakness of childhood and its easily-wounded spirit; love was the only discipline used in the management of her own children and the three motherless little ones who found their way to her arms and heart.

Hers was the nature of the kindly Napoleon III., who, when requested to administer chastisement to his little son, replied, "No! no! he would not love me!"

Her life was an exemplification of the truth that kindness begets kindness and love begets love. Her adopted children did not prove ingrates; they "rose up to call her blessed," to love and honor her, and to reverence the ground she walked upon!

Her solicitude was not for her own comfort, but always for that of others; her shawl—a true mantle of charity—was often literally doffed to make a cradle comfortable. What was superfluous apparel and externals to her whose heart was always filled with pity for some helpless one?

Nothing could console her for the death of a child; for the most wretched little suffering waif she fancied life waiting with a compensation prize,—if only its life could be saved.

When her eyes closed on the needy, and her ears became deaf to the calls of little children, and when she could not lift her once busy hands in protest, her grandchildren robed her like a queen and laid her in her restful grave.

* * * * *

Humanity, often disappointing, sometimes responds in wonderful surprises when we are least suspecting. These surprises are the outcome of the missionary spirit which actuates souls capable of a higher, a more divine abnegation of self than that required of ordinary friendship.

"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you" is the motto of the International Council of Women; this is somewhat startling, as the golden rule makes saints of the mindful.

I can testify that one member at least of the Council has done the saintly act!

At the congress held in London, England, in 1899, grand old Queen Victoria, through the kind agency of the Countess of Aberdeen,—President of the Council,—invited us to Windsor!

When the gates were opened, Lady Marjorie Gordon, daughter of the Countess, was in despair; she had lost her admission ticket—so had I. Instinctively, Mrs. B—m—r, President of London, Ont., Council, turned, not to the Lady Marjorie, but to me, saying, "Where is your ticket?" Then, despite my remonstrance, she pressed her ticket into my hand, with the words, "I shall try to get in, but should I not succeed—Ah, well! I have seen the Queen." Mrs. B. then disappeared from my sight for five years; again face to face with my benefactress, I learned that she had gained admission.

Mrs. B—m—r is an English churchwoman, an intimate friend and frequent guest of Lady Aberdeen and other titled personages, and an Englishwoman to the core; but she loves to do missionary work for the wild and woolly West!

* * * * *

The vanity of human nature is flattered by the smiles of numerous friends; and human pride is wounded when they—especially the worldly suc-

cessful—pass us by for other preferences. Personally, they may not be congenial to us; they may even be irreligious, and scoffers at everything we hold sacred; but we never pause to "think and thank," out of gratitude to a Higher Power that has turned aside the evil from our path.

How many of our so-called friends are we the better for knowing? The reflection that their presence and influence is positively for good or evil, and that precious time is involved, may well make us shudder.

How many of them could for one hour take the place of a book worth reading?

How much of our daily social conversation could be transplanted to the pages of an edifying volume?

How often do we return from a friendly visit, feeling that we have been unflinchingly true to our God, our neighbor, and ourselves?

We walk into our neighbors' lives as good or evil spirits; if the latter, although unconsciously, the shorter our sojourn, the better for our friends and our responsible selves.

Hence, the shorter the visit—the idle visit—the safer!

Thomas à Kempis says, "The oftener I go among men, the oftener I return less a man." This is our discouraging plight invariably upon our return from mingling socially with the worldly.

* * * * *

There are so many varieties of customary falsehood doing duty for veracity that we wonder if there is any earnestness in the world, short of Gospel truth.

We are told that truth is relative, not absolute. That it often favors a "relative" I have known from my childhood: A very entertaining circus clown, in introducing himself, said, "In all our neighborhood I was the prettiest baby, the sweetest child, and the best boy; now I'm the handsomest and wisest man. If you don't believe me—ask my mother!" I quite believe that his fond mother would have corroborated the clown's astonishing assertions, and yet have lived and died noted for her truthfulness!

Truth is one not manifold; although it may be many-sided, surely these sides contribute to a harmonious whole.

A phase of truth may be so disproportionately presented as to effect the most successful and malicious falsehood.

Well do eminent personages who stand for some great dignity, hold themselves aloof from the gaze of the curious and irreverent. If the departed great could return to witness themselves depicted as champions of their foibles or impossible sins, did not contempt or amusement render them speechless, they might soliloquize thus: "Truly this misrepresentation or unfair presentation from prejudiced and ignorant historian and dramatist, is my punishment for ever having been in the least disloyal to my nobler self."

I wonder if our great actors, necessarily quick-witted men and women, have qualms of remorse when subjecting to adverse criticism the conjectured or non-authenticated doings of famous men and women of history, thus stamping them with obloquy to the prejudice of present and future generations.

Only God, and an instructed, educated conscience know, and can correctly judge, the human heart,—our thoughts, words and actions.

* * * * *

The recent death of the master-actor, Sir Henry Irving, revives our interest in the stage. When we are assured that during his half-century career as an actor, Irving constantly strove to raise the moral standard of the theatre, we feel a thrill of satisfaction in the fact that he has been given a resting-place in Westminster Abbey. Christianity has lost its hold on the stage; in other words, the stage will have none of its interference. Irving had so great a task to perform that he certainly did not finish it, perhaps even with himself personally.

Six years ago I saw Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry at the Lyceum Theatre, London. While waiting for the rise of the curtain I asked the English lady beside me, "How many divorces have Irving and Terry to their credit?" She answered, "Irving none; Terry only one,—she divorced her first husband, who is living—her second husband is dead. She is now a widow. Lady Irving is a woman of quiet tastes, who cares nothing for the stage. That Irving and Terry are lovers is the accepted belief." At last the curtain rose. Irving's appearance was greeted by round after round of applause. The play was

"Robespierre"; it was the last matinée of the season, and Irving and Terry were hoarse as ravens, or whip-poor-wills at daybreak.

Ellen Terry looked young enough to be beautiful.

After the play, my impressions might have been summed up thus: "If Robespierre, the bloodthirsty, strenuous tyrant, was a thin, bony, weak-kneed old man, with hoarse, cracked voice,—Irving personifies him to the letter!"

The loyalty of the British public to time-hallowed favorites is amusing, pathetic, and admirable; I fancy that for the last half-dozen years at least, Irving has been literally preserved in past glory. All his defects and shortcomings as an actor are by the press softened into "mannerisms."

Truly the British can never be called "fickle"!

Was the theatre always what it is now? Ah, no! When the Church in its wisdom—"the tyrant Rome"—had control of it, there were no actresses; young boys took the place of women. Nothing coarse in play or player was permitted. Those were the days of the "miracle" plays, which were Scriptural subjects presented in the churches, and the "moral" plays whose title tells their story.

Of course, we have glorious exceptions to the ordinary actress, such as Mary Anderson and Margaret Anglin, but their genius is their only consolation; they live their lives alone, apart from sister actresses.

* * * * *

That we cannot serve both God and Mammon at the same time is exemplified by the case of the Czar.

The Emperor of Russia is head of the Russian church; he is the "little father" or pope of his people. Nicholas II. is a man of integrity, and a lover of peace. Although desirous of doing his duty towards his subjects, until the present he has failed utterly.

His college of cardinals, his advisers, were the Grand Dukes, until the heavens fell with the destruction of Sergius.

Five months previous to the assassination of Sergius, the cause of the Grand Dukes and other reactionaries was strengthened by the birth of the Emperor's son and heir to the throne. Then the "little father" forgot his spiritual children, and issued a grandiloquent manifesto to the effect that he would surrender none of his inherited powers or privileges, but would bequeath them *in toto* to his son as he had received them! He would chastise them with whip, that his heir might chastise them with scorpions! Here was the parting of the ways between the following of God and of Mammon, between the true and the false conception of Christianity.

Since the assassination of Grand Duke Sergius, the masculine Jezebel, although every day of nine long months has witnessed convincing horrors, it is only now that the Czar is offering—restoring—to the people the one-third of European Russia, which has been known as the property of the Emperor and the Grand Dukes.

What a revelation is here! The truth is coming gradually, but surely, to the front; the Czar's tardy, extorted uprightness condemns him.

Devout, learned, refined, and gentle as Nicholas is, he has been too long in learning that Providence has designed Russia for the Russians!

Liberty of the press, representative government, and individual freedom are possible now that the Czar has relinquished supreme authority.

The degrading slavery, poverty and tyranny which has so brutalized Russia as to make the late Jewish massacres possible, is one extreme of Russian barbarism; the other is the "barbarous opulence" which has brutalized the Grand Dukes, and barbarized all without exception,—men and women,—who have come under its degradation.

The purely worldly progress of the nation or individual describes a circle, as human philosophy generally. Grand Duke Sergius of Russia furnishes one example, Henry VIII. of England, another.

* * * * *

Worldly prosperity is a negative good in that it renders impossible the sufferings and temptations of abject poverty; but it is a positive blessing when it surrounds the individual of tender years with refining influences which remain while the mind is most impressionable and until, with maturity reached, a thorough Christian education has been effected and secured.

Now rises before us the "woman perfected," the "man perfected,"—the divine image; self-abnegation and self-sacrifice for the love of God and neighbor; charity everywhere and always!



O Mary Conceived without Sin, Pray for Us Who Have Recourse to Thee!

The time has come when there must no longer be a monopoly of benefits; those who have been served—and bounteously—must now serve in humble and sincere gratitude. Every sacrifice necessary and possible must be made for the neighbor "loved as self."

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. How repulsive is the depraving materialism of the majority of men and women of to-day, who still like to be known as Christians, and who believe that the greatest happiness of life is to dress, eat, drink and be merry, and to emulate and surpass their neighbor in worldly display.

Verily "these Christians love one another" (?)

We have all met the lady and gentleman whom their acquaintances know from experience as "busybodies"! These interesting or rather interested people are never happier than when doing Satan's work in the Lord's name. No limits restrain them—neither politeness, honesty, justice nor truth. Change of field is highly refreshing; much as there is to interest them in Ontario and other provinces, these busybodies have turned their attention—pious attention—to Quebec. For years we have allowed them, with apparent indifference, to insult Quebec by press notices of their desire to "evangelize" that misguided Province.

All inquiring people know that the Canadians of Quebec have believed in the Gospel—every word of it—ever since Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, read the Gospel over the sick Indians brought to him.

The busybodies having exchanged their faith in the Holy Scriptures for "Higher Criticism" are now anxious to teach Quebec what they call "Higher Christianity." In order to gain a hearing and opportunity to pass round the hat, they find it necessary to make startling announcements of their mission and startling calumnies respecting the religion of Quebec.

The students of Laval University—all honor to them!—intolerant of impious libels, are hustling the busybodies, the missionaries!

The people of Quebec, inheriting politeness with their language, leave us and our religion alone; of the latter I fancy they have but poor opinion.

They hold by the letter and spirit of the unchanging Gospel, they are solicitous, devoted parents, and their children "rise up to call them blessed."

The Canadians of Quebec are not bringing upon themselves the curse of Heaven by "race suicide," which, according to statistics, is becoming woefully prevalent in all parts of the Empire, except Quebec and Ireland.

One of our Ontario Anglican bishops is loud in his denunciations of offenders, who would perhaps include the busybodies, the missionaries to Quebec!

The Quebec people, thrifty and industrious, and fast pushing west of the Ottawa, while training their children to industry and economy, never refuse the Lord when He calls those children to the religious life; consequently French-speaking Canadian priests and nuns are to be found wherever mere human nature shrinks from serving,—all the way from Tracadie leper hospital to the hospitals of the Pacific coast.

The busybody missionaries do not shine in these departments: they could not pass the hat!

Our Ontario politicians who, at election times, maliciously boast of our Anglo-Saxon blood to the disparagement of the so-called "French" of Quebec, are either not honest, or have not gone to school long enough to learn that we are only the dregs of the genuine Anglo-Saxon article, while the Canadians of Quebec are the Anglo-Saxon crème de la crème! The latter are descendants of the Anglo-Saxons or North-men, who settled in Nor(th)-man-dy, France; their brethren settled in England. Through intercourse with the cultured people of France the Normans became what they were when under William the Conqueror they invaded England and conquered their brethren—but not out of fraternal love! History tells us that they came "a courtly, refined people, with a love of music, art, literature and architecture." They found the Normans (Anglo-Saxons) of England still "coarse in their tastes, and caring for little except eating, drinking and brawling"!

The Normans exerted a refining influence over their English kinsmen, but there is yet much to be effected, as we find by comparing the manners of Ontario and Quebec "Anglo-Saxons"!

Whenever I hear uncharitable reference or comparison I feel an impulse to shout "Hands off Quebec!"

* * * * *

Everything comes to an end! This is the experience of Towns, the Australian oarsman, who recently yielded the world's championship to Stansbury. This is the second time that Stansbury has won the laurel; it was taken from him nine years ago, when he was defeated in England by our Canadian Gaudaur.

On the Lake of the Woods, four years ago, after having held the championship of the world for five years—the longest time on record—Gaudaur was defeated by Towns.

Gaudaur was not in good form, had been negligent in training, and fell far short of his best record: Towns won by a half-boat length.

When Stansbury lost to Gaudaur, he broke down, wept like a child and had no inclination to shake hands.

When Gaudaur lost he doffed his hat to Towns in the most graceful, gracious manner; but the onlookers were speechless in sighs and tears!

Truly, from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step! Handsome, reserved and suffering Gaudaur was followed home by the interpreter of our feelings, a dirty-faced little urchin, who, at the head of a rabble of children, sobbed and bawled, "We're sorry for you, Jake!".

Am wondering if Towns' defeat recalls to him the last words that reached his ears from the Lake of the Woods. When his train was moving out, being in merry mood, for was he not facing for his Australian home, joyous reception and bride?—he called out "Hello!" to a small boy on the platform, who responded with a defiant wave of the hand—"Hello to yourself! You'll be beaten yet!"

Charlie Short's warning has been justified.

* * * * *

Xmas-tide is with us again, and we need it as ever! The human heart requires to be taught again and again the lesson of Bethlehem. All Christendom meets here. Christian kings in purple and fine linen behold their divine prototype in humble, swaddling clothes and cradled not in a palace, but in a stable; the wealthy see for servant staff, the humble ox and the ass; the very poor find their suffering Saviour brother shivering on his bed of straw.

The haughty pride of the rich, the rebellious pride of the poor, meet sentence here; while our hearts go out in love to the wondrous Babe, and return to us renewed as if in baptismal innocence.

It is said that Christianity seized upon the anniversary feasts of heathendom and turned them into Christian festivals; there seems to be a literal return to former conditions.

Xmas, for the majority, is no longer a Christian festival; it is a heathen orgie. Preparations for eating, drinking and merry-making, with innumerable selfish luxuries in prospect, is now preferable to prayer, penance, Holy Communion and Christmas peace.

The gifts of the Magi are not typified in our "Christmas presents"; the gold, frankincense and myrrh have degenerated or transformed to the mercenary exchange of dollars for dollars, cents for cents.

The dross, the mire of this earth, weighs down our feet, and wearies us; but we cannot perceive that it weighs down our hearts and souls. We become weary in heart and soul; but we do not blame our worldliness.

Bethlehem teaches the simple life. Simplicity is one with the childish heart: we can teach the children to remain true to that quality, to that beauty, to that truth! IDRIS.

Piano Recital by Mr. H. M. Field.

THE well-known pianist, Mr. Harry Field of Toronto, presented a most interesting programme, on October 25th, before Loretto Academy.

The importance of good recitals to the earnest music student can hardly be overestimated. From the first steps of study through the long path leading to Bach, Scarlatti, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, and perhaps Brahms, if the fates are kind, there are, even to the earnest and ambitious student, times when some outside stimulus is invaluable, renewing hope and perseverance, but above all, bringing the ideal anew into daily practice. A student must take on trust the Bach Partita or Schumann Intermezzo he is studying, is really beautiful—after he learns it. He can so much more willingly believe this, if in the meantime he hears proof that other, equally unattractive-appearing pieces can be interesting and beautiful. He will then believe that if he does not perceive that beauty in the piece he is

studying, it is because he has not yet mastered it technically or musically.

One recital by a good pianist will do more to convince students of this than any amount of advice from the teacher; while, at the same time, ambition is aroused, dry drudgery is sweetened by thought of the ideal, and finally heart and mind are given up to enjoyment and appreciation of a good composition, which last is surely the end and aim of musical study.

Such a programme as Mr. Field presented might be imitated by much more heralded pianists: a Bach toccata, some exquisite Mozart, a movement from one of the rarely-heard Schumann sonatas—all this is a tacit avowal on Mr. Field's part of his belief in the capacity of students to appreciate very fine music, indeed. Such belief, as resulting from long experience, speaks volumes for the encouragement of musical educators.

Other numbers were a delicate little scherzo in E minor, by Mendelssohn, a mazurka by Mr. Field, Chopin's F sharp minor prelude, two fine studies, the A flat ballade, the ever-lovely Berceuse, and two waltzes in an arrangement by Rosenthal. A very effective number was Siloti's arrangement of a ballet, Lesginka, from Rubenstein's opera, "Demon." The eminent pianist, Sapellnikoff, was represented by his popular Danse des Elfes, also a favorite with pianists. Liszt's beautiful study, Waldesrauschen, and his 2nd., Rhapsody, with an exquisite Chant Polonais by Chopin as encore, completed a most varied and interesting programme, and one from which the music student could learn a great deal. Mr. Field's interpretations are marked by great beauty of tone, fine phrasing, and pre-eminence given to the composer.

Loretto Academy is much to be congratulated on setting such high standards before its pupils; without doubt such policy carried throughout the school life will bear remarkable fruits in appreciation and understanding of music.

AMY GRAHAM, *Mus. Bac.*

PROGRAMME:

1. (a) Toccata in G.....*Bach*
   (b) Rondo in A Minor.....*Mozart*
   (c) Scherzo in E Minor.....*Mendelssohn*
2. (a) Prelude in F sharp.....*Chopin*
   (b) Two Studies in A and G.....*Chopin*
   (c) Berceuse, Op. 57.....*Chopin*
   (d) Valse in D flat (arranged in 3rds. and 6ths by Rosenthal).....*Chopin*
   (e) Ballade in A flat, Op. 47.....*Chopin*
3. (a) Mazurka .....*H. M. Field*
   (b) Aria from F sharp Sonata, Op. II. ..... *Schumann*
   (c) Danse des Elfes.....*Sapellnikoff*
4. (a) Wohin .....*Schubert-Liszt*
   (b) Lesginka, Ballet Music from the Opera, "The Demon"..... ..... *Rubinstein-Siloti*
5. (a) Waldesrauchen .....*Liszt*
   (b) Rhapsody. No. II.....*Liszt*

My Kinswoman.

(TO AUGUSTA STEWART: MRS. S—RR—TT.)

My kinswoman rare!—the circling sun
  Among all the good and true,
In all his bright round, finds never one
  So loyal and staunch as you!

Your pride is your measure of St—w—rt blood:
  That others have kindred claim
Has compass'd your pleasure to do them good;—
  More royal your heart than name!

These lines, my "immortelles," soul-depths give place,
  But naught of a worth in gold;
They're tribute—thank God!—to a heart whose grace
  Has never been bought or sold!

Communing of friends is doubtful joy—
  Regrets bringing after-proof;
But solace awaits, without alloy,
  My sojourn beneath your roof!

Should I—ling'ring—witness your hearth grown cold,—
  Then true hospitality
And comfort therein, shall be tale that's told,
  And voice of the past to me!

IDRIS.

The heart resembles a secret chamber wherein stands—like the block of white unhewn marble, set in the studio of a sculptor—a veiled figure. Though we may not so much as lift the corner of the veil, yet must we forever work to fashion and to form the figure that lies beneath.

In the Pope's Land.

EVEN Venetians would have hesitated, a few years ago, to tell you where Riese is situated, or to inform you how to get there. Now the little town has become world-famous as the birthplace of Giuseppe Sarto, Pope Pius X. As an instance of the great popularity which His Holiness enjoys, recently the Patriarch of Venice, the Bishops of Treviso, Piacenza, Adria, and Rovigo, together with a numerous following of Prelates, noblemen and representatives of every class of society from all the towns and villages in Venetia, assembled at Riese to inaugurate a monument, erected by public subscription, exactly opposite the little house in which the Pope was born, on June 2, 1835, in commemoration of that event. Riese, with a population of 1,850 souls, is situated about forty miles from Venice, and to get there in time for the *festa* we had either to leave the latter city by train at an unearthly hour, or else go to Treviso and pass the night there, proceeding the next morning to Castelfranco—a most interesting town, famed in history as the birthplace of Giorgione.

Treviso, which is rarely visited by Cook's "tourists of all ages," is a handsome old city, with picturesque arcades, many of the houses dating from the thirteenth century. It possesses one magnificent church—San Nicolo—which has been recently restored—the massive columns of which are covered by a series of very interesting frescoes by Toma da Modena, a disciple of Giotto. The church, moreover, contains several fine tombs, and a superb altar-piece by Paris Bordone, who was born at Treviso.

To pass the evening I went to the opera-house, one of the most elegant in Italy, and heard a fine performance of Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust," produced with a *mise-en-scène* worthy of Paris or London. The orchestra was admirable, the choruses beyond reproach, and the singers, one and all, excellent. The house was packed, all the people in the stalls and boxes being in evening dress, the ladies wearing fine jewels, and the officers in full uniform. In addition to all these advantages, the prices of admission were: Boxes, 15 francs; stalls, 5 francs; pit, 2 francs; and gallery, 80 centimes. That the audience appreciated Berlioz's music was evident from the enthusiasm with which the performance was received. What city of 30,000 inhabitants in England could, or would, support an opera-house whose chief attraction was Berlioz's "Faust," and, what is more, fill it every evening for nearly a month?

At Treviso you enter what I call "the Pope's Land," for here Giuseppe Sarto was for some years Minor Canon of the Cathedral, and won for himself fame as a preacher of "practical" sermons, and the love of the whole population for his kindness and inexhaustible charity.

From the excellent Hotel Stella d'Oro at Treviso to Castelfranco takes about an hour by rail. This small town played a very important part during the Middle Ages, and the ruins of the formidable Castle are not only extensive, but extremely picturesque and well-preserved. In the parish church is Giorgione's masterpiece—a Madonna and Child surrounded by angels and saints. When he was a little lad, Guiseppe Sarto used to attend school at Castelfranco, walking every morning all the way from Riese, five miles off, carrying his shoes in his hand, for his parents were too poor to afford more than two pairs of shoes in the year for their very numerous progeny. When the child drew near the town on went the shoes—for even in his humble station of life there is just such a thing as family pride!

The road to Riese runs through a level, but highly cultivated country, rich in vineyards and cornfields, dotted with comfortable-looking farmsteads and snug cottages, and handsome villas—just such villas, with broad terraces and gardens full of oleanders, and long avenues of Lombardy poplars leading up to their gates, as Portia may have possessed at Belmont—which is not far off. Far away the beautiful outline of the Frigli mountains closes in the panorama. Riese itself is a typical Venetian village, consisting of one very broad, well-kept street, lined with large white-washed houses, whose windows are protected by heavy wooden shutters, painted a dark green. The tall and graceful campanile of the parish church closes in the east end view of this street, whilst the monument to Pope Pius X. will now be the terminus of the west. In the centre of the village is the handsome municipal palace, from the balcony of which fluttered the Royal standard. The fine old villa of Count Venier, a Venetian patrician, gaily decorated for the occasion, adjoins the municipal palace, its pink walls and green shutters forming an admirable contrast to the enormous

trees that hem it in. The principal inn of the place is the Due Spade, kept by Signor Parolin and his wife, the unostentatious sister and brother-in-law of the Supreme Pontiff. Any one who is familiar with the portraits of Pius X. could pick out Signora Parolin from a thousand women as his sister. She is his very image, and has the same finely-shaped head, white hair, kindly eyes, and benevolent expression. Dressed very plainly, in a dark cotton gown, the hostess of the Due Spade bustled about in her kitchen the whole morning, looking after her numerous clients. She took no part in the public ceremonies that had brought some 10,000 people to Riese, including the entire episcopate of the Province, and half the nobility, gentry, and rich farmers of the district. She, her husband, and their family, kept themselves modestly aloof, and went to an early service, and then, having returned to the inn, looked after business.

I had the honor of being presented to this dear old lady, who is greatly beloved by her neighbors, for no deserving poor man or woman is ever turned empty-handed from her hospitable door. She was very busy, she said, for, owing to the exceptional crowd, she had to attend to at least three hundred hungry guests, who wanted succulent *spaghetti in brodo*, and roast veal and chicken, new wine, and fresh bread. None the less, she was kind enough to tell me she had heard from her sister in Rome that very morning, and that her illustrious brother was well. "Ah!" she added, "he has a good constitution. You see, we belong to a very long-lived family—our mother was over ninety when she died. But if you have a good constitution, live in good air, and have plenty of work to do, you'll live to be very old, too. No, my brother does not feel the confinement of the Vatican; he gets all the exercise he wants, and, believe me, I know him well, he has no time to spend in vain regrets. Work, and very hard work, too, keeps him going. It keeps me going, I can tell you. Well, *che Dio vi benedica*—may God bless you!" and she bustled off to look after her host of hungry clients. I was deeply touched as I shook her rough hand, and realized how far removed we are from the days of the Borgian, Farnese, and Medician Popes, whose brothers and sisters were exalted to a princely rank—which they filled with an ill grace. The Italian Press of every shade of opinion, this morning, in the various accounts of the *feste al Riese*, pays humble Signor and Signora Parolin a tribute of respect and admiration for their dignified modesty.

The monument to the Pope consists of a marble bust by a young and exceedingly clever sculptor, named Giusto. It is a fine work, but the pedestal struck me as looking a trifle narrow. The face is turned towards the two-storied house that has sheltered the Sarto family for several generations, and in which, as I have said, His Holiness was born on June 2, 1835. This little homestead is now municipal property, and is to be kept "for ever" exactly as it was at the time of the death of the Pope's venerable mother, in 1903. The rooms, like all those in Riese, are well-proportioned, lofty, whitewashed, and scrupulously clean. The furniture is of the simplest kind, but good and comfortable, and there are a few good line engravings of historical and sacred subjects, after the Old Masters, hanging on the walls. The kitchen, which would have delighted Ostade or Teniers, is large, and supplied with every sort of brightly-polished copper saucepan, even the wine-casks being in their places. On one of the tables I noticed a large album full of signatures, amongst them those of several Royal and famous people. The house is carefully looked after by Signora Parolin, and is therefore, needless to say, in excellent hands.

From a very early hour, the Via Pio X., as the high street of the village is now called, was packed with country people, mostly farmers and their families. In her charming novel, "Miss Angel," Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie tells us that even now on the Rialto you may meet any day with half the apostles, angels, and saints in Titian's and Tintoretto's pictures. Had she ever visited Riese, she would have realized that it was from this district that the models came for the saintly hosts that Giorgione, Bordone, Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese painted. I have travelled half over the world, but have never seen anywhere a more magnificent people. There was scarcely a man or youth to be seen under six feet high. Their shoulders are exceedingly broad, waists slight, limbs well-proportioned, long and supple. They walk with a delightful swaggering grace which they have, doubtless, inherited from their gallant ancestors, who were the finest fighting men of old Italy. Their features are beautifully regular, their eyes large and lustrous, often a deep blue, and their regular teeth flash white between their

well-shaped lips. Their expression is invariably honest and agreeable. The old men might stand for prophets and apostles, and the youths you can see any day at the Academia in Venice attending at the Marriage Feasts of Veronese, or wondering at the ascending Madonna of Titian. The women and girls are less admirable, but are rather thick-waisted, and generally fair-haired. They walk with a certain stateliness, and often unconsciously assume extremely picturesque poses. As a rule, they never mingle with the men, but walk by themselves, and it is only when a young fellow is officially betrothed that he ventures to parade with his fiancée in public. Newly-married couples, however, go arm-in-arm. The children are very pretty and lively, but nothing like so charming as those of Parma and Piacenza, whose forebears served Correggio as models for his angels and cherubs, but they generally grow up plain.

It was a pretty sight to see the Patriarchs and the Bishops, in their scarlet and violet vestments, pass through the bending crowd from the monument to the church, and it was a prettier sight yet to see young and old kneel reverently to receive the blessing sent them from Rome by their old friend, Pope Giuseppe Sarto. It was a significant sight, too, to behold a captain and two other officers of the Italian army sitting by the side of the Bishops during the ceremony, and a battalion of his Italian Majesty's Lancers keeping order at a Papal function. Nor was the Royal March omitted, but played again and again; and the banquet-room, where the prelates and the great folk from the neighboring cities and villages were feasted, was decorated with the national colors. Such a function as this would have been impossible ten years ago. The walls for miles round were covered with tri-colored bands of paper, bearing such inscriptions as: *Viva il Papa! Viva Pio X., il Papa del popolo!*—"the people's Pope." As a touch of local color, when the Te Deum was over and the Patriarch had left the church, I beheld a waiter scurrying across the street with the mitre under one arm and the crozier under the other. At the railway station I found all the Bishops and prelates in the common waiting-room, chatting familiarly with all sorts and conditions of men. It was all very stately, very picturesque, and, above all, in its way, very democratic. There were between 10,000 and 15,000 persons, mostly farmers and peasants, present at this important demonstration, yet I heard not a single swear-word nor saw any signs of drunkenness, although the wine of Venetia is young and strong at this season of the year. As we drove back in the soft twilight to Castelfranco, we could see the twinkling lights of the pretty illuminations sparkling in the orchards of Riese, and hear the band playing gaily, "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," to the strains of which very up-to-date melody we left the land of Pius X. behind us.—*Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 2, 1905.*

Answered.

The New Year bells have ceased to ring,
O'er night's repose soft silence broods;
In solitude my heart and I
Quivering, commune o'er what has been;
We ask of heaven what mystic plan,
Through care-hung days of the dead year,
It hath designed in leading us
Mid waters deep, where sorrow's cloud
Left no kind rift for life's sweet joy.
We are so tired we cannot moan,
But shrink in soundless quietude;
Rebellion, strife, e'en questionings,
Take weary flight as specters sad
That too long toiled on mission vain.
A voice my spirit scarce can hear
From out this desolation stirs,
It bringeth hope, it bringeth peace,
And breath of song where sighs had been;
'Tis gone—again the silence broods,
And, wistful, haunts the solemn night;
But, calm in faith, my heart and I
Know heaven's own care hath planned our days;
See clear the vision of God's love
Leading through pain the willing soul
To heights of strength and purity.

M.

Emerson says that next in merit to the author of a good thought well expressed, is the first quoter of it. Every one who quotes judiciously is "first quoter" to the reader who has never seen the saying before, or has never felt its force till it is placed anew under his eye. Some sneer at collections of quotations as serving up thought in homeopathic globules. Better thus than to swallow it in coarse lumps that choke you or cause indigestion.



"Bless the Lord, All Ye His Angels"

[*For Niagara Rainbow.*]

Autumn Woods.

Indian Summer woods enchanting beckon me away;
Still for task of heartless doing should I wond'ring stay?
Spring for sowing; Summer reaping; now the Autumn come,—
Toil belated brings no increase to the harvest home!
Selfish care is often weary, never knowing cease;
Here the soul in world-wide rapture enters into peace.
Placidly the sun's soft radiance o'er the landscape pours;
Not a sound disturbs the dreaming of the blissful hours.
Lo! the woodland's gem-like glories gorgeous here are spread;
Green and gold make foil befitting maples' glowing red!
Oh, the lonely heart finds solace in the patient trees;—
Few the friends whom Time the traitor loyal leaves as these!
Deep within, these cloister columns keep an open space;
Round the hallow'd spot their circling branches interlace.
Listen!—for the trees tell ever stories of the wild;—
Here the Indian mother weary, rested with her child:
Here their hunter brought them food, and here their feast was spread;
—See! I've found, a flight away, his long-lost arrow head!
Here their wigwam bark-encas'd or fur-enfolded stood;
While the Spirit Great watch'd o'er His children of the wood.
Indian hunter, feast and wigwam, wife and child, are gone;
Where their woodland lov'd awaits them now I stand alone.
More pathetic seems the silence that 'tis faintly stirr'd
By the glint of fleeing squirrel, fleeting wing of bird;
As when master of the household dead and lying low—
Feeble baby feet or voices idly come and go.
Ev'ry grace that knew their Eden, echoes of them yet;
Ah, the pray'r of the usurper must be—to forget!

* * * * *

Blinded greed despoils of forest Canada's fair land;
For this woodland's sacred beauty, Bless the sparing hand!

IDRIS.

The Charm of Courtesy

AS to what constitutes good manners there is a great divergence of opinion. Most people, I fancy, would give the definition of unselfishness, or thought for others, but that does not go quite far enough. Surely, "manner" includes the way of doing a thing, as well as the action itself. Else how is it that some absolutely selfish people have a charm of manner which makes them universally popular? And what is that indefinable ease and graciousness, sometimes observed, which makes us treat its possessor as if she were a princess? That charm is felt by all ranks and all classes of society. There are some who are always waited upon, who are served first, who never hear a rude word, because they are born with a particular manner. This is at variance with the general view of the subject, which is, that courtesy is a virtue, and not a quality; that it springs from goodness of heart, and not from nature; that it can and must be acquired by interior cultivation, not exterior. But, nevertheless, it is true. One who only wishes to be courteous because she is politic, can, with patience teach herself the difficult lesson. Her motive is purely selfish; but that does not militate against her success. I do not affirm that this acquired courtesy will ever be quite so perfect and genuine a thing as the native inborn courtesy which some people possess, only that it will be in no sense behind the courtesy which is arrived at by the desire to avoid giving pain to others. We are apt to pride ourselves on our individual good manners, and we would far rather be told that we are ill-tempered than rude, and yet, after all, even if we have attained to the standard demanded by our social life, are we so certain that our manners are equally admired by those who do not live exactly in the same social circle as ourselves?

It is to be feared that courtesy will soon become a lost art in the rush and selfishness of our bustling age. Discourtesy is a very common failing even among Christian people. Harsh words are spoken; irritable and impatient feelings are indulged; sensitive minds are wounded with little or no compunction; jest is made of failures and imperfections; and no effort is used to give pleasure to others. These are counted small things, but they constitute a method of treatment which causes considerable pain and annoyance. A great part of the misery of the world arises from wanton disregard of the claims of every one of God's creatures to consideration and respect. Remembrance of this fact should emphasize the place and power of courtesy in human conduct.

Paley makes bold to say: "Bad manners are bad morals"; and he is right beyond all question when he asserts that "a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form, and gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures." Tennyson sings:

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and of loyal mind."

The relation between courtesy and good manners is very intimate. The settled habit of civility makes the virtue of courtesy, which manifests itself in tact, thoughtfulness, and readiness both to render and to acknowledge a service. Courtesy, whether in word or in deed, is the opposite of rudeness and unmannerliness. It is that delicacy and refinement of feeling which are supposed to preside at royal courts, but which, as a matter of fact, are sooner found, as the poet reminds us:

"In lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tapestried halls
And courts of princes, where it first was named
And yet is most pretended."

Aptly does a well-known writer remark: "Surface manners are like cut flowers stuck in a shallow glass with just enough water to keep them fresh an hour or so; but the courtesy that has its growth in the heart is like the rose-bush in the garden that no inclement season can kill, and no dark day force to forego the unfolding of a bud."

There is much criticism and complaint that courtesy is fast becoming more a matter of theory than of practice—perhaps, it would be more correct to say that the essential spirit of courtesy has not materially lessened though its expression has lost more or less polish. In former days when it was understood that courtly phrases and elaborate politeness were the expression of courtesy, one could with reason feel offended at their omission, since custom dictated such matters. But when habits and customs have changed, and people have adopted a more practical manner of conveying their sentiments, it is a mistake to assume that the old spirit has departed with its old forms. The spirit of courtesy never changes; it may be as sincere, as considerate, as genuine, in a practical as in a chivalrous age.

Of the famous writer, Montaigne, it is related that, at a time of great public disturbance, he had fled to his well-fortified castle in Périgord. One day, a man came to him in breathless haste and announced that a marauding band of the enemy was pursuing him. By that statement he readily obtained admittance into the building, and a little later, was brought before its courteous master.

"Tell your story," said Montaigne. And the man related that he, with a party of friends, was travelling, that they had been surprised by a number of armed men, their goods seized, and several of their party killed. Those who had fortunately escaped death, he said, were scattered in all directions.

As he spoke, a servant announced the arrival of other strangers at the castle gate. "Some of my friends, without doubt," said the man. And Montaigne bade them be admitted, also. As they filed slowly in, the number of the new arrivals was made manifest, and presently the castle yard was filled with men and horses.

"I've been a simpleton," said wise old Montaigne to himself; "these are undoubtedly robbers, who have taken this means of getting inside my castle."

Not in any possible way, however, did he betray that he had discovered their secret; but immediately gave orders to have them served with the best the place afforded, and escorted them about the premises, showing them its beauties and wonders, and only regretting, he said, that he was not able to make them more comfortable. This courtesy so melted the hearts of the bandits that they held a little council, and agreed to refrain from pillaging the premises as they had intended. The leader himself went to Montaigne and confessed his original intention. "But we could not,"

he declared, "rob so courteous a host; and if we can ever serve you, pray command us."

Then the band rode off; and Montaigne, Frenchman-like, bade them the most polite of farewells.

If we could only learn that it is quite possible to combine courtesy with dignity in commonplace, daily intercourse with our fellow-creatures, this world would be a far brighter and more agreeable place. ELIZABETH MCGREEVY.

Resolutions

"Turn, turn my wheel! All things must change
To something new, to something strange,
Nothing that is can pause or stay."

IT is a solemn thing to stand on the threshold of a new year and listen to the requiem of its departed predecessor. Tenderly, mournfully it lingers upon the ear and sinks into the heart until it seems to be caught up by spirit-voices of the years agone, as the last sunset throws its golden beams over the white robe of the dead monarch.

To some of us it was a kind, a generous year, and we had learned to love it with a deep and abiding affection. Now we have buried it with all it held dear, in the sepulchre of the ages. It sleeps there in its dreamless slumber—but its lessons, its lessons remain. Oh! the lessons of the dead year! How important and impressive! How full of solemn admonition! There is no calling it back; the good deeds we had meant to do, and did not; the kind words we had meant to say, but said not; have gone, too—gone undone, unuttered. There is no resurrection day for dead years or past good intentions.

As we journey through life during the allotted years of our pilgrimage, we are wont to stop and pause at each recurring milestone on the way; and in these lucid intervals, we are prone to look backward in order to see what comfort we can glean from the past, and the use we may have made of our opportunities. The retrospect is usually confined to the preceding twelve months of our lives, and short as the interval is, we generally encounter something in it from which we instinctively avert our gaze—ghosts of resolutions we had made—shades of opportunities that we had neglected—shadows of the old leaven clinging to the heart. But let the unsatisfactory be what it may, it is sufficient to beget in us a resolution of amendment—not so heroic, so far beyond our strength, that it becomes a dead memory within a week, but a resolution that each day will be the beginning of a newer, better, and truer life for ourselves, for those around us, and for the world.

Looking at the past, we cannot but see that hope and trust are better than despondency and fear. How many times have we trembled before obstacles apparently insurmountable—obstacles which when we neared them vanished like mirages in the desert. It is not repeated failures tc attain an end that make final failure, it is the repetition of the same failure. It is so much easier to float along, slowly or swiftly as the wind of circumstances blows, than to exert oneself to keep good resolutions, in making which the most important element is frequently omitted. As well might one expect a tender rose-bush to flourish when planted in frosty earth as to see a resolution for good remain firm, unsupported by the help of prayer. As night follows day, so must it follow that strength to do and fortitude to suffer can only come from one source—trust in God.

Passing then on the white wings of prayer and hope over the bright dividing line from the old to the new, may we not lose the beautiful influence which rests upon us while we pass, that thus there may be no day of the coming year without a deed to crown it.

"Stop, stop, my wheel! too soon, too soon,
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon, to-day be yesterday;
Behind us on our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the past,
And all are ground to dust at last
And trodden into clay."

MARY BURCHILL.

The world needs tenderness, but the world also needs discipline. We are to be strong as well as kind, prudent as well as pitiful. Society at this moment, at least that part of it which has benevolent instincts—not indeed too large a part of it—seems to be in danger of a mawkish and caressing philanthropy, which is by no means the Divine way of stimulating mankind to rise on its feet and exert itself; from which sagacious persons, who can think as well as feel, portend real danger to our social system before another generation has passed.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

GLADYS WEST.	ROSE M'CORMICK.
MAY WETER.	VERONICA ALTENBURG.
MARY BURCHILL.	ELIZABETH MCGREEVY.

Subscription price, $1.00 per year, in advance. Address all communications to

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

JANUARY, 1906.

Almost on the threshold of the beautiful Christmas festivity, so eloquently suggestive of fond memories and tenderly-cherished associations, the RAINBOW appears in the horizon of our friends, a harbinger, we trust, of the peace and joy we wish them all—anear and far—during this sacred season.

Since the dawn of the Christian era, when the mysterious star trembled over the desolate stable, and simple shepherds, obedient to angelic summons, sped over Judean hills to adore a shivering Babe in the mystic crib as their new-born King, all tribes, and tongues, and peoples, acknowledging the Christian law, have ever hailed the auspicious dawning of the Christmas morn with special gladness, thanksgiving and praise.

This memorable day has marked a new and wondrous epoch in human history. With its advent, the golden age, sung by a Pagan muse, whose dreams originated in fragmentary recollections of a vanished past, returned. In its coming the inspired prediction of holy seer found fulfillment; and the cheering promise prompted by infinite compassion, which survived the melancholy wreck of an early blighted happiness, found blissful realization in the miraculous birth of this mysterious Child. And from that manger-throne, amid the song of angels, and light of stars, there went out among the nations, a mighty revolution, destined to convulse the world, and to cause that helpless Babe, instead of deified passion, to be adored in the hearts of men.

At this hallowed season, then, let all cares depart; let our hearts know some brief respite from sorrow. Loving be the glance and kind the greeting to little ones, in honor of Him who became a Child; and, in the midst of our festive cheer, let us not be unmindful of the poor children of misfortune; a little from our abundance will aid them during these days of hallowed rejoicing, and make their Christmas, also, glad and merry.

*

We regret to record the demise of Rev. Canon Pope of St. Robert's, Harrogate, England, brother of Rev. Mother Frances, Superior of the Institute house, St. Mary's Convent, Micklegate Bar, York.

Canon Pope was a disciple and admirer of Cardinal Newman, in whose writings he was thoroughly well versed, and a survivor of that band of men who followed him into the Church.

His life was an eventful one. The son of a Church of England clergyman, a graduate of Cambridge University, where he took his degree in 1848, he chose a ministerial career and was ordained an Anglican clergyman. For the four following years he was at Bolton-le-Moors, in Lancashire, and then in a small village near Salisbury. In 1852, came a great crisis in his life. The Master's voice was calling, but only softly yet. He called him to leave his father's house, home and kindred, and to go into a strange country. He began to doubt about his position, about the position of the Church of England. It seemed to him he ought to follow the example of his great friend, Cardinal Newman. He retired from ministerial work, and gave his time to prayer and study, and then felt the dying agonies of his old life. The torture of doubt and fear, the wrench-

ing of old and strong ties, the parting with all that was nearest and dearest in this world, and the facing of an uncertain future; that was the prospect for eighteen terrible months, during which he sought to know his Master's will. At last, the call came strong and clear, and, forthwith leaving all, he rose and followed Him. He was received into the Catholic Church, in 1853, by Rev. T. Clarke, S. J., ordained in the great Cathedral of Rome, in 1857, and said his first Mass in the crypt of St. Peter's. Strong in the faith he returned to England, and began his long and delightful life in apostolic labor in his own native county of Yorkshire.

In his eloquent tribute to this devoted priest, Very Rev. J. Bray, D. D., remarked: "The late Canon Pope was one of those sunny, guileless, gentle natures whom to know was to love. There was a transparent sincerity about the man and a genuine kindliness which inspired confidence and put every one at ease. No one feared to approach him, yet he exercised that dignity and reserve which ever commanded respect. In some wonderful and charming way he seemed to combine the winsomeness and grace of a child with the strength and discipline of a man, the refinement of the cultivated scholar and the earnestness of a devoted priest."

*

A letter from the Cambridge Loretto, today, makes enthusiastic mention of Father Benson's course of sermons on the Church, which the religious and pupils are privileged to hear. Father Benson, it will be remembered, is a convert, son of the late Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and author of "The King's Achievement," and "By What Authority."

Our *Correspondent* goes on to say: "Father Benson gave us his tour in the Holy Land, Mgr. Scott, Rome; Mgr. Barnes, St. Peter's Tomb and Roman Churches; an ex-Anglican clergyman, two lectures on Ecclesiastical Architecture and Cambridge Antiquities. Mgr. Barnes comes again next week, then Mother Salome will give us the Painted Life of Mary Ward, in slides. Mgr. Nolan is much interested in our schools and gives the girls Scripture and Latin lessons five times a week. Three of the nieces of the Duke of Norfolk are among our pupils."

*

The students of the historic Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, are again laurel-crowned, many of them having taken highest honors at the exams.

The Domestic Science Class had the best report of any of its competitors in that useful accomplishment, and we clasp hands across the sea with its teacher, whom we are proud to recognize as a countrywoman of ours from the Windy City!

With a radiance all its own dawns the beautiful Feast of our Lady's Immaculate Conception for Loretto's children. Around it cluster hallowed memories of the day on which for the first time her Divine Son entered their young hearts, and, later on, of their special consecration to her. Hence, with one accord our hearts go out this morning to the dear child—Irene Nolan—whose happy privilege it is to receive her Divine Lord. Our thoughts wander back over the few years that have passed since that happiness first was ours, and our hearts pour out their grateful thanksgiving that multiplied graces of many Holy Communions could give even a greater welcome to our heavenly Guest.

Marzo's well-known Mass was sung congregationally. "Tota pulchra es," by Father Tonello—a gifted priest-musician, who left sunny Italy some few years ago to devote himself to the spiritual wants of his countrymen on this side of the Atlantic—served very appropriately as an Offertory Motett, and, in our hearts was borne away the pleading prayer—"Intercede pro nobis"—with which it closes. The sermon was by the Rev. D. Best, Prior of Carmelite Monastery, Falls View.

In the course of the afternoon, Rev. E. Walsh, C. M., Niagara University, paid one of his ever-welcome visits, fraught with instruction and enjoyment, and, in harmony with the spirit of the day, related the history of the Miraculous Medal of the Immaculate Conception, after which he presented each young lady with one of these medals. Would that we could give adequate expression to all our gratitude to dear Father Walsh for his many acts of kindness!

The Reverend speaker remarked:

In the year 1830, the Blessed Virgin Mary deigned to add another to the numerous and undying proofs of love which she has ever felt for the children of men. Thrice did she appear on our earth and we, of a later day, are privileged to participate in the joy of the treasured soul that was favored with a vision of the Mother of God. On the eve of the feast of St. Vincent de Paul, Sr. Catherine Laboure, an humble daughter of charity of St. Vincent, was wakened by an angel, who took her to the chapel, where she beheld the Mother of God. "My child, I wish to charge you with a mission," said the Virgin. She then recounted the terrible evils that were to come in the not distant future, when, "the Cross will be despised and trampled upon: our Lord's side will be opened anew; the streets will flow with blood; the whole world will be in tribulation." But it was on the occasion of the second apparition of Mary to Sr. Catherine, that the love she bore us was to be fully evinced. "Suddenly," says Sr. Catherine, "Mary's fingers were covered with rings and beautiful precious stones. Rays of dazzling light darted out of them and the whole of her figure was enveloped in such radiance that her feet and dress were no longer visible."

"Behold the symbol of the graces which I will bestow upon all those who ask for them," said the radiant Queen. "Get a medal struck after this model; those who wear it when it is blessed will receive great graces, especially if they wear it round their neck; graces will be abundant for those who have confidence."

The medal to be struck was explained in detail: On one side should be the image of Mary as she appeared in the apparition. An oval frame should surround her on which should be the words: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee." On the reverse side should be the letter M, surmounted by a cross, with a crossbar beneath it, and under the monogram of the name of Mary, the Holy Hearts of Jesus and of His Mother; the first surrounded by a crown of thorns, and the second, transpierced by a sword. With the exception of the position of the Blessed Virgin, the third apparition was precisely as the second. Again was the Sister of Charity ordered to have a medal struck on the model given by the august Queen of Heaven. This is the model of Mary Immaculate, called the Miraculous Medal, on account of the wonders accomplished through it, and why not? When Mary gave it to her children, was it not evident that she intended it to be the instrument of marvellous favors and graces? The Miraculous Medal soon spread all over France, and later all over the world, and to-day it is more widely known than ever, increasing love and devotion to Mary Immaculate and winning souls to God, and graces and blessings for men. The Holy See has honored the memory of the wondrous apparition by creating a feast-day—the 27th of November. That the apparition of Mary Immaculate and the Miraculous Medal were vouchsafed to one of the family of St. Vincent de Paul is probably a reward for the loyalty toward the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception which has ever characterized the children of St. Vincent. And these have but inherited the belief of their founder, who, two hundred years before the definition, professed immaculate, the Mother of God and of men, Mary the Virgin.

At the close of day eleven favored candidates—Florilla Webb, Elizabeth Robinson, Frances Coffey, Irene Case, Mercedes Doylè, Eleanor Ryan, Kathleen Ridout, Agnes Buddle, Mary Leary, Josephine Kiep, Mary Eagan—were received into

the Sodality of the Children of Mary, then Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament—and manifold petitions for blessings, to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift."

*

We have received from Benziger Bros., New York, "Mary the Queen," a life of the Blessed Mother for her little ones, by a religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus.

A beautiful gift for a child—sweet, interesting, instructive and pious—discerning parents will do well to place it in the hands of their children for whose dear sakes it was written by one who evidently loves children and knows how to speak to them. The style of the book is delightfully simple, the writer, with the tactful condescension of a good teacher, explaining words which are not commonly understood by children. The half-tone illustrations of this beautiful gift-book will prove an attractive feature for the little ones.

*

From the same firm comes the "Catholic Home Annual" for 1906, profusely illustrated with fine full-page half-tones and others in text. This is the twenty-third year of the existence of this standard old favorite, whose popularity seems never to wane. Interesting stories on subjects of the day are told in graphic, agreeable style. "The birthplace of Father Isaac Jogues," the saintly Jesuit martyr, who was slain in 1646, by the savages to whom he was carrying the Gospel of Peace and Love, is described, and particulars of his life, new to many of us, are vividly related by Rev. J. Campbell, S. J. "The Simplon Tunnel," that marvel of engineering skill, is exhibited to us by pen and picture. "Our Catholic Neighbor," Mexico, is also laid before us in beautiful half-tone illustrations that will charm, and in words that will enlighten us. St. Anthony of Padua, who is so loved for the many favors we receive through his intercession, is introduced, and his noble life narrated in inspiring words, and illustrated by the genius of that master of religious art, Martin Feuerstein. An interesting description appears of the Holy Bambina of Milan, a miraculous representation of our Blessed Mother as an infant.

This number is the best in years—a book to be treasured through the winter months, to furnish good family reading for old and young.

*

"Wayward Winifred," by Anna T. Sadlier. Benziger Bros.

In this story, Miss Sadlier has brought to perfection a quality in her work which seemed for a time to struggle with her tendency to write mere narratives of incident. Her stories sometimes lacked atmosphere, but they were always rich in those incidents—always happening at the proper romantic time—which the young girl loves, even when she, on second thoughts, detects their unreality. In "Wayward Winifred," which must charm by its tone, its atmosphere, its geniality, its naturalness and sprightliness of conversation, even those who dread new novels because they have so often been disappointed, will find pleasure.

*

"The Violin Maker," by Otto von Schaching. Benziger Bros.

The life-story of Matthias Klotz, the celebrated violin maker of Mittenwald, is told by the author in that simple and unaffected fashion that differentiates German biography, generally speaking from either French or English. A story is given us, not a psychological study nor a metaphysical or polemical proposition worked out in so many chapters. The skilled and sympathetic pen of the late and lamented Sara Trainer Smith, who translated the tale into English, enables the reader to grasp all the life and sympathy of the original narrative, while infusing into the interpretation her own graces of style and suggestion.

*

"The Dollar Hunt." From the French, by E. G. Martin. Benziger Bros.

Three principal characters sustain all through the weight of the action of this story; a few

others are but lay figures. But these few characters are skilfully drawn. The character of Nannie Fairfax is a true life-study. There are thousands of American girls just as honest, as fearless and as easily able to see through an interested and selfish admirer as she turns out to be in the story. The touches of French and American fashionable life and the foibles and idiosyncrasies of each are skilfully done; while the scheming governess is a creation not much inferior to Becky Sharp. "The Dollar Hunt" is, taken altogether, an entertaining book, and one that conveys a useful moral for any one who reads books with the intention of profiting by the morals they convey.

*

"The Children of Cupa." By Mary E. Mannix. Benziger Bros.

All books intended for the young should have, like toys, a certain educational value. This is the modern belief. Mary Mannix gives her readers something more than the educational element in her descriptive books. She appeals to their sympathies and endeavors to arouse in them the sense of justice. In "The Children of Cupa" she tells of a wrong done to an Indian tribe, the Cuperios, almost as deep and as pathetic as the tragedy recorded in "Evangeline." It is a simple story, told in simple language. The scene is laid in California, and in almost every chapter is found something useful either in the way of topography, or the methods of living in ranch or camp. Boys and girls will read it with much interest and not a little profit.

*

"For the White Rose." By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. Benziger Bros.

This is a Jacobite story, and not one of the Wars of the Roses, in Plantagenet times, as some might perhaps infer from the title. It is told in the first person, through the mouth of a tirewoman or faithful attendant of the Lady Nithsdale, wife of one of the Highland lords who were "out in the '45," and suffered therefor. It is told in a very quaint and winsome style of English, and with a deep sympathy throughout for the cause of the White Cockade and its devoted victims.

*

"Where the Road Led and Other Stories," "A Double Knot," etc., by such well-known writers as Maurice Egan, Anna T. Sadlier, Mary T. Waggaman, Magdalen Rock, Mary E. Mannix, Mary G. Bonesteel, Eugénie Uhlrich, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, Clara Mulholland, Mary Catharine Crowley, Mrs. Francis Chadwick, Jerome Harte, Alice Richardson, S. M. O'Malley, Grace Keon, Julia C. Walsh, Mary Boyle O'Reilly and Katharine Jenkins are interesting, instructive and charming from cover to cover.

*

"The Juvenile Round Table" series is a proof of the statement that Catholic writers have well held their own in this difficult department of literature. Here we have a bunch of stories as sweet and refreshing as the scent of new-mown hay. They contain all the essentials of real literary merit. They have realism, sentiment and atmosphere, and, above and beyond these qualifications, they possess that Catholic tone or spirit which gives them their peculiar charm. There is no "preachiness," and yet there is a vim and verve about them that is entirely refreshing. Stories from the pen of a Maurice Egan, a Mary Bonesteel, a Sally Margaret O'Malley could hardly be otherwise.

*

Amidst the joyful acclamations that heralded the Prince of Peace was a sad undertone of sorrow, for the Angel of Death came, unmindful of the glad season, and bore to her eternal home the beautiful spirit of the well-known Mother Assistant of Loretto Abbey, Toronto,—no other than M. M. Loyola Byron.

The deceased religious was in her sixty-first year, forty-seven of which had been spent in the

service of the Master; so that the call to the religious life came at an unusually early age.

M. M. Loyola was a woman of scholarly attainments, and during her life-time filled several important posts in the Institute, notably that of Superior in several of the branch houses, also Mistress of Novices,—being particularly adapted to the last-named office, owing to her well-trained mind, spiritual discernment, and accurate judgment.

The end was not unexpected, and on Christmas Eve her pure soul wended its way to its Maker. R. I. P.

*

With sad hearts we chronicle the death of our loved Sister Colette Mulligan, who departed on November 27th.

Her name recalls a life lived entirely for others!

As infirmarian for many years, Sr. Colette's task was no light one, yet the same unvarying, gentle solicitude ever prevailed in her attention to our bodily needs. Many a childish sorrow was speedily turned into joy by her timely gift of fruit, cake, or other dainties so eagerly accepted by schoolgirls; and her wonderful intuition as to the exact juncture at which to offer these consolations, was a subject of frequent comment among the younger pupils.

Sr. Colette's long illness only gave further proof of her great thoughtfulness for others. With a dying effort she motioned a request; quickly her parched lips were again moistened, and she was able to intimate that she meant the water for the need of another.

The small hands are folded forever that to those around her death-bed suggested the thought that they had been literally worn away in toil for neighbor—and God.

The practical error of these late years in education has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects; of implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness, which it is, but enlargement, which it is not.

The Day We Love has Come Again!

Such was the glad refrain of the white-robed band of joyous maidens assembled on the evening of the 25th, eager for the two-fold celebration—that of the Feast of their chosen patroness, St. Catharine of Alexandria, type of the highest ideal of pure, intellectual womanhood—and the tenth anniversary of the organization of the Literary Club.

It was one of those glorious Indian Summer afternoons, so soft and balmy, that one might fancy it wafted over the sea from Egyptian shores, and suggestive of that day, so many centuries ago, when the noble Alexandrian maiden stood fearlessly before the fierce Maximin.

The Entertainment this year surpassed all previous efforts. The stage of the brilliantly-lighted concert hall, with its Oriental rugs and graceful palms, presented a scene of eastern beauty as the opening strains of the hymn fell upon the silence with a softness so delicate that it came almost like a progression in the hush, an impalpable setting to harmony of the mellowed light, the perfumed air, the charm of the spot.

To be entertained and benefited was the double privilege accorded us on the evening of this auspicious day, preëminent among those which recall sweetest memories and scenes most fondly cherished, for the time of communing with our Saint is ever fraught with uplifting and ennobling influences. Who could gaze upon this "virgin mild" with the "spirit true and strong" and remain unmoved? Did she not bend the adamantine pagan hearts of Alexandrian sages? Yes, St. Catharine stands for all that is pure and noble and good, and the best within us responds to her call. Would that we could come more frequently under such a powerful influence for good!

The "Tribute," recited by Gladys West, was most impressive. This young lady availed herself of every opportunity contained in the beautiful poem and touched our hearts with the pathetic description of the trials and sufferings endured by the divinely-inspired maiden, the sublimity of whose mind and lustre of whose virtues marked her as the Master's instrument for the accomplishment of a prodigious work among the pagan thinkers of the cultured circles of her native land.

Miss West, and also Miss Beck, appeared to good advantage in a drama entitled, "Who Shall Inherit?" which was given later in the evening.

Others in the cast were Elizabeth McGreevy, Frances Coffey and Agnes Mudd, each of whom is worthy of special mention, for each portrayed with rare skill the character assigned her.

The practical lesson conveyed to us through the interpretation of this drama was most clearly defined. The methods of insincerity employed by modern society people, their counterfeited substitutes for reality, etc., met with the retribution they deserve.

After the performance, the Club was delightfully surprised by Edna Maloney, who had prepared a delicious little supper, the enjoyment of which was enhanced by the charming hospitality of the hostess. All hearts were happy, for not only had the festivities in honor of St. Catharine been crowned with perfect success, but here the thoughtfulness of dear Mrs. Maloney had anticipated our desires with *sweetest* gratification—a proof of her keen insight into the heart of the schoolgirl.

PROGRAMME.

"The Day We Love Has Come Again!"
Tribute to St. Catharine
GLADYS WEST

Piano—"Novellette"; Op. 21, No. 7..*Schumann*
VERONICA ALTENBURG

Mandolin Solo—"La Rêve".....Selected
MARY EGAN

"Air de Ballet".....*Moszkowski*
RITA SIMPSON

"Who Shall Inherit?".....*Emile Souvestre*
BEATRICE BECK, GLADYS WEST, ELIZABETH McGREEVY, FRANCES COFFEY, AGNES MUDD

Semi-Chorus .....*Löhr*

Piano—"Kammenoi-Ostrow" .....*Rubenstein*
ELEANOR LILLEY

Ave Maria Loreto

ROSE MARIAN.

Elocution Recital.

"And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of the voice."

The enjoyable literary programme rendered by the pupils of the elocution department on December sixteenth proved even more interesting and delightful than the charming entertainment given by them last year. Although we had looked forward to this evening of "vocalized speech," none of us anticipated such brilliant success for the performers. The programme—a splendid one—made up of selections from various authors, was under the personal supervision of Mrs. Mae Baker Robinson, of Buffalo, a painstaking and most conscientious teacher.

The first to contribute to the enjoyment of the audience was Maud Maloney, who recited two short numbers, entitled, "The Child's Mirror," and "The Old Clock." Miss Maud made these bright little sketches very interesting, and showed marked improvement in her enunciation.

"Nathan's Flat" was next recited by Eleanor Lilley, who brought out the subtle humor of the piece in a way that surprised even her most intimate friends, as she had had but one term of lessons in the art of expression. A composure which usually comes with experience was already hers, hence her descriptions were natural and effective.

Next on the programme came "A Royal Princess." This classical and difficult selection, recited by Florilla Webb, whose fine interpretation of the tender and noble-hearted princess is worthy of much praise, evidenced persevering fidelity to practice and a voice whose quality will strengthen and develop musically. Florilla, in her faultless rendition of this beautiful poem, has engraven upon our memories the simplicity with which the great may act, and the nobility of soul which prompts us to forget ourselves in remembering others.

Miss Lillian Dobbie established a rightful claim to dramatic ability in her recitation of "Drifted out to Sea," a thrilling little narrative of two children who playfully entered a boat and were carried out to sea by the treacherous waves, and were later rescued by the captain and crew of a home-bound vessel—the children turning out to be the captain's *own*. The lesson to be gleaned from this little poem is, "Performance of duty brings its own reward."

Margaret Burchill delighted us with a sweet life poem, called "Heart's-ease." Margaret has just the voice and manner suited to this tender story, and her interpretation was most pleasing. Simplicity and a perfect appreciation of the incident she related won our approval from the first. We could almost see her standing by the heart's-ease, close by that old stone wall.



MADONNA AND CHILD

In contrast to what had gone before came Beatrice Beck's portrayal of "European Guides." Mark Twain's genius did not suffer in the hands of Miss Beck, for she made the selection irresistibly funny. A keen sense of humor and a naturally vivacious manner insured the success of her work. That European Guides have a thorough appreciation of "Christopher Columbo," could not be doubted after she had finished. We are indebted to Beatrice for many a hearty laugh.

Most appropriate to the season was a "Christmas Carol," in which Rita Sheedy, Eleanor Lilley, Mary Leary and Agnes Mudd lifted their sweet young voices in praise of the Infant Saviour, followed by "A Christmas Idyl," given by Frances Coffey, who was quite in accord with her subject and in sympathy with the poor little waif whose story she told, as was strongly shown in that most difficult of all impersonations—the death of a child.

As the sweet strains of Godard's "Vénitienne" stole through the room, Elizabeth McGreevy told us of "Haydn's Last Appearance," an incident of the production of the "Creation" in Vienna, in 1809. With its musical accompaniment, this recitation was most effective. We could almost hear the great musician, with uplifted trembling hands, exclaim:

"Not unto me—not unto me—
Unto Thy name, O Lord, the praise!"

The praises of "Angelina" were sung by Mary Eagan, in negro dialect, in which she outlined clearly the negro's love of music and the old "vaginny reel." The gleeful spirit, so well caught, the abandonment in gesture, the ease in poise were decided improvements.

Irene McCarney's rendition of "The Burning Ship," was the subject of much favorable comment; distinct utterance being one of its attractive features.

"Guessing Nationalities" was next very capably presented by Gladys West who, by the way, did not overlook any humor, but gave us full measure, which we enjoyed to the utmost. We laughed with Gladys, which was the best applause, and the truest earnest of her successful effort.

Nothing could be more hilariously funny than Agnes Mudd as *Mrs. McGrill Ruggles.* She scored a laugh at every point, and so vivid was every picture that the tea party became a thing of the *living, breathing present,* and we sat in a row with the Ruggleses and were called upon in turn to rehearse our *manners.* If laughter to the extent of aching sides is a testimony of praise and approval, then Agnes has every reason to be satisfied.

The Entertainment was one of the most successful in the history of the school and reflects great credit upon Mrs. Robinson, whose splendid methods and untiring efforts have made possible this most gratifying result.

PROGRAMME.

Piano—"Clair de Lune".....*Macdowell*
JOSEPHINE KIEP

Recitation—
(a) "The Child's Mirror".....*Selected*
(b) "The Old Clock".....*E. A. Opper*
MAUD MALONEY

Recitation—"Drifted Out to Sea".....*Selected*
LILLIAN DOBBIE

Recitation—"Nathan's Flat".....*E. V. Cooke*
ELEANOR LILLEY

Recitation—"A Royal Princess".....
.....*Christina Rossetti*
FLORILLA WEBB

"Christmas Carol".....*Bullard*
RITA SHEEDY, MARY LEARY, ELEANOR LILLEY, AGNES MUDD, KATHLEEN O'BRIEN

Recitation—"A Christmas Idyl".....*Selected*
FRANCES COFFEY

Recitation—"Heart's-ease".....*Fanny Williams*
MARGARET BURCHILL

Recitation—"European Guides"....*Mark Twain*
BEATRICE BECK

Recitation—"Haydn's Last Appearance"...
.....*M. M. Spencer*
ELIZABETH MCGREEVY

Recitation—"Angelina"..*Paul Laurence Dunbar*
MARY EAGAN

Recitation—"The Burning Ship".....*Selected*
IRENE MCCARNEY

Vocal Solo—"The Message of the Rose".*Berwald*
ELIZABETH MCGREEVY

Recitation—"Guessing Nationalities"..... .....*Mark Twain*

GLADYS WEST

Recitation—"The Birds' Christmas Carol" .....*Kate Douglas Wiggin*

AGNES MUDD

Full Chorus—"The Angelic Host".....*Otto*

VERONICA ALTENBURG.

To Mrs. B=m=r

[The President of the Council of Women, London, Ontario, an Englishwoman and a true Briton, when the delegates to the International Congress of 1899 were invited to Windsor by Queen Victoria insisted upon giving her ticket of admission to Windsor Castle to a Canadian, who through mistake was not provided with one.]

[1]"Do unto others as ye would
That they should do to you;"
Was rule for which the many stood,
Where one was nobly true!

Could need of neighbor sore dismay'd
My sympathies have mov'd;
And would they, in the balance weigh'd,
Not wanting aught have prov'd?

Oh, what were longest leagues of land,
And stormy seas between,—
If mine the joy at last to stand
In presence of my Queen!

All self-renouncing act we see,—
Nor since, nor e'er before—
That clos'd to you, that op'd to me
Proud Windsor's royal door!

What worth it, that my voice is rais'd
A tribute poor to being;
For angels bright your deed have prais'd
In Palace of the King!

IDRIS.

1. Motto of the Women's Council.

The one who never failed is a myth. All success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overthrow the hill; but the hill is reality, nevertheless. If you fail occasionally, do not be discouraged. Bear in mind that it is only the past experience of every successful person, and that the most successful have often the most failures.

Echo Villa, Brantford

(Home of Káhkewáquonáby, Ojebway Chief.)

Canada has hallow'd places to the living all unknown,
Mutely sacred to the races and the centuries agone.
Some bear unforgotten lustre; none a brighter record vaunt
Than the memories that cluster round the treasur'd name of Brant.
Near the Mohawk Chieftain's slumbers, all appealing may be found
Scene Grand River proudly numbers 'mong her spots of sacred ground.
Here a mansion, old and stately, confident its roof uprears,
Loyal still, it tells sedately of the honor'd bygone years.
Yet by olden charm empower'd e'en unwitting ones to please,
Forest-sweet it stands embower'd in its wealth of splendid trees.
Oh, in other haunts but rarely sing the birds as here they sing;
Comes the faithful robin early, tells her story to the Spring,—
Hear her glad "o-be-che,"[1] laden with the hope that builds her nest,
Joyous song of Indian maiden—painted red her happy breast,
Spirit worn by faithful fasting; promis'd as she flew away
Prophecies to bring, and lasting as return of night and day.
When the empty nest is lonely as this roof-tree sad and old,
Then "uh-nwoh-che-ga"[2] seems only words that could their fate foretold.
O'er the threshold aw'd we enter, low of voice, and rev'rent tread
Holy ground where closely centre sacred mem'ries of the dead.
Here the great Ojebway Chieftain, Káhkewáquonáby, mov'd
Thro' a noble life more brief than seem'd his meed, the well-belov'd!
Sacrilegious seems our presence, as of rude, unbidden guest;
He and his are gone; the essence fails us ever in our quest.



"Echo Villa," Home of Kahkewaquonaby, Brantford, Ont.

Well these walls could tell a story now by his-
t'ry's pages shown:
Colborne,[8] in vice-regal glory, entered here as to
his own!
Káhkewáquonáby's mansion open'd wide to
England's Queen—
To her envoy—its expansion; duty else came
not between.
When Canadian skies were dreary, threat'ning
deep his ship of state,
Here he sail'd thro' sunshine cheery; left these
skies with hope elate.
Charlotte Brant[4] comes guest disdaining weaker
mortals' trifling fears,
Queen of Tuscarora, reigning in the absence of
her peers!
But a fairer Charlotte[5] enters, shyly graceful as
the faun,
On her beauty int'rest centres,—and the nymph-
like maid is gone!
Fairest one of all fair faces smiling back from
fleeting years,
Maiden chosen of the graces, guest the rarest
now appears:
Kathrine Kerr,[6] of queenly bearing, sweetest of
the flowers abloom,
All too soon her footsteps' faring found the
blighting, darksome tomb.
Loyal faith with kindred keeping in a Mohawk
grave she lies,
Well beside her grandsire sleeping,—as a Brant
again to rise.
With the guest-room voices dying, turn we to
the inner life,
Where we hear home echoes sighing of the
pretty English wife;
Who, in proof of true devotion, left the friends
once lov'd the best
Farther than the breadth of ocean, brav'd the
forests of the West;
Even when their hearts were sorest, from her
gold of English dow'r
Rose this mansion in the forest, witness mute
of loves' sweet pow'r.
Here as happy wife and mother,—Indian hus-
band, children dear—
Oft forgotten was the other home and friends
once lov'd and near.
When the winter blast swept loudly,—usher'd
in the fireside joys,
Here the gentle Chieftain proudly gathered
round his eager boys;
Told them hist'ry of his Nation, as he'd heard it
word by word
Sachem-told, till the relation all their Indian
nature stirr'd!
"Long ago, in the beginning, came the Red-man
from the West,
"Found the way but easy winning, wond'ring
tow'rds the sunrise press'd.
"For his early eden yearning, blesses still the set-
ting sun,
"Begs its grace on his returning thitherward,
when life is done.
"This the country first invested by the warring
Nah-do-ways,[7]
"Then the Circling Lakes[8] were wrested by the
vengeful Chip-po-ways.[9]
"Wam-pum records still surviving tell the tale of
long ago—
"That the warriors ceas'd their striving, and the
hatchet buried low.
"To-tem brothers pledg'd forever to the Turtle,[10]
Wolf and Bear,
"Were the Buffalo and Beaver, Eagle, Otter and
Reindeer.[11]
"In this treaty gladly tender'd by the vanquish'd
Nahdoways,
"They this country full surrender'd to the victor
Chippoways.
"And Ojebway faith was ready when they made
of lands a grant
"To his fleeing Nations[12] needy, and the British-
loving Brant.
"Long the blest Ojebway Nation knew these
happy lakes and woods,
"Ere the pale face immigration to their blissful
solitudes.
"See-gwun—Spring—arous'd the maple ere the
calling of the bees,
"Laughter hail'd the sugar'd staple flowing from
the forest trees.
"Then the ne-ke, wild goose, winging thro' the
March skies sought the North,
"O-muh-kuh-kee, frog, was singing and the April
buds came forth.
"Wah-be-gwu-nee, moon of blossom, brought the
May-time and the flowers;
"Nee-bin, Summer, deck'd her bosom berry-red
for sunny hours.
"Ah-ta-buh-gah,[13] moon of sorrow, told of fad-
ing, hopeless grief;
"Pe-nah-quee-ne-ne,[14] the morrow, saw the dying,
falling leaf.

"Oft the Autumn hunter[15] calling mate-like to
responsive deer,
"Heard the Pah-gah[16] cry appalling answer thro'
expanses drear.
"When Tuh-gwuh-gin, Autumn, dying, ceas'd
the respite brief to crave,
"Pe-boon, Winter, tearful sighing, laid his man-
tle o'er the grave.
"Then the Indian hunter fated, toiling weary
thro' the snow,
"Tho' on snowshoes good,—belated, met the
dreaded wendigo.[17]
"But the Manitou[18] drew nigher,—spirit moons[19]
of Winter kept;
"Built anew the wigwam fire; fed his children;
never slept!"

* * * * *

Ah, the story long has ended! Fact must fade
to dead'ning doubt,
Gone the ones, who rapt attended; hearth is cold
and lights are out:
But the "better world"[20] compelling, glad they
parted home and lands,
Heaven grant they've reach'd the dwelling
builded not by human hands!

IDRIS.

1. O-be-che, Indian name for robin, and her hopeful prophecy.
2. Uh-nwoh-che-ga, "I prophesy evil tidings."
3. Sir John Colborne, when Governor of Canada, visited the Ojebway Chief, and remained over night.
4. Charlotte Brant Smith, granddaughter of Capt. Brant, the Mohawk Chief.
5. Charlotte Brant Smith's daughter.
6. Kathrine Kerr, granddaughter of Capt. Brant, a remarkably beautiful, accomplished and amiable woman.
7. The Nahdoways holding Ontario and the country east and south comprised the Hurons, Wyandots, and Iroquois.
8. Ontario. Wam-pum—money.
9. Chippoways, the Ojebways. The Chippoways or Ojebways previous to taking Ontario from the Nahdoways had not come east or south of Lake Huron.
10. Turtle, Wolf and Bear—Tribes of the Mohawk Nation.
11. Buffalo, Beaver, Eagle, Otter, Reindeer—Tribes of the Ojebway Nation. Kahkewaquonaby belonged to the Eagle or Messisauga tribe,
12. The Six Nations or Iroquois, who after the American Revolution, settled in Ontario by invitation of the Ojebways.
13. Ah-ta-buh-gah, September.
14. Pe-nah-quee-ne-ne, October.
15. The Indian hunter called the deer with the wooden, horn or pipe-shaped "deer-bleat."
16. The Pahgah (flying skeletons) those who through fasting wore away to spirits.
17. Giant cannibal.
18. Manitou, Spirit, God.
19. December and January are the Spirit Moons.
20. The "better world" was constantly on the lips of the dying Kahkewaquonaby.

The "New Learning"

Symbolized by "PARACELSUS"

A characteristic of civilized and intelligent people has ever been a strong desire to know. Among the Ancients this tendency was powerful, as the great classical works of the Grecian bards give testimony.

However, a time came, a period of strife and contention, when intellectual darkness brooded over the nations, men became totally occupied with political ambitions, and education was confined chiefly to the monasteries. But universal learning was not to perish thus ignobly. Even at the darkest hour the sun burst forth suddenly again upon the hope of nations—one had discovered a New World! Ah! surely, here is life renewed! We are told that "the architect built, the artist labored, and the poet sang, while the scientist, the student, philosopher, and discoverer laid up stores of knowledge."

Men of great learning, deep thinkers, came into prominence, and throughout Europe there was an insatiable craving for a wider range of study and culture, man's whole absorbing thought was the gaining of knowledge, but characterized by a tendency to go even beyond the limit of the human intellect. This is spoken of as the "New Learning"—but its patrons, like the Transcendentalists, thought only of gaining knowledge for its own sake, and not for the higher glory of their Maker, many even losing their faith in its pursuit. Let all honor, therefore, be given to the memory of such men as Sir Thomas More, Colet and Erasmus, who, although the most learned of the Humanists, did not forget to "render to God the things that are God's!" Not only history furnishes many accounts of the "New Learning," but, as nearly every subject has been developed in literature, this also has been symbolized in Robert Browning's drama, "Paracelsus," which, for refinement of tone, elegance of style, depth of thought, and beauty of expression, stands pre-eminent among the author's best works.

The story represents Paracelsus, the hero, as a student, typifying one of these ardent searchers for knowledge. He is young, has every advantage, and is beloved by his two intimate friends, Festus and Michael. For a time this young scholar is satisfied with his circumstances, but, having a very brilliant mind, he soon believes

himself singled out from other men for something infinitely beyond the life of common mortals, and their joys and cares. He becomes imbued with a craving, a very fever for higher culture and learning, and resolves to go abroad, to seek the best teachers, that he may give full scope and development to his mighty faculties. In his mind there is no room for anything else, even human affection, the ties of friendship, and the entreaties of dear friends, are of no avail in keeping him from his great project.

Therefore, with the good wishes of these friends he sets out, assuring himself that he seeks only the glory of God, and an opportunity to do services to mankind, but, from his own words we are convinced that some pride and personal ambition have crept in.

Paracelsus travels far "over the waters to the vaporous West," at first he meets with success, men marvel at him, he is, indeed, as we are told, "life's dispenser, fates commissary, idol of the schools and courts, the wondrous Paracelsus," and in such praise he loses sight, for a time, of the true purpose for which he is working. But alas! the sad fate of humanity! we cannot always keep success with us,—soon his very followers whom he had inspired with such awe, who had almost made a god of him, begin to see that he, too, has his human weaknesses, and gradually their faith wanes. This is the disheartening effect of human idealism. In happy transports we raise our hands to wreathe the laurel crown round some fair brow—we are ready to enthuse over the all-embracing power of one whom we think can "reach from end to end mightily," our hearts go out in complete surrender to attractions we can scarcely withstand, when, alas for earthly instability! we find our intellectual god perhaps relishing delights of the grosser senses—our Hercules bound and fettered by some fragile form—and Love, no longer "magnifying charms," but removing the bandage from our eyes, making them "microscopic for defect"—Paracelsus also is disillusioned, he has been seeking knowledge earnestly, but in the full strength of his power he has forgotten that he can do nothing without Divine help, he has indeed failed in his quest, and, with restless, overworked mind and racked frame, weak and pitiable, he returns to the faithful Festus, to confess his fault, and then die. Such is his life's sad story. His bright hopes shattered, his dreams dispelled, he no longer spurns human love, but welcomes the reunion with kind friends.

In a hospital ward he lies feeble and wasted, all his energies spent on a vain quest, fully realizing, at last, that there is a higher calling than mere philanthropy—a nobler worship than that of mere knowledge, but alas! the conviction comes too late to rectify his motives—"And this was Paracelsus!" It would be impossible to do justice to such a work as this drama, in a mere criticism, the merit in every line, the grandeur and meaning in each speech, offer food for deep meditation.

While the beautiful passages enrapture the mind, and reveal the soul of the true poet, we cannot give our approbation to the entire drama, as it is interspersed with theories antagonistic to our faith, but, since we are not discussing refutations against dogma, but keenly appreciating literary charms, we can afford to let the wheat and cockle grow together until the harvest time, contenting ourselves meanwhile with such palatable intellectual nourishment as Paracelsus affords.

WINIFRED SHEERAN.

Social Virtues.

"And the Lord said: It is not good for man to be alone."

Thus, since the time of our primary ancestors, man has been endowed with a natural inclination to sociability, and we may take it for granted that, in the Garden of Eden, Social Virtues were, with other virtues, in their perfection, but, alas, their rarity in that state of ideal completeness in the present generation compells us to conclude that a great many of them remained in the enticing garden and let the weary exiles "Through Eden take their solitary way" without their companionship. And certainly their absence is a dire calamity, for we can live in social concord without fasting or wearing sackcloth, but without the Social Virtues all cultured temporal enjoyment is an impossibility. All hail, then, to those who have succeeded in luring them into our midst, and may they spread immeasurably!

The ingenuity of a thoughtful childish mind is said to have found expression in the following rather suggestive question: "Mamma, where do people go when they die who are good but dis-

agreeable?" Truly a puzzling problem. Had the youthful interrogator asked what place is assigned to such persons in this world, the answer would not have been so difficult. Certainly, the position occupied by those destitute of the Social Virtues is far from enviable, and whatever may be the *supernatural* doctrine of Charity, we know that the *natural* tendency of cultured society is to ostracize the transgressors of its laws. Society has no tribunal of Mercy for the refuge of those who have the misfortune to depart from its rigorous standard of conduct. Their irrevocable sentence is that of expulsion from its charmed circle. They are cast out forever into "exterior darkness." Such being the judgment passed upon the violators of the social Commandments, it is surely worth while, even from a worldly point of view, to cultivate the qualities that will prevent us from joining the ranks of the exiled. It is not our intention to make a review of the "don't" and "do's" of the much-criticized "etiquette books," but to consider the fundamental principles of social success. Although this depends upon the possession of numerous attributes, all may be reduced to the Cardinal Virtues of Unselfishness, Sympathy, Tact and Reliability. From these emanate the almost indefinable characteristics that insure popularity of the higher order, popularity among those who are capable of appreciating the nobler qualities. They wreathe around their possessor, not the visible halos we see adorning the heads of saints in pictures, but an irresistible charm that cannot fail to attract. Culture is visible in every movement, every utterance, and it is not only the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table who were recognized because "such a courtesy spake thro' the limbs and in the voice"—the votaries of the Social Virtues betray their allegiance perpetually.

Unselfishness includes and excludes so much. In its entirety, it implies the consideration of others always before one's self. Their tastes, desires, convenience must ever come before one's own—and not only most one suffer them to be preferred, but honestly wish them to be paramount. And yet there are some professedly cultured persons who do not blush to confess that they are accustomed to yield to every inclination, who expect one to even violate principles to gratify their whims, and who care not what others may suffer if only they can have their own sweet way. It is astonishing to think that it never occurs to some persons to let the blameless one throw the first stone, and they seem to see no inconsistency in criticizing without restraint while they themselves are far from the ideals of refinement. Self-control in every way is one of the distinctive marks of culture and where it does not exist, where every inclination is followed and self-indulgence unrestricted, where no self-restraint is practised, and generous consideration of others unthought of, there true refinement is unknown.

Sympathy! what emotion the very name evokes! who has not felt its influence,—brightened under its genial warmth? Its power is surely unlimited—it enters into the sorrows of others, suggesting words and deeds that bring comfort—shares their joys, adding a hundredfold to pleasures. But sympathy in its very essence embraces more than the joys and sorrows of friends—it helps one to understand the feelings of natures, not akin to one's own, it teaches the valuable art of making allowances for different surroundings, in fine, sympathy goes hand in hand with charity and prevents harsh criticisms, and unfavorable judgments.

It is difficult to distinguish between sympathy and tact. One seems the outcome of the other. Sympathy suggests the kind word, bright smile, the adroit steering of conversation into peaceful channels, and tact supplies the most graceful method of carrying out the suggestion. Tact, as a virtue, does not mean the artful management of circumstances so as to make them serve self-interests, but the ability to quickly perceive and skilfully avert whatever may cause pain or embarrassment to another. It is certainly to be regretted that the value of this virtue is not more universally appreciated. Next in importance to the qualities already mentioned is one which always accompanies them—amiability, an attribute almost synonymous with unselfishness. One can best conceive its worth by considering the evil results of its absence. No one can be welcome in any circle who is disagreeable. Nothing can satisfy such a person—nothing content her. She never wishes that which is pleasing to companions or friends, but continually criticizes their conduct. Of all faults one may possess, none makes one more unacceptable in society than a habitual spirit of contradiction. On the other hand, nothing is more winning than a gracious willingness to comply with whatever is proposed,

as far as one can do so conscientiously. It is impossible to find a truly cultured person destitute of this trait.

To merit being classed among the socially virtuous, no characteristic is more absolutely indispensible to one than *reliability*. Without it other virtues must always fail to win appreciation, for who can admire a person upon whom it is impossible to rely—one who thinks no more of breaking than of keeping a promise? Such a one may have many good qualities, but without being the very soul of honor one can never gain respect. On the other hand, one may have faults we cannot ignore, but if her integrity is unimpeachable, if we know that when once she says she will do something, we can almost consider it as done, if she will make any sacrifice, rather than fail in a duty, and would endure any martyrdom in preference to practising the slightest deception, we are compelled to esteem her in spite of her violations of the minor social precepts, and when we find this virtue standing out prominently in the midst of the gracious courtesies which are the outcome of the most perfect refinement, we are surely justified in renewing lost faith in ideals. How our hearts go out to one in whom we find the concentration of delicate feelings, amiability, thoughtful consideration, a cordial manner which puts every one at ease, a much-embrasing sympathy which sets aside all personal interests that it may devote itself to unselfish purposes, and an unfailing reliability—one whom we can truthfully call the personification of the Social Virtues! Surely to such a person we can appropriately apply the scriptural estimate of the valiant woman —"The price of her is as of things from afar, and from the uttermost coasts."

KATHLEEN M. MARSHALL.

Gertrude of Wyoming.

During the time of the American Revolution, history describes the cruel devastation of the beautiful valley of Wyoming, by a band of Indians and Englishmen. Historians agree in describing this as one of the loveliest spots then in existence, not alone for the beauty of the country, but also for the innocent and kindly manners of the inhabitants.

Thomas Campbell chose this abode of happiness as the scene for his lovely, but very pathetic, poem, Gertrude of Wyoming.

Many of the people of Europe sought refuge from feudal oppression in this country, and for this reason Albert, a highland mountaineer, left his home in Scotland for the peace and freedom of this happy valley. Albert lived alone with his little motherless child, who, until her ninth year, had known no other teacher, playmate or companion. Their seclusion was one day broken by the approach of an Indian warrior and a young boy. The Indian, after offering his wampum in token of friendship, tells the purpose of his visit. The English had been attacked and cruelly slaughtered by the Huron Indians. This Indian chief and his companions, who were friends of the English, came to their aid, but too late to prevent the slaughter of nearly the entire British band. The Indian chief found this young boy bound with his mother to a tree. His father, the captain of the English band, lay among the dead, and his mother, in her dying words, asked that they bring her child to Albert, who was her husband's companion and their friend of earlier days. The Indian then departed, leaving the child in Albert's care, who for three years watched his childish sports and cherished him as his own. When the boy was but twelve years of age, he was sent for by English kindred across the ocean and was obliged to leave his loving friends.

Father and daughter were again left alone together. The years passed and the child Gertrude grew like a lovely flower in her Pennsylvania home—"With all its picturesque and balmy grace." Gertrude, now a woman, lives in this calm and happy home, satisfied to minister to her aged father's wants. While reading one day in this delightful valley, "Where flowers a couch had strewn," her solitude was disturbed by one "Whose lineaments and frame were youth and manhood's intermingled grace."

The stranger sought the way to Albert's home. Soon Gertrude saw her father and his guest coming toward her. As he has been to England they inquire about Henry Waldegrave, the child who had been so dear to both, when Gertrude suddenly discovers in the stranger her childhood's companion. In time Waldegrave marries Gertrude and just when the present is so bright and the future looks still brighter, their peaceful valley is disturbed by the horrors of war. One night, when they were still enjoying peace, but thinking of the sad parting so near at hand when Walde-

grave must leave his young bride and brave the dangers of war, a form suddenly rushes into their midst and falls from weakness to the floor. It was their brave Oneida chief come to warn them of their immediate danger, as that very night the Mohawk Indians had planned to attack them.

This rich, luxuriant country with its happy, hospitable inhabitants, as happy a spot as human nature could desire, was soon converted into a scene of death. The great cruelties of the savage tribes and the horrible massacre that took place at this time are well known. Albert is fatally wounded, and Gertrude, while clasping him in farewell, is also killed, and only Henry remains of this once happy family, comforted by the kind old Oneida chief.

The ending of the story comes to us as a sudden shock and offers a marked contrast to the rest of the poem. The descriptions of the natural beauty of this spot present to us an ideal happy valley, and the delightful but simple lives of the people remind us of Longfellow's "Evangeline" and the similar fate of the simple Acadian peasants.

Waldegrave, though merely a child when he leaves his kind benefactors, does not forget them in the years that follow amidst his new life of pleasure and strife, but shows his gratitude in returning. He is fully rewarded by finding in Gertrude, his little playmate, a noble woman equally true to him. We are pleased with this faithfulness on the part of both.

We admire the noble character of Albert, the gentle Pennsylvanian sire, with his calm and kindly manners and haughty features which still might betray:

"A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Etna's fires grow dim before the rising day."

His impetuous nature shows itself when the child of his companion is brought to him in strange contrast to the Oneida chief.

The brave Indian warrior schooled from his childhood in lessons of self-control, taught to appear perfectly indifferent to extremes of either good or evil, maintains through the entire poem this marvellous composure. "A soul that pity touched but never shook." He had grown to love the child whom he had so tenderly cared for and travelled with day and night, unwearied, to bring him to his friends, and felt this separation. He sang a song of parting to the boy, which was his way of saying farewell, and, true to his nature, left them with no further words.

"Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear."

His sincere devotion to his kind friends is shown when in spite of many difficulties, weak, old and almost famished, he comes to warn them of their danger. He is so changed from the stately chief they had formerly known that they hardly recognize him. His hair is white as snow, and his form bowed with fifteen years of cruel suffering bravely borne. His entire tribe has been cruelly slaughtered, men, women and children. Their houses burned and he alone remains—

"All perished!—I alone am left on earth!
To whom no relative nor blood remains,
No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!"

In spite of the horrors of war he has witnessed, and though feeble in body, he is ready to go again to the battle-field to avenge his wrongs and aid his friends. Though cruelly wronged, his brave spirit is not overcome by his own sufferings, only for one moment, before the overwhelming grief of Waldegrave, his iron will gives way and nature asserts itself, but instantly the memory of his father, stern and commanding, comes before him scorning his weakness,

"He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death song of an Indian chief."

Although the beauty of the descriptions and the sweetness of the language are the principal charms in this pathetic little poem, the characters are all strong, especially that of the brave Indian warrior, and we mourn with him the sad end of this happy existence.

MARY NESBITT.

Blessed are we if we learn that the mission of sorrow, borne in the Christian spirit, is not alone the purification of our sinful souls and the strengthening of our character, but the developing in us of the tender graces of patience and sympathy with our suffering fellow-creatures.



CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN

Three and Four.

Two sorry things there be;
Ay, three:
A nest from which the nestlings have been taken,
A lamb forsaken:
A red rose by the wild wind rudely shaken.
Of glad things there be more;
Ay, four!
A bird above the old nest blithely singing;
A red rose clinging
In safety to a rock; a shepherd bringing
A lamb, found, in his arms, and—
Christmas bell a-ringing!

Symbolic Poems.

There is no element which arouses more interest in an object than mystery, however slight. The fact that the least shadow of obscurity is perceived, leads the active minds of men to study and probe and scrutinize until they have solved, without a doubt, the problem which has confronted them; and they find in this process a keen delight which is caused by the thought that the activity and intelligence of their minds have outwitted circumstances which were reluctant to make themselves apparent. Moreover, the conclusions arrived at by a well-planned effort of thought or action, are so indelibly and vividly impressed on the mind that their lessons are never forgotten.

One of the objects of our literary pursuits is what Ruskin calls "Digging deep to find the hidden treasure"—revelling in what the magic words "Open Sesame," unfold to us, or searching for what Holmes so beautifully calls "the *soul* of poetry." On the success of only such a quest as this, depends the whole enjoyment of literature in its truest sense.

It can scarcely be said that mystery enters largely into the composition of poetry of the simpler sort, yet the poets find a delicate and pleasing manner of suspending the interest and giving the imagination freedom to revel in the delightful realm of uncertainty. They weave their softly-tinted tapestries, and through them a bright, elusive thread which fascinates busy minds and leads them to ravel stitch by stitch the web the poet mind has woven, until they find the beginning, the pattern which it follows and the reason of the weaver in plying through the softer shades this glinting thread of gold. Then, just as in life, the conclusions which are reached by thought and study are clung to and forgotten, the lesson of the poet is always present in the minds to which it has been taught.

Symbolic poetry, we call this art, and it forms one of the most enticing studies. Among the works of almost every poet such is to be found: simple or elaborate, deep and mysterious, or light and airy. They tell the story of life in a manner which pleases the imagination, quickens the thoughts and gives ideas of beauty hitherto unapparent.

Take for instance the "Idylls of the King." They are, perhaps, the most fascinating treasures of English Literature. Read by the student of life for the unlimited knowledge of man's temptations and trials which they contain; read by the frivolous amusement-seeker for the pure delight which radiates from each lustrous line; read by the young because they lift Youth to that enchanting realm of mystery and nobility for which it is ever striving; read by the old because they show to age that ideal life which leads so surely to a happy death, these legends of the mythical King and his gallant court do more to uplift poor frail human nature than many lectures and numerous sermons, the seed from which fails to fall on good ground. King Arthur typifies the soul of every one of us. The soul is good and pure, as he was; it seeks for higher, purer things as he sought—but it must feel the warmth of double life, must be mated to Sense, as Arthur is to Guinevere, and from this union arise the sorrows and trials of the noble soul, as the King's troubles arose from the union with his Queen, for it is seldom that Soul and Sense are so perfectly mated that strife between them is unnecessary. The story of the adventure of the Knights and the strifes of their King is so perfectly told that it scarcely needs the poet's explanation:

"New-old and shadowing Sense at war with Soul
Rather than that great King, whose name a ghost,
Streams like a cloud man-shaped, from mountain peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still."

Tennyson's "Princess" is another striking example among the longer and better-known poems

of this sort. In the great Poet Laureate's most delicate and graceful style, it treats the much-discussed and generally unsatisfactory question of Woman's Rights. The Princess is a highly-educated woman of lofty ideals and aspirations, who has inculcated slightly mistaken ideas concerning the education and aim in life, of her sex, but the poem ends in the usual happy manner, and the Princess is perfectly content to accept the customary and less advanced standards of Woman's sphere and Woman's rights.

A strong and more concise allegorical poem than "The Raven" can scarcely be conceived. It contains all the weirdness which is characteristic of Poe's poetry, combined with perfect diction, a smoothness of meter, and a haunting refrain which thrills the reader with a nameless terror and flashes on his mind glimpses of the wild imagination which created this strange bird, symbolizing "Memory"; and especially the sad, haunting Memory of those who were dear to us, but have left us desolate and inconsolable to blindly grope our way through life till the great light comes and the Bar is crossed.

Coleridge's weird poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," tells the story of a soul's voyage through the uncertain sea of life, describes its calms and fogs and tempests in a manner which makes the true meaning the natural outcome of careful thought. It shows us that to dwell with the Most High, man must stand outside of himself, must view all creation, love it all, bless it all, and call it all "Very Good"; in other words, man to be in harmony with the Divine, must fly from self, and love as God loves.

Father Sheehan's poems, upon which it would be impossible to bestow more attention than they deserve, are teaming with sweet and graceful symbolic meaning; while the great mind of Milton conceived such beautiful examples of this art as L'Allegro, Il Penseroso and Lycidas. These are but a few who have excelled, while from among the names which bedeck the shining tablets of fame may be selected those of innumerable other poets, who have equalled and even surpassed these masters of symbolic poetry.

Taken collectively, this class of poetry forms one of the most interesting, instructing and beautiful in modern Literature, being pure in tone and sentiment, exquisitely delicate in treatment and deep and true in thought. It offers us an endless source of enjoyment of the purest, healthiest tone, reveals to us the hidden beauty of our own lives, shows us that the quiet, guarded, hidden life of the violet is beautiful; that the wild, wind-tossed life of the mountain daisy has its own peculiar charm; and that the gaudy rose which flourishes in the hot-house and withers in the gay ball-room is not the only flower whose life is worth living. It shows us that our circumstances cannot be too cramped nor our opportunities too limited to admit of mental development, the enjoyment of our own spheres in life, or the wonderful and beautiful nature around us, which the Great Creator intended for even the least of His creatures.

ANNA L. RYAN.

Bethlehem.

The lowly door stands wide,
To none its light denied,
From shiv'ring Babe supplied,
Of Bethlehem.

We come in all our needs,
Regretted words and deeds,
—Afar the world recedes
From Bethlehem.

We bring our smiles and tears,
Our piteous hopes and fears,
The burdens of the years,
To Bethlehem.

Erst loving hearts grown cold,
Hearts crusted o'er with gold,
Are melted in the hold
Of Bethlehem.

Who love of pomps disclose,
On gauds of earth repose,
Behold the swaddling clothes
Of Bethlehem.

The pride of mortal heart,
Of boastful human art,
All humbled here depart,
At Bethlehem.

O friends, I greet you here,
You're nearer and more near,
You're dearer and more dear,
At Bethlehem.

IDRIS.



"Glory to God in the Highest: And on Earth Peace to Men of Good-Will"

New England in Letters.

New England is especially rich in literary shrines, the homes and haunts of the thought leaders of the last century, for the reason that until within a very recent period, most of the men and women who have made themselves a permanent place in American literature, belonged to New England. From the beginning, down to the closing decades of the nineteenth century, it was the school of New England writers who, for the most part, gave direction to American literary development. A few there were, like Irving and Cooper, and others of the New York school, who upheld the standard of American letters outside of New England, but aside from the circle which centered in Manhattan Island, it was to Boston that the thought of the student turned when he recalled the men and women who were the shining stars of the firmament, in the middle period of the last century. So it happens that the lover of books turns his steps New Englandward, when he makes vacation pilgrimages to American literary shrines. More than one writer has sought to put his impressions into words, and the descriptions of these pilgrimages are numerous. Still, it does not always happen that the worshipper is well qualified to describe what he sees, or that he has that intimate knowledge of the subject which enables him to look beneath the surface a little. One needs to know something more than the facts of the life of Longfellow, or Whittier, or Emerson, if he would obtain from a visit to the scenes of their home lives something more than the gratification of a mere curiosity. The success of his written account will be in proportion to the extent to which he can extract the intangible from the material.

Mr. Wilson takes up the work of each author, and while he does not undertake to give a critical estimate, he views it in connection with its environment, and notes the associations of time and place. The result is a book in which personal impression and historical fact are interestingly mingled. Mr. Wilson begins with Longfellow's country, "down in Maine," following him to Bowdoin, and, in the course of his journey, telling a good deal about the land and the folk. Being in the Longfellow country, he finds opportunity to journey to the place where Horace Greeley was born, on a rocky farm, in Amherst, N. H. There is a sign on the house now, to the end that visitors might know and recognize the location. His father lost the place through debt and misfortune, and it does not seem strange to-day that he was unable to procure a livelihood from the stony, refractory soil. A visit to Daniel Webster's birthplace in New Hampshire, also falls within our author's itinerary. The house in which Webster was born still exists as a wing of a later and more pretentious structure, but the original site is marked by a bowlder and a flagstaff, from which a flag floats on pleasant days.

From the Longfellow country, our author wanders down into the Whittier land, and from there to the Salem of Hawthorne. It is a natural transition from the old seaport town, to the Concord of Hawthorne, and Emerson, of Thoreau, and Alcott and others of that school. "Cambridge and its Worthies" is the title of the next chapter, which carries a picture of the now-vanished "gambrel-roofed" house in which Holmes was born. The earlier days of New England's literary supremacy are discussed in the chapter "A Day of Literary Beginnings," and then follows "The Autocrat and His Comrades," the literary men of that mid-century epoch, which recalls so much of our literary history.

"The visitor to the Whittier homestead finds it a low gray structure with two stories in front and the roof sloping down to a single story in the rear. It stands close to the road and is reached by a pathway which of old was swept twice a day. A corner room facing the east was Whittier's study. It remains in the same condition as when he occupied it, and the great fireplace, the warped floor and the antique window panes, the rough uneven ceiling, and protruding beams which greet the visitor, also, kept the poet silent company in boyhood and early manhood. Just across the narrow entryway is the room, unaltered save in minor ways, in which he was born, and thence one passes to the kitchen, which was the scene of the winter's evening in 'Snowbound.'

"The great chimney running up from this room, stands as perfect as when built, and above the fireplace hangs a bull's-eye watch, such as in the poet's boyhood

> 'Ticking its weary circuit through,
> Pointed with mutely warning sign
> Its black hand to the hour of nine.'"

"Friends have given us more than one delightful glimpse of the white-haired singer in his last days at Oak Knoll, with its perfect freedom and tender care. There were no clouds in the western sky as the sunset of his life burned slowly down. The end came in the early autumn of 1892, not at Amesbury or Danvers, but at Hampton Falls while he was staying with the daughter of an old friend—the saintly woman who inspired one of the most spiritual and beautiful of his poems—'A Friend's Burial.' He lies beside his kin in the Quaker burial ground just without the town of Amesbury. A tall cedar guards his grave, and above it is a low piece of white marble graven with his name, the date of his birth and death, and nothing more."

The Old Manse in Concord, in which Emerson wrote the greater part of his first book, "Nature," in the same room where, later on, Hawthorne began "Mosses from an Old Manse," is a quaint structure. Following his marriage to Miss Lidian Jackson, Emerson left the Manse and took possession of a house on the Lexington Road, near the Walden woods. In a letter to Carlyle he describes his mode of life there: "I occupy two acres only of God's earth; on which is my house, my kitchen-garden, my orchard of thirty young trees, my empty barn. I have food, warmth, leisure, books, friends. Go away from home I am rich no longer. But at home, I am rich—rich enough for ten brothers. My wife Lidian is an incarnation of Christianity, I call her Asia, and keeps my philosophy from Antinomianism; my mother, whitest, mildest, most conservative of ladies, whose only exception to her universal preference for old things is her son; my boy, a piece of love and sunshine, well worth my watching from morning to night;—these and three domestic women, who cook, and sew and run for us, make all my household. Here I sit and read and write, with very little system, and, as far as regards composition, with the most fragmentary result."

In this home great sorrows came to Emerson, death taking from him his mother, his brothers and the little son whose memory lives in the tenderest of his poems, the "Threnody." There, finally, old age crept upon him, an old age, alas! made infinitely pathetic by loss of memory and failing mental power. Howells has pictured him, the shadow of his former self, standing, on a March day, in 1882, before Longfellow's bier and saying to those about him: "The gentleman we have just been burying was a sweet and beautiful soul; but I forget his name." A little more than a month later his own flickering light went out.

Mr. Wilson is especially interesting because of the attention which he pays, as occasion offers, to the men and women who are remembered by a single book or poem. When down in the Land of the Pilgrims, he turns aside to visit Scituate, where is found the setting for that famous poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," whose author, Samuel Woodworth, was born there. There is no better known poem in American literature, but it is very certain that not one in a hundred who are familiar with its lines, can tell anything about its author. Yet it is one of those poems which becomes woven into the warp and woof of a people's history, and which corresponds with the folksongs of an earlier stage of development. The old house in which Woodworth was born is still in the possession of the descendants of the original owner, Walter Woodworth, who came to Scituate from Plymouth, in 1633; Samuel Woodworth, the poet, was born in the old house, in 1785, but it was long years after, when he immortalized his home by writing "The Old Oaken Bucket." His father was a veteran of the Revolution. Samuel, his youngest son, became a printer, serving a long apprenticeship in Boston, and contributed poetry to the periodicals of that time over the signature of "Selim," a name by which he was known in after life to his intimates and friends. Finally he came to New York, worked at his trade, established a number of short-lived newspapers, wrote operas, plays and novels, that are long since forgotten, and then in conjunction with G. P. Morris, established the New York *Mirror*. About the writing of "The Old Oaken Bucket," our author says:

"It was six years before his association with Morris, however, that Woodworth wrote the song that has moved the hearts of three generations. Walking home to dinner on a sultry August noontide, he drank a glass of water while heated with the exercise, and exclaimed while he replaced the glass on the table: 'That is refreshing, but more refreshing on this hot day would be a good, long draught from the old oaken bucket, I left hanging in my father's well at home.' Hearing this,

his wife asked, 'Selim, wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?' The poet took the hint, and under the inspiration of the moment, and at a single sitting, penned the lines of 'The Old Oaken Bucket.'"

Mr. Wilson tells us that "the orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood," have been little altered by the lapse of years. The old house has disappeared, and a more modern building stands in its place, while the bucket and the sweep have succumbed to years of wear and tear, and have been succeeded by another of the same pattern. The water in the old well is as fresh and pure as when Woodworth sang its praise. Woodworth died in New York in 1842, and his widow spent the latter part of her life with a son in San Francisco. After her death, the son removed his father's remains from their resting-place in New York, to Laurel Hill Cemetery, San Francisco, where they now repose beside those of his wife.

In his later chapters, Mr. Wilson carries his reader through a winding Bay State journey to the Berkshires, and to the Connecticut land and the "Wits and Worthies" of Hartford, closing with a glimpse of "Edgewood" and of "Ik Marvel"—Donald G. Mitchell—its venerable and scholarly owner. "The journeys which began at the birth of Longfellow may fitly end at the home of Donald Grant Mitchell, who in hale and kindly age binds the busy present to a lettered past of which he is himself a part. A Yale graduate, Mr. Mitchell studied law, but did not like it; and then, with 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' which proved him a loving and gifted disciple of Irving, made a successful entrance into authorship. This book and its delightful successor, 'Dream Life,' were written in New York City, but in 1855, at the age of thirty-three, Mr. Mitchell bought a farm of some two hundred acres lying midway between New Haven and the village of West Haven, and transformed it into a charming country seat to which he gave the name of Edgewood. There he has ever since had his home, and thence in the course of half a century, he has sent forth book after book to win the hearts of their readers with their delicate fancy, their quiet humor, their wholesome humanity, and the mellow English in which they are written.

Edgewood, though not far removed from the city's life, has the peace and quiet of a sheltered country nook. Wood and stream and grassy terrace surround the house which thirty years ago took the place of the one described in 'My Farm at Edgewood'—a roomy dwelling of wood and stone of rustic design and last-generation suggestion. Purple hills close in the landscape, while to the south there is a welcome glimpse of the waters of the Sound stretching away to the shadowy Long Island shore. And in this place, says its white-haired master, it is always summer."

MAY WETER.

Silence.

Oh! purple hills that line the west,
In changing, misty distance,
And stand before the sinking sun,
That slips without resistance
Into that dim, unknown beyond,
Mysteriously guarded
From groping, finite, human sense,
And silently is warded,
As, turning from our fretful cares,
We contemplate the beauty
And vastness of such sentinels
That age-long do their duty
By inactivity alone:
While we impatient mortals
So hardly learn how to reflect
The glory from heaven's portals!
Oh, purple hills, by silent will,
Teach us thy power of being still.

GABRIELLE STEWART.

It is the settled conviction of all true educators, as well as of all other intelligent and thoughtful persons, that the formation of character is the most important part of education; that, in fact, no amount of merely intellectual or scientific training is of much real value without it. The religious element is the most essential factor in the formation of character.

Years are like milestones. They tell how far—not how fast, how well, or how ill, one has gone and truly, how far is the least part of the journey. Life, men have long since decided, is not to be measured by length of days. "Forty days!" Stevenson quotes from De Bouflers, "Forty days! that is almost the life of a man if one counts only the moments worth counting."

Letter-Box.

HASTINGS, SUSSEX.

MY DEAR RAINBOW:

Once more the pleasure of communicating with you is mine, and I have so many things to say that I scarcely know where to begin. Shall I tell you something about my trip to Ireland?

A lady friend accompanied me, last June, and we spent five most delightful weeks in the dear Emerald Isle, first paying very pleasant visits to dear old friends in Bray, and revisiting the ever-charming Powerscourt demain and other places of interest in the neighborhood. What a wealth of trees there is at Powerscourt! I never saw such a variety of rare old specimens as well as more modern and imported ones. For miles and miles we drove through this wonderful labyrinth of Nature's beauties, and every moment brought fresh charms for the eye to marvel at and the mind to linger on. Wicklow is a lovely county, but our further wanderings took us amid the glories of Connaught, which were all perfectly new to us.

From Dublin we took a train to Sligo, and here the ancient traditions of Ireland began to unfold themselves under aspects which nothing can destroy. It is simply wonderful to see the exquisite churches and convents, and evidences of wealth and refinement, as well as unbounded faith in what was supposed to be, in Cromwell's time, the alternative to Hades. Oh, the lovely West! Those who have not seen it in these recent days have not seen Ireland as she was, and is, and ought to be. Real Ireland lives there, and courtesy untold, with traditional good-nature, beaming eyes, lovely faces, and graceful figures. The first sight of Sligo, as we drove in the hotel omnibus, in the dark, up a rather muddy and seemingly narrow street, on a June night, at about 9.30, was not prepossessing, but there arose above every other sound a magnificent voice—that of a man seeking alms to the strains of "The West's Awake!" What an introduction, I thought, to the real wealth of Ireland—the possession of which she does not, probably, realize. That voice would have made the fame of any London opera stage, and its owner was leading an obscure existence, singing ballads in the streets of Sligo for a few coppers—perhaps not enough to procure an evening meal!

Next day, Sunday, we went to the Dominican church. Never was I more impressed, for not only the beauty of the edifice, but the appearance of the congregation was most striking. Nothing that I have seen in a Parisian church could excel the taste and beauty of the ladies' costumes, and certainly, nothing that I have seen in a London congregation could equal them. When Mass was over, an elderly gentleman—Mr. John Goldrick—who is quite devoted to the church, and nearly always to be found within its portals, seeing we were strangers, came forward and asked us if we would wish to examine the mosaics and carvings inside and around the altar rails, and very kindly took us to each new spot of interest, relating the incidents connected with all. The gates of the altar rails are of solid silver, exquisitely carved and moulded, inside are the old heraldic arms of Sligo, also in priceless mosaics. A lovely side altar is the gift of an American lady. Behind the high altar, which is of pure Parian marble, are the arms of the O'Connors, the last Kings of Connaught.

Mr. Goldrick kindly offered to take us to the Cathedral next day, if we would meet him at "The Friary." I need only add that the magnilcence of this new edifice quite overpowered us. The entire altar, in rich mosaics, was made in Rome. As we were admiring the many points of interest within the building, the joy-bells suddenly chimed "The Wearing of The Green"—it was twelve o'clock. Really, I had never experienced anything more touching, and, I must confess to the weakness of bursting into tears, in which, through sympathy, my friend, an Englishwoman of the first water, joined. In all my life I had never heard bells chime that pathetic melody until to-day, here in the very heart of "Rebel Connaught," where, possibly, years ago, they were "hanging men and women for wearin' of the green," and where, probably, a hundred years ago, there was not a covering over the heads of the congregations that fled surreptitiously into the valleys and byways to hear their hunted priests offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and where, a century or two before, the ancestors of these very devotees were driven from their homes to make room for Oliver Crom-

well's soldiers who, in their place, became the aristocracy of the land, because of the fidelity of the Irish to the faith that now has reared its head in structures of the most unique beauty and magnificence throughout the length and breadth of Connaught, and from the towers of which there dares to peal forth on the balmy June air, "The Wearing of The Green!" These were the thoughts that crowded into my mind. What a triumph for Catholicity! What a type of Ireland's changed conditions! Dark days are over, I believe, for that grand old land, and no better king, nor truer friend to his "Irish people" has ever been upon the English Throne than Edward VII.

Before leaving Sligo, I must mention a trip we took up Lough Gill, whose scenery enchanted me. When tourists visit Killarney and rave about its beauties, they generally satisfy themselves with the idea that they have "done Ireland," or even with the view that, there may be other very pretty parts of the country to behold, if they had time, but they have seen the prettiest. Now, I do not wish to pose as an expert, and I have no doubt there will be some scoffers to sneer at my lack of appreciation of the "beaten path," when I assert that, in my humble opinion, Lough Gill is a hundred times more beautiful than Killarney. Tropical vegetation abounds on all sides of its lovely shores; and trees and shrubs of rare quality, as well as the great expanse of water, studded with islands, make it a veritable fairyland, of a more varied and attractive type, than anything in Killarney can suggest. Far away on the opposite shore, our boatman pointed out the old "Castle of O'Rourke," on the site of which Moore wrote his poem, "The valley lay smiling before me," and on our side, we visited a celebrated Holy Well, whose name I forget, but the legend of which our boatman recited. Although it is most interesting, I fear I must not relate it, as there is so much at the end of my pen anent this Irish visit. The banks and mountains around Lough Gill are certainly of volcanic origin, for we noticed large rocks of pure lava all along the sides, and, instead of shells or pebbles, the strands are of lava. I am quite of the opinion that there must still be a boiling spring somewhere in the lake, the air is so mild, and there is such evidence of tropical vegetation everywhere. Our driver said that, in winter when Sligo is frozen, "it's just like a summer day down here, Madame." One little story that he told us when returning, is worth relating. Of course, the Lough has its echo, and although in this particular, I am told Killarney stands preëminent, I am not sure that our Sligo friends care to admit the fact. An American tourist, whose special hobby was "Echoes," had been to Killarney, and, at one of the hotels in Sligo, was expatiating upon the respective merits of the Lakes, giving the palm to Lough Gill in all other things, but claiming for Killarney precedence because of its beautiful "Echoes." This rather fired the Sligo populace, and, on the eve of his departure from the town, the American was waited upon by a deputation of "Boatmen," whose reputation they felt at stake, and who had, consequently, made "plans." "An' is it an echo yer afther, yer Honor? Shure an' there's ne'er a finer wan on airth than ye'll hear down beyant on Lough Gill, if yer boatman only knowed where to find it. What kind of a boatman was it ye had at all, at all, that couldn't find an echo!"

The tourist was persuaded to remain until the following day, when a particular man undertook to row him to the enchanted spot.

"Now let yer Honor listen." And putting his hands to his mouth, the boatman called "Fine day!" "Fine day," came back prolonged in tone, a splendid echo. Several other phrases were tried, and all with such result that the American had already withdrawn his aspersion on their beloved Lake, and, seeking the first opportunity to make compensation to all Sligo boatmen, he turned to his companion, with flask in one hand and the other at the side of his mouth, and, imitating the tone of his guide, exclaimed, "Have a drink!" "I will, yer Honor," was echoed back, long and loud. Tradition states that the American gentleman still believes in Killarney.

I wish I had space, dear RAINBOW, to tell you of the glorious drive we had up lovely Knocknaree, with its road winding so picturesquely around this magnificent mountain that we did not feel we were ascending until we looked down upon Sligo and its valleys and bay, and then upon its mountains, and felt we were "nearer heaven than we ever were before," in more senses than one. Such indescribable views! Such mountain ranges! Such diversity of sea and land and hill

and dale! Then all along the route huge cairns, many of them untouched for thousands of years. Tradition says that some of them are graves of kings and nobles—no doubt this is true—others, the ancient battlefields, immense monoliths,—myriads of them! What treasures for antiquarians! Yet, they are seldom visited by any but the neighboring people, who still truly reverence them, and would as soon think of murder as of displacing one of them. In many instances they are tons' weight. The last Druid Queen of Ireland lies buried beneath the one on top of the mountain.

My friend had some acquaintances residing at "The Glen," half-way up the mountain, where we drank tea, and from the windows looked out upon a beautiful picture. Here, also, we were astonished at the tropical nature of the plants in gardens and grounds around the house; plants that one would expect to find in Italy and southern France, growing in the open air, on the slope of Knocknaree! As we were descending the opposite side of the mountain, a most lovely rainbow extended from the bay to the top of the monolith or Queen's tomb. The beauty of that scene is indelibly impressed upon my mind. We seemed to have passed through many lands since we began the ascent of the mountain, such was the loveliness and diversity of the scene, and yet, this was only a little bit of Connaught!—a place we had hardly ever heard mentioned as a resort of unsurpassed charm.

Now, dear RAINBOW, as we have left Sligo, I shall continue in your next our further journeyings through Mayo and Galway, and back again to Dublin, before concluding a tour which shall long remain enshrined in Memory.

Yours always,

MARIE JOSEPHINE O'DOWDA.

ROSE-HILL, ILE MAURICE.

CHÈRE BEATRICE:

Je vous suis mille fois reconnaissante de m'avoir fait connaître, autant qu'il se peut de si loin, votre magnifique Niagara. Je ne puis dire que je me sois aidée de l'imagination pour entrevoir ce tableau magique, cette cataracte aux eaux tumultueuses, avec son manteau de vapeur transparente irisée des rayons du soleil, et l'arc-en-ciel grandiose qui l'environne comme un diadème. De tels spectacles sont de ceux qui surpassent la conception la plus hardie de même qu'ils découragent les pinceaux les plus habiles. Mais votre description a avivé en moi le désir déjà si grand de contempler de près ces merveilles, désir irréalisable et stérile, hélas!

Vous parler maintenant de Maurice semble presque une dérision; et je serais tout-à-fait réduite au silence, n'était le stimulant de vous être agréable.

Si vous le voulez bien, aujourd'hui, nous ferons ensemble le court trajet de la ville de Port-Louis à Rose-Hill; je vous promènerai ensuite à travers le village, tâchant de vous distraire le plus possible.

Nous voici à la gare de Port-Louis, la principale station du chemin de fer; le bâtiment est très vaste et parfaitement aménagé. Nous circulons parmi une foule compacte et cosmopolite; des ouvriers débraillés, appuyés sur les bancs, fument d'affreuses pipes et bavardent dans leur original patois créole, avec des indiens affairés, des portefaix et marchands de gazettes déguenillés que vous avez vu tout à l'heure peut-être, sur quelque trottoir, jouer aux billes en se querellant. Passons vite et embarquons-nous au plus tôt.

Le sifflet de la locomotive retentit; nous voici en mouvement et nous quittons les plates-formes de la gare.

A quelque distance, à droite, la rade nous offre la perspective de ses nombreux vapeurs, voiliers, chalands, et petits côtiers amarrés à la jetée; plus loin, s'étendent les docks noircis de charbon où se révèle toute l'activité d'un commerce incessant et considérable.

Ce n'est pas là réellement notre mer; celle-ci roule des flots ternes mêlés de détritus de toutes sortes et a l'aspect rien moins que poétique.

Maintenant que nous voici en pleine campagne, nous pouvons admirer le paysage, car nous parcourrons plusieurs milles entre les montagnes et la mer. Elle s'étend, toujours à droite, comme une large frange d'un bleu sombre, bordant des plaines d'émeraude. Le ciel est aussi d'un azur intense par ce radieux après-midi de fin d'été.

Le disque du soleil caché par un gros nuage cuivré se laisse deviner aux bordures étincelantes qu'il lui met; et, sur la mer, c'est une longue traînée de sang que laisse derrière lui le glorieux vaincu qui va mourir. . . . C'est le coucher,

ou plutôt son prélude. . . . Les nuages prennent des formes fantastiques; ils dessinent des monts escarpés, des êtres difformes, des cathédrales fantaisistes, des minarets et des cloches qui se fondent et se reforment, pendant que le soleil s'abaisse de seconde en seconde sur les flots qui vont l'éteindre.

Du côté opposé, l'oeil se repose de ces éblouissements par le spectacle plus sobre des montagnes boisées. Il fait encore grand jour; et la lueur rousse du soleil qui décline promène des reflets étrangement beaux sur la verdure des lointains. C'est un miroitement de velours et de moire, un éclat qui exagère les saillies et les ombres. Ici les arbrisseaux et les hautes herbes s'étendent comme un étincelant tapis vert doré; tout près, une large tache violette creuse le flanc des rochers. Il flotte dans l'atmosphère une telle transparence lumineuse que les plaines et les monts, tout semble inondé d'une buée d'or.

Nous entrons plus haut dans les bois où se groupent mille variétés d'arbres; là-bas de vastes champs de canne à sucre s'étendent comme des pelouses claires; et les montagnes, toujours, montent comme une rampe du litoral au sommet de l'île.

Dans la forêt, on remarque surtout les "flamboyants," arbres qui, en été, se couvrent de fleurs rouges en grappes si pressées que l'on n'en voit plus les branches ni les feuilles; il est saisissant de contempler ces taches sanglantes coupant le fond sombre du paysage. Voici les grands filaos berceurs, au feuillage d'un vert gris qui sous la caresse de la brise ondulent avec un murmure harmonieux et triste, comme le brisement d'un sanglot; les eucalyptus au tronc élancé, blanchâtre et lisse, charmant par leur sveltesse élégante; le banyan aux racines pendantes; les acacias au feuillage menu et clair-semé pareil à un essaim de papillons verts; les tamariniers au vêtement de nuance claire; et une quantité d'autres plantes, aloès, cactus, ravenals, vacoas, etc., mariant tous les tons du vert dans un fouillis admirable.

Entre les arbres se cachent quelques huttes couvertes de paille où s'entassent des familles d'Indiens. Rien de plus pittoresque que ces chaumières envahies par des lianes aux fleurs multicolores, devant lesquelles la ménagère fait fumer la marmite pendant que les petits à demi-nus s'amusent à faire de grands "salams" aux voyageurs du train.

A peine un arrêt aux gares intermédiaires; la locomotive en sifflant fait envoler une tribu de poules qui picoraient tranquillement entre les rails; quelques rares voyageurs, gens du peuple tous, descendent, des tentes en main. Ce n'est qu'à Beau-Bassin que commence réellement le mouvement. Avant d'arriver à cette station, nous passons devant le grand Hôpital et l'Asile des aliénés où l'on a réuni toute les commodités et distractions possibles à ces malheureux proscrits de la société.

Nous longeons une route sur laquelle s'ouvrent de nombreuses maisons de campagne, les unes très belles, les autres plus que modestes; mais toutes fleuries et verdoyantes, dénotant le goût instinctif des Créoles pour la poésie des fleurs et de la nature.

La douce tiédeur de l'atmosphère, le bruit monotone de la locomotive, le cahot régulier des wagons entraînent à la rêverie à une longueur qui touche presque à l'assoupissement.

Mais il faut nous en arracher; voici Rose-Hill, nous stoppons. Ici le tumulte est grand; on descend, on s'embarque, on s'interpelle. La foule se presse, une foule voyante aux pagnes jaunes, rouges, aux toilettes claires et aux costumes sombres, où l'on entend parler mille dialectes différents.

Sur la place de la gare attendent les carrioles légères, attelées de fringants poneys; les gens pressés y prennent place et toutes s'éparpillent en différentes directions.

Devant nous s'étend la route royale; c'est celle qui traverse l'île dans toute sa longueur; aussi ne vous étonnez pas du mouvement ininterrompu. Les magasins de nouveautés se rangent entre les échoppes indiennes et les boutiques les plus variées. C'est une file d'étalages de toutes sortes de chaque côté de la gare. Une foule de petits bazars offrent aux regards du passant peu soucieux d'en faire l'achat, des légumes à moitié desséchés, des fruits entassés sur une table crasseuse, des gâteaux indiens dont les recettes sont inconnues.

Des Arabes causent gravement sur le seuil de leurs magasins, en attendant la clientèle. Au détour de chaque rue se trouve une boutique où derrière le comptoir grimace un Chinois.

Sur la route défilent un grand nombre de char-

rettes qui reviennent de Port-Louis. Au sommet, sur un échafaudage de paille ou de bois le conducteur, un indien presque toujours, clame un refrain étrangement triste, comme une mélopée d'agonie qui semble un écho de l'Inde à la mystérieuse poésie. Des enfants au teint de bronze, aux grands yeux noirs veloutés, courent entre les voitures au risque de se faire écraser. La rue est en quelque sorte leur seul domaine; ils s'y amusent et babillent pendant toute la journée.

Un peu après la gare se dessinent les campagnes, pour la plupart petites mais gaies, ayant chacune sa varanque encombrée de fraîches fougères. Des éclats de rire s'égrènent derrière les haies de bambous ou de raquettes; plus loin les accords d'un piano ou les notes d'un chant s'envolent dans l'air tiède.

C'est l'heure de la plus grande intensité de vie; chacun veut jouir de l'exquise fraîcheur qui succède aux brûlantes ardeurs du soleil d'été. Les promeneurs encombrent les rues; quelques uns se rendent en groupe au "Ground" ou Tennis-court. Des bicyclettes, des automobiles croisent les charrettes lourdes traînées par de gros boeufs à l'oeil doux.

Du côté opposé la route monte vers Quatre-Bornes, petit village aristocratique attenant Rose-Hill.

C'est vraiment tout ce qu'il y a à visiter; je ne vous parle pas de l'église puisque je vous l'ai décrite dans ma dernière lettre.

D'ailleurs il comence à faire obscur et nous ferions bien de rentrer, ayant parcouru le centre du village. Je vous offrirais volontiers l'hospitalité, mais la cuisine créole ne serait peut-être pas tout-à-fait à votre goût. Aussi, sur le seuil de ma maisonnette je vous souhaite le bonsoir, et surtout bon voyage pour votre retour en Amérique.

Excusez mon bavardage qui vous a retenue si longtemps, et croyez-moi,

Votre toute dévouée,

PAULA MAMET.

LORETTO CONVENT, ILE MAURICE.

CHÈRE BEATRICE:

Nous avons lu le RAINBOW avec un intérêt d'autant plus vif qu'il nous parlait de vos succès; nous vous en félicitons sincèrement.

Nos classes ont repris depuis le 15 de ce mois après un long mois de vacances, nécessaire du reste pour réparer les fatigues de la dernière année et reprendre de nouvelles forces pour la suivante.

Je vais vous parler aujourd'hui d'un de nos anciens couvents situé à Curepipe Road à ½ heure environ du centre, c'est un des endroits les plus délicieux qu'on puisse s'imaginer. "Sion Hill," ainsi que son nom l'indique, est situé sur une colline tout-à-fait isolée, pas d'habitations ni de demeures avoisinantes, on semble n'y vivre que pour Dieu, tout d'ailleurs y respire son amour.

On y arrive par deux grandes allées et lorsqu' on en a atteint le sommet on y jouit d'une vue admirable. A l'est se déroule tout le panorama de la ville de Curepipe, l'église paroissiale y domine avec son clocher; ces demeures superposées pour ainsi dire les unes sur les autres avec les diverses nuances de leur peintures et les lignes de chemins de fer qui semblent les traverser en tous sens, offrent un ensemble très-intéressant. En face, s'étendent les chaînes de montagnes de Moka et de Port-Louis au pied desquelles se trouvent, d'un côté, les immenses plaines vertes de "Plaines Williems" et de Moka, et de l'autre, la mer, avec sa grande nappe bleue se confondant avec le ciel dont les nuages semblent se jouer dans ses vagues. A l'ouest sont les Gorges de la Rivière Noire, sombres montagnes, doucement illuminées dans l'après-midi par les feux du soleil couchant. Grande est l'émotion lorsqu'on aperçoit de temps à autre, de blanches voiles sillonner l'océan.

De grandes forêts de pins, derrière le couvent, complètent l'encadrement. Il semble que la nature ait voulu déposer dans ce petit coin de Maurice, une partie de ce qu'elle a de plus beau. Ce spectacle saisit l'âme et la force à reconnaître et à adorer son Créateur dont les merveilles surpassent toute conception.

"Sion Hill" a été pendant plus de 25 ans le "home" bien-aimé des religieuses de Lorette, mais la force des choses les en a éloignées, il a fallu abandonner cette cime bien-chère, berceau des premières années de leur vie religieuse, pour se réfugier dans la vallée, à un mille de distance.

Allons! Je m'arrête craignant d'être trop longue.

Recevez, ma chère Mademoiselle, notre affectueux souvenir ainsi que celui de la Révérende Mère Supérieure.

Votre toute dévouée en N. S.,

MARIE d'EMMEREZ.

MY DEAR M. M. E.—

As you are now in that chosen spot whence issues the RAINBOW, which we all love so much, I must give you a brief description of our journey to Salies de Bearne, in the south of France.

We left home on the twenty-ninth, and reached Madrid on the thirtieth. As we drove through the streets, crowds had assembled at every corner and in every Square, each one provided with a smoked glass, and all intently observing the famous eclipse. Friends were awaiting us at our destination, from whom we received a hearty welcome, and who accompanied us to the tower to see the eclipse. As the sky was beautifully clear we had a very good view, and, although the eclipse was only partial in Madrid, yet a notable change came over the atmosphere, a gray dull shade fell on everything for a few minutes, and then, all brightness as before.

We left Madrid by the evening train, and reached San Sebastian on the morning of the 31st. The Superior of the Convent of the Reparadoras—an old Loretto pupil, Leona Manjon, daughter of the Marquis de Meritos—offered us hospitality. She was delighted to see us and insisted on our remaining over night. Next morning, we started for France, crossed the frontier at Hundaga, a very pretty spot. The scenery all along the coast from San Sebastian to Bayonne is lovely, and the sight of the sea was very acceptable and refreshing. We reached Salies, our destination, at 8.30 p. m., very weary, and put up at the Hôtel de France et d'Angleterre—a good hotel, that I can recommend. As it is just a little outside the town, the omnibus is always at the disposal of the visitors for church, or for baths—the baths are saline, containing bromide iodo and salt, and are very beneficial for scrofula, white swelling, and all kinds of skin diseases. There were numbers of visitors. Every one of the twenty hotels was crowded.

I am happy to say that the faith is far from being extinct in France. We made several visits to the church every day, and always found worshippers, the number of communicants every morning was quite edifying, and, on Sundays, the church was crowded to the door at every Mass. We saw many nuns, and met several who had been secularized—the latter still teach in the schools they formerly had. There is a wretchedly poor little convent in the town—"Filles de la Croix." We paid the religious a visit, and they told us that there were three thousand of their nuns in France before the expulsion, that one thousand has become secularized, and the others have emigrated. This community of five nuns at Salies is allowed to exist, because they have a small hospital for old men and women. Salies is a most picturesque town; the gables of the houses, the sloping roofs, and narrow streets give it an air of great antiquity. The more modern part of the town has good wide streets and shops.

As Lourdes is only three hours' journey, we went there for the eighth of September. It is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. We arrived in the morning in torrents of rain, so that we were obliged to take a carriage to drive to the Grotto, which is, I think, more than a mile from the station. In about twenty minutes, the hallowed spot was within sight, crowds under umbrellas, but none the less fervent and respectful. We could not remain long in the rain and mud, so we went into the beautiful Basilica, looked around for a priest who could hear our confessions in English or in Spanish, and were directed to the church in the Crypt, which was crowded; however, we managed to get in. We found a priest whom we asked if he would hear us in English or in Spanish. He said, "I do not understand English, but if you know French we shall succeed very well, as I have just heard some Spanish ladies." He seemed so anxious for "our custom" that we resolved to try him, and right glad we were that we did so, for he proved to be a most spiritual man, sympathetic and kind, and I forgot that I was speaking a foreign language, and poured out all I had to say. He must have belonged to some religious order, for he has quite the stamp of a regular.

The rain had now ceased and the country looked beautiful. There were fifty thousand pil-

grims from various parts of France and Belgium, and one thousand detached visitors like ourselves, so you may imagine the multitude. At 8 p. m., all the pilgrims under their respective leaders—priests—with their banners, formed a magnificent procession. It was dark, so every one was provided with a taper. We were fortunate in obtaining a good point of view. The procession started from the Basilica, on the left, proceeded on its way for about a mile, then wound around and returned on the other side, headed by a band playing *Ave Maris Stella.* Every one, young and old, joined in the singing. The effect was most impressive, and our Lady must have been particularly well pleased.

When the procession again reached the Basilica, the people filed into the immense Square in front, continuing the singing and prayers, and then repaired to the Basilica, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed and the rosary recited. It was arranged that some of the people should remain in the church until after the High Mass at midnight, then all should receive Holy Communion, and at one o'clock be replaced by others, who would continue the adoration till morning.

We rose at 6 a. m., and went at once to the Grotto, where we had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion and hearing Mass. It was indeed a soul-inspiring moment. After breakfast we went to the Square in front of the Basilica and saw the sick ranged all around in beds, bath chairs or seats, according to their infirmity. After a while, the Bishop of Tarbes, accompanied by several priests, brought out the Blessed Sacrament and went around blessing each one. Miracles very often occur at this time. On that day, a little girl about thirteen years old, who had been paralyzed from babyhood, cried out to her mother, after the Blessed Sacrament had passed, "Mamma, I want to stand up!" Her mother whispered, "Hush, dear, the Blessed Sacrament is passing." But the child insisted, "Mother, I want to stand up!" Her mother, not knowing what had taken place, tried to keep her quiet; at last, the child really did get up, and found to her joy, and the joy of her poor mother, that she was cured.

We witnessed another miracle some hours later. Standing on one of the parapets that lead up to the church, we saw crowds below, running and shouting, "A Miracle! A Miracle!" Just beneath us was a lady being drawn in a bath chair by a priest. Her face was beaming with joy and she was waving her hands and exclaiming: "I am cured!" She was taken to the doctor's office to be examined, but had to be lifted out of the chair. While speaking to the doctor, she found the cure was complete. She stood upright, and finally walked to her lodgings. The bath chair returned vacant. This lady had been so long paralyzed that a membrane had grown behind the knees, uniting the upper part of the limb with the calf. This had quite disappeared.

Miracles are of daily occurrence, and no wonder, for anything like the fervor of the people, and the prayers that are ascending unceasingly, day and night, to our Lady, one could not conceive. No wonder that she looks down with favor upon her afflicted children. The charity of the ladies and gentlemen who assisted at the piscine was most edifying. We stood there for more than an hour, joining in the prayers that were offered up, and it was with reluctance that we found the train time approaching. However, we had to go, so we returned to Salies by the four o'clock train.

On our homeward journey we visited the Escorial—a beautiful church and monastery built by Philip II., and a worthy monument of a great event. We were fortunate enough to have secured a "Royal Order," so all doors were thrown open to us. Among other objects of interest, we saw in the reliquary a body purporting to be that of one of the Holy Innocents. Our attention was attracted to manuscripts written by St. Theresa, St. John Chrysostom, and others.

Indeed, I should go on forever were I to describe all we saw, and I fear my letter is already too long.

M. C.

RAINBOW LAND, December, 1905.

DEAR GIRLS:

A silvery-toned bell is ringing. Whence comes the sound, and what means it? The hour is early,—the call must come from a land of early hours. Listen attentively. The tones say distinctly and most persuasively, "You who so often answered my call in days gone by, but who now fight the battle of life, return to this earthly paradise, and revel again in an old-time ramble on this glorious winter day."

Niagara's orchestra has greeted the rising sun, and in return is enveloped with overwhelming splendor. A thousand rainbows are scattered over the Rapids, the snow-laden trees are a mass of jewels, the very air is gemmed with diamonds. We are in the midst of wealth untold,—nature's wealth that cannot be misused, that *all* may enjoy.

With gay hearts we wave a greeting to the well-remembered "North Pole" and the famous metropolis beyond, then descend the oft-trodden steps to the View. Shall we linger here? There is beauty enough to engage us for many an hour, but why remain on the heights when free to enter the valley? Let us take the well-known pathway towards what used to be Dufferin Islands. So-called improvements are making sad havoc of dearly-loved haunts, but we have no eyes except for things as they were, and the Islands are before us in all their old glory. You turn wistfully towards the hill on the right. The place is teeming with restful memories of care-free days spent gathering violets that generously wandered beyond assigned limits above. Here, too, sweet clover was the cause of many a battle between the bees and fair maidens who, not content with breathing its fragrance, wished to possess themselves of its choicest blossoms. The wooded hill to the south is redolent of memories of happy days, when, armed with note-books and microscopes, and apparently all-athirst for knowledge, you revelled in botanical treasures so lavishly bestowed by nature.

But it is neither spring nor summer, and violets and sweet clover are cuddled under the snow that covers them so caressingly. We draw our winter wraps tighter and descend close to the Rapids. Rainbows still dance in their spray, but the number is lessening, and we see the magnificent arch that, in a few hours will span the river, taking shape. Shall we seek its end to find the cup of gold that seemed so real to our childhood days? Happy days when ideal and real were synonyms to us. Perhaps they are so yet, to some extent, for the world pronounced *good* by its Creator is still so in His sight, and even in these days of boasted realism, ideals rule men. A friendly breeze envelopes us in spray, and we pause a moment to enjoy the novelty of being literally clothed with the glories of the rainbow. We stand at its very end and our cup of gold is the ecstasy of reunion with old friends whose unselfish affection in the past brightened our school-day joys and soothed our school-day sorrows. With one accord we exclaim, "It is good for us to be here!" and are we not tempted to add with the Prophet, "This is the place of my rest, here will I dwell, for I have chosen it."

Our outing would not be complete without a visit to the ice-bridge. A rush down the Incline Railway, and we are face to face with immense blocks of ice that seemed mere toys viewed from above. Our courage is equal to the task of climbing over obstacles that are merely material, and in a short time we are on the path leading to the land where Old Glory proudly waves. Shall we follow it to the end? Not to-day, even though some of us have visions of an Ice-Palace whose interior is still a mystery. We are now in mid-river, and stand spellbound. If Niagara is mighty seen from the top of the cliff, it is inexpressibly imposing seen from below. Not a suspicion of land is visible, the heavens seem open, we hear, as it were, the voices of many waters chanting a triumphant "Gloria in excelsis Deo." The Divine spark within us responds to the heavenly strain; —we instinctively worship the power so manifest in this masterpiece of creation, and realize anew our dignity as creatures made to praise, reverence and serve so great a Lord.

But this foretaste of heaven must end, and our homeward journey begin. Let us now take a peep at our summer friends, the grand old trees. Magnificent oaks, whose branches often gave us kindly shelter, are easily recognized; a little farther away are our favorite birches, always telling us stories of days when the Red-Man held sway; on all sides are broad-spreading maples so typical in their steady growth of the nation that has chosen its leaf as an emblem; here also are hundreds of evergreens that year after year defy winter to rob them of their summer glory, and whose branches, though heavily weighted with snow, wave us an assurance that they at least have remained unchanged. Then comes the calming thought of *other* unchanged friends in our Alma Mater on the hill-top above; fatigue is forgotten in the joyful expectancy of the greeting awaiting us there, and the ascent is soon made. The arc of peace, now high in the heavens, spans the river from shore to shore. Looking on the majestic scene before us, and recalling the many days spent in its midst, we utter with deeper mean-

ing than ever, "Our feet were standing in thy courts, O Jerusalem." May the silver bell call us to another reunion when Spring clothes these "courts" with beauty. MARY T.

ELDORA, Iowa, Sept. 23, 1905.

MY DEAR FRANCES:

I am now in my beloved "Yarrow," and, to carry out the figure with Wordsworth—

"When I first gazed upon her;
Beheld what I had feared to see,
Unwilling to surrender
Dreams treasured up from early days,
The holy and the tender."

I believe the very fact of leaving school opened a new life of retrospect for me; and, with this farewell to the dear delights of my Alma Mater, there stole over me a waking sense of old-time affections, more sad and sweet than the sentiments embodied in that beautiful "Heimweh" of Jungmann's, which I have played for you. Old and loving faces seemed wafted in the atmosphere of my reflections, filling old scenes, and presenting them to my shadowy memory in a light newly tender and sanctified. Such haunts of the heart James Whitcomb Riley has beautifully termed "After-whiles," and, withal, is he not a true poet when he says—

"Ah, the endless After-whiles—
Leagues on leagues, and miles on miles
In the distance far withdrawn,
Stretching on, and on, and on.

O, far glimmering worlds and wings,
Mystic smiles and beckonings,
Lead us through the shadowy aisles,
Out into the After-whiles."

And now,—the realization of it all! Oh, did you never stroll in a soft summer evening's moonlight, side by side with the friend of your heart, to drink in her sweet, unaccustomed converse, and treasure up looks and words for all the estranged and unseen years of the Future?

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder" *truly* did we sing on that last school morning, and what import in a few brief years of absence! Therefore, the first time in your unthinking rotundity of life, earth appears not such a matter-of-course existence, but as a stage, whereon actual issues are staked and played.

And it is when thinking in this strain, that my dear companions have much to tell me. The sacrifices of love, its joys, the hopes deferred or blessings tendered, the visitations of sorrow—all stir my old love to ready acquiescence in the joy or pain that is theirs. Like King Arthur for his loyal knights—"The blow that strikes them dead is as my death to me." I ruminate, and remark in nearly every home, the changed phases of life and death. There are the "wee toddlin' things," Francis, I had never seen, and then—the dear ones gone before: old Father Time turns not backward for late-returning itinerants.

But thy lovely clime, "O Yarrow!" is ever as of old, and bears not the changed face of other things. It was with gladness that, not long ago, I accepted a long early-morning drive into the country,—and such a review of beauties! My hostess and I were journeying out to her little country schoolhouse, and the scene ahead was always one beautiful, even vista of long, level country roads high with white dust, and glistening willow clumps sweeping over the low side fences. It must be that I have mentioned my love of the goldenrod to you. Well, the roadsides were fairly nodding with its sunshiny, swaying plumes until, for very pleasure at its lovely sense, I was vexed at my incoherent and struggling thoughts and wished only the radiant outbursts of a Keats. We passed through field-lands of lush low-lying grain; we ascended undulating hills of yellow-tasseled corn, to look over pastures of big-shouldered kine as they lumbered from shade to shade, placidly chewing and lowing. That perfect unity and proportion of lines which Burke would hold requisite for beauty, is certainly a natural characteristic of the graceful hill and lowland features about Eldora: a smooth, green panorama seems laid before the traveller's delighted eye—a soft view of spreading farms and grazing stock, with here, a turning windmill and there, one lazy river low-winding through a silvery poplar grove. It all seems so placid and blest, until, were I a patriotic schoolgirl once more, I could lustily sing:

"The land of wide prairies and trees,
Sweet clover and humming of bees,
While kine breath adds perfume to these
In Iowa, beautiful land!"

How I wish you could witness the fully-attained noon of one day here. The sun is Coleridge's—"All in a hot and copper sky," the sunshine,—a yellow, omnipresent and arid glare; leaves are limp on the trees, fruit torpid and fat to bursting ripeness, while the mammoth-dialed sunflowers hang over their stark stalks. Surely, Flora must sit here, with the quintessence of dainty, evanescent sweet peas, gaudy nasturtiums poised for flight, broad-mouthed hollyhocks, and sweet-faced pansy heads, with honey-bees, and humming-birds, and butterflies among. And such moonlight as is here! Not the cold, clear moonlight of the "Soo," but a soft and all-flowing presence that envelops you in a haze and lifts your drugged senses far with the musk of night.

In fact, I now remember having said very little to you about what night here means. There is no faint and poetic aroma of pines nor noise of falling waters, but a dead hush seems laid on the life of all growing things. The excessive heat of day seems literally stopped mid-air by the dense perfume of lifeless and wilted plant existence. Fireflies swim from out the still trees into the illumined ether, sulky little lightnings skim the horizon, and your hot ears ring with the ceaseless drumming of insect life. You drop to sleep and wake,—to a terrific, magnificent electric storm! Foreign elements from over the plain have forced a vacuum into the torrid night air, and thunder seems gathering and splitting in the caverns of your head. It splashes fearful, hellish lights around your bed-room walls, it shrieks and fights—then breaks a pouring rain, and, all nerveless, you fall to sleep again.

I am afraid that, with all the preceding rhapsody, you will think my love of Eldora consists only in the admiration of its natural beauties. But far be it from such fallacy, when, instead, it is the reunion of kindred hearts and affections that has made my home-coming so dear. There are the same sweet old ladies who caress your hair and say wherein you resemble your mother. Again, those thrifty housewives, whose store of various pickles and preserves makes the evening tea a rather dyspeptic undertaking. Wherever I go I must kiss the children all around, say whom the baby resembles, and, in fact, live all over again as one of them—I just finished an order for a gorgeously-appalling doll-hat! On the opening morning of school I chanced to be in that neighborhood shortly after the noon dismissal, and, meeting with all the little maids in their new shoes and clean little frocks, made me feel so badly for a moment. They stopped me to tell of their promotions, and to think that for us it is all ended! But we have ancestry here, Francis, even in this little sphere. The venerable old house near the outskirts of the town stands a relic to the gay days when Southern gentility graced its board and welcomed the whole country-side under its hospitable roof. The old place, its nooks and the stories clinging around all, have ever supplied romantic fantasies of imagination for me. What a treat it ever was to be admitted by the remaining heirs of the household, on some day, fair for housecleaning and rummaging: to explore the library and stroke old busts, to endeavor to open the grand piano or admire the walnut and tapestry. It is tenanted now and changed somewhat; but not long ago I visited there and was called, by the warbling strains of "The Mocking Bird" and the takingness of "At a Georgia Camp-meeting,"—back to the winter nights of some years ago, when all the young people danced and cake-walked through the long old-fashioned dining-room.

But all this procedure is in vain compared with the real happiness that Eldora holds for me. It is our own little cot, with its white, trellised porch and familiar rose-plot. How wonderful it is to find dainty, stripling maples grown gnarled and bending, and what childhood reminiscences float backward on those recurring waves of memory, when an old and laboriously-filled copy-book is brought to you from the attic. I took up my fancy work the other day and going out on the porch, sat down to dream and dream, for there—

"Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some far,
By cordial love invited."

I adorn every occasion with mind-pictures of two little girls playing at "house," or dolls; I usurp the present furnishings for arrangements as they used to be, and, in fact, "live encircled by phantoms." The present tenants of the house pointed out May's name to me as it is written on a back door; and in cleaning, they have ever spared it for old time's sake.

As you would imagine, all here is very dear to my heart, very sweet and refreshing to memory's images, and once more almost home-like—

"But, O! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Dear friend, I had started this during the last spell of summer heat and since then, our beautiful "Indian" summer has come, bringing soft rains and winds to start the nuts dropping. The sunshine is mellow now, and heightened by the bloody shades of the sumac; the air spicy and "rainy-sweet" with just an intimation of autumn about it. Everything here attains to such ripeness that, before yielding to decay, it gives promise of a few remaining warm days. The wild aster, the gadding grape and woodbine, the brown-eyed Marguerites, all join in the last revel of the season. A profusion of pumpkin nuggets is lavished among the stacked corn and over all smile genial fall sunsets—the harbingers of fair to-morrows!

Yes, 'tis the autumn, soon will come mid-winter and then,—Heigh-ho! for the New Year. What will it bring, I wonder! "Fresh woods and pasture, new?" By then I will have returned to the "Soo," and, as I am—"crowding years in one brief moon" of the dying year, crowding so volubly its treasured moments and memories into this ejaculative letter. You, above all others, will know me as still clinging to sentiments of the past that yet remain,

"To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
Dear to the common sunshine,
And dearer still as now I feel,
To memory's shadowy moonshine."

Affectionately,

KATE SHIRLEY.

LORETTO ACADEMY,
SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.,

Dec. 8, 1905.

DEAREST CAMILLA:

What a genuine treat you missed in not being present at our Thanksgiving Literary! An attempt to describe it—that is to do it justice—would be utterly beyond my poor, exhausted descriptive powers. No adjectives are sufficiently forcible or explanatory for satisfactory delineation.

A most interesting and highly intellectual programme was rendered to an audience of unusual size—in number of course, not dimensions—and among our guests were some distinguished visitors, whose capabilities of enjoying to the utmost the topics suggesting culture in its very essence and refinement were quite evident. Among the clergy were Rev. E. Boyd, Savannah, Georgia; Rev. J. T. O'Loane, S. J.; Rev. T. Lussier, S. J., from the Canadian "Soo," and our Pastor, Rev. A. Gagnieur, S. J., and Rev. E. Tourangeau, O. M. I.

The opening number on the programme was a recitation entitled, "The American Flag," followed by a full chorus, "The American Ensign." These were both full of patriotism, national feeling and fervor, and heartily given by all, except the few lone Canadian emigrants, whose voices alone reiterated the words, but whose hearts and thoughts were with another flag, to them a thousand times more beautiful, suggesting sentiments that no "so-called" liberty emblem could present —the dear Old Union Jack!

Following these outbursts of patriotism, a most delightful essay on "Symbolic Poems," the topic for the evening, was delivered. Through it, mingled with the sweet stories, were original thoughts, so lovely, that each was a poem in itself. The beauty of this essay was sweetly prominent; it had also a firm and exact touch, a clear and well-defined meaning, and carried throughout the attention and interest of the audience.

A piano solo, Wilson G. Smith's "Valsette," was a pleasing contribution to the entertainment and was charmingly performed.

This was followed by a very able essay, "Paracelsus," symbolizing "The New Learning," and full of beautiful thoughts and expressions, and lifted us from out our poor selves to the clouds. as it were. Its force and depth showed how competent its writer was to expatiate upon the beauties of literature, and thus afford others a few very enjoyable and interesting moments. This literary production was merely an introduction to Mr. Browning's beautiful drama, "Paracelsus," which completely surprised all, on account of the extraordinary feeling with which it was delivered. The parts exactly suited the speakers, and, indeed, this exquisite rendition met with great

success, especially as such little people—though undergraduates—personated the great Aureole and Festus. It will suffice to say that many were moved to tears by the "Children's" eloquence and pathos.

Between the scenes a very pretty vocal solo, "The Four Leaf Clover" enchanted the audience. The singer, though young, had a very powerful and sweet voice, and her contribution to our programme was gratefully received.

Another feature of our séance was my own essay, "The Raven," symbolizing Memory,—written in my *usual graceful* and *bewitching* style(?)—which was a prelude to the recitation and pantomime of Edgar Allan Poe's great poem. The recitation was admirable, the force and strength of each line being brought out very powerfully, and the reciter's whole soul being apparently poured forth in her ineffectual entreaties to the haunting bird of ill-omen. The pantomime was a dream of youthful beauty, each action suggesting the words of the recitation, and performed with such grace and ease that it was indeed a pleasure to behold those maidenly forms assume, with apparently no effort, the different poses which presented such a charming and artistic effect.

A most fascinating and melodious piano solo, Stephen Heller's "Tarantella" in A flat major, aroused us from the weird depths into which we were cast by the Raven. The player's talent as a musician was undoubted and the firm, yet delicate, touch gave evidence of her great musical capabilities.

An interesting essay and a brilliant feature of the programme was the prologue to Tennyson's "Holy Grail." The writer took the poem as symbolic of the higher life, and although the subject was a difficult one, it was treated with great skill; the reader's literary ability was clearly seen, and her special gift fully appreciated.

But the dramatic representation of the Holy Grail, which portrayed King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, is far beyond my power to describe. Rumors are afloat that it was "grand," "sublime," "the height of culture," but of course, being a performer in the drama, I cannot praise it *too* highly; nevertheless, read between the lines, and supply the best and most expressive adjectives you can summon and you will begin to realize its true worth, for it was rendered with great feeling, and certainly delighted all who were present.

After the rendition of this work of art—this example of the sublime and beautiful—this masterpiece and monument to English literature, we once again took our places for the closing chorus, "A Dream of Paradise." The solo part was exceedingly sweet, and as the beautiful strains died upon the air, we were transported from those heavenly realms, into which we had wandered, back to reality—to have a shower of compliments poured upon us.

Father Gagnieur addressed us in his usual delightful vein, taking for his opening words, a few beautiful and expressive lines from "The Pirates of Penzance," by Gilbert and Sullivan:

> "Hail poetry, thou heaven-born maid,
> All Hail! All Hail! All Hail!"

Father spoke of the pleasure we had afforded him and assured us that he was certain that he merely reëchoed the sentiments of the audience.

Another good proclamation made was that, "poetry comes next to religion," which was an inducement to us who have been "digging deep," to continue our ever-absorbing pursuit. Again we were pleased when we heard the praises of Loretto sounded by such a competent judge and critic, and were proud to be pupils of an institution, that affords such excellent training and education to young ladies. He moreover added that no school in the State was better equipped to educate young ladies, than our own Convent, our beloved Alma Mater.

Of course, our Concert Hall was beautifully decorated with flags, which were artistically draped over chandeliers and doors, and the beautiful rose-light which was cast upon the performers produced a very pleasing effect; we must acknowledge that everything was in keeping, even to the dainty little printed programme, in which we so extravagantly indulged and which has been pronounced *"very, very neat."*

With such compliments and applause as we have received, would it be any wonder if our young heads were turned beyond restoration? But NO, you must remember that the "Sooites" are endowed with the gift of *common sense* and are recognized as sensible, serious and reasonable creatures, who know *perfectly* how to receive their due praise, and for whom flattery has no

charm, and upon whom compliments produce no effect(?) For a confirmation of the above statement I refer you to those who were once in our midst, but who have since been transferred to more uncivilized regions to instill these requisites into the minds of poor benighted beings, who may be foolish enough to be affected by the congratulations and praise of the multitude.

Yours affectionately,

KATE WILLIAMS.

School Chronicle.

An event unrecorded in our last issue because of its occurrence in the late October days, was the visit of beloved Rev. Mother Ignatia, whose presence gladdened our household for an all-too-short space of time. During her brief sojourn, the charm of her personality seemed to pervade the atmosphere, and her winning smile had an enlivening effect on all who had the good fortune to come within its far-reaching radius of kindly interest.

Rev. Mother is loved by all, from the Graduates of long ago to the tiniest tot within the portals of Loretto. A feast was given in honor of her birthday, at which we had the unexpected, but not less delightful, privilege of entertaining one whose name is closely linked with some of the pleasantest events of our school life—Rev. J. Lynch, C. M., Niagara University. In the course of the supper, Father Lynch, true to his reputation for eloquence, and in happiest vein, made a thoroughly enjoyable speech, which was warmly applauded.

October Thirty-first—Hallowe'en! How potent the spell that Mirth with "quips, and cracks and wanton wiles" and faithful Jack-'o-lantern to do his bidding, casts over the earth on this time-honored, mystical evening!

As the first few snowflakes heralded the approach of Hallowe'en, a wonderful transformation was effected. Every face showed that the weight of a mighty secret was upon the mind, the great majority was occupied with matters that overshadowed politics and international difficulties. The pleasing fiction was maintained that no one had the slightest suspicion of what any one else was doing. The highest art of strategy was practised in carrying on surreptitious shopping expeditions to the *Metropolis* and even across the steel arch which connects us with the land of the free—every one seemed fairly bristling with pent-up secrets. In truth, the rainbow appeared to have been transported from its aerial home into our midst, such was the reflection of its beauteous hues. And then, one fair morn, we awoke to revel in the blissful consciousness that the long-expected day of genuine surprises and the annual Masked Ball had arrived!

With becoming dignity one of the seniors ascended a step-ladder, and, in a few short hours, the assembly hall with its appropriate decorations and row of golden pumpkin footlights, was a vision of weird beauty—a rare combination of the grotesque and the picturesque.

As the old clock on the landing struck seven, the strains of the Grand March were wafted down the corridors and the gay procession began to move. Some of the company one might expect to meet at Bangs' house-parties in his "House-boat on the Styx." Nearer and nearer came the merry masqueraders, to the minor accompaniment of tooting of horn and tinkle of tambourines. The large doors were thrown open and, in a moment, the room was a maze of graceful dancers. A certain little Dutch girl stood in the curtained embrasure of a window, marking the time of the dance music by the rhythmical tap of her wooden shoe, a Grecian maid reclined on a couch, vainly endeavoring to recover from the shock of being accosted by an Indian brave, while Sunset, Night and Dawn glared at each other from opposite directions. Japanese ladies, seated on straw mats, were the wonder of Priscilla and Babbie—we noticed that the Circassian girls kept haughtily aloof—what beauties they were! The "Flower Bed" on a dais—chrysanthemums, roses, carnations—guarded by Topsy and a Ghost, elicited universal admiration.

Thus the hours of music and song and merriment untold went by, the evening was well-nigh done, the revellers had played their parts to perfection and were now ready to partake of the sumptuous repast prepared for them in the dining-hall, and then, to the land of dreams, where only Jack-o'-lanterns dwell, and it is always Hallowe'en.

Ere the brightness of October's smile had vanished, Philomena Lion and Irene McGrane delightfully surprised us, one afternoon, in the full

exuberance of their old-time joyousness, and received brightest, cheeriest welcome from Alma Mater. Their presence was an added sweetness to the enjoyment of the recreation hours. We feasted on the charms of dear Minnie's music, and the happy days of reunion sped all to swiftly.

Here, let me tender a vote of thanks, on the part of St. Catharine's Literary Club, to our dear St. Mary's friend, for the generous box of festal confections—a rare testimony to her proficiency in the art—which she so thoughtfully provided for the banquet. Exclamations of delight on all sides evinced the genuine appreciation of the good things.

One of the most gratifying features, perhaps, of the celebration of St. Catharine's day, was the receipt of many letters, gifts and telegrams from absent members; for with the dawning of the day came greetings from all who counted it the dearest and sweetest privilege of their school life to be among her daughters.

From the balmy skies and orange groves of California to the shores of the Atlantic came pleasing proofs of loyalty.

May the members of the next ten years be as faithful as those of the last, and may they ever be proud of their title of members of St. Catharine's Literary Club!

November Nineteenth—Rev. E. Walsh, C. M., is enthusiastically welcomed by his Loretto friends, and made acquainted with four members of the Institute, recently arrived from Ireland.

Father Walsh beguiled the hour with graphic description of the Alumni Banquet at the University, and related many amusing anecdotes anent the trials of the theatrical folk within the college walls, in the matter of a leading lady. Presently, to our disappointment, our Reverend guest was taking his farewell, but not without the reassuring promise of a speedy return.

November Twenty-fifth—A decade of years has passed since the organization of St. Catharine's Literary Club—one of the brightest features and most improving factors in the last years of a Loretto girl's school life. Not only was it our privilege to be present on this joyous anniversary, but to be inscribed on the longest list of members the Club has yet registered. So, this year, the Club Banquet must surpass all others—and so it did. The members appeared as their favorite heroines, and the effect was perfectly charming. It was a delight to the eye to gaze down the exquisitely-laid table at the variety of costumes, and, above all, at the bright, happy faces of the owners. At the head, the President, clad in the garb of her country's heroine, at her right, our Mexican Toast Mistress, at her left, the face that all artists delight to picture. Costumed in a robe adorned with maple leaves, the Maid of Ontario had entered into a lively discussion with shamrock-crowned Bittra, and there was Lady Betty—I wonder will that title be prophetic, and will our Edith ever take the step to Sister Clare? From behind a mound of flowers, winsome Yuki seemed to tantalizingly bewitch all who came within the influence of her smile; in short, a brilliant array of maidens appeared to have stepped from their world of noble deeds to grace our festive board.

The dining-room was beautifully festooned with Nile green and mauve—the Club colors—and the table banked with carnations—the Club flower. At each plate was a dinner-card, daintily tied with the colors, and bearing Shakespearian quotations, which, in some cases, aptly fitted the recipient. A constant flow of wit and clever repartee enlivened the conversation until the end of the Banquet, when the Toast Mistress, Beatrice Beck, rose and proposed the toast, "A Decade in Journalism," to which Gladys West gracefully responded. Elizabeth McGreevy, in happiest mood, responded to "The Distinguished Loyalty of Absent Members"—notably Miss Lion, the Misses Merle, Miss McCann, the Misses Henry, Miss Hefferan, Miss Fitz-gerald, Miss Prudence Van Depoele, Miss Formosa, Mrs. Callahan, Mrs. O'Sullivan, the Misses Kean, Miss Mudd, Miss Golden, Miss Day, Miss Durgin, Miss Simpson, Miss Foster, Miss Locke, Miss Martin, Miss Forrestel, Miss Gorman, Miss Ellis, Miss Flaherty, Miss Dennis, Mrs. Faltis, Miss Powers, etc. Veronica Altenburg responded in glowing terms to the toast, "Success and Happiness of the Present Members," and Rose McCormick to the "Woman Perfected" of the motto so constantly before our eyes.

For some of us it was the last Banquet at which we would be present as schoolgirls, but, may the years to come find us frequently assembled within Loretto's halls, may the company have many additions, and may there be no vacant places!

November Thirtieth—Amid the festivities of Thanksgiving, we joyed to welcome Gertrude Hefferan, who so thoughtfully enhanced the pleasures of the day for her sister, Jennie. Though it has been dear Gertrude's lot to shine in the busy scenes of life, she has ofttimes hearkened to the sweet strains of memory's voice calling her back to much-loved haunts, to bind the chain of past and present with the golden seal of earnest interest. A favored few enjoyed her brilliant song recital in the library. The selections were, for the most part, by latter-day composers, and we felt proud to claim Arthur Foote as a countryman, after listening to that pathetic vocal gem of his, "I'm Wearing Awa' to the Land o' the Leal."

Our talented school friend is often called upon to utilize her splendid gift in the service of the Master, and, on the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, sang in the chapel, Rev. L. Bonvin's exquisite setting of Father Faber's well-known hymn, "O Paradise."

A paragraph from Edith's note-book, descriptive of preparation for Thanksgiving, may be of interest to the "old girls." "Was there ever such hurry and bustle, such laughing and chattering, while every one seemed trying to talk at once. Poor old Silenus has at last been dethroned and Mirth has usurped his power! And what is the cause of this great change? Gaily and quickly comes the answer, 'To-morrow will be Thanksgiving Day, and the girls are preparing to go home!'

Hence the merry ring of girlish voices resounding through the usually quiet corridors, and the wonderful transformation in certain pretty maids of my acquaintance, who sometimes pay more attention to their—curls!—than to the language of la belle France. One little lady has always declared that Providence never intended her for a French scholar, and consequently never knows her French lesson; but this morning, Sister told her that she would not be allowed to take the two o'clock train unless that lesson was known. And, wonder of wonders!—we gasp as we listen to the manner in which she has succeeded in antagonizing the decrees of divine Providence, for, with one eye on the clock and the other on Sister, she repeats the lesson from beginning to end, never even stopping to take breath.

A bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked tot of six summers, whose laughter is a constant invitation to thanksgiving, on being asked to spell lamb, promptly replied *t-u-r-k-e-y*. We can plainly see where her thoughts were."

Ah! this happy day!—these happy hearts!—may no shadow dim the brightness of their Thanksgiving.

December Ninth—The approaching sound of Christmas bells brings dear Father Rosa once more to the banks of Niagara, and to Loretto, where he is ever one of our most welcome guests.

Father Rosa arrived at an opportune moment, for several of our New York damsels, worrying over the details of trains, sleepers, and dining-car, were delighted to consult an authority on these all-important matters—and such our Reverend friend is, for he seems to be furnished with all necessary particulars, from time tables to the lists of points of scenic interest on all the different roads.

But Father Rosa does not appear to have very much confidence in our 6.30 flyer(?)—experience has been a hard teacher.

The evening sped quickly away, as pleasant hours always have the disagreeable habit of doing. Father told us tale after tale—but really it would require a Chauncey Depew to keep equal with him, and we have given up long ere this.

All too soon the fleeting hours shortened his visit, and, with a "Merry Christmas," our Reverend guest bade us farewell until the New Year.

December First—A request on the part of the President and Vice-President of St. Catharine's Literary Club that the members should read, at the next meeting, papers descriptive of the most humorous or pathetic incidents in their short lives, brought forth an amazing revelation of the amount of tragedy and comedy that enters into existence in this mundane sphere.

"It never rains but it pours," began Eleanor—we felt that something worth hearing would follow, especially, as *Camp Calamity* and its historic neighborhood were the scene of the deluge. With unabated interest we hung upon every word, and, when the final catastrophe came, shocking to relate, our pent-up feelings found vent in uncontrolled laughter.

Then another damp subject—but which did not act as a damper on the ardor of our desires—"Rescued from a Watery Grave"—and this is my

only injunction to a certain New York senior—Beware of the outgoing tide!

We little thought that Kathleen was so possessed of the green-eyed monster that she could not witness the "kiss of peace" without crying out in envy of the recipient, on the occasion of her first—and last, for some time—appearance in church.

Margaret's financial difficulties with an Irish "Gooseberry Woman," on landing in Queenstown, were graphically portrayed—but not made public until to-day, outside of New York and Ireland. That "Lesson in Coppers" was salutary—she has ceased to scatter them broadcast.

Tales of "White Wings," "Picnics," "Ghosts I Have Met," "All in a Garden Fair," "Tickets, Please," etc., followed in rapid succession, to the delight of the hearers and encouragement of the writers, and our only regret was that we could not share with our readers the genuine enjoyment of that reminiscent hour.

December Eighth—Rev. J. Lynch, C. M., and Rev. E. Farrell, C. M., Niagara University, anticipate their Yule-tide visit and spend a very pleasant hour with us, as Christmas will find them far away from the roar of the Cataract. May the New Year bring many such visits from our kind friends, whose thoughtfulness has given us so many red-letter days!

December Seventeenth—Who that was privileged to hear the golden-tongued orator of the third Sunday in Advent—Rev. J. Kelly, New York—can ever forget the luminous Gospel Message he brought us, or the value of an immortal soul—the ransomed jewel of the torture and death of Christ—upon which he so eloquently discoursed. Evidently there was an intellectual world, a world of culture and grace, of lofty thought and the inspiring communion of a knowledge of heavenly things, open to the vision of this impressive speaker.

December Twentieth—A few more days and then Christmas—what a world of happiness is contained in the sound! Soon the merry Christmas bells will ring out their glad pæans, their joyous music will fall upon the delighted ears of young and old, bringing as it did nearly two thousand years ago, heavenly joy and "peace to men of good will," and causing every Christian heart to throb and every heart-string to vibrate in harmonious accord with the soft sweet strains of that angelic hymn, "Gloria in excelsis Deo," as chanted by the celestial choirs on that happy night when Christ, the Saviour, was born.

Let the carols then be sung, the holly twined, the tree be dressed, while hearts overflow with gladness on this day of days, on which down the ages comes the eternal song, "Gloria to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."

GLADYS WEST.

Personals.

Oh, let me look at my vanished charms!

"We all tumbled into bed to the music of four or five bells."

"Sister, you always look at me so *superstitiously* at study hour."

"And the raindrops fell and crumbled into dust."

"Whew! wouldn't you think she came out of a freezerator?"

"What is the meaning of repentant?"
"It's the way a girl feels when she gets caught at it."

"They don't bite here."

"You should see the fine *carnavatures* Agnes can draw."

"The trimmings on her pocketbook are pulverized silver."

"De scald child do dread de heat. You never hear dat?"

"Medceen! Medceen!"

"The shape of the earth is opaque, and the distance from the surface to the centre is 180 feet.'

"Loubet has now abdicated his throne and is lionizing Spain, where there will be a reign of peace."

"We were telling Eugénie all about the wild Indians that came here and scalped the girls—'les hommes rouges, elles scalpaient mon orail-my ear-elles roastaient my head, elles hang it up sur

a pole.' And Eugénie said, 'You was betther to tell it me in Anglish. I onderstand."

"What is the meaning of Providential work?" "Work done in Providence, Rhode Island."

"Capite demisso terram entueri—His head being dismissed he gazed on the country."

"Give an example of a mortal sin." "To be stoopid, Sister."

"So Rover has been shedding bitter tears—poor dog!"

"Don't make 18, Sister said a dozen and a half."

"Ulysse fit voile—Ulysses was stolen."

"Get me a quarter of a yard of silk, but if it is narrow, get a fifth of a yard."

"Der Hund anbellte—the dog bellowed."

"How did your papa succeed in his *dear*-hunting?"

"Why didn't you expatiate on the beauty of the scene?"

"I was speechless with admiration."
"Then why didn't you say so?"

"Where is the subject in the sentence, "Shut the door?"
"There aint no subject, it's all predicate."

"Bach should never have put his fingers on the piano," quoth Queen Bess.
"I wish Bach was in heaven," rejoined Georgia.
"Sister, how did Bach get his name? Is it because his music is so *balky?*" interrupted Rose.
"Mother, did you know that Bach was the father of modern music and of twenty children?"

"Isabel, don't forget that *kaliderscope.*"

"Gladys, are you *elocuting?*" "No, I'm *Germanating.*"

"During the examination I was trembling like an ass upon a leaf." (Aspen leaf.)

J. N. Adam & Company,

GREATER BUFFALO'S
GREATEST STORE.

Mail Orders Promptly and Perfectly Filled.

WHEN IN BUFFALO

A QUIET PLACE FOR A DAINTY LUNCH OR ICE CREAM

McGERALD'S

FANCY BAKERY & ICE CREAMS

627 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.



NEW YORK

Underwriters' Agency.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

Policies Secured By

ASSETS, $14,542,951.78.

JOSEPH MURPHY,
Ontario Agent,
28 TORONTO STREET,
TORONTO, ONT.

WM. A. LEE & SON,
Toronto Agents,
14 VICTORIA STREET,
TORONTO, ONT.

D. LYNCH & SONS,

SHOES

NIAGARA FALLS AND * *
SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y.



Raphael Merry del Val

Our Holy Father Pope Pius X Sends His Apostolic Benediction

✠

Reverenda Suora:

Ho il piacere di significarle che, valendomi delle notizie contenute nel periodico: "Niagara Rainbow," ho informato il Santo Padre del bene che opera cotesto Istituto nel promuovere la buona educazione morale e nel diffondere la conoscenza della religione cattolica. Sua Santità, compiacendosi di tali consolanti notizie, in prova di benevolenza e come pegno delle più copiose grazie celesti, ha impartito di cuore la Benedizione Apostolica a Lei stessa, alle sue alunne, consorelle ed alle opere dell' Istituto.

Ricambiandole infine cordialmente gli augurii e voti di ogni felicità per il nuovo anno, con sensi di particolare stima mi ripeto.

Di Lei Suor Reverenda,

Affmo nel Signore,

R. Card. Merry del Val

Roma, 24 Gennaio, 1906.

[*TRANSLATION*]

Reverend Sister:

I have the pleasure of informing you that, availing myself of the items contained in the periodical "*Niagara Rainbow*," I informed the Holy Father of the good which the Institute does in promoting a sound moral education and diffusing the knowledge of the Catholic Religion.

His Holiness, pleased by this consoling information, in proof of his benevolence and as a pledge of more abundant and heavenly graces, most lovingly imparts his Apostolic Blessing to you, to all your pupils, to your sisters in religion, and to the work of the Institute.

Cordially reciprocating your good wishes for all happiness in the new year, I remain,

Yours sincerely and devotedly in the Lord,

R. CARD. MERRY DEL VAL.

Rome, January 24, 1906.

NIAGARA RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XIII. *NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., APRIL, 1906.* *No. 2.*

Consider the Lilies.

Slowly fell the shades of even
Over far Judea's hills;
Mystic music, sweetly solemn,
Murmured from the woodland rills.

And the radiant sunbeams fading
From the West—all bathed in light—
Flashed to earth a loving farewell
Ere they welcomed in the Night.

Touched the clouds with golden splendor,
Painting them with crimson grace,
Sending from the Land of Sunset
Glorious gleams for nature's face.

O'er Judea's landscape falling
They beheld a scene so fair,
That they lingered with the lilies
Growing in profusion there.

And the queenly blossoms whispered:
"Christ the Saviour comes this way,
For the Twilight Angels told us,
As they closed the gates of Day."

See! He comes, and lo! the flowers
Bowed to earth their hearts of gold;
Bended 'neath the Saviour's footsteps,
All their love unto Him told.

List! He speaks to His disciples:
"See! the lilies, spotless, pure—
Do they labor, that their fragrance
May grow stronger and endure?

"Do they weave the spotless vesture
Round about their golden heart?
Nay—they leave it to the Father,
Sure that He will do His part.

"How much more you, O my brethren!
Sure He loveth you most true—
Greater love, ah! no man knoweth
Than the Father hath for you.

"Be not sad, then, or affrighted
When the joys of life take wings,
For your Heavenly Father knoweth
You have need of all these things.

"Seek ye first His holy kingdom
And His justice firm and true;
Then have faith—be sure that all else
Shall be added unto you."

ANNA MOCK.

Island Reveries.

"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected!"
—Watchword of Loretto.

THE Boston *Transcript* is made responsible for a startling sketch entitled "The College Girl," the substance of which may be found condensed in the following extracts:

"With the advent of the girl of wealth, desirous of having her intellectual pursuits untainted by odors of the kitchen, the domestic duties have been dropped one by one. New colleges have sprung up with a new order of magnificence in the equipment to meet the new demands, and my lady Minerva no longer employs her spare hours in cleaning lamps and washing windows, but in riding, driving, golfing, playing tennis, and running an automobile. She has set new standards in dress and deportment, which have been followed by the college at large. Her rooms are elegantly furnished. No longer the bare

little chamber with a worn carpet, a deal chair, and an iron bedstead, but a 'suite' crammed with pictures, statuary, rich rugs, couches and artistic draperies. . . . With the increased elaboration in household appointments has gone a corresponding increase in the expenditures for dress among the students. Six years ago a college girl was content to appear anywhere in a shirtwaist and skirt; a fresh blouse being considered sufficient adornment for the most elaborate social function. Now, however, the agents of fashionable tailors visit the colleges regularly in the fall and spring to take orders for afternoon and evening gowns, for golf and tennis suits, for riding habits and walking skirts. Makers of gloves, hats, shirtwaists, shoes and neckwear have established resident agencies in the dormitories, which do a thriving business. . . . The lavish expenditure of the wealthy girl at college inevitably has a disastrous effect upon some girls of lesser means, although the little tragedies of strained accounts are not known generally either to college authorities or to classmates. . . . The proud little freshman who comes bursting with life and ambition from the small town where she has been adored as a genius, is overwhelmed for the first time by the manifold elegancies of life. The swish of silk, the flash of silver, the whiff of delicate perfume wafted to her by a passing neighbor speak of things that she had hitherto vaguely associated with vapid, vain and silly people, who care little for the real things of life. The jolt to her perspective is severe. Before long she finds herself foregoing the price of a Latin grammar to buy a silk petticoat, or stealing precious time to fashion paper lamp-shades or sofa cushions for her room. By the end of the year her record is not so high as she hoped it would be, and she has spent considerable more money than she expected."

The teachers in those fashionable colleges, as the preachers in fashionable churches, must dance to the tune piped them,—for a golden consideration, of course! The pupils, as the worshippers, know what suits them. Where is the mother of this "college girl"—is she a nonentity or an encourager of the "manifold elegancies"?

I cannot understand how any Christian mother could consider such an education a preparation for the unforeseen duties and emergencies of life. The mind and heart of impressionable youth should not be attracted, distracted and narrowed by the fripperies of dress, or the entanglements of too-luxurious surroundings. Simplicity, neatness, and cleanliness of raiment, are always desirable; the traditional, inelaborate college costume of the centuries was wisely instituted. Fine pictures take hold of the mind, heart, imagination and memory of a child as do no other home furnishings; one good picture is worth a world of cushions, draperies and gewgaws.

European princesses pursuing their studies in their quiet convent costumes, having known only the simple life, would feel ill at ease amid these "manifold elegancies."

When Mercedes, the lovely little daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, was taken by her parents to her convent school, according to an American girl who attended there, she wore a purple-and-white striped cotton frock, a little sailor hat, and white cotton gloves.

Mercedes became the first wife of Alfonso XII., King of Spain, and father of the present king.

When the Princess Alexandra, now our beloved queen, was brought to England to become the bride of the Prince of Wales, and there received into the motherly arms of Queen Victoria, she wore a little, white silk bonnet made by her own hands. Of necessity she had been her own milliner; of choice she made this last little "crowning glory."

This did not detract from the dignity of Alexandra, the daughter of kings—a descendant of our own George II.—and the "princess beautiful" who, according to the *Illustrated London News*, had never until now returned to England since her departure with the exiled Stuarts.

Queen Victoria, until she put away her school books, wore plain cotton and woollen frocks, and stout shoes,—the latter because she spent much of the day out of doors.

Princess Louise of France, one of the pious and beautiful daughters of Louis XV., contrasting the haughty magnificence of the classes with the abject poverty of the masses, and foreseeing revolutionary horrors, renounced the splendors of the court, doffed her royal velvets and donned the coarse brown habit of a Carmelite nun, offering herself as a sacrifice, and imploring Heaven to spare her father and France from destruction.

Louis frequently sought Louise's counsel; and always left her in tears, promising to put luxury from his life.

After having worn the brown habit for years, Princess Louise, in conversation with Madame de Genlis, was requested by the latter to name the greatest difficulty experienced in the change from the palace to the convent cell. The Princess replied that there had been only one difficulty and that had been easily overcome: she had been accustomed to descend the grand staircase at Versailles, leaning on the arm of a courtier; the precipitous spiral stairway used by the nuns, made her so dizzy that she was obliged to sit down and slip from step to step!

The daughter of a king can more easily rise superior to "manifold elegancies" than the daughter of the newly-rich: display of earthly goods is a necessity to the latter, only an incidental to the former.

When the women of a country give themselves over to luxury, then does the state become decadent; the soul and spirit of Christianity are gone. We know the history of the rise and fall of the empires of the world; and history repeats itself.

Cyrus, the great Persian king, who was named by Isaiah the Prophet, two hundred years before his birth, and who was raised up by Heaven to conquer Asia and destroy Babylon, although he did not know the one true God, teaches to present-day Christians the wisdom of the simple life. He wore only the plain, unembroidered garments of the Persians; his food was bread and cresses; his drink, water.

Our modern Japanese conquerors have imitated Cyrus.

Xenophon the historian, who was a personal friend and admirer of Cyrus, in his Cyropaedia gives us a touching account of the last words of that great king,—addressed to his sons: " . . . No, no, my sons, I could never imagine that the soul lived only when in a mortal body, and died when separated from it. But if I mistake, and if nothing of me shall remain after death, at least fear the gods, who never die, who see all things and whose power is infinite. Let that fear prevent you from ever doing or deliberating to do anything contrary to religion and justice. . . . For my body, my sons, when life has forsaken it, enclose it neither in gold nor silver, nor any other matter whatsoever. Restore it immediately to the earth. Can it be more happy than in being blended, and in a manner incorporated, with the benefactress and common mother of mankind!"

Luxurious living had not deadened the spiritual yearnings of Cyrus, or his belief in the judgment after death. His notions of proper sepulture were more Christian than those of the modern promoters of expensive funerals!

I am sorry to say what I believe,—that luxury is not affected first by man, but by womankind. Luxury brought judgment upon Babylon. There was never a second Cyrus; so luxury finally caused the downfall of Persia.

Luxurious riot shortened the days of Alexander the Great; the pride of luxury culminating in Queen Cleopatra of Egypt, gave his world-empire to Rome.

When Rome was mistress of the world, the dignity of the Roman matron was proverbial. Thought reverts to Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, who, when solicited by her lady guest to display her jewels, replied, with a proud wave of the hand towards her sons, who had just come in from school—"These are my jewels!"

The Roman matron became luxurious, degenerate, and finally profligate; she was succeeded, providentially, by the Christian mother.

* * * * *

The general intention for February, recommended by the Holy Father for the prayers of the faithful, is "Christian Mothers." How beautiful are the following paragraphs from the "Messenger" leaflet:

"Christian mothers are mothers such as Christ's own mother was. She was the first Christian mother. She is the model of them all. God might have become man without a mother. He might have created a body as He created Adam's body. He did not. He wished to dignify motherhood. He took Mary for His mother. Her holiness, her purity, her readiness to do all and suffer all for her child are prime qualities of Christian motherhood.

"Christian mothers are mothers such as the Christian Church has had and wishes ever to have. Monica in prayer till Augustine was a saint, Blanche teaching her saintly Louis to prefer death to sin, these and countless others are the mothers that the Church has had."

Surely every Christian mother and child should know the story of Monica and Augustine, of Blanche and Louis!

What sublimity of faith is in the words of Monica, who, when the erring Augustine tells her that

because weary of her importunities he is going to leave Rome for Africa, replies, "My dear son, you may go where my voice cannot reach you; but you can never get beyond the reach of my prayers."

How startling to children is Blanche's declaration to Louis, afterwards Louis IX. of France: "Heaven knows, my dear child, how dearly I love you; yet I would rather see you dead at my feet than live to commit one mortal sin!"

The Christian mother and her child, like the Mother and Child of Nazareth, should be inseparable. Baptism is the light that prepares the way for religious truths imparted by the mother. The child succeeds to an enlightened Christianity, and is taught how to regulate thought, word and action.

The kind of thought to be entertained, the kind of thought to be dismissed, can be taught or suggested by the mother: the child's will is trained and guided at the same time. With the dawn of reason the Christian child has "thought" well in hand. This constitutes the difference between the Christian child and the little barbarian undeserving of the name. The latter is a type we meet daily. The mother who does not enjoy her child's fullest confidence is not a Christian mother: she will answer for neglected duty on the day of judgment.

School calls the child where the mother cannot follow; but she can arm her child with an effective shield and motto—"I have no secrets from my mother!"—which will unfailingly check the advances of undesirable schoolmates or companions.

How happy the mother whose child is entrusted to the care of Christian teachers!

How culpable the mother who does not inform herself as to what manner of person teaches, and what manner of instruction is given, her child?

The God-given right of the mother—the parent—to the control of the child's education, cannot blamelessly, cannot with impunity, be usurped by the state.

The danger to the child or to any individual out of the protection of the home, is not from the utterly depraved, who is easily recognized and avoided, but from the "good" man or woman who, not having been taught the rudiments and essentials of Christianity, without any hypocrisy on his or her part, is but a veneered heathen. Even our Lord's apostles, apart from inspiration, for a period of three years attended His divine school: then and not till then, were they prepared to carry on His work.

One of our bishops says, "Give me the children until they are twelve, and I care not who takes them afterwards!" What does he mean? Simply that children who are conscientiously instructed and educated by Christian parents and guardians will throughout life think, speak and act from the Christian standpoint. There may be lapses, long and serious; but the erring ones never know peace until they return to their first allegiance.

These children of an enlightened Christianity never become the complacent men and women we meet, who, never having become convinced of the requirements of the interior life, are easily persuaded by self-love that it is more gratifying to assume the rôle of saints in glory, than that of the repentant, repenting sinners they should be.

The true Christian mother will implant in the heart of her child the seeds of that charity which prompts her to bestow the ready smile, the caress, the real benefit, upon some other mother's child not so fortunate as her own darling.

Above all things is it necessary to impress children with the truth that we are sent into this world not to be served, but to serve!

* * * * *

How forgetful is ambitious humanity of the fact that the higher the position attained in life, the greater the responsibilities incurred. And "the monarch who wears a crown" will have the most exacting account to render. Cyrus, the great king of Persia, conformed his duties to the belief that a king should be the "father and protector of his people." Perhaps every Christian king on this earth to-day might, to his confusion, learn a useful lesson from that gentile king: Christianity should show grander results than the mere human wisdom and reasoning of Cyrus!

We expect too much from exalted personages, remembering always that they may command any earthly aid, physical or mental, and forgetting that with this superabundance are the luxuries that stupefy and enervate.

Among the few who rise to our expectations, and who would be a queen among women without her crown, is Elizabeth, the beautiful Queen of Roumania—"Carmen Sylva," the author of high-class prose and verse. That sorrow has

found her out is no detriment; it has taught her to sympathize with aching hearts. Many years ago she lost her only child, a lovely little daughter of four years. There is always a wail in her heart for that little one; and suffering, motherless children appeal particularly to her.

Elizabeth of Roumania, "Carmen Sylva," is too clever a woman to pose as an automaton before a gaping public: her intelligence has emancipated her.

During my Christmas visit to Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, I found very interesting a private card from this queen to the Ladies of Loretto, and the following lines written by her own hand:

"Kindest thanks for the beautiful photo, and the charming poem!

"How splendid to live beside Niagara and the grand impression for the young souls!

"ELIZABETH."

The Queen of Roumania had previously sent the Loretto nuns a beautiful photo of herself with the legend—"Work and love," over her signature "Elizabeth." A copy of that photo appeared in the RAINBOW with an article from her clever pen.

* * * * *

All the world is interested, but Britons and Spaniards are especially interested in the betrothal and approaching nuptials of King Alfonso of Spain and Princess Ena of Battenberg. The "royal courtship" is photographed outside the doors of "Mouriscot Villa," Biarritz, France, —where Princess Henry of Battenberg and her daughter have been sojourning. Princess Henry, the Princess Frederica of Hanover, and two or three others have apparently formed themselves in a circle apart, where they stand with downcast eyes and a tell-tale, smiling expression. Alfonso turns his admiring gaze upon Princess Ena as if he would say, "The glory of the day shall be yours!" The Princess faces the photographer with a most pronounced smile! Her mouth curves upwards at the corners as does her mother's always.

Princess Henry has the sweetest mouth and the saddest eyes I have ever seen on the same face.

Princess Ena's so-called change of religion is now troubling some good Britons, and the necessity for it, some good Spaniards. Thinking people will perceive and admit that it may be rather a change of church front than of religious conviction. Theory must now give place to practice. Confession may have been with the Princess, as with many members of the English Church, a regularly-observed duty; baptism and matrimony now take their scriptural significance. As for head of the church, the Princess will find no difficulty in transferring her allegiance from a layman to an ecclesiastic, from the King of England to the Holy Father. The fable of his being "head of the church" is, I fancy, never entertained seriously by Edward VII.

This engagement recalls the alleged engagement of Princess Henry, rather Princess Beatrice and Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial of France. Their mothers, Queen Victoria and Empress Eugénie, exchanged views, the young folks exchanged rings, and the Prince Imperial hastened to South Africa where he met his tragic death in the Zulu war, 1879. Henceforth the Princess was more dearly beloved than ever by the childless ex-Empress.

Six years after the death of the Prince Imperial, Princess Beatrice married Prince Henry of Battenberg, who also, strange to say, lost his life in Africa, and while on his way to the scene of the Abyssinian war, 1896.

Princess Beatrice named her daughter in honor of Empress Eugénie; the full name given was "Victoria Eugénie Julia"—"Victoria," quite properly, in honor of Queen Victoria, given first place; "Julia" for Prince Henry's mother, placed last. Prince Henry, as even this little incident shows, was a kind, sympathetic man.

"Ena" is a contraction of "Eugénie."

Ex-Empress Eugénie is a native of Spain, and one of the Montijo family. All considered, it would not be surprising if Princess Ena as Queen of Spain, would choose to be known as "Queen Eugénie" and not as "Queen Victoria." Such would have been the wish of grand old Queen Victoria, who invariably rose superior to petty jealousy.

To see her namesake, the daughter of Beatrice, wearing the crown of Spain, will be a last sweet consolation, a "nunc dimittus" to lone, broken-hearted, crownless Eugénie.

* * * * *

As his heir and successor has announced, the aged King Christian IX. of Denmark "has fallen asleep"; these three words suggest the peace-loving, working-through-charity character of the worthy man, the good husband and father, and the able monarch.

Christian IX. was no stall-fed production of an effete dynasty; a manly struggle to maintain his wife and children had eminently qualified him for what he really became, the "father and protector of his people."

The little corner house from which he daily went to teach drawing and music, and in which his daughters made their own hats and gowns, fitted one son for the throne of Greece, and another to fill to-day the throne of Denmark; one daughter to become Empress of Russia, another the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, etc., etc.

Christian IX. could say with King Louis Philippe of France, who had taught a school in the United States, that "he was the better prepared to be a king, for having blackened his own boots"!

* * * * *

The most kingly king on earth to-day, he who rules over two hundred and twenty-five millions of souls as representative of the King of Kings, is the peasant-born Sovereign Pontiff Pope Pius X. The Holy Father is called "the people's pope" because he succeeded the patrician-born Leo XIII. There have been many "people's popes": the fisherman's ring has been worn by the sons of princes, peasants, butchers, bakers and candlestick makers. The Catholic Church, the people's church, is the most democratic institution in the world! In the thirteenth century, when the Normans had England well in hand, and it was considered a disgrace to be an Englishman, Nicholas Breakspear, an Englishman, born a Saxon serf, was elected pope as "Adrian IV." All the kings of Christendom hastened to offer him their obedience; it was the civil law paying allegiance to the moral law.

Secular science requires three generations, but religion requires only one to make a gentleman, a saint, and a king!

* * * * *

Eastertide, the great festival of triumphant Christianity, again approaches. The best preparation for it is, as ever, the forty days in the desert with the Man of Sorrows. If we walk in a recollected spirit and an active sympathy, how joyous will be our Easter morn, when we shall feel that a hampering weight has been rolled away from our renewed spirits!

An Easter souvenir from a dear friend—a little illustrated card in requisition for many successive Eastertides, is now missing. It bore these lines:

"All night long our buried Saviour
In the tomb forgotten lay;
But angels came at early dawn,
And rolled the stone away!"

IDRIS.

"The Merchant of Venice," as Interpreted by Mr. John Rummell.

ANOTHER Shakespearean recital by Mr. Rummell! What an intellectual treat! What a revelation of an artist's power! What an inspiration to the student of literature and the student of vocal expression!

"The Merchant of Venice" was the play, and Mr. Rummell was each of the characters in turn. In which was he at his best? Was it Antonio, the merchant? Yes, so it seemed until he appeared as Shylock, the Jew. Then your admiration was divided. First, it was claimed by Shylock. Then it was given to Antonio. Perhaps Shylock received—and deserved—the larger share.

But there were surprises in store for you. You had heard Mr. Rummell before. You knew his versatility and power. But there is a delightful surprise in each new thing that Mr. Rummell does. The stamp of originality is on all his work.

Mr. Rummell has the power to lose his identity in that of another. He can be many persons in the course of an hour. Having already shown you nine or ten different characters, he again, after a word of explanation, disappeared wholly from view, and you saw only young Launcelot Gobbo and his blind old father.

Old Shylock and young Launcelot would seem to be the extremes of characterization. Mr. Rummell was as successful with the one as with the other. Perhaps his old Gobbo was even better than his Launcelot. You did not care, however, to settle that question in your mind while the scene was progressing. You were too much



"He Is Not Here!"

amused at the time. You simply laughed again and again at the clownish antics of young Launcelot and the unconscious drollery of old Gobbo.

And then? Well, there were other revelations. There was the scene between Shylock and Tubal. You saw two entirely different characters. They were quite unlike in face, in speech, in manner. Each, however, was distinctly a Jew. The contrast between the two was marvellous, yet both had the characteristics of their race.

Then the casket scene! How charming, how tender, how noble was Portia! And Bassanio was as manly and sincere in his protestations to Portia as he was in his grief at Antonio's misfortunes.

The trial scene followed, and you had new reason to admire Mr. Rummell's art. It is surely no simple task to recite a scene introducing nine different characters and preserve each one's individuality. But Mr. Rummell did it. He did more. He showed you Portia in the rôle of a doctor of laws, assuming a judicial, business-like manner without losing any of her feminine refinement. You recognized her as Portia, but you recognized also that, as Mr. Rummell presented her, she had sufficiently disguised her speech and manner to conceal her sex from the others in the scene. Certainly this is a triumph that only an artist could achieve.

And there was the Duke, calm, dignified, magnanimous, sitting apart from the rest, yet, as Mr. Rummell impersonated him, easily dominating the situation until he withdraws with his train, and leaves the scene entirely to Portia, Bassanio and Antonio.

And now Mr. Rummell was especially happy in his work. He showed you his understanding of the feminine traits which Portia reveals in spite of herself when begging for Bassanio's ring. He handled this passage most charmingly, and the same delicate charm was sustained until the close of the play. His treatment of the episode of the rings was as much of a revelation as his rendering of Shylock's impassioned speeches, or the low comedy scene between young Launcelot and old Gobbo. We have heard Mr. Rummell eight times at Loretto. We have no reason to think that we have yet found his limitations.

Shall we now make a more minute analysis of Mr. Rummell's conception of each part in the play? Let us begin, then, with his impersonation of Shylock.

In the first place, as Mr. Rummell presents him, Shylock is not a feeble old man. On the contrary, in moments of exaltation, he draws himself up to his full height, he speaks with a strong, resonant voice, his movements are often quick and full of vigor. Yet Mr. Rummell makes him quite old enough to fit the text. He gives him a mode of utterance indicative of caution, deliberation, tenacity of purpose and other qualities that grow out of long and bitter experience. He suggests, too, a tendency to stoop, as of one who has spent much time bending over and counting his gold. And the walk and general manner are always, except under excitement, made to suggest caution and approaching age. But underneath all there is the vitality of a vigorous manhood constantly asserting itself.

Mr. Rummell's Shylock is unmistakably a Jew. He has the shrug and the gesticulations of the Jew. He is excessively obsequious at times in his manner, as when he greets Antonio in the bond scene. Occasionally his voice is high-pitched and nasal. Sometimes it assumes the cracked quality characteristic of the Jewish voice. There is also that indefinable something in his accent that almost always marks the speech of the Jew. Mr. Rummell also takes advantage of everything in the text that points to Shylock's pride in his "sacred nation," his reverence for his religion, his scorn of Christian doctrines and Christian practice, his inborn thrift and passion for money-getting. In short, whenever Shylock speaks, as Mr. Rummell interprets the play, you see the character as clearly as if he stood before you in the flesh, clad in his sober Jewish gaberdine.

As for Tubal, the other Jew in the play, he appears but once and for a few minutes only. Mr. Rummell's impersonation of him, however, remains vividly stamped upon your memory. He seems almost more cruel than Shylock. He is certainly fully as sordid, and seems altogether without the sense of humor possessed by the other.

The opening speech of the play is uttered by Antonio. In pronouncing the very first line Mr. Rummell gives a clear impression of the character. You recognize his thoughtful nature. You perceive that he is oppressed by a vague melancholy. There are also evidences of his nobility

of soul and kindness of heart. Here and nearly always he speaks slowly, like one used to weighing his words. He is the man of business, the noble gentleman, the generous friend. As Mr. Rummell presents him, he holds your interest and your sympathy to the very close of the play.

To each of Antonio's group of friends Mr. Rummell gives a distinct individuality. Bassanio is the lordly gentleman, who wins your admiration in spite of the dependence to which he has been reduced by his own prodigality. Nor do you get the impression that he is a mere fortune-hunter. You feel, instead, that he really loves the fair Portia. His appeal to Antonio for money with which to woo the lady is so rendered as to make you realize that he speaks of Portia's wealth only to assure Antonio that he runs no great risk in lending the money. At the same time he seems to deplore his poverty merely because it is a bar to his winning Portia. On the whole, Mr. Rummell always represents him as actuated only by high and pure motives. When in the trial scene all hope of saving Antonio's life seems to have vanished, Bassanio's grief as interpreted by Mr. Rummell is thoroughly genuine and thrills you with its sincerity.

Of the other gentlemen Gratiano has perhaps the most striking personality. Mr. Rummell makes him the jolly, kind-natured fellow that he is. His rendering of the speech beginning, "Let me play the fool!" was admirable, full of laughter and good-humor. Lorenzo, Salanio and Salarino are also clearly distinguished, though their characteristics are not so marked as those of Gratiano.

But now what shall be said of young Launcelot and old Gobbo? Is it possible to analyse humor? Do we really know why we laugh? Can we say what it is in anyone's manner that makes his utterance of a thought amusing when another would say the same thing in the same words and produce no effect at all? Launcelot's talk is for the most part mere nonsense. The humor of what he says is mostly in his manner of saying it. Who shall say what that manner is, or how it can be imitated? The reader or reciter of his speeches must make them comical or he fails as an interpreter. Mr. Rummell makes you laugh as he impersonates the young clown. He evidently feels the humor of the part. He uses comical expressions of the face, he fills his pauses with comical gestures, revealing the funny thoughts passing through the young fellow's mind. And you laugh! What more need be said?

Old Gobbo somehow seems more explicable. At any rate he is more easily described. Mr. Rummell represents him as blind and almost toothless. He is as much disposed to laugh as his son, and he chuckles, cackles and gurgles in a way that is absolutely contagious. When he is suddenly excited, he even trips and stutters in his speech, and becomes irresistibly funny. The illusion of his having a basket on his left arm and a cane in his right hand is admirably sustained. When Launcelot begs his blessing and kneels down with his back to him, the effect of his catching hold of Launcelot's back hair and mistaking it for a beard on the boy's face is highly successful. You see it all as plainly as if there were two persons before you acting the scene instead of one person representing the two. There are other humorous passages in the play, and Mr. Rummell gave them delightfully; but in none was he more successful than in this.

The conversation in which Portia and Nerissa discuss the different suitors that have come to Belmont has a humor of a higher order. Mr. Rummell gave it with the delicacy and subtlety it demands. At the beginning of the scene he made you feel Portia's melancholy, but you saw it gradually fading away, as she became more and more interested in describing her suitors. There was an increasing vivacity in her manner until it reached a climax in the speech, "I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge." Here the reciter represented Nerissa as laughing heartily in response to Portia's speech.

As Mr. Rummell presents her, Portia is evidently of a cheerful, sunny disposition. The world-weariness of which she complains is not so strongly fastened upon her but that she can shake it off at will. Indeed, her native wit and good-humor assert themselves almost in spite of herself. She laughs lightly and merrily at her own clever jests. There is no real unkindness in her facetious descriptions of the half dozen suitors who have come to win her hand in marriage. Mr. Rummell shows you that Portia is a woman of intellect, yet capable of gayety and merriment, "queen of herself," yet sympathetic, tender and loving. Next to Shylock she is the most interesting person in the play. Mr. Rummell does not fail to make her so.

As for Nerissa, she is shown to be a bright young woman, deferential to her mistress; yet more of a companion than a maid. Mr. Rummell makes her sufficiently charming, yet keeps her subordinate to Portia. In the closing scene of the play when she is having her first quarrel with her young husband, Mr. Rummell shows her cleverness and quickness at repartee, and makes her an excellent match for the talkative Gratiano.

A word is due to Mr. Rummell's impersonation of Jessica, the pretty Jewess. He shows her power to dissemble to her father, her readiness to steal his gold and his jewels, yet he makes you feel that she is only half responsible for these faults. Her manner is so gentle and so sweet, and her love for Lorenzo so true that you are ready to forgive her for fleeing from her father's house to "become a Christian" and Lorenzo's "loving wife." And Mr. Rummell makes her, too, quite unlike Nerissa and Portia. She is fully as individual as they.

Mr. Rummell's recital of this drama is a most valuable lesson in the art of vocal expression. How clearly he brings out the meaning of the lines! How much he can express by a pause, or an emphasis, or a change of tone-quality! If one could remember them all, it would be interesting and instructive to note the many fine touches by which he illumines the text. And how well he knows how to "suit the action to the word"! Every movement of the eye, hand or body is made significant and effective. You may have read the play carefully by yourself, and studied it with the aid of notes and a glossary. After you have heard Mr. Rummell read it, it has become to you an entirely new thing, and you then appreciate the value of vocal expression as an aid to literary study.

MARY BURCHILL.

With perseverance the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value. An hour in every day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits would, if properly employed, enable any one of ordinary capacity very shortly to master a complete science. It would make an ignorant person well-informed in ten years. We must not allow time to pass without yielding fruits in the form of something learned worthy of being known, some good principle cultivated, or some good habit strengthened.

Painters of the Florentine School.

FRA ANGELICO.

"Art is true art when art to God is true,
And only then. To copy nature's work
Without the chains that run the whole world through
Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk
In its clear depths: no soul, no truth is there.
Oh, praise your Rubens and his fleshly brush!
Oh, love your Titian and his carnal air!
Give me the thrilling of a pure-toned thrush,
And take your gold-red parrots. Artist-saint!
Oh, Fra Angelico, your brush was dyed
In hues of opal, not in vulgar paint;
You show to us pure joys for which you sighed,
Your heart was in your work, you never feigned,
You left us here the Paradise you gained!"

TRULY, in this tribute to Fra Angelico, does the poet sum up the secret of that painter's superiority, and reveal to us how he executed those wonderful pictures in which he achieved a degree of dignity and sublimity which has rendered them immortal, from the sheer desire to express fully the mysteries they contain.

The modern school of Art is largely indebted to Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, better known as Fra Angelico, whose name was in admirable consonance with his nature. Pure, simple-minded, working for God and undesirous of fame, consecrating his life and his genius to the illustration of religious themes, the embellishment of ecclesiastical edifices and the portrayal of the saints and doctors of the Church, he stands alone amid the grand roll of painters that shed such lustre on the Mistress of the World, the peerless in Arms and Art; the lowliest, the most spiritual-minded, the purest in sentiment, the truest in conception. Fra Angelico was not only a painter, he was an illuminator, as was his brother, Benedetto, under whom he studied the art.

Little is known of the life of Fra Angelico until, at the age of twenty, he became a monk in the Dominican Convent at Fiesole, where he executed some of his fairest works. It might seem that a life of prayer and sacrifice within the colorless walls of a cloister could not be conducive to the painting of such marvellous pictures. Ruskin says: "The cloister walk of Fiesole is no penitential solitude, barred from the stir and joy of

life, but a possessed land of tender blessing guarded from the entrance of all but the holiest sorrow. The little cell was one of the houses of heaven prepared for him by his Master. Was not the valley of the Arno, with its olive woods in white blossom, paradise enough for a poor monk? Was not Christ always with him? Under every cypress avenue the angels walked; he had seen their white robes, whiter than the dawn at his bedside as he awoke in early summer. They had sung with him one on each side when his voice failed with joy at sweet vesper and matin time, his eyes were blinded by the wings in the sunset, when it sank behind the hills of Luini."

Fra Angelico's preparation by prayer for every piece of work was so earnest and so ardent, that every picture became a prayer and every prayer a picture. Vasari says, "he never retouched his paintings for he believed that such was the will of God." In 1436, at the request of Cosimo de' Medici, the monks removed to the monastery of San Marco, in Florence, and here Fra Angelico found a vast field for his genius in the decoration of the cells and corridors of the new convent. His humility and contempt for worldly praise are shown by the fact that though, owing to strict rule, only his brother monks might see his work, yet he put his best skill into it, making a series of frescos, beautiful beyond description, illustrating the life of Christ, one event of which ornamented each cell. At San Marco, are an "Annunciation," his famous "Madonna of the Star," and the "Tabernacle of the Virgin," in which we admire not only the Madonna but the twelve lovely angels surrounding her, especially the angel with the trumpet. Fra Angelico's angels must surely have been painted from angelic faces seen in visions. Vasari says: "Angelico could paint angels as no other man has been able to paint them because he was one of those few men who on earth have lived in heaven."

In the Uffizi, in Florence, is "The Coronation of the Virgin," in which can be seen to great advantage Fra Angelico's wonderful angels. Ruskin describes them as having flames on their brows, "waving brighter as they move and the sparkles streaming from their purple wings like the glitter of many suns upon a sounding sea, listening in the pauses of alternate songs for the prolonging of the trumpet blast and the answering psaltery and cymbal throughout the endless deep and from all the star shores of heaven."

Fra Angelico died in Rome, in 1455, at the age of sixty-eight. He was buried without pomp in the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. Four Latin lines, written by Pope Nicholas V., upon his tomb, have been thus translated:

Not that in me a new Apelles lived,
But that Thy poor, O Christ, my gains received,
This be my praise. Deeds done for fame on earth
Live not in heaven. Florence gave me birth.

In describing his death, a contemporary historian says: "Envious death broke his pencil, and his beautiful soul winged its way among the angels and saints to make Paradise more joyful."

We now turn to Sandro Botticelli, who was considered the best Florentine painter of his day. It was due to the influence of Savonarola's preaching in Florence that Botticelli turned his attention to the painting of sacred subjects, his principal work of that type being the "Madonna of the Pomegranate"—a *tondo* in the Uffizi, showing the figures in half length. The Virgin, encircled by angels, holds the child half reclining on her lap. Her face is inexpressibly sad, and the Child shares her mood, as he raises his little hand to bless the spectator. Two angels bear the Virgin's flowers, roses and lilies; two others hold books. They bend towards the Queen as the petals of a rose bend towards the centre, with the serious grace peculiar to Botticelli.

Morelli says: "Dramatic character in painting, which was first introduced by Masolino and Masaccio, and was developed and perfected by Fra Filippo Lippi, found its most vigorous and spirited exponent in Alessandro Botticelli, Fra Filippo's distinguished pupil." Botticelli's genius was said to be of a like nature, but much greater than that of Lippi. Through his pictures one can read much of the tendencies of the life of Florence, and, indeed, of all Italy. He drew upon every source for his subjects—Christian history, tradition, allegories, mythology, and the life that he daily saw in the city. His draperies are as carefully studied as any in Greek art, and his coloring is not the least marvellous part of his work. The "Birth of Venus" is one of the treasures of the Uffizi, and his allegory of "Spring" is in the Academy of Florence.

Filippino Lippi was placed under the instruction of Botticelli and acquired his style to such a degree that there is difficulty sometimes in distinguishing the works of the two masters. Both

lived at the crowning period of the Renaissance, and are regarded as the interpreters of their age. Each felt strongly the influence of the traditions of art, and each was most devout in all that he did. Lippi's painting was much like that of his father, also, only it showed great improvement in technique. It was said to have less vitality, but greater harmony, delicacy, and perfection of detail. He finished Masaccio's work in the Brancacci Chapel, and, though the difference of method may be determined, yet the younger painter entered to a remarkable degree into the work of the master of a previous decade.

An exquisite picture, by Filippino Lippi, is the "Madonna in a Rose Garden." In the foreground is a square enclosure surrounded by a rose-hedge, with a hilly landscape in the distance; the Virgin kneeling before her child in the centre. The circle of graceful angels who, with the boy St. John, join the mother in adoring the Christ-Child, is one of the chief attractions of the picture. It is a pretty conceit that one of these angels showers rose-leaves upon the babe, while the others worship him with folded hands. Copyists are kept busy repeating the composition for eager purchasers, and it has thus made its way all over the world.

Filippino Lippi also illustrated one of the miracles of St. John the Evangelist in a most effective fresco in a chapel in Santa Maria Novella, in Florence. The legend runs that, when St. John returned from Patmos to Ephesus, he met a funeral cortége emerging from the gate of the city, and, on inquiry, learned that Drusiana had died, the woman at whose house he had formerly lived. The saint ordered the bier to be put down, and, when he had earnestly prayed, the woman was restored to life and returned with John to her house, where he again took up his abode.

Lippi's fresco is impressive and dramatic. In the background Ephesus is seen; in the middle ground is the city gate, of splendid architectural effect. In the centre of the foreground is the bier, on which Drusiana has risen to a sitting posture, while the aged Evangelist, touching her arm with one hand, raises the other toward heaven, calling on God to aid him in working this miracle.

A number of men and women watch the scene with intense interest, among whom the bearers of the bier are striking figures.

At the commencement of a wonderful period in the existence of the Florentine school, mention must be made of Fra Bartolommeo, who was much influenced by the works of Da Vinci. Having met the great preacher, Savonarola, at San Marco, their friendship began, and when the latter was burned, Fra Bartolommeo became a friar and for four years did no painting, except when his Superior exacted it.

One of the loveliest of his pictures is "St. Bridget of Sweden Giving The Rule To Her Nuns," which is in the Church of Santa Maria Nuova, in Florence. The Abbess of the Brigittines wears a black habit and cloak, white wimple, and white veil, while the nuns have a gray habit and black hood, with a red band around the head, and across the top, to distinguish the habit from that of the Benedictine orders.

During his last years, Fra Bartolommeo formed a friendship with Raphael, to whom he gave some secrets of color and instruction regarding drapery. After a visit to Rome, it seemed as though he would accomplish great things, but he died shortly after, leaving very little work.

In the latter half of the fifteenth century there was born under a fated and happy star the greatest Florentine master—Michael Angelo—he who stands alone among the crowd—exceeding all, as his gigantic statue towers over all other works—alone at once in greatness and individuality; more universal in his genius, more notable in his person than any contemporary artist. His steps are all clearly traced for us across the far distance; his actions, his words, his very thoughts preserved in distinct certainty; and himself, even in his characteristic features, in his ways of speaking as in his ways of working, in the infirmities of his temper and the greatness of his soul, is as well known to us as if he lived at the present day.

Born of noble parents, in Florence, in 1475, he showed wonderful artistic talent as a child, and, after his father's prejudices against the artistic life were overcome, he was placed with Ghirlandajo, from whom he learned the rudiments of art, and whose studio he later left to study marbles and work at sculpture in the gardens of Lorenzo the Magnificent, where he spent many months in association with the most distinguished men of Florence, and under old Bertoldo's instruction forgot all else in his enthusiasm for sculpture. His first work—a faun—which is now in the Uffizi, attracted Lorenzo's attention

to such a degree that he obtained the consent of Michael Angelo's father that his son might live with him in his palace. This was an education in itself for the thoughtful youth.

Owing to political disturbances, Michael Angelo left Florence for Bologna and there added to the Arca di San Dominico the famous kneeling angel. During his five years' sojourn in Rome, his greatest work was the Pietà in St. Peter's. In 1501, he returned to Florence and cut the statue of David from the half-ruined block of marble, over which the other sculptors had been quarrelling, and which stood near the gate of the Palazzo Vecchio, until it was removed a few years ago to the Academy of Fine Arts. The history of this piece of marble is rather curious. It had been badly mutilated, a hundred years before, by Maestro Simone del Fiesole, who had intended making a giant but had only gone far enough to spoil it. Permission was given to Michael Angelo to try his power on it. He made a model of wax of a young David with a sling, and began this statue in the works of Santa Maria del Fiore, where he made a tower with wood and stone around the marble and worked it out there without being seen by anyone. Huge though the mass of marble was, it was so awkwardly shaped by the mistake of the old artist who had spoiled it, that it was a matter of no small labor as well as genius to evolve out of it the splendidly-proportioned and gigantic youth, whom the young sculptor saw in the stone.

The failure of the material to afford full expansion to this heroic figure is apparent in one of the shoulders of "David," which ought to advance a little further, but which is flat, in consequence of the imperfection of the marble, and on which appear the strokes of the chisel by which it was first so unskilfully begun. Vasari says: "Certainly, Michael Angelo performed a miracle in thus resuscitating one who was dead."

Michael Angelo was invited to Rome by Pope Julius II., who had conceived the idea of erecting a most splendid monument to perpetuate his memory. For this work, which was never completed, Michael Angelo executed the famous "Moses," which is now in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli in Rome. But the decoration of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is the most perfect painting done by him in his long, active career. Here his great spirit appears in its noblest dignity—in its highest purity. It required the power of an architect, sculptor, and painter to conceive a structural whole of so much grandeur, containing in all upwards of two hundred figures. "The Last Judgment," painted on one of the walls, took nine years to complete.

As an architect Michael Angelo was unsurpassed. In the churches and palaces, on the bridges, in the fortifications of Rome and his native city, his master hand is apparent. He had said that he would "take the old Pantheon and suspend it in the air," and he did what he said, though he did not live to see the great cathedral completed; but in the magnificent dome he has left behind him a lasting monument.

Michael Angelo was a man with a lofty sense of duty and profound reverence for God. If he held up a high standard to others, he held up a still higher one for himself, and enforced it more rigorously. He was thoroughly unworldly, generous to his pupils, and devoted and loyal to his friends. When his old servant, Urbino died, he wrote to a friend: "My Urbino is dead—to my infinite sorrow. Living, he served me truly; and in death, he taught me how to die. I have no other hope than to rejoin him in heaven."

All the Florentine painters make a strong appeal, but this is so peculiarly the case with Andrea del Sarto that his art is a personal revelation. The qualities of this art are great technical excellence—a marvellous perfection of drawing and composition, a mastery of color which was at once strong and delicate, a wonderful skill in making a nice juxtaposition of light and shade, beautiful grouping, and withal an elusive property that carries us back to the mystery of the painter's spirit and the problem of his subjective life. His paintings suggest so much more than they attain that again and again we feel he has just failed to achieve a world masterpiece.

The artist's pictures in fresco and oil were mainly on religious subjects, with a few that were allegorical. The majority of his paintings are to be found in Florence, with some in Pisa and Rome, and in the National Gallery, London. Among them are the "Madonna di San Francesco," which hangs in the Uffizi with the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo; the "Madonna del Sacco," so called from the sack against which St. Joseph leans; and the "Nativity of the Virgin," which some claim to be the best fresco ever painted.

Ruskin says that the noblest use of imagination is to "enable us to bring sensibly to our sight the things which are recorded as belonging to our future state, or as invisibly surrounding us in this. It is given us, that we may imagine the cloud of witnesses in heaven and earth, and see, as if they were now present, the souls of the righteous waiting for us; that we may conceive the great army of the inhabitants of heaven, and discover among them those whom we most desire to be with forever; that we may be able to vision forth the ministry of angels beside us, and see the chariots of fire on the mountains that gird us round; but, above all, to call up the scenes and facts in which we are commanded to believe, and be present, as if in the body, at every recorded event of the history of the Redeemer."

One of the most powerful aids to this imagination is the contemplation of religious pictures, especially those that were executed with such reverence and sincerity as to make them appear to reproduce actual scenes, and, for the time, carry us out of ourselves and into the imaginary earth and heaven of the master whose works we study.

BEATRICE BECK.

Mary Washington—She that was Mary Ball—The Mother of George Washington.

"That one who breaks the way with tears
Many shall follow with a song."

"THE mothers of famous men survive only in their sons. This is a rule almost as invariable as a law of nature. Whatever the aspirations and energies of the mother, memorable achievement is not for her. No memoir has been written in this country of the women who bore, fostered, and trained our great men. What do we know of the mother of Daniel Webster, or John Adams, or Patrick Henry, or Andrew Jackson, or of the mothers of our Revolutionary generals?"

It is with the words above quoted that Mrs. Roger A. Pryor begins her book, "The Mother of Washington and her Times," and the sentiment there expressed may be taken as the inspiration of the volume. Certainly, there is no woman in American history whose memory is more worthy of being cherished, or whose life history could be more interesting or important. Mary Washington may well be called, as her biographer in this instance terms her, "the first of American women."

And yet it is curious how little is really known about her ancestry. Her own life, apparently, is an open book, yet, when the historical facts attainable are searched, it is found that not so much is known about the lady herself. No authentic portrait of her is in existence; historians and biographers have been forced to content themselves with very meagre accounts as to what manner of woman she was, and all sorts of absurd tales have found currency in alleged historical narratives. But of one fact we are sure—Mary Washington was a gentlewoman of the best type of Old Virginia in the eighteenth century, and that is no paltry standard of excellence. Who she was, and what she was, the society to which she was born, the social conditions that environed her, the life she led, the sort of people with whom she associated, her character and attainments—all these interesting particulars constitute the burden of Mrs. Pryor's valuable work.

Many books have been compiled on the Virginia of the eighteenth century, works of travel, collections of family papers, personal narratives and diaries, formal histories and biographies, fiction, even, that reflected the life of the time, but never has the story been told more charmingly or more graciously than by this author, herself a daughter of Virginia, whose forebears were a part of the traditional life she records. "It is the noble, unselfish woman who must shine, if she shine at all, by the light reflected from her son. Her life, for the most part, must be hidden by the obscurity of domestic duties. While herself thus inactive and retired, her son is developed for glory, and the world is his arena. It is only when he reaches renown that she becomes an object of attention, but it is then too late to take her measure in the plenitude of her powers. Emitting at best but a feeble ray, her genius is soon lost in the splendor of his meridian. . . .

"Mary Washington presents no exception to this picture. As the mother of the man who has hitherto done most for the good and glory of his country, the details of her life are now of world-wide and enduring interest. Those details were lost in the seclusion and obscurity of her earlier years, or else absorbed in the splendor of

her later career. . . . . Be this as it may, all the known actions of her life were the emanations of a noble heart, high courage, and sound understanding."

It is for the purpose of bringing together all that has been ascertained about Mary Washington, the presentation of her pen-portrait in lieu of any other, the bringing of her personality vividly before the reader, and, at the same time, portraying the social life in which she moved, and of which she was a part, that Mrs. Pryor has written her book. The notable success which has rewarded her effort is a source of profound satisfaction to all lovers of good literature and of sound historical knowledge.

"The Mother of Washington and her Times," therefore, is not altogether a biography; it is a chronicle of social development and conditions as they existed a century and a half ago; it contains also a little genealogy; it could not deal with the families of old Virginia whose names have come down to modern times, without doing that. This feature lends a certain atmosphere of quaintness, at times, to the narrative, which is wholly delightful.

Mrs. Pryor draws a vivid picture of the social life of those early days in Virginia, and gradually traces the development of Mary to young womanhood. All that is known about her for the nine years preceding her marriage to Augustine Washington, in 1730, is contained in the bequests of her mother's will, and in the will of her brother-in-law, who had married her half-sister, Elizabeth Johnson. It is not until Mary Ball became Mary Washington, that the veil of obscurity over her life is lifted. She did not marry until she was twenty-two, an unusually long wait in that day of early marriages. It is fancied that, perhaps, as a reigning beauty—the "Rose of Epping Forest"—she was difficult to please, but she chose wisely and well in becoming the wife of Augustine Washington, a gentleman of high standing, noble character, large property and considerable personal attractions, who belonged to an old English family which had sent two of its members to Virginia, early in the seventeenth century, and whose grandfather held positions of honor and trust in the colony.

Mary Washington was left a widow at the age of thirty-six, when her son, George, was only ten years of age. Young, handsome, and the mistress of a fine estate, she was closely connected by the ties of kindred with nearly all of the families of the surrounding country. She could have elected for herself a gay life of social pleasure, and could have been a prominent figure in that life. The pictures we have of her were nearly all drawn by George Washington Parke Custis, whose authorities were the old neighbors who knew and remembered her well and in their own turn had gathered impressions from the companions of her early womanhood. Mr. Custis often visited her in his childhood, and later gathered material for a noble tribute to the youthful matron, which is best given in his own words:

"Bred in those domestic and independent habits which graced the Virginia matrons in the old days of Virginia, this lady, by the death of her husband, became involved in the cares of a young family. It was left for this eminent woman, by a method the most rare, by an education and discipline the most peculiar and imposing, to form in the youth-time of her son those great and essential qualities which gave lustre to the glories of his after-life. If the school savored the more of the Spartan than the Persian character, it was a fitter school to form a hero, destined to be the ornament of the age in which he flourished, and a standard of excellence for ages yet to come.

The home of Mrs. Washington, of which she was always mistress, was a pattern of order. There the levity and indulgence common to youth were tempered by a deference and well-regulated restraint, which, while it neither suppressed nor condemned any rational enjoyment used in the springtime of life, prescribed those enjoyments within the bounds of moderation and propriety. Thus the chief was taught the duty of obedience, which prepared him to command. Still the mother held in reserve an authority which never departed from her, even when her son had become the most illustrious of men. Nor did he dissent from these teachings; but to the last moments of his venerable parent, yielded to her will the most dutiful and implicit obedience, and felt for her person and character the highest respect, and the most enthusiastic attachment."

While her son was leading the troops of his country, Mary Washington was busily engaged in the industries of domestic life,—sorting the fleece and mingling it with shredded silk to make long hose for her son, the general; weaving substantial fabrics in the great cumbrous looms; learning cunning secrets of herbs and leaves to



Queen Margarita Entering the Chapel of the English Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

dye the cloth for garments; preparing balsams and lotions for the sick and needy. Her hands were never idle. Gathering her apron into a spacious pocket, she walked about with the woolen knitting for her son's soldiers. She became, it is true, more silent, more reserved. The lines of the face lost all hint of humor. She was too sad for that. Withal there was a lofty graciousness of manner peculiarly her own. Her biographers love to dwell upon her preternatural serenity. This serenity did not serve for dark hours only. She was not surprised when the tide turned, and the waves of triumph were borne to her feet. When her neighbors thronged her with plaudits and praise of her noble son—their idol and hers—she restrained their extravagant words, saying quietly: "George seems to have deserved well of his country, but we must not praise him too much. George has not forgotten his duty nor the lessons I early taught him."

Among the traditions which still linger around Fredericksburg is one illustrating Mary Washington's perfect calmness, trust, and self-control. A courier, having at a time of great anxiety ridden hard to deliver a packet to her from headquarters, was dismayed to see her drop it unread into one of her unfathomable pockets, simply remarking, "It is all right—I am well assured of that." Burning with curiosity, and mindful of the crowd which had assembled at her gate to hear the news, the courier suggested: "There may have been a battle. The neighbors would like to know." Thereupon she produced the packet, glanced over it, and announced, "There has been a victory!" adding, in the fulness of her heart, "George generally carries through whatever he undertakes."

That was a great day when the news came to Fredericksburg—"Cornwallis has surrendered." "With red spurs" rode the couriers that carried the glad tidings, and the hearts of the people leaped with joy. Twenty-eight British captains had stepped forth from the lines, and surrendered as many colors. With instinctive magnanimity the conquerors had given a banquet to their captive officers, and Washington had saluted Cornwallis with a toast to the British Army. And now—courtesies all rendered, the sword sheathed, the guns stacked—the great commander was coming home, first to his mother, attended by a brilliant retinue of French and American officers. When the soldier of his people laid his country's freedom at his mother's feet, if ever in this world a foretaste of heavenly joy be given to human beings, to Mary and George Washington alike this was the hour. Says Mr. Custis:

"After an absence of nearly seven years, it was, at length, on the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, permitted to the mother again to see and embrace her illustrious son. So soon as he had dismounted, in the midst of a numerous and brilliant suite, he sent to apprise her of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. Alone and on foot, the Marshal of France, the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age, repaired to pay his humble duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortune and his fame.

The lady was alone when the good news was announced; and it was further told that the victor chief was in waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endearing name of his childhood; spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory—not one word."

But old Fredericksburg tells a story so characteristic that are we are fain to accept it. Mary Washington's neighbors had gathered at her door to congratulate her; but before they spoke with her, an orderly dashed up, dismounted, touched his three-cornered hat and said, "Madam! His Excellency will be here within the hour." *"His Excellency!* Tell George I shall be glad to see him," replied the dame; and turning to her wide-eyed ebony maid, she said, "Patsy, I shall need a white apron."

Here we give place again to Mr. Custis, for he had his story at first hands.

"Meantime, in the village of Fredericksburg, all was joy and revelry; the town was crowded with the officers of the French and American armies. The citizens made arrangements for a splendid ball, to which the mother of Washington was specially invited. She observed that, although her dancing days were pretty well over, she should feel happy in contributing to the general festivity, and consented to attend.

The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their chief.. They had heard indistinct rumors respecting her remarkable life and character; but, forming their judgments from European examples, they were prepared to expect in

the mother that glare and show which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the old world. How they were surprised when the matron, leaning on the arm of her son, entered the room! She was arrayed in the very plain, yet becoming, garb worn by the Virginian lady of the olden time. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous, though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions, which were profusely paid her, without evincing the slightest elevation; and, at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasures, observing that it was time for old people to be at home, retired.

The foreign officers were amazed to behold one so many causes contributed to elevate, preserving the even tenor of her life, while such a blaze of glory shone upon her name and offspring. The European world furnished no examples of such magnanimity. Names of ancient lore were heard to escape from their lips; and they observed that, 'if such were the matrons of America, it was not wonderful the sons were illustrious'."

Before sailing for France, the Marquis de Lafayette journeyed to Fredericksburg to pay his homage and parting respects to the mother of Washington, and to ask her blessing. "Accompanied by her grandson," says Mr. Custis, "he approached the house; when the young gentleman observed, 'There, sir, is my grandmother,' Lafayette beheld, working in the garden, clad in domestic-made clothes, and her gray head covered in a plain straw hat, the mother of his hero. The lady saluted him kindly, observing, 'Ah, Marquis! you see an old woman; but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress.'

The Marquis spoke of the happy effects of the Revolution; stated his speedy departure for his native land; paid the tribute of his heart, his love and admiration of her illustrious son. To the encomiums which he had lavished upon his paternal chief, the matron replied in her accustomed words, "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy."

In her latter days the mother often spoke of "her own good boy," of the merits of his early life, of his love and dutifulness to herself; but of the deliverer of his country, the chief magistrate of the great republic, she never spoke. Cal' you this insensibility? or want of ambition? Oh, no! her ambition had been gratified to overflowing. She had taught him to be good; that he became great when the opportunity presented, was a consequence, not a cause."

Once more, and once only, do we hear of Mary Washington in connection with her son. On the 14th. of April, 1789, Washington received at Mount Vernon official intelligence that he had been chosen President of the United States. He at once prepared to go to New York and enter upon the duties of his office, but before doing so he set out on the evening of the same day for Fredericksburg. He found his mother feeble in body but bright and cheerful, and he informed her that he had been elected President, and had come to bid her an affectionate farewell. "So soon," he said, "as the public business which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia"—but here she interrupted him and said: "You will see me no more. Age and disease warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, fulfil the high destinies which heaven appears to assign you; go, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always." This was the last meeting between the mother and the son. A few months afterwards, on the 25th. of August, 1789, she was released from sufferings which had been borne with unfaltering faith and fortitude, and laid to rest in the spot she had herself chosen as her last resting-place, and over which her monument, erected by the women of America, now stands.

It is in her own right, and as the type of her sex, her people and her race, that Mary Washington deserves this tribute stone, for she was the unassuming wife and mother whose kingdom was her family, whose world was her home. In the shadow and in the silence from day to day and from year to year she followed the guiding star of that truth which tells us that "to do that which before us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom." She was the good angel of the hearthstone—the special providence of tender hearts and helpless hands, content to bear her burdens in the sequestered vale of life, her thoughts unperverted by false ambitions, and all unlooking for the great reward that crowned her love and toil.

Some one of the family has said of the Balls, "They are fond of land and learning, positive in their convictions, bold in utterance, independent in action, intelligent, patriotic, and often intensely

religious. Frances Ball, daughter of a wealthy Dublin merchant, established no less than thirty-seven convents."

And now we come to the part of the review that most interests us, the part that, no doubt, will be a vast surprise to many of our readers—the fact that Mary Washington, she that was Mary Ball, was a kinswoman of Frances Ball, in religion Rev. Mother Teresa, the foundress of the Irish branch of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of the "thirty-seven convents" in different parts of the world, among them those in which we are privileged to pursue our studies.

Rev. Mother Teresa Ball, wishing that the lives of her spiritual children should be modelled on that of the Holy Family at Nazareth, called the first house of the Institute in Ireland—Rathfarnham—"Loretto Abbey," from Loreto, a small Italian town near Recanati, in the March of Ancona, whither the Holy House of Nazareth was miraculously transported on the 10th. of December, 1294. The other houses of the Institute of the B. V. M. in Ireland are called "Loretto Convents," from the parent house at Rathfarnham, and their inmates are generally known as "Loretto Nuns."

No one could read the biographies of Mary Washington and Frances Ball without perceiving the close resemblance—in temperament and character—between them. Mary Washington's biographer tells us: "She proved herself to be a strong, self-reliant woman, with executive ability and a supreme power of awing and governing others. She made Truth and Honor her handmaidens, and in their defence ruled her house with austerity, that austerity in woman so often the accompaniment of a rare power of loving, causing love to be piety, tenderness, religion."

Rev. Mother Teresa Ball's biographer says: "She was born to rule. She was endowed with all the qualifications necessary to govern others successfully and well—natural dignity of character, solidity of judgment, a clear, penetrating mind, forbearance, and a firmness of will which nothing could shake when she believed that what she had resolved upon was right."

And again: "Method became with Mary Washington almost a mania. Her neighbors set their watches by the ringing of her bells. She was never a fraction of a minute too late at church."

"No military commander had ever drilled his troops into more perfect discipline than Rev. Mother Teresa Ball had established in her household at Rathfarnham. She would have everything done in that house with the precision and regularity of machinery. The first stroke of the bell calling them to any duty was regarded by her religious as the voice of God Himself, and they flew to obey the summons. 'This regularity in our actions,' she would say to them, 'is like symmetry in a building, which adds to its beauty as well as to its strength'."

The arms of the Ball family—a lion rampant with a globe in his paw, with helmet, shield and visor, betokening strength and courage, are characteristic. On a scroll are the words, *Coelum tueri*—a reminder to all to look upward and seek the things which are above—a key-note to the aspirations of the ancestor who chose it.

Rev. Mother Teresa Ball never sought to be remembered by the world, on the contrary, she shrank from its notice; and yet, at this moment her fame is more of a living reality than is that of those departed heroes whom the world calls great. Her name is written in letters of gold in heaven, and her memory must endure upon earth, as one of the greatest servants of the Church of God, and one of the most active benefactors of society in the nineteenth century.

MARY WETER.

Eudoxia—A Picture of the Fifth Century

IT was the last year of the fourth century. In the Imperial palace of Constantinople a strange silence reigned: every foot trod softly, every voice was subdued; it was as though all the inmates were oppressed by a sense of foreboding and expectation. In one of the antechambers, three men, lounging on luxurious cushions, had yielded to the influence of the prevailing atmosphere. One was asleep, the second was nodding, the third was yawning. Suddenly, the heavy silken curtain over the entrance door was drawn aside, and a fourth person glided in.

"Amantius!" cried the yawning gentleman so loud that his companions were wide awake in a moment, while Amantius lifted his hand warningly. "Come, now, tell us all about it; have you seen her?"

"Seen her?—I!" was the amazed answer, "you are dreaming, Hylas!"

"And how long is this cheerful state of things to continue, I wonder? Sacrifices are offered in

silence to the infernal gods; I think *our* sacrifice is unconscionably long."

"Only, good Hylas, there are no infernal gods," said Amantius quietly.

"True—only earthly goddesses—all I know is, but for you I should be apt to follow Arsenius."

"Then certainly it is well for you that I *am* here. Tired out with three quiet days, and yet meditating on the life of a solitary, and perpetual silence," said his friend smiling, "no, my Hylas, *that* is not your vocation."

"Ah—it just shows what ideas one may take up in a state of semi-petrifaction."

"*You* may take up certainly: Arsenius came to his resolution by rather a different process."

"How was it then? tell us, for pity's sake: anything to stir one up a bit; I feel myself shrivelling up perceptibly. Now begin—Arsenius was the tutor of the illustrious Arcadius."

But before Amantius could commence his tale, there was a rustling and movement in the outer antechambers. The four chamberlains started to their feet, and a haughty-looking woman entered. There were the remains of great beauty in her face, but the look of pride was still more striking. Hylas and his companions stood on each side in respectful attitudes, and the lady, in her long trailing robes of the finest white wool, passed silently between them. But when some other ladies were about to follow her, Amantius stepped forward, for the chamberlains had to guard the inner apartments, and if an exception were to be made in the first lady's favor, he saw no reason for admitting her suite. The lady, however, just glanced over her shoulder at Amantius, and saying "I will take it upon myself," passed on, and the curtain fell behind her and her attendants.

When the echo of their footsteps had died away, Hylas said, "I would give anything if she were refused admission. How I should enjoy seeing her come back!"

"A mother can always visit her daughter," answered Amantius.

"But she is only foster-mother to our illustrious mistress."

"She has been a real mother in all care and tenderness."

"Oh, I dare say she laid her plans from the first, and foresaw all along that the most noble Eudoxia would fill the place she does."

"No, Hylas, no," said Amantius gravely, "such a thing would have seemed a sheer impossibility."

"She managed to make it possible, anyhow!"

"Wrong again; it was not her doing."

"Who did it, then?"

"Eutropius."

Hylas stared at the speaker incredulously for a minute, and then he said in a still lower voice, "All Constantinople knows that between Eutropius and the Empress there is—no love lost."

"And yet the facts are as I say, and all Constantinople knows that, too. Only it is not talked about, because the Consul is not popular."

"Not popular! that is a mild expression. Eutropius not popular, indeed!"

As Hylas raised his voice a little, the third chamberlain caught the words, and said, "I beg your pardon, he is uncommonly popular with his friends."

"He has not got any," growled Hylas, "only creatures and accomplices."

"As you please: they swear by him all the same. Witness Leo the wool-carder, and Alexander the sausage-dealer, whom he has made commander of the cavalry and Imperial treasurer."

"If I were Augustus, the whole lot of cattle should soon be sent packing," said the indignant Hylas. "I wonder he didn't set the sausage-maker's daughter on the throne; it would have been more in his line."

"Other motives, other influences were in the ascendant in those days," returned Amantius; "and besides, the deepest plotter is outwitted now and then."

"Heaven send we may see such an event in the case of Eutropius! You are to be envied, Amantius, for remembering a time when he was not the principal person in the Empire."

"The principal person!" said the third chamberlain, in a puzzled tone, "why that can only be the illustrious Arcadius."

"Quite right, Theophanes. Hylas lets his tongue run rather fast, but he knows that as well as you or I. And you need not envy me, Hylas; every day brings its own cares."

"Still the time of the great Theodosius must have been worth living in—a man who carried the world and its cares, like Atlas, on his shoulders! Come, I am determined on having a story of some sort. Tell us something about him and the saintly Empress Aelia Flaccilla, your first

mistress. That's the way you got all your goodness; example's everything!'

"If I had followed hers, I should have considerably more goodness, Hylas," and Amantius went on to speak tenderly and reverently of Flaccilla, her many virtues, and her early death. It was by her wish that he had remained in the service of her young son Arcadius, who was only eight years old at his mother's death, though he had worn the purple as Augustus for two years. Arcadius had always honored his mother's faithful friend, and by his command Amantius was attached to the household of the Empress Eudoxia.

"Go on, Amantius," said Hylas presently, "we have come to none of the cares you spoke of yet."

"Do you believe in none but personal sorrows, you selfish Hylas?" said Amantius playfully, and he went on to tell of the second marriage with Galla, sister of Valentinian, the Emperor of the West, of the murder of her two gallant nephews, Gratian and Valentinian the younger, and then of the death of the great Emperor himself in the prime of life.

"So it all ends," said Hylas,—"death at last for all, emperors and beggars! with this difference, that beggars do not get murdered."

"Which is the best off, then," asked Theophanes, "the begger who lives to old age, and dies as poor as he has lived, or a Cæsar Augustus, who is cut off in all his glory by the hand of an assassin?"

"I do not admire extremes," answered Hylas, "I am for something between the two."

"Hark!" whispered Theophanes, "she is coming back. It has been a short visit."

The lady looked displeased and out of sorts, and the folds of her mantle, or shawl, as we should call it, were less carefully arranged than usual. She passed through the suite of antechambers into an arcade which surrounded the inner court, where her litter-bearers, six gigantic Cappadocians, all clothed in dark blue, and all of the same height, were lounging beside a sparkling fountain which fell into a deep basin of porphyry. On the appearance of their mistress, they hastened to bring forward a costly litter of cedar inlaid with ivory, and when she had placed herself on the silken cushions, the slaves bore their burden with swift, elastic tread through the network of streets leading from the palace to the harbor, till the whole train vanished from sight in a stately dwelling overlooking the Bosphorus.

The Lord of the East.

The century which was just closing began with Constantine, and drew to an end with Theodosius. Now, in its last year, Arcadius, a youth of two-and-twenty, ruled from the Adriatic to the Euphrates, from the Danube to the cataracts of the Nile. I say he ruled these fair lands, but an unworthy favorite ruled him. Everything was bought and sold; justice, place, honors, every one cringed to the favorite, and avarice, luxury, and self-indulgence were the idols to which sacrifices were offered, as many and costly as when the old heathen temples were thronged with votaries. And yet Arcadius was not a bad, not even a frivolous young man. He was gentle and pious, and pure in life, but of a character so inconceivably weak, that he seemed incapable of independent action, and was all his life ruled by others, less from want of understanding than from weakness of will. It must be hard, certainly, to turn out good for much when one has been an emperor from one's childhood, and consequently treated with the slavish idolatry with which Orientals honor their masters; it must be difficult to strengthen a character which has never known opposition, and a heart which has never been visited by those heavenly messengers—trial and sorrow. He lost his mother too early to mourn for her; still, young as he was, she had laid the foundation of firm Christian principles, and he preserved them with fidelity at least, though their fruits were scanty. His father was rarely with him, and his tutor, Arsenius, a man of high and noble character, disgusted with the courtly atmosphere in which his influence was powerless, left the palace for the desert of Thebaid. Just now, Arcadius was in anything but a comfortable state of mind, for the breach between his consort and his favorite widened daily, and he could not propitiate the one without irritating the other. He loved his beautiful Eudoxia passionately, and believed in Eutropius as the most faithful of his servants; and now she fretted herself ill over the insults which she endured from this all-powerful favorite, and revenged herself on the Emperor. For three days she had been invisible, even to him; the palace was in confusion, the Emperor in despair.

It was sunset on a fair summer's day; Arcadius walked restlessly up and down a hall open to the west and looking out on a scene of matchless beauty. The Hebdomon Palace, which he occupied, lay at one end of Constantinople, landwards, and on an eminence; at the other end was the Palace of Constantine on the spot where the Bosphorus falls into the Propontis, and between the two lay the Imperial city in the arms of the sea. Beyond the Bosphorus spread the blooming Bithynian coast, with Chalcedon in the foreground, and in the background Olympus with its diadem of eternal snow. But Arcadius saw nothing of all this lavish loveliness; the setting sun shone in vain for him, though it lit up the glittering pinnacle of the Bithynian Olympus till it gleamed like a ruby between heaven and earth; and though the little islands which dotted the Propontis showed like jewels in a silver basin, they won no glance from the moody Emperor. And that fair land of Bithynia called up thoughts of Tribigild the Goth, who had raised a revolt in Asia Minor, and of Leo, the incapable general who had been sent against him. Nothing but strife and tumult in the palace and empire—with friend and foe; he might well be moody and perplexed, poor Arcadius! A different man would have made an effort to get out of all these difficulties—would have done something—taken some step, even if it were a wrong one. But Arcadius did nothing; he just let himself go helplessly with the stream. His appearance was lacking in dignity, like his character; we all know the charm which a high and noble spirit can give to the homeliest features, but no such light redeemed the plainness of the Emperor's. He wore a tunic of cream-colored silk embroidered in gold, and the short purple boots which were the especial insignia of Imperial dignity, and which, by the way, a thousand years later, revealed the fate of the last Roman Emperor of the East. At the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, Constantine Palæologus fell, and a heap of bodies covered his; later, when he was sought for on all sides, the purple boots told the tale. Presently, a fine stately-looking man appeared on the terrace, and Arcadius beckoned him to approach. It was Elpidius, a relation of Theodosius, and like him a Spaniard. "Well, Elpidius, how do matters stand?"

"Reports differ, most illustrious; the Phrygians are said to be in arms. Whether for or against the Goths is not certain."

"Oh, those eternal Goths!" said the Emperor impatiently. "I am weary of their name—I meant *your* affairs, Elpidius."

"Mine!" and the large, brilliant eyes flashed with light; "look yonder, my Emperor! Olympus there bears her name, her beauty, and her icy coldness."

"There is *one* difference, Elpidius; Olympus is bright with rosy light, and her life is clouded by sorrow."

"She can alter it all with a word, but she will not; such obstinacy is insupportable in a woman, and which is worse still, it is audacious insolence to you, my lord and master."

"Not so—Olympias has a noble heart, and is incapable of insolence. Elpidius, I pity her; do you think this is the way to gain her consent?"

"I think, most illustrious, that Eutropius expressed your sentiments in saying that Olympias gives a dangerous example by lavishing her fortune on churches, monasteries and hospitals. Will not numbers follow it, and withdraw their property from the use of the State to spend it in excessive almsgiving? It is in the nature of women to run to extremes, and it is for their good to check them, and save them from the regrets which would come in time, if they were not restrained. *Were* not these your own sentiments, most noble Arcadius?"

"Anyhow," said Arcadius evasively, "it seems hard that such a woman as Olympias should not have perfect liberty as to her property and her person. She has always been a virtuous and a high-minded lady, and it is treating her like a child or a fool."

"Pardon, most illustrious, if I repeat that she is guilty of disrespect to you in rejecting me, her equal in birth and riches, and favored, too, by your gracious recommendation of my suit. Thousands would feel honored by it, and she rejects it."

"But with what humility!"

"In words, I grant it; but words and deeds are often in startling contrast."

"Not with Olympias; have you forgotten how she acted when deprived of the disposal of her fortune till her thirtieth year, and placed till then under the guardianship of the prefect of the city? She wrote to thank me for my considerateness, saying it might save her from the vanity and self-seeking into which it is easy to fall when giving

large alms. I tell you, Elpidius, I think her an admirable creature, and I want to know if you have any hope of gaining her consent; if not, would it not be more reasonable and more generous to cease from this persecution of a defenceless woman?"

"As you will, most illustrious," answered Elpidius with assumed calmness, "but if I withdraw my suit, it must be on condition that you will graciously announce your determination to Eutropius, in order that Olympias may be really free."

"I look at the matter from a different point, my friend," Arcadius answered rather nervously; "the first step should be taken by you, and I beg you to signify to Eutropius that you are weary of your thankless suit, and desire that Olympias should be altogether free."

"Pardon, once more, my lord; but even if in obedience to your wish I consented to speak falsely, it would, as you well know, have no weight with Eutropius, who will obey none but you; spare me, therefore, the useless mortification, and settle the matter yourself with him."

The Emperor groaned inwardly at the thought of his utter helplessness with regard to the favorite, and turned the conversation, awkwardly enough, back to the subject of "the eternal Goths" and his incompetent general Leo, and then dismissed Elpidius as soon as he decently could. The composure of the latter was only external; inwardly he was burning with indignation against Eutropius, whom he suspected of having, for ends of his own, changed the Emperor's sentiments towards Olympias. "He wants to get rid of me, the shameless villain, and then to bring some accusation against her which will put her fortune in his power," he thought. Elpidius was wrong; it was not Eutropius, but Eudoxia, to whom the Emperor's state of mind was due, not, however, intentionally on her part. He was forcibly struck by the contrast between her way of resenting a slight, and the quiet submission with which Olympias bore an unheard-of injustice, and he was possessed by the idea that the best way to gain the help of heaven in a reconciliation with Eudoxia would be to do justice to Olympias. But how was he to manage with Eutropius, now that he could get no help from this proud Spaniard?

A Retrospect.

The great Theodosius had no more valiant or trustworthy general than Bauto the Frank, and at the Emperor's desire he brought his wife and child from Trèves to Constantinople, and spent with them the short snatches of repose which those warlike times afforded. He was a man of cultivated mind, as well as a brave soldier, and was very fond of his gifted and beautiful child; but neither he nor his wife lived to see their bud unfold. His wife died soon after coming to the East; she pined away in homesickness for the hazel-bordered banks of the Moselle. Bauto commended his orphan daughter to the care of his brother in arms, the consul Promotus, for there were consuls still, though mere shadows of the old republican consuls, and their dignity was much desired though little reverenced. It was no safeguard, however, to Promotus, for he had for his enemy a man so high in the Emperor's favor that, though a barbarian of low birth, he had attained the highest dignities of the empire and was appointed regent of the West, when Theodosius had to be in the East, and while Arcadius was still a child. This man was Rufinus, now prime minister in Constantinople. In the Emperor's presence, only his valuable qualities came out, and Theodosius prized his acuteness, courage, and boundless loyalty. But the people hated him for his avarice, and the nobles for his arrogance. Once, in a dispute with Rufinus, Promotus was so far carried away by anger and contempt, as to strike the *parvenu* Gaul in the face. That blow was the ruin of Promotus. He was sent to Thrace to put down an insurrection, and Rufinus took care that he should never return; he was attacked by an ambuscade, and slain.

His widow Marsa continued her motherly care of Bauto's orphan, and took the greatest pains with her education. She was thoroughly instructed in the doctrines of the Christian religion also, and, under different influences, would have been a noble character. But instruction is only one part of education—the other, and most important, is example. Marsa had no higher aim than worldly success and *éclat*. She spent the greater part of the day in her dressing-room, surrounded by a crowd of attendants. Ladies of rank and fashion never appeared in public at this period except in a robe and mantle of pure white,

with a purple gold-embroidered hem; only women of inferior rank and doubtful repute wore colored dresses out of doors. But the ladies consoled themselves by wearing all the colors of the rainbow in their own houses or in the country. Marsa changed her mind a hundred times before her toilette for the day was chosen. Then another engrossing employment was the purchase of ornaments for her person and her apartments. Next came visits to or from other ladies, or to the circus, or perhaps to a church if there was to be a sermon by some famous preacher, so that she was fully occupied all day, and went to rest at night perfectly satisfied with herself. This was how Marsa and her special friends, Eugraphia and Castricia, passed their lives, and this was the atmosphere in which the orphan Eudoxia grew up to youth and beauty.

The great Theodosius died, and the child Honorius was Emperor of the West, and Arcadius, a boy of sixteen, of the East. His father had made Rufinus his principal adviser—in reality he was absolute ruler. His avarice and ambition were boundless, and now without restraint. This weak boy was not Theodosius! Rufinus aimed at nothing less than the Imperial crown, and as a preparatory step, planned his daughter's marriage with the young Emperor. But though he was the master, he was not the favorite of Arcadius. That place was occupied by an Armenian freedman, who began his career as a groom in the Imperial stables, and gradually got to be a sort of underling among the palace servants. He was gifted with a serpentine faculty for twisting and turning, and creeping through narrow and crooked ways, which stood him in good stead now, so that at last his attention to his duties, his eagerness to obey a word or a look, drew the notice of the good-natured and unsuspecting Arcadius. Eutropius petitioned to be advanced from the wardrobe-room, which had hitherto been his post, and placed amongst the Emperor's personal attendants. The petition was granted, and the game won. Rufinus, in his haughty arrogance, never noticed the little viper lurking in the shadow of the throne, and strode on in his path of tyranny and oppression, followed by the curses of rich and poor. The time seemed now ripe for carrying out his project for his daughter's advancement, but Arcadius had as little admiration for her as liking for her father, and of late Eutropius had been incessantly sounding the praises of another young lady, whose beauty and intellect he described as matchless. By cunning and bribery of every kind, he managed to procure Eudoxia's portrait, which had all the effect on Arcadius that his favorite hoped; he fell desperately in love with the beautiful orphan's picture.

When Rufinus returned from a distant expedition, he found the court and the whole city in a state of excitement and preparation for the Emperor's marriage, the day for which was fixed. Strange to say, the bride's name was unknown. Arcadius said not a word; so far did the influence of Eutropius extend, who had resolved to feast his eyes on the utter ruin of the powerful minister. No suspicion was in the mind of Rufinus; he was a severe husband and father, utterly regardless of the treasures he possessed in wife, daughter, and sister, who were among the noblest of women, and who sought by a life of tears, prayers, and works of mercy, to make daily reparation for his life of injustice and oppression. He ordered his wife to dress his daughter in a manner suited to the Imperial bride, whom the messengers of the Emperor would come to receive. Sylvina, her mother, and her aunt, Sylvia, had no desire for such a dizzy elevation, but they obeyed without question or complaint. Besides, to reject the wooing of a Cæsar Augustus was simply impossible. The day came, as lovely a one as ever smiled over the Propontis; a crowd was assembled round the palace of Rufinus, and the interior was thronged with courtiers, anxious to be amongst the first to greet the Emperor's father-in-law. The procession began to move from the Imperial palace, led by Eutropius, the lord chamberlain. Several pages carried the bridal presents uncovered, so that all could see and admire—strings of pearls, milk-white and rose-colored, emeralds, diamonds, jewels of every kind and hue, piled up in costly profusion in golden baskets, stuffs of many dyes and richest texture, phials of transparent Egyptian alabaster filled with perfumes of fabulous cost; these and many a priceless gift besides were borne onward as the train wound through the streets, to stop—so all expected—at the palace of Rufinus. But at a signal from its leader, it halted before Marsa's dwelling, the doors of the court were flung open, and the brilliant procession vanished from the sight of the gaping and bewildered crowd.



THE VISIT OF QUEEN MARGARITA TO THE CONVENT OF THE ENGLISH INSTITUTE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, WIESBADEN, PRUSSIA.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany are standing beside the automobile, the Convent pupils in front of it.

Rufinus listened with swelling heart to the surging sounds of thousands of feet drawing nearer and nearer; suddenly, all was still—what did it mean? Some little accident, perhaps—some little obstacle in the way. But no! there was no sound of advancing feet—all continued silent, and the moments went slowly by. Then, like a thunderclap, burst upon his ear the shout with which the crowd greeted Eutropius as he came, without the bridal presents, forth from Marsa's palace. Eudoxia herself was overwhelmed with astonishment, Marsa with delight. "It is like a dream," said the young girl, as she stood looking with bewildered eyes on the treasures heaped around her.

"Are you not glad, lady?" asked one of her attendants. "I should be out of my senses with delight."

"We are different, my poor Agläe," said her mistress, quietly. "All these things are very beautiful, but I shall not enjoy them till I am Empress."

"Yes, when the East is at your feet!" cried Marsa, triumphantly. "But, come, girls, and let us adorn our Empress; in a couple of hours the ceremony takes place at Sancta Sophia."

When they were alone, she embraced her adopted daughter tenderly, saying: "How little did Promotus think, my Eudoxia, when first he took you to his home, that you would one day revenge him on his deadliest enemy."

"Yes, *that* is something worth being glad about. But it is not *my* doing; it is the hand of God, and I shall never forget that your loving care has been the means of placing me on the throne of the East."

Eudoxia became the bride of Arcadius. The first few weeks went by in the whirl of excitement which was natural to her sixteen years; then came some drops of wormwood in her cup of nectar. Arcadius loved her passionately and entirely; why, then, was she only his consort, and not Augusta? It rested with the Emperor to declare his son Augustus, or his wife Augusta, and Arcadius had not so honored her! Her title was only "most noble"; she felt this more bitterly on hearing that, after their father's death, the Imperial brothers had declared their little half-sister, Galla Placidia, Augusta. What did it mean? Whose influence withheld the title? She had not yet learned what fetters held the weak, indolent Arcadius prisoner.

"Patience, most illustrious," said Eutropius; "when the most noble Eudoxia has given you a son, then she will have earned the title of Augusta."

"What has that to do with the question?" asked Arcadius, discontentedly.

"Much, my lord and Emperor; for if, unhappily, the most noble Eudoxia has no son, it would be easier for her to retire into her former position, before bearing the higher title."

"Are you mad enough to suppose that any reason could part me from her?"

"Even a Cæsar Augustus has a duty to his people," answered the favorite, pathetically. And the great word "duty," which was an empty sound to him, was powerful with the pious Emperor, and he remained silent.

It must not be supposed that Rufinus had forgotten the past; he thirsted for revenge—revenge on a grand scale—revenge on the Emperor himself. He entered into a secret conspiracy with the Goths, who, under generals of their own, formed divisions of the Imperial army, and were far more devoted to these generals than to the Emperor. In this way, Rufinus hoped to gain the purple. But the spies of Eutropius were on the watch, and the treason Rufinus meditated was his own ruin. The Gothic leader, Gaïnas, found it more to his interest to act for the Emperor in concert with Eutropius, than with the disappointed plotter. Gaïnas was returning from the West after conquering Abrogastes, and, according to custom, the Emperor met the troops at the Golden Gate of the Hebdomon Palace; his court surrounded him, Rufinus was at his side, bolder and statelier than ever; there, at the feet of the horror-struck Arcadius, Gaïnas gave him his death-blow.

The murder was unpunished; Eutropius and Gaïnas had clear proofs of the treason of Rufinus, and the people hailed them as deliverers from the tyrant they hated. Their joy, however, was short-lived, when they learned more of the character of his successor. Rufinus was at least a man of ability and courage, who filled his office with dignity, and could speak and act in a manner worthy of it. But Eutropius!—he was not only hated but despised, and by no one more than by the young Empress. It was plain to the favorite that the day which should see her admitted, as Augusta, to a share of sovereignty would

be the last of his power, and so his own aim was, at all events, to delay its coming.

Eudoxia spent unheard-of sums in dress and jewelry, but they were never too great to be supplied by the favorite; she might hate him, but he would make himself useful, indispensable to her. Yet she wept tears of rage over her diamonds. One day Marsa found her weeping, with a splendid coronet lying before her. "Tears!" she said, "with such jewels before you!" and she was about to place them on Eudoxia's rich blonde hair. But she turned away, with the passionate exclamation, "It is not the diadem of the Empress! It is worthless in my eyes!"

Then came bitter disappointment. Twice she became a mother, but not of a son. In a melancholy and thankless spirit she received her second daughter, little thinking that on her alone of all his descendants, would rest the spirit of the great Theodosius; that child was Pulcheria, the Saint in the purple.

T. C. R.

The Rose-clouds of Youth.

THAT "there is nothing half so sweet in life as Love's Young Dream" is an assertion of Ireland's lyric bard, which elicits acquiescence alike from happy hearts enjoying the blissful reality, and from those to whom its pleasures have, with their adolescence, faded into a cherished memory.

Age may bring with it many gifts, such as wealth, honors, influence and experience, but what can it offer in comparison with the joyous dream of youth?

Thackeray has declared the world a mirror which reflects each one's image as he gazes, so accepting this theory, we do not marvel that this mundane sphere is a perfect Paradise to the youth whose ardent love and overflowing happiness cast a radiance on all he views.

"The world is full of beauty when the heart is full of love," so for the fortunate being reveling in "Love's Young Dream," the glorious sunsets, the warbling birds, the silvery rippling brooks and the dainty wild flowers possess a beauty hidden from the loveless gazer. And who can find youth loveless? In that happy time, life itself is a gift so precious and full of promise that its mere possession is enough to engender sentiments of love, first towards the Heavenly Donor and then towards all His creatures.

Ah, indeed, youth is a priceless gift! No other period of life is so full of bright dreams and pleasant illusions and beautiful ideals. Then life seems ours to be fashioned as we will, and what plans we conceive!

We indulge in unrestrained day-dreams of incomparable achievements and of conquered realms, while our imaginations picture golden futures without flaws. Browning has interpreted the trend of our limitless aspirations in the following expressive lines: "Mine be some figured flame, which blends, transcends them all."

But all other pleasures are eclipsed by youth's favorite pastime—the creating of Ideals! How delightful are the hours spent in this fascinating occupation! It never becomes monotonous, for with every new stage of our intellectual and moral development, comes a corresponding alteration in these perfect conceptions. From the days when our highest ambition is to grow big enough to make doll dresses ourselves, or play baseball, to the time when we dream of startling the world by our wonderful achievements, fanciful creations go through an ever-varying process of evolution. And they are not confined to one species; we have our Utopian dreams of life, of places, pursuits, surroundings and an indefinite number of other equally accredited stabilities, but above all stands our human Ideal. Upon the creation of this last we expend all our youthful enthusiasm, adding virtues and subtracting defects until we have in our imaginations, beings possessing every desirable attribute and divested of everything unattractive. Having finally completed the moulding of these charming creatures of our fancy, we jubilantly elevate them on pedestals of their perfections and bowing down we reverently offer up the homage of our sincere admiration. And then, perhaps, to the more fortunate of us, comes a memorable day when we find a living counterpart of this visionary formation! Ah! when such a happy time arrives, how eagerly we weave garlands from our young heart's purest love to adorn the fair object of our exaltation! Milton has touchingly portrayed this instinctive desire to crown the charming being whom we deem "so lovely fair that what seemed fair in all the world seems now mean, or in her summed up, in her contained," in one of the most pathetic incidents of Paradise Lost—the meeting

of our first parents, after Eve had tasted the forbidden fruit. While awaiting the termination of her wayward wanderings, Adam had gathered choicest flowers and woven a fragrant diadem to grace her delicate brow. But alas! before the coronation, came the discovery of "the fatal trespass, and in his horror from his slack hand the garland wreathed for Eve down dropt, and all the faded roses shed!" An affecting picture of the pathos of a shattered Ideal! Surely no sorrow in life can surpass the one typified by this little scene. When in our love we have thought all perfections centered in one fair soul and carefully prepared a wreath to adorn the brow of virtue, we would rather die a thousand times than find the object of our admiration unworthy. For how many hopes, how many joys fall withered with the garland! To Adam, the pain of finding Eve less perfect than he thought, for the time must have outweighed even the grief of leaving Paradise, and to Youth the sorrow attending a disillusion seems the greatest of calamities. Thrice blessed we, if our queens have been wisely chosen and disappointment does not follow supposed realization!

While revelling in the joys of idealism, we are as completely removed from the ordinary life of prosy, practical humanity, as if we were literally dwelling on an enchanted Lotos Island. Our own delightful thoughts surround us as rose-clouds in whose exquisite reflection "life's realities are all romance."

One of youth's greatest blessings is its implicit faith in its own imaginary world. The warnings of disappointed seniors have no power to crush its enthusiasm. "Others' ideals may have been hopelessly shattered, but mine are more enduring than brass. Others may have found the world a sad disappointment, but for me, life is overflowing with happiness"—such is youth's cheerful philosophy.

Although age may smile at its illusions and dreams, if the wheel of Time could be directed by human hands, how many whose "days are gone when beauty bright their heart's chain wove," would gladly reverse its revolutions, and renounce Experience for the happiness of youth's sweet faith and trust and love!

But there is a consolation for those who long for life's springtime and who plead with Goethe:

"Give me, oh, give me back the days when I, too, was young," for although it is impossible to recall roses to faded cheeks, and restore silver locks to their original golden tint, we can resist the taunts of Time at our faith in perfection; we can preserve it far into Life's autumn, and keep our natures youthful in our grateful appreciation of Life and its blessings. Thus we imbibe waters from the fountain of Perpetual Youth and realize the truth of Madame Swetchine's declaration, "The heart has no wrinkles."

KATHLEEN M. MARSHALL.

Sunshine.

The air is full of a witchery, silent, unfelt and unseen;
Yet it touches the black pine woods, and they flash to a riot of green;
It breathes on the diffident birches, and lo! they are dancing in white,
And it paints on the slopes of the barren fields a picture of delight.

I do not know what the magic is, but I think I have seen the same
In a quiet life, a transparent life, and the world knows not her name;
But, herself unnoted, a touch, a breath, where the sad and the sullen were,
And the dark is light, and the gloom is bright, at the very thought of her.

I do not know what the magic is that dwells in her quickening face,
No book have I to the witchery that wraps her around with grace;
But this I know, be it mirth or woe, where her blessed feet have trod,
There widens out in the hearts of men the beautiful peace of God.

A. WELLS.

There are in life no commonplace duties, no mean services; there cannot be such in the service of the Most High. To serve God infinitely dignifies the service, whatever it be, whether the hand hold a spindle or a sceptre. Ever since kings knelt before the manger in Bethlehem, we behold the whole order of things reversed, and glory rests on those things which the world despises.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

GLADYS WEST. ROSE M'CORMICK.
MAY WETER, VERONICA ALTENBURG.
MARY BURCHILL. ELIZABETH MCGREEVY.
BEATRICE BECK.

Subscription price, $1.00 per year, in advance. Address all communications to

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

APRIL, 1906.

Though April opened with the deeper shadows of Lenten gloom and the bitter mockery of the seeming triumph of Palm Sunday, nevertheless, the dominant spirit of the month is one of rejoicing in the glory of the Resurrection with its glad Alleluias. "You know the Alleluia is the song of heaven. It contains the expression of all joy; and the one letter which is the expression of human sorrow is excluded from it. All the other vowels are there—and, as you know, it is the vowels which form the sounds of human language—but the sorrowful O, which expresses all our dolorous mysteries, has no part there. How, then, can we have any right to sing it, whilst still on earth, and while all our life is compassed about with loss and suffering of one sort or another? It is, I suppose, to remind us that we are the heirs of eternity—that we must not be subject to the things which make us sorrowful, but must always be 'lifting our eyes to the hills, whence cometh our hope,' looking on to the heavenly city, of which we are even now the citizens . . . and the glorious company to which we belong. This is our home, and the Alleluia is the 'Home, sweet home,' of that glorious family gathering. Their voices unite with ours in singing it—of that we may be sure; therefore, let us try that there may be the harmony of perfect charity in our hearts, that we may not mar it by one false note of discord."

*

The readers and *staff* of the RAINBOW, who delight in Miss O'Dowda's clever contributions to the Magazine, who in the January number followed her in laughter among the Connaught echoes, and accompanied her in tears while the cathedral bells chimed "The Wearing of the Green," and who have looked forward to a continuance of the trip, will now in profound sympathy mourn with Miss O'Dowda over the loss of her dearly-loved sister, Mrs. O'Sullivan.

Miss O'Dowda and Mrs. O'Sullivan were pupils of Loretto Convents in various parts of the world—the latter was indeed a musician of phenomenal talent!

We cannot refrain from repeating the eloquent and pathetic tribute of the heart-broken sister: "All Loretto knew Katie. Her voice was heaven's own; and her fingers made music from anything. She could play every instrument, even though she had never seen it before—and play gloriously. She never needed to study, all music was natural to her. She was certainly the most gifted woman in that way in all the world!"

The sweet singer is gone; and of her music not a note reaches us through the silent grave.

For many years there was "sorrow in her song"; for when only a girl in her teens she was married in India to Dr. O'Sullivan, the kindest of husbands, who, a short time afterwards, met a tragic death, incidental to the practice of his profession.

Loretto and the RAINBOW *staff* tender Miss O'Dowda, the bereaved mother, and other relatives, their heartfelt sympathy, and promise prayerful remembrances of the dear departed.

"The beautiful words addressed to Princess Ena by the Bishop of Nottingham, on Wednesday night, when handing her the Holy Father's presents, are worthy of reproduction," writes our *English Correspondent:*

"My child, it is difficult for me to find fitting words in which to address you at this moment. There are gifts here which are yours, sent through a most unworthy, yet most devoted, servant of a King—to whom you and I, and all these present, and every child of the Catholic Church throughout the world, owes loyalty, love, and obedience. He is a King whose predecessors have reigned for over eighteen hundred years, whose Empire is more extended than that over which your race, daughter of kings, rules, and though when he speaks the world listens, yet, he calls himself only Servus Servorum Dei—the servant of the servants of God. To his kindly heart none are strangers, and it is not therefore wonderful that he remembers you to-day, and, sharing in your joy and the joy of those around you, he sends you tokens of his regard and words of fatherly love. His gifts, if I may symbolize them, seem to me to bear the same meaning as those which the three kings offered to our Divine Lord in the stable at Bethlehem. They are gold, frankincense, and myrrh. He sends you a medal of gold, stamped with his own likeness, typical at once of his own loyalty and yours. He sends you a photograph, on which he has written prayers and wishes for your welfare from his very heart, for as it is said in Holy Writ, 'prayer shall ascend like incense in His sight,' and he sends you a cross, of gold, it is true, but the sign of suffering and the bitterness of myrrh. It means that to all, for our Lord says, 'He that would be my disciple must take up his cross and follow me'; and much as those who love you may wish that all your days may be as bright as the sky above you, you may have to take your share, to suffer and be strong. But you go out to your new life with the blessings, the good wishes, and the prayers of all around you and of all outside these walls who know you, who will pray always that the cross may lie lightly on your shoulders, that pain may be compensated by many joys, that you may be always of those who possess their souls in patience till the days of trial are over, and you find your reward in that crown of eternal happiness which is the gift of God."

"Princess Ena received her first Communion this morning in the chapel of Miramar Palace, only members of the Royal family and their suites being present. The Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Nottingham.

After the ceremonies, the princess telegraphed to the Pope:

'At the moment of entering the Apostolic Roman Catholic Church, I desire humbly to thank Your Holiness for all your fatherly goodness towards me, and I also wish to offer myself with all my heart as your most devoted and loyal daughter. Asking again your prayers and your Apostolic Benediction.

VICTORIA EUGENIE.'

At eleven o'clock, King Alfonso and Princess Ena, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, went for a drive through the town. They were heartily cheered, and a number of young ladies covered their carriage with flowers."

*

We have received from Benziger Bros., New York, "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth," by Mary E. Mannix.

To prepare such a book as this, one that will appeal directly to the hearts and minds of Catholic youth, requires not so much a fluent pen as sympathy with those *for whom* the book is made and love for those *about whom* it is written. Miss Mannix possesses these qualifications in an eminent degree: she has a graceful style, she evidently knows and loves young people, and she certainly has an intimate acquaintance and reverence for the holy servants of God, of whom she writes so interestingly. St. Agnes, for instance, is presented to us as the beautiful and unspoiled child of wealthy parents. Her character is wo-

ven of the webs of unsullied purity, of tenderness, delicacy, bravery, constancy and firmness. But read the book and enjoy the romance of her sweet life, of her dreadful trial and heroic martyrdom.

Read the life of St. Rose of Lima, America's pride, "the first flower of the desert wild," and learn the art of struggling against self-admiration. For she was really very beautiful and everybody told her so. By living as constantly in the presence of God as roses in the eye of heaven, and by judicious, yet severe mortification, she overcame this expensive weakness. See, too, how submissively she endured the persecutions of her vixen step-mother, how industriously she labored in her father's household and afterward continued to sanctify herself in the occupation of servant-maid in the homes of rich men.

The reader will appreciate the selection which Miss Mannix has made of saints who are types of that strenuously-active Christianity which conquers obstacles, precisely the kind of Christianity which we need here and now.

*

From the same firm comes "Her Blind Folly," by Martin Holt.

The story tells itself in its easy movement from scene to scene and in the simple succession of its events. In a short book of this kind, especially adapted for the book-shelves of the young, this is a desirable quality. There is danger, indeed, in the so-called psychological analysis so much affected by the modern school of novelists, who either go into details that are open to misconstruction, if not downright misleading, or, by suggestion, point a trail which the reader would much better not follow. Human life and love are known to hold many a mystery even for those who have grown gray in their unravelling. How much more must the inexperienced be puzzled over them! And since it must be admitted that there is no simple code that can be put into the hands of the young by which they may decipher the heart's secrets, it does not seem wise to be thrusting these riddles before them for interpretation. At best, it is a matter of theory, and it is to be said that much-vaunted psychology of our fictional literature, has little of real value to teach about this precious faculty of the human heart.

The author has given us a worthy companion to his "That Man's Daughter," in which he has shown again that the art of the story-writer has sufficient play within the bounds of what is honest and proper; that a picture of life need not be vulgar in order to be real and truthful; and that the great lesson of life may be partly learnt from the conduct of the friends we come to know and admire in the pages of a good book.

*

Sincere and heartfelt was the loyal welcome accorded to Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O. C. C., on the morning of March the eighteenth, when, after the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, his many Loretto friends assembled around him to express their joy—their eagerness to honor him whom God has honored—for had not Father Pius held every office within the gift of the American Province previous to his elevation to the important position he now so ably fills—Superior General of his Order? A great mind, profoundly learned, a marvellous insight into things spiritual, and unusual executive ability may challenge admiration, but when with these are combined holiness of life and traits of character which win confidence and respect, we have the follower of Christ, to whom we willingly yield veneration.

That our Lady of Mount Carmel, whose livery Father Pius has worn for the past thirty years, may guide him in the arduous duties of his office will surely be the prayer of every member of the Institute and every child of Loretto, into whose hearts his words of enlightenment have entered to be made a part of their lives.

Violin Recital.

MISS EVELEEN BURNS, the very capable teacher of the violin department, gave a most interesting programme on the afternoon of Shrove Tuesday, and proved herself to be the possessor of an exceptionally fine technique and high ideals.

The "Adagio" of Simonetti was beautifully rendered, as was also the well-known "Berceuse," which every violinist seems to include in her répertoire.

The sprightly "Spanish Dance" of Moszkowski formed a gay contrast to the slow, dignified and stately "Largo" of Händel. This world-renowned selection is one that never seems to weary us—the joy we experience on hearing a classical composition of this style must be akin to the joys of eternity—where unforeseen delights will never cloy our jaded senses.

The "Cradle Song" of Heuser was a very welcome number, as was also the "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn. Probably our high appreciation of the last-named was owing to the fact of its being so familiar.

Mrs. Smith, who proved a delightful accompanist, favored us with a piano solo—that charming little gem of Grieg's, "An den Frühling." This was followed by "Adagietto," by Bizet, and "La Cinquintaine," by Gabriel-Marie. The programme was brought to a close by Dvorak's "Humoreske," a quaint bit of melody that had something suggestive of a Scotch air about it.

The artistic interpretation of the gifted violinist added not a little to the charm of the musicale, and the tuneful hours passed all too quickly. We quite agree with Gregory Mason when he says: "Music is not poorer but richer for its marvellous intricacies of structure, and the sentimentality which hates clear definition is not high sentiment, but misconception or insensibility. It is a suggestive fact, however, that the sentimental attitude is found among us, not only in music but everywhere. It is the tendency of the day to confuse acquiring with assimilating, to fancy that wealth of experience is better than self-mastery and intelligent possession. Heedlessness is our besetting sin. We skim books, 'do' picture galleries, talk at the opera, interrupt in conversation, and gobble our food. Metaphorically as well as actually, we swallow more than we can digest, imagining that if we only subject ourselves to enough impressions we shall become connoisseurs. We value quantity rather than quality, in everything from bric-à-brac to education."

However, we congratulated ourselves that none of the above remarks can apply to us, for the program was not "above our heads," and we listened to each number. We agree, perfectly, with the same writer who says: "He best appreciates music who brings to it all of his human powers, who understands it intellectually as well as feels it emotionally."

PROGRAMME.

"Adagio" .....*Simonetti*
"Berceuse" .....*Godard*
"Spanish Dance".....*Moszkowski*
"Largo" .....*Händel*
"Cradle Song".....*Heuser*
"Spring Song".....*Mendelssohn*
Piano Solo—"An den Frühling".....*Grieg*

MRS. SMITH

"Adagietto" .....*Bizet*
"La Cinquintaine".....*Gabriel-Marie*
"Humoreske" .....*Dvorak*

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

An Evening with Mozart—The Raphael of Music—In Honor of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of his Birth.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART, 1756-1791.

"From whatever side and with whatever feeling we may glance at Mozart, we always meet with the genuine and pure nature of the artist, a nature filled with perennial love which finds only joy and satisfaction in producing the beautiful, animated with the spirit of truth."—*Otto Jahn.*

WHILE the musical world at large was celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Mozart, we, in our humble convent home, also thought of the maestro and paid our little tribute to his memory by giving a programme devoted to some of his works.

As a recent writer has so truly said, "Mozart has often been compared with other great men—

Shakespeare, Goethe, Beethoven, Haydn, &c.—but the truest parallel of all is that between him and Raphael. In the work of both we admire the same marvellous beauty and refinement, the same pure harmony and ideal truthfulness; we also recognize in the two men the same intense delight in creation, which made them regard each fresh work as a sacred task, and the same gratitude to their Maker for His divine life of genius. The influence of each upon art was immeasurable. As painting has but one Raphael, so music has but one Mozart."

At the close of the Entertainment, Rev. A. Kreidt, O. C. C., who is a learned musician and enthusiastic admirer of Mozart, addressed the pupils and complimented them on the beautiful and simple way in which they had interpreted the different numbers. He dwelt on the various episodes in the life of the renowned composer, emphasizing the two striking characteristics of his works—beauty and simplicity. Our attention was called to the fact, that these qualities were due to Mozart's simple and pure character. He listened to the voice of Nature, the music of the rills and laughing waters, the songs of the birds, and all that was bright and happy. Nothing of a turgid style ever appealed to him. He is very far removed indeed from the trend of thought of the present-day writers and artists. A painter daubs some canvas and tells us to stand off and admire—that is the art of the impressionist school of painting. While in literature, the realistic school is supposed to portray the great truths of life. Mozart affords a delightful contrast to all this striving for effect.

The Reverend speaker then made a very apt comparison. "Mozart's music is like pure, limpid water—what so refreshing after having tasted the viands of a great feast, as a glass of pure, fresh water! Modern art is a wonderland, truly, of vast and varied beauty. All the experiences, aspirations, sufferings, of the total world of men will find themselves mirrored here, as in a spiritual looking-glass, but, when we are wearied with the endless questionings and the fierce endeavor, and the tiresome quest of Schumann, of Wagner, &c., let us go back to dear, happy-hearted Mozart. Let us go back and sit at the feet of that mercurial man, who had within him the soul of a hero as well as the shimmering opal of a divine genius who could create in the thirty-six short years a mountain of treasure for all who love the gems of sound, who could keep a glad heart in his breast and build gorgeous palaces in the mind, while shivering and starving, and could enrich after ages while himself marching to the grave of a pauper. Among all the musicians there was not a dearer, kinder, happier, more lovable and royal soul than that of Mozart."

It is needless to say that Father Kreidt's remarks, of which we have given only a very short epitome, proved a delightful climax to a very happy evening.

PROGRAMME.

Foreword.
MERCEDES DOYLE.

Sonata—No. 7—Adagio .....
MARY LEARY.

Duett—Overture from "The Marriage of Figaro" .....
BERNICE PARK AND KATHLEEN RIDOUT.

Vocal Solo—"Silently Blending"—from "The Marriage of Figaro"... .....
MARY LEARY.

Essay—Mozart—An Appreciation .....
EDITH GARNEAU.

Duett—Overture from "The Magic Flute".....
BEATRICE BECK AND RITA SIMPSON.

Fantasia and Sonata.....
ELEANOR LILLEY.

Vocal Solo—"The Violet".....
ELIZABETH MCGREEVY.

Essay—The Art of Mozart.....
FLORILLA WEBB.

Sonata—No. 18—Allegro con Spirito.....
ELIZABETH MCGREEVY.

Solo and Chorus—"Jesu Mater, Ave".....
VERONICA ALTENBURG.

We learn our virtues from the bosom friends who love us; our faults from the enemy who hates us. We cannot easily discover our real form from a friend. He is a mirror, on which the warmth of our breath impedes the clearness of the reflection.

The Old Book.

Where the dust of years lay in long possession,
I found awaiting a volume old,
For a hand to free from this dark obsession,
And eye to revel in page unrolled.

Then the heavy lids of the olden binding
Oped treasures ancient of history;
But the charm of all that enriched my finding,
The treasure of treasures is this to me—

That like pearls of price in a linked extension
Are letter-jewels, preferring claim;
And I turn from pages of rare pretension,
To gaze thro' tears on the owner's name.[1]

Dear spirit gone, there's a love impelling
To cherish fondly your "Property,"[2]
And amends to make while I here have dwelling,
For the graceless slight of a century:

—All in gratitude that I, blest, inherit
A love for books over gold and lands;
And this volume old takes a tender merit,
That it knew the touch of caressing hands.

O come, dear soul, to my spirit's yearning!
Thro' realms of thought be a guide to me;
From the infinite to the finite turning,
Bring light where's aught of a mystery!

We'll meet in this company of sages,—
Our friends are the wisest that earth e'er trod;
And taught from these pleasing hallow'd pages
Is duty to neighbor, and self, and God!

IDRIS.

1. "Richard Cockrell," born and educated in England, commissioned "Judge" by George III.; commission issued at York (Toronto), by Governor Hunter, April, 1810.

2. "Rollin's Ancient History," with Latin and Greek notes, also references; used as a text-book in the university colleges of England, one hundred years ago.

Patience has hardly an equal for the proof it gives of self-mastery. It implies first of all a willingness to be misunderstood. It rebels against the modern idea of standing up for one's rights, and keeps only in view the single purpose and the honest desire of the heart.

Rev. T. Kelly Affords us an Afternoon of Instruction and Delightful Travel, by a Graphic Description of his Trip to the Holy Land.

ON a few rare occasions, it had been our privilege to listen to the eloquent and inspiring sermons of Rev. T. Kelly, whose sojourn at Niagara has been fraught with so much fatherly kindliness and gracious courtesy to us—and, we trust, regained health and strength to him. It was, therefore, with unfeigned delight and a joyous ave that we greeted our Reverend friend, on Friday, the second of February, appropriately chosen for his lecture on the Holy Land.

The mere memory of the scenes which have endeared this Oriental land to mankind for nearly twenty centuries, awakens in every Christian heart a train of sacred thought; what then was our happiness to hear from the lips of one so gloriously endowed, mentally and physically, in whom the qualities of ambassador of Christ and scholarly gentleman are so strikingly combined, his impressions of a country of transcendent interest, whose every stone seems to be a monument, and every ruined wall a p[illegible] of history.

With a peculiar magnetism all his own, Father Kelly is the fortunate possessor of a rich, mellow voice, which is a joy to hear, and together with his perfect mastery of the English language, enables him to embellish every thought to a superlative degree. Judge, then, of our enthusiasm as we journeyed with him, in spirit, to the Eternal City, *realizing history* by visiting ancient shrines of art, the homes or sepulchres of heroes, and the arenas of heroic deeds; thence to Brindisi, Egypt, the Holy Land, &c.

The following is a synopsis of the Reverend speaker's discourse, to which we could have listened for hours with unabated interest and pleasure.

At the mere mention of the Holy Land, our Christian hearts beat faster, and longingly and lovingly do we sigh to behold those places upon whose consecrated soil the Saviour of mankind dwelt and labored. But, since it is the distinguished honor, the especial privilege of but comparatively few to visit those scenes whereon the sun of Christianity first arose in all its pure efful-

gence, then come with me, in spirit, to that ever-sacred and hallowed land, where was enacted the thrilling drama of our Redemption.

Despite the urgent entreaties of many, who besought us not to undertake the journey then, on account of the intensity of the heat in Palestine, we, nevertheless, left Rome for Brindisi, May 20th. Charming, indeed, was that Saturday evening, just at the close of May, as we stood on the vessel's deck expectantly awaiting the signal of departure. Our eyes were, very naturally, centred upon the ancient city of Brindisi, which Cicero so entranced by his oratory, Homer so immortalized by his poetry, and where Virgil forever closed his eyes upon the stage of life. Suddenly the steamer's shrill whistle aroused us from our reverie, but, only to be electrified, as it were, by hearing so far from home, the classic strains of "Bedelia," whistled and sung by a band of Italian urchins. For the moment, it seemed as if we were on a New York ferry-boat. The evening was delightful, the air invigorating, the sky starry as heaven's own fair dome, and, after the fatigue and heat of the travel from Rome, we welcomed the cool, refreshing breezes from the deep blue sea.

Sunday morning's sun arose in all the splendor of its regal glory and gilded with its golden rays the Mediterranean—the loveliest blue waters eye ever gazed upon—and as we contemplated the sublime and combined grandeur of land and sea, we realized the truth and accuracy of the poet's words:

"Oh, Greece, if thou hadst been my home,
On shores of thy blue sea,
Through golden vales though I might roam,
My heart would cling to thee!

Though fairer skies might smile on me,
In realms of goddess queens,
My homesick heart would turn to thee,
And languish for thy scenes."

Memory then recalled those martial days of yore when the colors of Greece and Rome fluttered to the breeze as their galleys hurried on, under the rapid stroke of dripping oars, to conquest or dominion. Sunday, too, with its sacred associations, suggested thoughts of a purely religious nature, for we considered how many of the first Apostles sailed along the self-same shore, witnessed the same bright visions it was now ours to behold, and who, all aglow with apostolic zeal, coasted upon those bays and cities, and longingly yearned to lead the worshippers of false deities from out the darkness of idolatry into the full light of Christ and the knowledge of the only true and living God.

Tuesday morning brought us within sight of the land of Egypt, but, owing to the dense, dark clouds and the sultry atmosphere, which then overhung both city and harbor, it was with difficulty we could discern, looming up in the distance, Alexandria, the capital. Flags floated from the masts of ships, representing nearly every nation of the world, and, by our American instinct, we readily recognized the star-spangled banner, and with unfeigned patriotism and enthusiasm we saluted and greeted the Red, White and Blue!

Having disembarked, we were directly driven to the Hotel Abbott, where we were cordially received and hospitably entertained by a lineal descendant of the Great Prophet, who spoke several languages—English among the number—and who gloried in the illustrious name—Mahomed. We next journeyed by train to Cairo, where, although we spent a few days, we were confined principally to our hotel, except at morning's dawn and evening's close, because of the excessive heat, which foreigners termed the heat of Hades; and, if the reports of the moral atmosphere of Cairo be true, we concluded that we were really not far therefrom. We, however, took advantage of the cooler hours of the day to visit, *mounted on camel's back,* the Sphinx, the renowned Egyptian pyramids, and the Mahomedan mosques, especially that of Omar, one of the most costly and stately edifices in the world. We ascended the heights of the citadel. Beneath us lay Cairo with its time-worn walls and battlements, its palaces and its hundred temples, with their tapering minarets dazzling in the scorching sun of an almost perfectly cloudless sky.

There, too, loomed up before our admiring view the Cairo of old, where were once the granaries of Joseph, where dwelt the Holy Family during the sojourn in Egypt; there, also, the spot where the Infant Jesus reposed while Mary and Joseph rested beneath the shade of a terebinth tree, and rapturously gazed into the beautiful, beaming countenance of the slumbering Holy Babe. This refuge which Egypt thus unknowingly afforded the Divine Child, merited for it

the choicest blessings of faith and sanctity, for it became the blooming, flowering garden of Christ, and its now many deserts were once peopled to overflowing with the sainted children of God. But, alas! sadly may the pilgrim of to-day exclaim, "Oh, sorrowful and oppressed land, what hast thou done thus to forfeit thy heavenly heritage? Why is the sacred lamp of thy Christianity almost extinguished, and wherefore have thy children forsaken the Lord their God, to worship at the shrine of idols?"

Another Sunday morning saw us wandering through the hallowed precincts of Jaffa, in Palestine. Being morning, when we arrived, and as our train for Jerusalem would not leave until the afternoon, we profitably employed the intervening hours in visiting the historic house of Simon the Tanner, and we ascended the roof where St. Peter went to pray when the Lord favored him with the heavenly vision recorded in Holy Writ, wherein he beheld beasts and creeping reptiles, and a voice said to him, "Arise, Peter, kill and eat." "Far be it from me, O Lord, for I have never eaten any common or unclean thing." And the voice spoke again, "That which God hath purified, do not call unclean."

The port of Jaffa is, perhaps, the oldest in the world, for it is related that here Noah entered the ark, and that here, also, is his sepulchre, where his son afterwards built a city. Through this harbor were brought the cedars for Solomon's Temple, and from here the chosen Apostles departed to carry the burning torch of Christianity to the furthermost parts of the earth, where they sealed their undying faith by the generous effusion of their blood. But, the dearest, fondest memory which, like ivy, clings to its moss-covered shores, is, that from here John the beloved and Mary the Virgin Mother of Jesus, set sail for Ephesus.

Already have we left historic Jaffa in the distance. We are slowly nearing these ever-emerald hills, which enclose the City of God. Ere long, our most ardent anticipations will be realized, for, under the mellow rays of the gradually-retiring sun, the immortal Jerusalem of ancient splendor will soon majestically greet our view.

The pretty little villages through which we passed presented new and interesting scenes. The most artistic eye would never tire feasting upon the gorgeous flowery meadows bedecked with blushing roses and milk-white lilies, the fields of golden corn waving on the hillsides, and luscious groves of oranges, citrons, and olives, beautifying the country, until Jerusalem is near at hand. How impatient grew our hearts, how anxiously and feverishly did not our souls expand at the mere consciousness that we were fast approaching the birthplace of Christianity, whose light flooded the world with its beneficent rays! With strained eyes and eager glance, we watched for the first glimpse of the Holy City, and scarcely had our lips ceased to repeat the hymn of boyhood days:

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
How do I sigh for thee!
When shall my exile have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?"

than the city itself burst upon our enraptured vision, bathed in the crimsoned beauty of the then slowly-setting sun.

No tongue can tell, no pen portray, no words describe the thrill of joy which penetrates the pilgrim's soul as, for the first time, he gazes upon this once mighty city. We drove through the streets outside the walls, until we reached the gates of the city, where we alighted, as no vehicle is ever permitted to intrude within the walls of Jerusalem. We immediately repaired to the Hospice of the Franciscan Fathers, where we were comfortably lodged and given in charge to Brother Luke, who proved himself a genial, jolly companion, and, as a guide, thoroughly conversant with the minutest details pertaining to the Holy Land. It was not lack of talent or ability, but his admirable humility which, when urged, deterred him from entering the priesthood.

At a very early hour, the following morning, we entered the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre, which is the main object and the chief centre of the pilgrim's devotion. At the entrance is stationed a small group of Turkish soldiers. The Basilica includes under one roof, three of the oldest churches, with many surrounding chapels. The *first object* to claim attention is the Stone of Unction, venerated as the spot where Christ's body was anointed by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. It was saved from the fire, in 614, when Zacharias, Patriarch of Jerusalem, was taken captive.

We were then assigned chapels for the celebration of Mass, that of the Resurrection being

allotted to me. Entering this Chapel where were once seated the white-winged messengers of Christ's triumphant victory over death, I passed through it into the Holy Sepulchre. The huge stone whereon our Saviour's sacred body was laid, is covered with a marble slab, which serves as an altar. This Chapel is built in the form of a rotund, and consists of a gorgeous dome, supported by sixteen magnificent marble columns. The red-tinted marble of which this imposing edifice is constructed, was brought from the Red Sea.

"Him the Gentiles shall seek, and His sepulchre shall be glorious." In fulfillment of this prophecy, countless jewelled lamps are constantly shedding their brilliant lustre upon the tomb of the risen Saviour, while groups of native Christians and pious pilgrims from every land and clime affectionately and fondly linger around it, absorbed in silent, heartfelt prayer.

Tuesday morning, I ascended the nineteen stone steps leading to the hill of Calvary. The church enclosing Mount Calvary is divided into two parts, the first marking where the Cross stood, the other where it was erected. A round, silver-framed opening in the ground indicates the exact place where the Cross stood, and, in a cave beneath, may be seen the rent made in the rocks at the death of Christ. This cave is also considered the traditional tomb of Adam.

The Church of the Crucifixion contains three altars; the first, where the Cross stood, is in possession of the Greeks—no priest of the Latin rite is ever permitted to celebrate Mass thereon. A few feet distant is the Catholic altar of the Seven Dolors, where the Blessed Mother received the mangled body of her lifeless Son into her loving arms. Another step brings us to the Altar of the Crucifixion, which, thank God, is also in possession of the Catholics. Here, as I offered the Holy Sacrifice, where the bleeding Victim of reconciliation expired, a most touching and affecting scene attracted my observation. A venerable Dominican Father, bowed down beneath the weight of infirmities, and with the frost of more than four score years and ten resting on his silvery locks, was celebrating, perhaps, for the last time, the Holy Sacrifice at the altar next me, assisted and supported by two of his novices.

Descending the blood-stained heights of Calvary, I passed on my return to the sacristy, the meeting-place of Magdalen and the Saviour, whom she believed to be the gardener until Jesus addressed her in His accustomed affectionate manner. It was, to the honor of womanhood be it said, Mary Magdalen's intense ardor and consuming love which so hastened the rapidity of her steps that she far outran even the Apostles in reaching the tomb, which enclosed her beloved Master, her treasure, her God, her all. As I celebrated at her shrine, hope shed its cheering rays upon my sinful path, for I recalled the soul-inspiring Gospel narrative of a Saviour's unspeakable and boundless mercy and pardon, and the abiding sorrow of a repentant sinner's bruised, bleeding, broken heart, which merited for her from the lips of Jesus the general absolution, "Many sins are forgiven thee because thou hast loved much."

Let us now leave, for a moment, the interior of that superbly grand Basilica whose beauty I so imperfectly pictured to you, and let us, in imagination, reverently tread in the blood-stained footprints of our Blessed Saviour, tottering beneath the burden of the Cross, as He climbed the rocky heights of Calvary. The "Via Dolorosa" or Sorrowful Way, extends a distance of seven hundred yards, and broken columns denote the different stages of Christ's Passion. The Stations begin at the Judgment Hall of Pilate, which, to this day, is pointed out, and also the arch of the terrace from which Jesus, crowned with thorns, was presented to the populace, as Pilate cried out, "Ecce Homo," "Behold the Man." Facing the house of Pilate, stands the Church of the Scourging, nearby the place where Jesus met his agonizing Mother and where Simon was constrained to assist Him in carrying the Cross. Having arrived at the top of the hill, we saw the house of Veronica and where Christ fell beneath the burden of the Cross, and where, as He arose, He consoled the weeping daughters of Jerusalem. The remainder of the Stations are within the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. Our Blessed Lady was, undoubtedly, the first to visit those tragic scenes, and, ever since, there has been one endless chain of devout pilgrims, who constantly moisten those sanctified places with pearliest tears of repentance, gratitude and love.

Crossing the brook of Cedron, we visited the Chapels of Mary and Joseph, Joachim and Anna.

They are located at the base of Mt. Olivet, and, adjacent thereto, is the garden of Gethsemane where Judas betrayed his Lord and Master. "Jesus delivered himself unto his enemies." At present, this garden comprises but a small portion of ground, shaded by eight olive trees, among which the Franciscan Brothers cultivate pretty flower beds. We were the joyous recipients of fragrant bouquets, oil from each of the trees, and olive pits, which afterwards formed our rosary. From the Grotto of the Agony, two paths lead to the Mount of the Beatitudes, on which is the cross-crowned Church of the Ascension. Here we reverently kissed the stone wherefrom Jesus victoriously and resplendently ascended into the kingdom of His glory, leaving thereon the sacred impress of His feet. Upon this Mount the Divine Master taught His disciples the Lord's Prayer, in memory of which a French princess built a convent, and around the walls of the inner court, this prayer of prayers is artistically inscribed in thirty-one languages. Here, also, the Apostles composed the Creed.

Timidly descending on our donkeys a steep declivity, we arrived at the valley of Josaphat, where, acocrding to the prophecy of Joel, the general judgment will take place. "Let them arise, and let the nations come up into the valley of Jhoshaphat, for there I will sit to judge all nations."

So many and so teeming with religious significance are the shrines which dot every dale and hillside of the Holy Land, that it is difficult to institute a comparison as to their historic importance, or relative sacredness. But, to my mind, there is not one more sacred, or around which cluster more cherished memories, than the Coenaculum or Hall of the Last Supper. Therein was instituted the Eucharistic Banquet wherein God, the Host, and man, the guest, meet and unite in sweet embrace. There Jesus elevated penance to the dignity of a sacrament, the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles, and there Matthias was chosen to replace the apostate Judas in the Apostolic College. There St. James was consecrated first Bishop of Jerusalem, there was convened the first Council of the Church, and there were the seven deacons selected, among whom was the youthful Stephen, first martyr of the faith. Thence the Apostles went forth to execute the divine commission, "Teach all nations," and there, too, did St. John celebrate the holy mysteries in the presence of the Blessed Virgin. But, horrible to behold, this hitherto sanctified cradle of religion is to-day the lounging and smoking-room of filthy Turkish scamps; and desecrated by idolatrous Mahomedan worship. It is only on Holy Thursday that the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who is styled the Guardian of Sion, is permitted to celebrate therein the Holy Sacrifice.

To-day's feast bids me halt a moment before taking leave of Jerusalem.

It was in compliance with the Jewish law which prescribed the purification of the mother and the ransom of her first-born, that, forty days after the birth of Christ, the Holy Family might be seen, weak and weary, wending their way to the city of Jerusalem. Just as they arrived at the inner porch leading to the Temple, and carrying with them the doves for the sacrifice and the silver for the ransom, the holy old man, Simeon, guided hither by light divine, also entered the Temple. The heavenly-illumined eyes of that just man, who received the promise that he should live to behold the Saviour, detected beneath the scanty swaddling clothes of that feeble, trembling child, the divinity, the omnipotence of his God. From Mary's arms did Simeon rapturously take Him, to his own love-throbbing heart did he passionately clasp Him, then raising heavenward his tear-bedimmed, yet joy-beaming, eyes, he exultingly cried out, "Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace. Because my eyes have seen thy salvation." Thus is briefly told the origin of Candlemas day or the Feast of the Purification.

Having thus visited Jerusalem's most prominent shrines, we might be seen, one lovely afternoon in the rosy month of June, winding our way to the enchantingly picturesque city of Bethlehem. It is about six miles south of Jerusalem, and, compared with which, Bethlehem is called the city of joy, for the beaming countenances of its simple, rustic inhabitants mirror forth that interior peace and joy which pervade their happy souls. And, as we admired the glowing cheeks, the sparkling eyes, and the innocent, honest features of the children returning from the Sisters' school, we wondered if Jesus, a native of their soil, had not imparted to them that fascinating smile of charming simplicity and tender gentle-

ness, which so faithfully expressed the inward rejoicings of their heart. Time forbade us to halt at the tomb of Rachel, where every Israelite is bound to pray as he passes by, and we could but cast a momentary glance at the scriptural hill, where the shepherds were keeping the night watches over their flocks when naught save the angelic chorus, "Gloria in excelsis," disturbed the midnight air.

Wheresoever Christmas joys have been proclaimed, the hills and vales, the mountains and dales, the scenes and events of the divine Nativity, need no description, for they have ever formed the pet theme of orator's tongue, of artist's brush, and poet's pen. Long since have the most gorgeous palaces of the mightiest kings crumbled into dust, already have the most superb monuments of antiquity yielded to ruin and decay, yet, after two thousand years, does the Star of Bethlehem still invite the Christian universe.

Over the Redeemer's birthplace, Constantine the Great erected the Church of the Nativity. From its main altar, two flights of steps lead into the grotto where the shepherds sought shelter from the inclemency of the weather. This cave has been transformed into a gem of a chapel, with floor and walls of peerless marble, and dazzlingly illuminated by the light of thirty-two precious lamps, which are kept constantly burning. At the eastern extremity of the chapel is the altar of the birth of Christ, which, night and day, is fragrantly incensed by a priest, robed in surplice, stole, and cape. At the gospel side, is a star of white marble, surrounded by glittering rays of silver, whereon are inscribed those words, "Hic de Virgine Maria, Jesus Christus Natus Est."

It was the joy of our life to celebrate the Mass of the Nativity at midnight on the self-same spot where the Word was made flesh, and the Wise Men from the East presented the Royal Babe with their kingly gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Although happy Nazareth was the home of the Earthly Trinity, nevertheless, we did not visit it, for as you are all, doubtless, well aware, the house wherein dwelt the Holy Family was borne by angelic hands from Nazareth, in Palestine, to Loreto, in Italy, a distance of many hundred miles. We visited the house and celebrated Mass in it.

And now it was that innate love of home, sweet home, which bade us say farewell to the enchanting scenes of the Holy Land. As we left Jerusalem, we frequently looked back and gazed with fond, lingering glance upon the Holy City until its emerald hills gradually faded from our view.

God grant, my dear friends, that when the evening of life casts its dark mantle over us and our earthly pilgrimage draws to a close, we may enter the golden gates and behold the jewelled walls of the heavenly Jerusalem, our only true and lasting home.

ROSE MCCORMICK.

Doom.

We know when hearts like birds, all joyous sing,
However dull the skies, there is the spring!
These souls with ills of life serenely cope,
And conquer by the arms, faith, love, and hope.
At last, of spirit sweet who thus hath striven,
We say—where fares that soul, there must be heaven!

We look towards the dawn and love the light,
Or court death-dealing vapors of the night!

The froward spirit e'en religion bends
Subservient, to meet its graceless ends.
Where Heaven's forces are denied control,
The flesh is not the tempter; 'tis the soul!
The Saviour's cross awaits our needy call,
His world-embracing arms invite us all:
We shudder at the creed of Jansenist,*
But burns a thought that will not be dismiss'd;—
The active will espouses hate or love,
Which fits for depths below or heights above:
Where beats the sordid heart for self alone,
—Glad sees all prospects blighted, not his own;
Where habit hate compels the latest breath,
And peace comes but 'neath conquering hand of death—
Nor need of seer nor book of doom to tell,
Where hies that soul there can be only hell!

IDRIS.

*The Jansenists made crucifixes representing the Saviour with His arms only partially extended,—for the elect.

It has been truly said that no one ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than one can bear.

Of Ancient Egypt.

"Address to an Egyptian Mummy."

"And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)
"In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
"When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
"And time had not begun to overthrow
"Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
"Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

"Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy—
"Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
"Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!
"Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
"Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
"But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

"Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
"To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
"Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
"Of either pyramid that bears his name?
"Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
"Had Thebes a hundred gates as sung by Homer?

"Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
"By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade;
"Then say, what secret melody was hidden
"In Memnon's statue which at sunrise play'd?
"Perhaps thou wert a priest,—if so, my struggles
"Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

"Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
"Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass:
"Or dropp'd a half-penny in Homer's hat,
"Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
"Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
"A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

"I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
"Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
"For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
"Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled;
"Antiquity appears to have begun
"Long after thy primeval race was run.

"Thou couldst develop, if that wither'd tongue
"Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
"How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
"And the great Deluge still had left it green;
"Or was it then so old that history's pages
"Contain'd no record of its early ages?

"Still silent? incommunicative elf!
"Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
"But prithee tell us something of thyself—
"Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house!
"Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
"What hast thou seen—what strange adventures number'd?

"Since first thy form was in this box extended,
"We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
"The Roman empire has begun and ended,
"New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
"And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
"Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

"Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
"When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
"March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
"O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
"And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
"When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

"If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
"The nature of thy private life unfold;
"A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
"And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd.
"Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face?
"What was thy name and station, age and race?

"Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
"Imperishable type of evanescence!
"Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
"And standest undecay'd within our presence,
"Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
"When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning!

"Why should this worthless tegument endure,
"If its undying guest be lost forever?

"Oh, let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
"In living virtue; that, when both must sever,
"Although corruption may our frame consume,
"The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!"

HORACE SMITH.

Horace Smith's thrilling address to an Egyptian mummy once read, takes hold of the memory forever!

Nothing that poet has ever written can surpass the sublimity of the concluding stanza! It is awesome as the "Dies Irae."

Holy Scripture awakens an interest in "the Land of Egypt"; the history of the Israelites with their passage of the Red Sea, the story of Abram, of Moses, and of Joseph, and the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt, is familiar from childhood. Profane history is eagerly welcomed to complete the fascination.

In the arts and sciences the ancient Egyptians attained to much perfection; they certainly were preëminent among the nations, in the art, now lost, of embalming the dead.

We can to-day stand face to face with Egyptian mummies—men and women who walked this earth three thousand years ago.

The tomb and the mummies of Jacob and Joseph have been found; but accounts are meager as to accompanying inscriptions.

A wonderful process was that of embalming! The undertaker's name was legion. First came the "paraschites," whose office was hereditary; he opened the body and removed the internal organs. This duty discharged, he was stoned on his way home for having broken into the temple of the soul. The body was then consigned to a vat of brine, in which it remained eighty days, after which it was filled with a mixture of resin, spices, and all preservatives known to the ancients.

Honey was the principal ingredient used in embalming the body of Alexander the Great. When the embalming was completed the body was robed for the grave; the trunk and limbs, even the fingers and toes, were separately bandaged in wrappings of linen. Over the bandaging were disposed the outer robes. Linen smeared with pitch was so deftly arranged upon the face as to define the features to perfection. This mask was then painted to reproduce the natural complexion, also the color and expression of the eyes. Some mummies meet us in a mask of gold gilt.

The British Museum, London, England, possesses a fine collection of well-preserved mummies; but the authorities there seem to be too chivalrous to tear aside the masks. This difficult undertaking was successfully accomplished in the case of the "Warrior, General Ossipumphnoferu" whose pictured face is now offered to RAINBOW readers!

This mummy was for many years in the Egyptian Gallery of the Museum, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

The "General" was lost to British soil when, several years ago, the museum was moved to the American side of the river, where this mummy is now on exhibition. A placard near the body tells "his name and station, age and race": it bears this legend—"General Ossipumphnoferu: General-in-Chief of Thothmes III, the ablest sovereign of old Egypt. He was a man of great military skill, also a famous magician. Was sixty years old when he died. The scar on his forehead was caused by an enraged elephant, when defending the King from his onslaughts. A palace was erected for the General near that of the King. He was entombed with royal honors by the King, and placed in the King's tomb. He lived about 1500 B. C. This is pronounced by all experts to be the best-preserved mummy ever discovered. Brought from Egypt by Dr. J. Douglas of Quebec, 1860."

When the "General" was on the Canadian side of Niagara River, his card offered only these words of explanatory, personal history—"Egyptian Warrior of unknown antiquity: the best-preserved mummy ever brought from Egypt."

Only the hieroglyphics on his coffin lid can tell the story; and it is surprising that Dr. Douglas left anything to be deciphered.

Our latest "Egyptologist," to whom we owe our fuller information respecting this mummy, is Luther K. Marsh, a New York lawyer: he must have studied with a "Philadelphia" lawyer!

Americans will kindly excuse this quizzical tone: Mark Twain has made us sceptical where mummies are concerned!

The fact remains that we are face to face with a man who seems not to have died but to have closed his eyes. There is nothing haggard or ghastly about this face. Even the British Museum can show nothing like it. Well do the present proprietors advertise it "The only perfect



"General Ossipumphnoferu."

specimen in the world; for which $25,000 has been refused."

Other mummies shown with the Warrior and certified by Dr. Douglas to belong to the time of Thothmes III, are in but poor preservation.

The historian Herodotus tells us that Egyptian soldiers went with shaved heads; and that their skulls were harder than those of the Asiatics.

The Warrior wears both hair and beard, in which an occasional grey hair is seen. His present complexion is like that of an Indian: the chocolate color of hair and beard may have been effected by embalming ingredients.

In contemporary history the divisions overlap; so the whole may be taken for a part, or a part for the whole; consequently, this mummy is the embodiment of ancient Egypt!

Great, indeed, must have been that nation among the ancients,—thus to have survived them all, and to have come down through three thousand years by virtue of a lost art!

In this Presence one's mind falls into the reflective and questioning mood of Horace Smith.

These bandaged feet "have walked about in Thebes's streets three thousand years ago"—Thebes, the proud capital of a hundred gates.

At the earliest period to which civil history reaches back, Egypt was inhabited by a highly civilized agricultural people, under a settled monarchical government, divided into castes, the highest of which was composed of the priests, who were the ministers of a religion based on a pantheistic worship of nature, and having for its sacred symbols not only images, but also living animals, and even plants.

The remains of these sacred animals were embalmed: with the Warrior mummy are shown a mummied cat, an ape, a dog, and an owl.

When Cambyses, King of Persia, invaded Egypt, B. C. 525, having arrived at the frontier, he thought it necessary to take the stronghold of Pelusium, the key of Egypt on that side. To facilitate this enterprise he had recourse to stratagem: having learned that the whole garrison consisted of Egyptians, he placed in the front of his army a great number of cats, dogs, sheep and other animals, which were looked upon as sacred by those people; and then attacked the city by storm. The soldiers of the garrison not daring either to fling a dart, or shoot an arrow that way, for fear of hitting some of those animals, Cambyses became master of the place without opposition.

The other castes were, second, the soldiers; third, the husbandmen; fourth, the artificers and tradesmen, and fifth, the shepherds, poulterers, fishermen and servants.

The Egyptians possessed a written language, which appears to have had affinities with both the great families of language,—the Semitic and the Indo-European. The "Enchorial" was the written language of the people: the priestly caste had a sacred system of writing, the characters of which are known as "hieroglyphics."

Until the year 1799, scholars of modern nations were unable to read either the Hieroglyphics or the Enchorial of the ancient Egyptians. In that year, however, a stone tablet was discovered by a French engineer, containing an inscription written in three different characters—namely: first in the Hieroglyphics; second in the Enchorial; and third, in the well-known letters of the Greek alphabet. The mysteries of the tombs and obelisk monuments hereby and forthwith were unravelled!

The ancient history of Egypt may be divided into four great periods. The first period extends from the earliest times to its conquest by Cambyses, during which it was ruled by a succession of native princes. The last of them, Psammenitus, the son of King Amasis, was conquered and dethroned by Cambyses, King of Persia, in 525 B. C., when Egypt became a province of the Persian empire.

The works of Ebers, the enchanting historian-novelist, embrace the four periods.

Through ancient Egypt—throughout the centuries—with Ebers, is one long dream of delight. In his pages, the mummies that now mystify us, live again—the capable men and women whose genius immortalized ancient Egypt. Ebers' heroines are the most magnificent women ever painted by novelist. "Uarda, or a Romance of Ancient Egypt," describes the process of embalming in time of the Pharaohs. The date is about 1500 B. C. and Moses is one of the characters. Thothmes III. and his "General" flourished at this time.

The second period dates from the Persian conquest of Cambyses, son of the great Cyrus, the Medo-Persian. "An Egyptian Princess," by Ebers, deals with the Persian invasion. The princess-heroine is Nitetis, the daughter of King

Amasis: I become reverent at recollection of this incomparable daughter of the Pharaohs! Ebers should not be forgiven for arranging a match between this princess and Cambyses, the ignoble monster of cruelty who wantonly killed the sacred calf, the god Apis of the Egyptians; who, when rebuked by a courtier for drinking to excess, shot that courtier's little son through the heart, in proof of true hand and eye; who dragged the dead body—the mummy—of King Amasis from the tomb, subjected it to indignities, and then burned it, to the lasting grief and horror of the Egyptians.

This Persian period was one of almost constant struggles between the Egyptians and their conquerors until B. C. 340, when Nectanabis II., the last native ruler of Egypt was defeated by Darius Ochus. It was during this period that the Greeks acquired considerable knowledge of Egypt.

Alexander the Great conquered Egypt in 332: the third period is that of Macedonian rule. "The Sisters," by Ebers, reflects the spirit of this age.

When Alexander invaded Egypt, the country submitted to him without a struggle; and when he left it behind him to return to the conquest of Persia, he conferred upon it the greatest benefit that was in his power, by giving orders for the building of Alexandria. In the partition of the empire of Alexander—the whole known world—after his death in B. C. 323, Egypt fell to the share of Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, who founded the dynasty of the Ptolemies, under whom the country greatly flourished, and became the chief seat of Greek learning. Wars with the adjacent kingdom of Syria, and the vices, weaknesses, and dissensions of the royal family wore out the state, till in B. C. 81, the Romans were called upon to interfere in the disputes for the crown, and in B. C. 55, the Ptolemies came to be entirely dependent upon Roman protection, and at last, after the battle of Actium and the death of Cleopatra, who was the last of the Ptolemies, Egypt was made a Roman province, B. C. 30.

The fourth, or Roman period, lasted until Egypt was taken by the Arabs in 638, A. D.

"The Emperor," by Ebers, throughout a sustained interest, keeps us sensible of the pride and the dignity of the Romans—the masters of the world!

The British have now the protectorate of Egypt, as had the Romans B. C. 30: we may yet see King Edward sign himself "Emperor of India, Egypt, etc., etc."

* * * * *

No nation has so fully portrayed itself in all its pursuits, religious, social and military, as the Egyptians.

The most ancient and most remarkable of Egypt's monuments of antiquity are those at Thebes, in the upper valley of the Nile. Thebes, the most ancient capital of Egypt, was situated on both banks of the Nile. Its site is at present occupied by several villages, from which the ruins derive their names. Gigantic ruins of temples, avenues of columns, obelisks, colossuses and catacombs, abound in this district. The temple palace of Karnak probably consisted partly of temples and partly of residences of the Egyptian kings. This stupendous ruin is connected with another in the village of Luxor, by an avenue of colossal sphinxes, no less than six thousand feet in length, —the sphinxes standing at intervals of ten feet from one another, but most of them now covered with earth. The portico of the temple of Karnak, to which the avenue of sphinxes forms the approach, is generally regarded as the grandest specimen of architecture. One hundred and thirty-four columns support the edifice. The twelve central ones are of gigantic dimensions, measuring thirty-four feet in circumference, fifty-six in height, with capitals so large that one hundred men can comfortably stand together on them.

The sculptures and paintings on these monuments represent historical occurrences.

On the western side of the river are the palace and temple of Medmet-Habu and a structure in the vicinity, called the Memnonium. Here is the "Region of the Colossuses": one of these is the celebrated statue of Memnon, which was believed in ancient times to give forth a shrill sound every morning at sunrise.

The necropolis of Thebes extends from the village of Medmet-Habu to a distance of five miles in the Libyan hills: most of the tombs are underground. The subterranean chambers and passages form a labyrinth. These catacombs, destined for all classes of the people, are far surpassed in magnitude and splendor by the tombs of the kings, which are situated in a separate ground. Many of them have been opened and ransacked.

The British Museum, London, England, has secured its share of spoil from Egyptian tombs; the greater part of this is from Thebes. It is noticeable that although through British assistance the mummies of several celebrated kings have been found, only their pictured faces, or some tomb furnishings are shown; from which we infer that the Egyptians quite naturally and properly object to the removal of their remains from Egypt. The general law in this respect is very lax: when the first railway was built to or from Cairo, mummies, which burned like torches, were used on the locomotives for fuel!

Some of the principal mummies and tomb trappings in the British Museum might be chronologically catalogued as follows:

1. Gilded wooden coffin of An-antef, a king who ruled at Thebes, B. C. 2600.

2. Bronze collar, gold chain and scarabæus or sacred beetle, made of green volcanic glass,—all inscribed with the name of Thothmes III. and the legend—"Triumphant before the Gods."

Thothmes III. was a Pharaoh of the XVII. Dynasty, B. C. 1600.

3. Representations of "Rameses II., the supposed Sesostris, XIX. Dynasty. About 1333 B. C. From Memphis, Lower Egypt." The mummies of Rameses II. and his father Rameses I. have been found. The coarser features of the latter resemble the sculptured features of Sesostris. The historian Rollin, who quotes freely from Xenophon, Herodotus and Polybius, asserts that Sesostris invaded and conquered Assyria in 1492, B. C. Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt, B. C. 1491. Surely the great Sesostris could not have been the cruel Pharaoh "who knew not Joseph," who compelled the Israelites to make bricks without straw, and who, in defiance of plagues, followed them to the shores of the Red Sea only to witness "His chariots and horsemen all sunk in the wave."

Even Sesostris cannot be ubiquitous: he cannot have two mummies! Some years ago the British press gave full details of the finding of the mummy of the Exodus Pharaoh. We were assured that he apparently had been killed in battle, that his skull had been broken and that the countenance wore an agonized expression; also, that the mummy would be taken to the British Museum.

I inquired for this particular Pharaoh and the museum attendant replied that the British were allowed to bring only his photo from Egypt; he then pointed to a photo of Seti I., with date 1400, B. C.! How I wished for one of Pharaoh's bricks!

4. "King Seti I. in Battle," B. C. 1400—a magnificent painting in relief, or mural sculpture, found in his tomb. The King in his chariot is eagerly brandishing his short, rounded sword, while his war-horses are trampling the foe. The photo of his mummied face, suggests nothing warlike, but only the awful immovability of death.

5. "Clay Tablets, or letters in Babylonian—answers to love-letters of King Amenophis of Egypt, B. C. 1450." This king of Egypt, one of the weak, inactive successors of Sesostris who conquered the Assyrians, has written several times to Kallima-sin, the Babylonian king, requesting his daughter for a wife—with dowry of numerous chariots, horses and slave attendants. The King of Assyria, already hopeful of throwing off the Egyptian yoke, replies quite as often that he will send his daughter with the chariots, horsemen and slaves, when the King of Egypt convinces him of the welfare of his *sister*, whom he sent as wife to that king several years before, and whom his various messengers have sought in vain among the wives of King Amenophis!

6. "Mummy of Katebet, a Priestess in temple of Amen-Ra at Thebes. XXII. Dynasty, B. C. 800." This mummy is ornamented with a painted, cartonnage head and a gilt face. On the wooden models of her hands are rings set with precious stones.

7. "Coffins and mummy of Shepset, a lady—XXIV. Dynasty, 650, B. C. Tomb at Courneh. Presented by H. R. H. Prince of Wales, K. G., 1869."

8. "Mummy of Mut-em-mennu, a lady of the College of the god Amen-Ra, at Thebes. Under the head is the pillow which was found in the coffin. The swathing is a very fine piece of work, and is one of the best examples extant. From Thebes, about 100, A. D."

This lady is tall, with very small hands and feet, prominent, finely-shaped nose, and regular features outlined by the cloth over her face on which her eyes and eyebrows are painted black, and her complexion pink. Her hair is in a large coil at the back, just where her head touches the pillow. This embodiment of youth, beauty and grace is both fascinating and pathetic.

9. Coffin and mummy of a child of three or four years; Roman period—100, A. D. Painting of child covers mummy, and shows a fair face and fair hair. The little robe or gown is white. One hand is uplifted, and the other clasps a flower—probably placed there by the bereaved mother. We fancy the mourner's tears!

10. Mummy of Cleopatra surnamed Candace, a member of the family of Cornelius Pollios, Archon of Thebes in the reign of Trajan—about 100, A. D. The shroud, including face covering, is a painted portrait of the lady. The face is very pretty, having pink complexion, light-brown eyes, fine nose, and a mouth with lips describing Cupid's bow. A comb is inserted in head bandaging. On the head is a gold or bronze coronet, the design of which is laurel leaves.

11. Mummy of Artemidorus, A. D. 400. The coffin is placed upright against the wall; so Artemidorus meets us face to face. This portrait, as the others, delineates the features, and shows a young man with handsome oval-shaped face, a rather aquiline nose, fine mouth and chin, and strikingly expressive eyes. The complexion is dark rather than fair; the eyes have a penetrating and grave expression. A laurel crown encircles the head. Behind, and partly above the head appears a painted cross; so Artemidorus was a Christian. Within and on the coffin at his head are these words in Greek characters—"O Artemidorus, farewell!"

* * * * *

Near Memphis (Cairo) the capital of Lower Egypt, are the great Pyramids, built to serve as tombs for royalty. The largest of these is four hundred and sixty-one feet high, covers more than twelve acres of ground, and is divided into thousands of compartments. As the others, it is constructed of great blocks of stone; that at the summit weigh twenty tons, and must have been placed there with "up-to-date" machinery.

These pyramids met the gaze of Abram, Joseph, Jacob, Moses, and the Holy Family; of Cambyses, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Amron, and Napoleon. We hear again Napoleon's inspiriting war-cry: "Forty centuries o'erlook us from yon pyramid's grey height!"

Thousands of years ago the Pyramids of Egypt were one of the seven wonders of the world. Where are the others?

Egypt has always been a land of mystery and of magic! The cause of the annual overflow of the Nile is a modern discovery; the six months' rainy season in Abyssinia sends innumerable torrents into the Nile, causing it regularly to overflow its banks. Cambyses, wishing to penetrate this mystery, sent an army, not into Abyssinia but into Ethiopia, and the sands of the Nubian desert overcame and buried his men.

Alexander the Great, when in Egypt, and interested in the Nile and its source or sources, received intelligence of the river from within nine degrees of the equator, whence it turned in an easterly direction. When Alexander marched in an easterly direction from Egypt to India and saw the Indus flowing from the mountains, he thought he had reached the head of the Nile! When Sir Samuel Baker discovered the Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza he became a second Alexander! I wonder if the true sources will ever be identified!

Julius Cæsar said that he thought to discover the Nile sources would be a greater pleasure than even making war! The Emperor Nero sent an expedition with the hope of unsealing the mystery; but all in vain.

Eber's "Bride of the Nile" (time—Roman period), describes the manner in which the grateful Egyptians sacrificed a beautiful maiden to the deities of the river—Isis and her son-god Orus. This work also enumerates the various heresies that early beset half-hearted Christianity.

The greatest riddle of all is that silent lady of the sands of Egypt—the Sphinx.

Surely the British will unearth for all time her leonine proportions, so that she may once more take her place in the upper world!

* * * * *

The ancient Egyptians erected many obelisks in various parts of their country; these were monuments made from single pieces of hard stone, and in some cases reached a height of more than a hundred feet.

Nearly two thousand years ago, the Roman Emperors began to carry these obelisks to Rome, where they were set up in the public squares. Fifty were taken to that city.

In late years, obelisks have been taken to Paris, New York and London. Great Britain long had her covetous eye upon the celebrated "Cleopatra's Needle." This was at length secured, encased

in a steel cylinder, and towed through the Mediterranean and Northern Atlantic. It was abandoned in a storm encountered in "the Bay of Biscay, O," but finally recovered and safely erected on the Thames embankment, London.

* * * * *

The ancient Egyptians were the bravest soldiers in the world, even when serving as foreign auxiliaries. The battle of Thymbra, between Cyrus, King of Persia (father of Cambyses), and Croesus, King of Lydia, decided the empire of Asia between the Assyrians of Babylon and the Persians. Croesus had four hundred and twenty thousand men; Cyrus defeated him with half that number.

One hundred and twenty thousand Egyptians were in the ranks of Croesus; the remainder of his army consisted of Babylonians, Lydians, Phrygians, Cappadocians, Cyprians, Cicilians, Lycaonians, Paphlagonians, Thracians and Ionians. It was a bloody battle; and all their allies fled or were overcome, but the Egyptians remained firm. Being attacked on all sides they faced about every way and defended themselves with wonderful bravery. At length Cyrus, admiring the valor of the Egyptians, and being concerned to see such brave men perish, offered them honorable conditions if they would surrender, letting them know, at the same time, that all their allies had abandoned them. The Egyptians accepted the conditions, and as they were faithful as courageous, they stipulated that they should not be obliged to carry arms against Croesus!

The brave Egyptians were not fairly conquered by Cambyses; his invasion was a conspiracy of the Persians, Greeks and other neighboring nations. Egypt was overwhelmed by numbers, and its king was a weakling. As a fitting sequel, the Persians never firmly established themselves, and their former allies, the Greeks, took Egypt from them within two hundred years.

* * * * *

When the warrior mummy was on the Canadian side of the river, he was obliged to submit to having his face washed three or four times a year; the protective covering having been removed, the humidity of the atmosphere caused mould to collect on and about the mouth. His lips at first remained closed: Is it any wonder that he now "shows his teeth"? Perhaps the Philadelphia lawyer's "pother o'er his head" may have contributed. What a great hustling and cross-examining of the hieroglyphical birds and beasts must have been necessary to elicit the "General's" story!

We must not refuse the draught of knowledge because of the flavor of the vessel through which it has come; but a British lawyer, especially as Egypt is paying well, would have presented the Warrior as "Lord High Commander of Pharaoh's Royal Unshrinkables"! But it is too late; "he is o'er the border and awa'."

Without the aid of modern "Egyptologists," to know that this mummy was a warrior of ancient Egypt, is sufficient.

He was the bravest of the brave!

IDRIS.

Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, Founded November 5th, 1822, by Reverend Mother Teresa Ball.

"Where'er thy smile its magic power bestows
There arts and taste expand,—"

LORETTO ABBEY, Rathfarnham, is a "local habitation and a name," dear to many hearts over the wide, wide world. From busy centres away in distant India and Africa, from the banks of the Niagara or the scented groves of Andalusia, from the island rock, whence at sundown the British gun thunders over the blue Mediterranean, as well as from many a great city of the Colonies, thoughts are wafted to Rathfarnham many a time and oft, in the course of the fleeting year.

The venerable pile that lifts its spires and battlements above its beautiful surroundings, in this quiet suburb of Dublin, is the hearth of many homes, the Mother House of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in many lands.

Long ago, in the pre-Union days, Rathfarnham was one of the most fashionable suburbs of Dublin. The beauty and healthfulness of its situation largely attracted the noblest and wealthiest of the citizens to make it the scene of their homes.

The romance and interest of historical association invested the place with much of that fascination which at all times exerts such an influence on the Celtic heart.

The Castle of Rathfarnham and its vicissitudes played an important part in Ireland's story, from the days when the sturdy Norman raised his keep,

till the fated hour when Cromwell quartered his soldiers within its bastioned walls. Later the Lords of Ely held revel there for many a year. Even to-day, when the spirit of war and chivalry has forsaken it, the memories of the olden days still suggest thoughts of times that shall come no more.

Close by, the master-printer of Dublin had his mansion, more than a century ago. He was an important personage in that day, just as important, perhaps, in his way, as the Moretus of Antwerp. His name and works are now well-nigh forgotten, but happily those into whose hands his belongings passed, have preserved within his halls many evidences of magnificence and taste which have outlived his fame.

The house of Grierson, the King's printer, the friend of the poet Moore, is now the home of no less learned occupants. It is the College Abbey of which it is our pleasure to write to-day.

The tramway system, which now so closely knits Dublin to its suburbs, brings the village of Rathfarnham within a half-an-hour's ride of the capital. Five minutes' walk thence takes us to the Abbey gates. The entrance, with its massive piers, surmounted by classic lions, so loved as ornaments at the close of the Stuart period, is unchanged and looks to-day as it did a hundred years ago. It is flanked on both sides by quaint lodges. The carriage-drive, or better said, the double avenue branching both left and right and encircling a grassy sward, sweeps on to the dual flight of granite steps that lead up to the Abbey portals.

In its appearance the building may be said to present a large frontage of chiseled stone, in the centre of which, with beautiful distinctness, stands the mansion of olden times. The latter, from the warm tone of its brick facings and its quaint windows, forms a pleasing contrast to the Gothic wings that spread away from it on both sides. Terminating the extensive range of buildings to the right rises the beautiful church with its lateral bell-turret.

To the left, the many-windowed building that correspondingly projects is the exhibition hall, a lofty and splendid apartment, over which are the music rooms, lecture rooms and other accessories of the institution.

Entering the great hall of the Abbey we feel at once carried back to the shadowy past. This spacious vestibule, some thirty feet square, retains all its former splendor. The old paintings that hang upon its walls, the massively-carved buffet, the exquisite Chippendale clock that once marked the fleeting hours of carnival, but now registers the more profitable sands of time—all, as of old, lend their charms to this venerable interior. Deep-set doors of dark mahogany stand on every side, and from above them the busts of by-gone celebrities look solemnly down.

The imposing recess which faces the entrance-door is now occupied by a beautiful figure of the "Mater Immaculata." Below it, on an inscribed pedestal, rests the bust, in Carrara marble, of Rev. Mother Teresa Ball. Looking on the chiseled outlines of the beautiful features, little effort of imagination is needed to realize the lofty soul that once animated them, and whose spirit still lives in the institute of her spiritual daughters.

Immediately over the hall is what is now called the university room. This apartment is set aside for the sole use of the students preparing for the examination of the Royal University of Ireland. It is a sweet, old-fashioned room, replete with every appointment of elegance and comfort. Everything around bespeaks the taste and refinement of its occupants. Caps and gowns thrown listlessly upon the restful seats are not the least suggestive features of this literary *sanctum*. Quaint, low-browed windows look upon the broad lawn which we traversed as we approached the Abbey.

The view from here is strikingly beautiful. In the full splendor of leafy June the glinting sunbeams fall with many a shadow through the spreading boughs across the green and level sward. On the chestnuts the spiral tufts have not yet lost their waxen loveliness, nor has yet the scented hawthorn shed its varied blooms.

The brightening woods and glades of the home-park spreading away on every side and growing ever richer with the hues of the palm, the cedar, and the tinted beech, blend at last into the purple shadows of the distant hills. It is a scene full of calm and restfulness—a scene such as book-wearied eyes must often gladly turn upon, and find in its loveliness and peace, moments of soothing influence during the protracted hours of study.

For this section of the students the science and art lectures are delivered by the various professors attached to the institution—partly in the Abbey and partly in the branch house, Stephen's



Entrance to Cemetery, Beech Walk, and Lake.



Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin.

Green, Dublin. This is an excellent arrangement, promoting, as it does, that change and variety of scene so relaxing and exhilarating to the student's mind.

From the left of the entrance-hall the great drawing-room is entered. To most strangers the first impression of this room is very lasting. The stately beauty of the vast salon is unique to an extent peculiarly its own. Everything around speaks of the past. The walls are still resplendent with the magnificent *peau d'Espagne,* whose colors, though dimmed with age, recall the gorgeous tapestries so often described as the most coveted spoils of the Spaniards in their conquests of the new world. The ceiling, the work of Venetian hands, tells of times when craftsmen worked for art and not for gain—for love, not gold—loftily heedless of how, after their toil, their names might perish or be forgot. Among the few paintings that grace the tinted walls, is a portrait of the whilom exile, Pius VII. Well marked are the lines of care that cloud the aged Pontiff's brow. Near it hang beautiful line engravings of marvellous perspective scene in the Eternal City in the days of its Papal splendor. Above the mantelpiece, filling the space from shelf to ceiling, is a noble painting of Archbishop Murray, who occupied the See of Dublin when the Institute was founded in Ireland.

The embrazured windows of the room open upon a stately terrace of the olden time. From here the beauty of the Abbey's surroundings may be best appreciated. Silent shadowy paths, winding under canopies of dense foliage, encircle the recreation grounds, stretching on to the beautiful promenade, known as "Rosary Walk." Broad meadows, divided by lines of fragrant hedgerows, stretch away as far as the eye can follow, bounded only by the hills, whose waving outlines pencil the blue horizon. Near the grotto that closes "Rosary Walk," quaint white gates lead on to the vast range of enclosed gardens. The borders are now aglow with the radiance of rarest bloom, cherished by loving watchfulness, for those flowers are destined in later summer to breathe their fullest fragrance beside the marble Tabernacle. Broad patches, well stocked with vegetable store, gladden us on every side, while the gnarled boughs, mossy and lichened, of the old and spreading fruit-trees tell of autumn's golden promise.

But there is another spot close by those verdured walls sacred to many a thought and many a prayer. It is the garden of "our last rest"—the Abbey cemetery.

An arched entrance, draped with the trailing sprays of the sad wisteria, opens upon its central avenue. Facing and rising from the gentle mound, a large Celtic cross marks the last resting-place of Rev. Mother Teresa Ball. Rows of tiny crosses—in some spots thickly grouped—simply inscribed, tell where lie her faithful followers. The walls around, clothed with the faithful ivy, the starry passion-flower and perfumed clematis, reveal at intervals the "Stations of the Cross."

Here and there, little mounds, bright with memory's flowers, are marked by costlier tributes of affection. These are the graves of Loretto's children—saints, once "buds" of fair and tender promise destined "to bloom in Paradise."

The recollection of that beautiful cemetery, its rose-bedecked graves, and its impressive surroundings, have suggested these tributary lines:

Revere the dead and where they sleep,
With gentle care their dwellings keep.
Go thither oft and breathe a prayer,
And strew affection's garlands there.

The "field of God," the churchyard lone,
Whither those once we've loved have gone.
'Tis but the silent bridge of tears
From Time to the Eternal years.

And soon—perhaps too soon—alas!
Our dearest, fairest ones may pass
Those portals never closed in Faith—
That lead to Life—Ah! say not death!

Revere the dead—they will repay
Those who have sooth'd their captive day,
Will bless those hands whose charity
Weave, fresh, the wreaths of Memory.

Retracing our steps to the Abbey, we pass along the famous "Beech Walk," now dark in the shadows of its venerable sentinels. Yonder glances the lakelet with its tributary brook and picturesque bridge. The stately swans gliding on its bosom seem as if conscious of the increased dignity and harmony their presence gives to the surroundings of their home.

The great charm of Rathfarnham Abbey is its exquisite church, an everlasting monument of the taste and genius of the foundress. The plan and every line of its proportions are said to have been traced by her own hand. Although erected in the first days of modern church-building, it is still unsurpassed in beauty by any conventional church in Ireland. The style is Tudor-Gothic, the plan being cruciform. One of its most remarkable features is the hexagon lantern that rises dome-like above the high altar. The appointments of the church are, in point of elegance and design, in keeping with the splendor of the building. The high altar is one of Ireland's national treasures. It is the masterpiece of the famous sculptor, Hogan. The "Pietà" that occupies the front, and the adoring angels at both sides are justly considered the finest efforts of this gifted son of Ireland. The models of the angels were the artist's own children.

A vast cloister, sombre and beautiful, extends around the building, opening to the church at various points. Paintings, shrines and objects of devotion, meet the eye at every turn. In the south arcade, closing the slender vista, is the marble figure and altar of the Immaculate Conception.

The superb organ suggests the same high standard of taste and judgment as the other appointments of the church. It is by Gray, of London, and was originally designed for St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The instrument is three manual, the combination of its stops being most varied and excellent. In the reeds and diapasons, the quality of tone reaches the acme of acoustic perfection.

Over eighty summers have come and gone since Rev. Mother Teresa Ball and her associates dedicated their lives and fortunes to the promotion of Catholic education. Long before she passed to her reward, in 1861, it was her privilege and happiness to see the Institute not only firmly established in her native land, but spread widely in many a distant clime.

Within recent years, with us in Ireland, as elsewhere, many educational forces have been set in motion. Subjects which tend to educate thought and character, are at every step, becoming integral parts of woman's aspirations. To this end systematic efforts, on the part of teachers and students, are not wanting. As the prospect widens, higher attainments still are seen to be within reach. The fated day is coming to a close which satisfied itself with a too slender knowledge of what is best worth knowing.

In this great work of higher education, the Loretto nuns of Ireland, as we have seen, were the pioneers, and are still the foremost laborers in the field. Term after term, as the charter of academic honors is unrolled, renewed successes reward their patient toil.

Happily we live in times when devotedness such as theirs is not suffered to pass unappreciated or unrewarded, even by the rulers of the State. Further concessions in promotion of education are no doubt near at hand. And when the defects which mar the present system, improved though it be, have gradually disappeared, let us hope the sheaves of honors stored by Rathfarnham's students shall have increased a hundredfold.

ILLUSTROGRAPH.

Higher than the Church.

AS we prize more dearly what we have obtained at some cost, so in translating the German story, "Höher als die Kirche," by F. A. Dauer, we are more than repaid for our trouble by the literary treat it affords. The introduction describes the bombardment of Fort Mortier, during the Franco-Prussian war, which took place while a terrible storm was raging; the death cries of the dying mingling with the thunder of the storm and presenting a very dismal picture.

The first character to whom we are introduced in the story, is the Emperor Maximilian I., who, weary of the strifes with which he must naturally contend, seeks refuge from his worldly cares in the quiet old town of Breisach. Here, for a time, he is pleasantly engaged in literary pursuits, but, for an emperor, this cannot last and he is soon called to put down one of the minor insurrections which preceded the great Peasant War of 1525, and with sorrowful steps and the troubles of the world weighing heavily on him, he bids a sad farewell to these few days of pleasant rest. On his journey down the mountain he sees two beautiful children, a little boy and girl, busily engaged in planting a rose-bush. His artist's eye takes in the charming picture and he stops to ask them their names. The boy replies that he is



The Nuns' Choir, Church of the Sacred Heart.



The Terrace.

Hans Liefrink, and the little girl is Molly Ruppacher, his neighbor's child whom he intends to marry when he is big and has a knife. The Emperor looks surprised and asks what he will do with a knife. Hans replies that he will learn to carve and in this way will earn much money, for no one can marry without money. The boy tells the Emperor that his father and uncle, who were artists, are dead and his mother cannot afford to buy him a knife. Perhaps the Emperor discerns more than mere childish talk in the words of the boy, for he takes from his pocket a beautiful knife and gives it to him. He is amply repaid by the look of love and gratitude which shines in the child's eyes as he receives his longed-for gift. The Emperor also gives him a purse of money with strict injunctions to keep it till he is old enough to go to Nürnberg to the famous artist Dürer, and some day he will be a great man. Hans promises and goes joyfully home.

The years pass, bringing many changes to Hans and Molly. Hans is now a handsome youth of twenty and Molly a charming maiden of sixteen. Their childish affection has increased in spite of the many obstacles which Molly's father constantly throws in the way of their friendship. All this time Hans has still in view his object of becoming an artist. He bids farewell to Molly and goes to Nürnberg to study with Dürer. His hopes are somewhat shattered when he hears of the Emperor's death, as he had always been sure of his assistance, but he still perseveres in his ambition.

During the absence of Hans, Molly lives very quietly, never leaving the house but to go to the church or visit the rose-bush they had planted together, and which is all she has in connection with her absent lover. After studying for some years at Nürnberg Hans returns to Breisach and applies for the position of carving the new altar which is to be built. The council, through the influence of Ruppacher, whose dislike for Hans has only increased, refuses him the position, until they hear from Dürer. After many weeks have passed they receive word from Dürer, who tells them they should be proud to have such an artist as Hans Liefrink in their midst, when the world would be only too willing to acknowledge his talent. They appoint him for the contract, and full of hope Hans goes to Ruppacher to claim Molly as his bride, but he is scornfully repulsed. Only on the hopeless condition that he build an altar higher than the church in which it stood, should he have his daughter. He goes away discouraged and even the rose-bush with its blooming flowers seems only a mockery. As he looks sadly at it, he notices it has grown very rapidly under Molly's tender care and is even higher than the niche in which it stands. With this observation a thought flashed through his head and he cries aloud joyfully, "My God, you are great even in little things and your wonders are still performed." After his visit with Ruppacher, Hans sees Molly no more, as her father brings her to the cloister of Mary.

For two years Hans also lives as a hermit, never leaving his work. At the end of two years he appears at the council-house and declares his work completed. Although these simple people could not realize the splendor of the work, the hand of the true artist could not fail to be seen. The whole heavenly glory was before them—God, Father and Son with the Blessed Virgin in their midst! It was seen at a glance that Molly resembled the Mother of God, and the Emperor Max, the Father. Hans had made the altar a foot higher than the church in which it stood by bending the top, thus fulfilling his condition and gaining his prize. Hans and Molly were married before the same altar, and a more magnificent ceremony was never beheld in Breisach.

We have a splendid character in Hans and all the more to be admired in contrast to the egotistic Ruppacher. Hans, like all really great men, possesses the virtue of humility to a remarkable degree. He knows well that with his remarkable talent he could easily astonish the world and win its praises. This is not his ambition, he loves his work as the true artist must, and is well content to labor in the little town of Breisach, where he cannot hope to have his work appreciated. He does not turn haughtily and leave them when they so disdainfully refuse to accept his work, but humbly awaits the word from Dürer. Ruppacher is an example of their so-called aristocracy, and in his self-important way scorns the idle tricks of Hans, as he classifies his artistic productions. Had he been an honest shoemaker, blacksmith, or followed any of these trades, Ruppacher would have considered him a worthy companion for his daughter, but the artist he rejects with scorn. Hans bears his abusive words with marvellous patience and never for one moment loses his self-control. He does

not demean himself by treating the rude, insolent man as he deserves, but, belonging to the true aristocracy, he endeavors to maintain toward him at least an outward form of respect for Molly's sake. We could hardly blame Hans had he left these ignorant, conceited men and their all-important council for the gay, attractive world that lay before him, but he had discovered a bright jewel in this dark corner, which he could not leave. When they had seen his magnificent altar, they could not fail to recognize to some extent the hand of the master in his work, but how little they really understood its value and the many weary days and nights Hans spent over this work, is seen when in all good-will they offer him as the greatest honor they could bestow, a seat in their council! Hans does not reject their offers but receives them in the spirit in which they are given. Hans with his noble thoughts and artist's soul could never endure their petty strifes and ignorant disputes. He fully realizes to whom he owes his talent, and when they crown him with a garland of roses in honor of his success, he humbly places the crown before the altar in gratitude of the One to whom all honor is due. It was the seeming trifle of the rose-bush extending above the niche in which it stood that brought him all his happiness, and he felt the power of God in little things as well as great. He learned also that the one who bends can still be greater than the one who has made him bend. So the human will in bending to that of others does not lose in strength but gains thereby. Molly shows herself worthy of Hans in her faithful devotion to him in spite of her father's many threats and pleadings. She realizes the difference between her father and Hans and waits patiently until he can prove himself worthy before her exacting parent. Molly understands and sympathizes with her lover and when all seems darkest urges him on in his endeavors, telling him that God is always with them.

This story makes a very enjoyable class study, as the moral tone is good throughout, and no line or even word mars its healthy tenor. In most instances it is true to life, except perhaps the poetical effusions. "Hanging hearts on rose-bushes" would be rather inconsistent in this practical age, as we might have reason to fear they would not be so gently plucked as Molly's, or, left to even a worse fate, wither and die. Even this does not deserve too great censure, and may be pardoned as the passionate outbursts of youthful love. Molly's fainting spells occur at rather too interesting and appropriate times to deserve very great sympathy, but since it is story life and not real life, our heroine is allowed the delightful privilege usually granted to her sex. Hans and Molly well deserve the bright future that lies before them, and we join with the Breisach people in wishing the bridal pair every happiness their new life affords.

MARY NESBITT.

Firelight Fancies.

WE are living in an age, this glorious twentieth century, when the motto seems to be "push on as fast as you can." Every day something new is being invented, something that will cause less labor, or if not invented at least remodelled. Automobiles take the place of horses; telephones and telegraph the place of messengers; railroads the place of stage-coaches; steamers the place of sailboats,—in fact, everything has undergone some change.

But try as we may to reform, we must still keep some old-fashioned luxuries, and, among them, is the open fireplace. If there is anything that tends to make home "sweet," it is this.

Did you ever sit for about an hour before one and watch the flames darting here and there? I have often watched them and repeatedly some new thought presented itself. The first time, the flames dancing up and down, hiding in one corner and peeking out in others, seemed to me like children playing hide and seek; or like a grand ball, for some of the larger would go up to the smaller, bow, and then they would both go dancing together.

Again it seemed like a school. There was one large flame at one end of the burning piece of wood that would keep nodding at the little ones, and they in turn would bob up and down as if to say, "I know, teacher," and yet while I gazed it reminded me of an orchestra, for the larger flame made motions like a director and the rest followed the directions.

I watched for some time and then I noticed a stiff little flame apart from the others, looking just like an "old maid." But, on examining

closer, I saw beside this flame a very faint one with a sort of pleading aspect as if needing encouragement to burn more brightly, and at once I thought perhaps some of these so-called old maids are heroic women who have given up many pleasures in order to devote themselves to an aged father and mother.

When I looked again at the fire, my attention was called to a rather sly-looking flame, creeping along towards a little one, all by itself. It looked like a cat getting ready to entrap a poor unsuspecting mouse, and then again it made me think of the wily serpent creeping towards the happy, innocent, undiscerning Eve.

But did you ever notice when a new stick is thrown in and the fire has a good start, how the flames leap up, and did it never remind you of the souls in Purgatory striving for deliverance?

But when the fire is out and only ashes remain, I recall those forcible words, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," and serious thoughts crowd my mind—thoughts of the grave and death, for I remember that

"Leaves have their time to fall
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

But a new fire will be rekindled, perhaps brighter than to-day's, and the flickerings will present happier pictures, as the death of the body has its glorious sequence in the soul's resurrection.

MARY A. MCKENNA.

Introspection.

THE power of silence has been much extolled: poets have lauded it as a feature enhancing the beauty of many a scene. Edmund Burke has classified it among the elements of the "Sublime," and Addison considering it in another light, says "it is something more magnificent than the most noble and expressive eloquence." We cannot help agreeing with these words to a great extent, for we have all witnessed proofs of what they affirm. We admire those who suffer alone, holding all disagreeable truths in check, for this evidences a powerful will, and a strong character. Where will we find a more beautiful example of reticence in unfolding one's thoughts than in the Holy Scriptures, where, with all the maternal pride which Mary felt in her Son, knowing who He really was, she did not make known her great secret to anyone, although her whole life was filled with thoughts of Him, but knowing it was best, "His Mother kept all these words in her heart."

Despite these facts, surely there are circumstances in the ordinary matters of life, where we may indulge in a little introspection. We do not enjoy the society of one who never expresses her opinion freely on any subject. When we are admiring the beauties of nature in glowing terms, it is pleasant to have others in sympathy with us, outwardly, as well as inwardly, for though it may be possible to gaze upon the glories of a resplendent sunset with "admiration too deep for words," yet speaking out one's sentiments in such a case, gives evidence of a heart and soul which respond to the beautiful.

Great minds have done this, those who have startled the world with their genius, whose names are known and honored throughout all nations,—and how infinitely glad we are! For what a void the literary world would suffer did it not re-echo with the passionate outpourings of the poet! We should never have enjoyed the delights found in Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Surely in these are embodied the spoken sentiments of a noble soul, and of a strong and brilliant mind full of its subject. While, upon research, we can generally discern the peculiar characteristics of works like this, it is not customary for the author to begin with the assertion that his ultimate purpose is to disclose to us his own personality, this creeps into his works unbidden when passionately moved. But in these charming verses we find the writer's knowledge and intention clearly and expressively given in the words:

"Out of my own great woe
I make my little songs."

These beautiful little poems captivate the imagination, and arouse deep interest by their sweetness.

Then Edgar Allan Poe has fascinated us with his well-known poems. There is a power, a charm, about them which arrests our whole attention, as he pours out in such sweet, melancholy

strains, the story of a troubled heart and haunted fancy.

Prominent among writers of this description is Lord Byron, and in his works this trait is strongly marked; his poems possess strength and majesty, and it is said that he gives to us "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," but we must deplore the fact that he evinces such deep despair, and such disregard for Christian sentiment.

Yet being a decidedly introspective poet, "his songs gushed from his heart," which was crushed and wounded from the ills that fell to his lot in life. What other echo, then, could we expect than the hopeless dirge that wails his incessant woes?

We might go on indefinitely enumerating other great writers whose works are marked by this "looking-inward." We even find it in Milton, the grandest of true poets; we know the story of his life, the pathos of it, and what he endured, what a noble character and lofty intellect he possessed, yet in his greatest work—"Paradise Lost"—we find that in places he has brought out his own personality strongly. Here and there we find that he has made allusions to himself, for instance, in the lines:

"Thus with the year
Seasons return but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark surrounds me."

And in "Samson Agonistes" this introspection is even more strongly marked. Here he has referred very clearly to his blindness, in the character of Samson, who, speaking of all his miseries, says:

"O loss of sight, of thee I most complain
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon or beggary, or decrepit age!"

And again in the sad, despairing words which have been quoted so often:

"Oh! dark, dark, dark,
Amid the blaze of noon,
Irrevocably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day."

We see here that almost unconsciously in portraying a fellow sufferer, these words are wrung from the very heart of one in sympathy. Altogether this work is a grand one, the style is forcible, the characters well brought out, and the subject one to hold attention. Who, then, would blame Milton for these words, although here he has given himself up to outbursts of his troubles, we know how nobly he bore his great affliction, therefore we have much to be grateful for to the genius and superior intellect of the author of this splendid drama.

But while we are able to cite so many examples of introspective poets, we can on the other hand bring forth great men, who have not been advocates of the theory that, "No thought which stirs the human breast should be untold." Shakespeare has disguised himself completely, not a trace of his own personality is revealed to us, and yet who would gainsay the strength and power of his splendid works.

These two, Shakespeare and Milton, present an interesting contrast. They have been acknowledged co-equals by the world, yet how unlike in character and work, therefore no matter how prolonged our discussion of this subject, we can only arrive at one satisfactory conclusion—that each one has been given his own peculiar nature, and acts in accordance. If he has been endowed with genius, it, too, will be exercised in a manner corresponding to his nature—one may have been given an enthusiastic spirit, which, when strongly moved, will pour out its sentiments in ardent and passionate introspective verse. Another may possess an imperturbable disposition, and this, the productions of his talent will portray. It is absurd to expect any two men's characters and works to be the same. We might as well wish that in the vast blue firmament star would cease to "differ from star in glory," as that the magnificent gems sparkling on the fair brow of that "heaven-born maid" would all bear the characteristics of the same deep mine.

WINIFRED SHEERAN.

To make home life sincere, attractive, refined and uplifting, is a task which well befits the energies of the daughters of the house. Sweet, well-bred and beautiful, the daughters of American homes may so live in them that foreigners will carry away a recollection of their grace and dignity.

The Resurrection of Spring.

This is the month of Spring—arise, be glad,
Banish all trouble and remembrance sad—
The days have past for weary hours and drear,
From every corner echoes, "Spring is here."

Spring in her flowing robe of fresh, bright green,
Reveals to us a rare enchanting scene;
Bedecked with flow'rets fair and garlands gay
Bids us be blithe, and sorrow cast away.

The warbling birds their carols softly sing,
Dear little heralds, messengers of Spring,
Whose songs reverberate o'er land and sea,
Awake the sleeping flowers in every lea!

Oh, happy month, when Nature wreathed in smiles
Dispels all worry, every care beguiles!
Rejoice, sad heart, be free, and gayly sing—
"Nature has ris'n, and with her Nature's King!"

KATE WILLIAMS.

"Poesie ist Tiefes Schmerzen."

POETRY! the soul, the deep, intrinsic soul that bears alone the "love of love"! To the most sordid of natures the loss of some loved one is pain indisputable: but to the poet, what exquisitely cruel sorrow! Lover of birds and skies and brooks, nor even less are things of trivial sweetness lost on thee! And the Spirit of the Muse, passing over those broken heart-strings, a minor melody, flowing and accordant with the sanctity of his theme, swells into the sad, dulcet cadence that goes forth a famous monody to greet the admiring literary world: as the soft, liquid German tells:

"Nur wie Geisterschatten ziehen
Stumm sie durchs gebroch' ne Herz."

O! the human, the very human poetic heart. Milton—transcendent master mind, that seemed so insurmountably above all human weakness, what could thy genius eternally avail thee if, knowing God, thou didst never feel at any time, the bitterness, the sanctity of sorrow! We had thought thee to presume pathos but deterioration from the grandeur of thy exalted blank verse; but, "Lycidas"!—and what majestic sweetness hath escaped the sanctuary of thy heart, with nothing more, O cold paragon of erudition, than the loss of sweet human affection to impel its Doric measure.

"Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
* * * * *
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds his sultry horn."

Here we read the secret of thy love, that secret which is the universal tie of all our loves. Thus is seen, all warmly softened in the finest sorrowing, that grave Miltonic mind, that virtual "Il Penseroso," who feared not in his immortal masterpiece so personally to approach the awfulness of the Most High, nor cope with His divine workings.

A world of votaries reads of "Shepherd's loss" and reverently weeps with thee:

"For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer;
Who would not sing for Lycidas?"

It can be safely said that to no other poet is accredited such grace of spiritual tenderness as that created by Tennyson. Seventeen years, we are told, this high, pure soul mourned the love of Henry Hallam. Such lapse of time, we naturally presume to have been the occasion of some of his exquisite poetry. But in none of these creations, however delightfully Elysian, do we find a lovelier characterization of the real sorrowing Tennyson than in the "In Memoriam." Like Milton, he longed for the sympathetic congeniality of a close friend's mind. The meanest things of earth by them were hallowed, and he writes:

"I climb the hill; from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend."
* * * *
Unwatch'd the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away."

Incomparable poetic mind! What high and moral aspect is ordained thee to lend to life however crossed: Tennyson never suffered his loss to break his spirit. He drank deeply of the chalice proffered, but found it bitter-sweet. So for

us, who taste with passive lips and closed eyes so little of the fruit's intended essence, is the lesson of the poet's philosophy, that:

"This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it when I sorrow'd most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Biographers give us many sad occasions in the life of our national poet, Longfellow; the expression of which we find most typically embodied in his "Footsteps of Angels"—a lonely fireside dream—and wafting in its halo, dear angel faces long since lost to him:

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more."

His grief is spiritual in the highest sense, but is the conclusion that merits the admiration given the poem:

"O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

Sublimity affects in any phase, but never more than in the psalmist's expression of sublimest sorrow,—"My son, Absalom: Absalom, my son: would to God that I might die for thee, Absalom, my son Absalom."

Heroic grandeur! we moralize,—but O, ye world, confess the finest, purest pain that ever sobbed in human breast. Confess the undying constancy of mother-love, its dearth for which at night the little children cry.

Heretofore, it seems no writer has had such insight into the pathos of this subject as Cowper. Considering his mother's long decease of fifty years and the consequent lateness of his writing, no sweeter expression of filial tenderness can be broached. The theme, "On Receipt of My Mother's Picture," is a virtual vantage-ground for the poem's best characteristic—a seeming actuality of passing transpiration almost real. But for the poet, that conjurer of unseen imagery, nothing, because of its material absence, is lost to fancy's revivifying power.

It is in the strength of this, that, with all the naturalness of her being once again alive and loving, he tells us his child-life and its associations with the gracious mother:

"Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;
* * * * *
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age."

We would wonder if, in his perusal of those dear dead years, in his capacity as man, no lightest momentary wish for their recurrence ever crossed his mind; we find that such desire came, and realize, as a fitting finale, the unselfish lesson of the poet's answer:

"Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again."

Requited love, in its sympathy and appreciation, is felt by all; by us, in our ordained and natural humanity, by the poet in his ideal sense, and yet—remains there not one, born of earth perhaps, but who, in the divinity of her nature, suffered a sacrifice of her love for the sins of an ignoble world. Mother of God! "We all know what a broken heart is, but a life with a heart broken almost from the first,"—who other shall claim? At that sad station of the Passion, how fathomless thy sorrow in the chant of the "Stabat Mater": thou watchest the slow agony of every departing breath, rocks open to thy anguish, and now at length—"Pertransivit gladius."

Passed! but to the Eternal Resurrection of which this beautiful spring month is the holy commemoration. And with the pure peace of fragrant lilies stealing in silence over our contrite hearts, we have moved another Easter-tide towards that promised moment for the changing of all earthly sorrows into the everlasting joys of that "Immutable—Immortal—Infinite."

KATE SHIRLEY.

The great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner cannot find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow-creature.

Princess Ena.

IT was a spring morning in the year 1900 when the present writer stood in the Clarence Victualling Yard at Portsmouth, among a small group of persons waiting for the arrival of the late Queen Victoria from Osborne on her way to Windsor. The Alberta was due at eleven; and presently, through lines of harborships which broke their great flags as she entered, the little white-decked yacht, with the sun shining over her royal standard and white ensign, came racing up the harbor, and swung round into the Victualling Yard as the seventh stroke of eleven clanged out from the dockyard clock. It was so that Queen Victoria loved to have things done, and her officers never failed her.

"Out of a Story Book."

Her Majesty walked to the train with her little gracious bows to the waiting officials, among whom, for some reason, a Spanish officer appeared suddenly. I think he had come over on the Alberta, but, in any case, he had very lately been presented to Queen Victoria, and belied the traditions of his race in being very considerably "flurried" thereby. Cooling down a little, he nodded towards a child who was jumping into the train, and said that he had been watching her. "It is an English child just such as I read about in books. She has gold hair, blue eyes, rose and ivory cheeks; she runs and dances, but does not walk; she has been laughing constantly at that boy with her now, who has been singing comic songs to her under his breath. A very pretty, very charming little English child out of a story book. Who is it?"

"Princess Ena of Battenberg," was the low-voiced answer.

Princess Victoria Eugénie Julia Ena of Battenberg, since she was born in the October—the lucky "opal month"—of 1887, has had the same remark made about her by men and women of a good many nationalities. At Nice, during Queen Victoria's last few visits there, Princess Henry of Battenberg took a separate villa for her children, since Princess Ena and one of her brothers were romps of the most riotous description; and here their free, out-of-door life was a matter of amazement and amusement to some of the French visitors and residents. "I have just been introduced to your Queen's little grandchildren," said a French lady at Cimiez to the writer, in the spring of 1896. "I talked to them as long as I could with all possible Court etiquette and politeness; but soon I began to wonder whether they were the two children who robbed my orange trees last week!"

Very Human Children.

Princess Ena has had two very devoted friends all her life; one, her elder brother, Prince Alexander, the singer of comic songs who was with her when Spanish admiration was first offered to her, and was her companion at lessons for ten years, and is with her now at Biarritz; the other, her godmother, the Empress Eugénie. The brother and sister were greatly attached, too, to their grandmother, albeit kept a little in awe by her strict, old-fashioned and most wholesome nursery régime; and Queen Victoria loved them both. The two children were among the last relatives on whom the dying Queen's eyes rested, and one of her Majesty's last acts was to order a piece of furniture for Prince Alexander's room at school. But though more than half a century separates them, the Empress Eugénie and Princess Ena have been friends, confidantes, sympathizers; and the young Princess has stores of knick-knacks, valuable jewels, books, and gifts of all kinds from her friend—and will probably, it is believed, inherit a large part of her fortune.

Princess Ena, who, by the way, was born at Balmoral, and was the first royal child born in Scotland for three hundred years, was eight years old when her father died, and since the death of Queen Victoria she has shared her mother's life entirely. Princess Henry very soon discovered, somewhat to her amusement, that the public at various functions in the Isle of Wight had almost as warm a welcome for "the children" as for herself; Princess Ena was invited to be president of the Isle of Wight Juvenile Needlework Guild; and if Princess Henry had allowed it, her daughter might have opened as many bazaars and presided at as many meetings as herself. The "Queen of the Isle of Wight," as Princess Henry is occasionally called, knew better, however, than to allow anything of the sort, and the young Princess led a very quiet life, with plenty of music and a little yachting and a few children's parties—of which no announcement might ever appear in the papers—till she came out

last year. Her musical studies have been as successful as those of her mother, for whose talent Mme. Blanche Marchesi has much admiration; and she is a fairly good linguist, talking three languages besides English.

Début of the Princess.

Life changed curiously little for the young Princess when she came out last season. Princess Henry politely but resolutely declined to have her parties talked about by the public, and very little was known to the outside world even about the large ball at Kensington Palace, at which Princess Ena made her début, except that the King was there. Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg kept her cousin company throughout the season at Kensington Palace, and the two young people, one dark, the other fair, both enjoying themselves immensely wherever they went, were always popular guests. Admiration of very much the same kind as in her youth, admiration for a healthy, active, happy English child, followed Princess Ena at all the parties given to her; and she laughed with everybody at everything, declining altogether to be formal. A young man came up to her during her first ball at Kensington Palace, asking somewhat stiffly and formally for the honor of a dance.

"Oh, are you sure you don't mind?" was the joking reply.

More than once during the visit of the King of Spain to London, it became obvious that the two young people were thinking a good deal of one another. A lady in the royal party at the gala performance at the Opera claims to have been the first at least to proclaim the fact; and then everybody in the secret watched developments with such interest and sympathy as spectators will show, the world over, in such matters. The Spanish Ambassador took Princess Henry down to tea at a large afternoon party, and there was a little buzz of talk; it became known that Princess Henry was being pressed to visit Algeciras in the winter, and everyone was delighted. Finally, rumors and tales grew and multiplied without contradiction.

And now all the world knows that the solemn grandeur of Spanish society, with its sixteenth century great ladies and medieval etiquette, is to be invaded by the laughter and freedom and liberalism of this young English Princess, who, ere long, will be the wonder and delight of every woman in Spain.

JOCELYN.

The Enchanting Race.

THE enchanting Irish! Myself a mere accursed Sassenach, I write "enchanting" with no reserve, with no extravagance. Say what they can, do what they will, they are enchanting. They always will be enchanting. It is their destiny.

For the hour there are doubtless many of the same opinion on this side St. George's Channel. An Irish vogue is upon us. It is going to be a great St. Patrick's Day even here. Shamrock has arrived in tons for the drowning. There is hardly a public hall but will have its "Irish concert" this evening, or its "Irish dance," or its "Irish night" of one sort or another.

There is not a restaurant where "Reminiscences of Ireland" from the orchestra will not bring the harp of Tara into entertaining conjunction with Rory O'More, and merge the sorrows of the Irish emigrant in the cheery aptitudes of Father O'Flynn.

Is this, then, enchantment? Indeed, it is—enchantment "sufficient for a private man"! See the audience at about half-past ten o'clock this evening, and ask them how their hearts are. Yet, it is but the enchantment of a few stray ballads, old and new. What of the race itself that inspired those ballads—and lives up to them, even in this dull, driving century, in every word and deed?

One might hazard the statement that there is no other nation that fulfils its songs as the Irish do, whatever they may pretend to the contrary. Is it not a commonplace to say that Father O'Flynn exists to-day, with all his virtues thick upon him, in every county of Ireland?

Nay, wherever there are Irishmen round the wide world, one will find practically every quality that the heroes of those ballads display—the same buoyancy of spirit, dashed with the same wistful melancholy, the same exuberance of fancy, the same purity of thought, the same amiability, versatility, the same charm of speech, the same grace of action, in a word, the same enchantment!

Why, then, should these enchanting Irish disown their native praise? Why should they contend that to speak of them so is to speak of them not seriously? Is not delight serious? It would, indeed, be difficult to tell exactly where springs this strange unconsciousness of themselves. It is not hypocrisy; it is hardly modesty. It seems a sort of instinctive genius that makes the Irish do and say by sheer nature the interesting thing.

They are the born artists of life. Take even the matter of public affairs in England, and the prominent Irishmen in the political arena—but why speak only of the famous? The enchantment of the Irish is no matter of single achievement. It is common to the whole race. The worst Irishman that ever breathed had a way with him. Even in their own country there is only one racial, radical fault that can be found with the Irish as a nation. It is pride—which some call "bigotry"—the very ally of virtue!

One is faced, however, with this reflection. Granted that the Irish are enchanting, why is it, and wherefore? There are those who say that it is all "Celtic magic"—that it is all born of stars and mists and fiery dawns.

Further, in that sporting spirit, which is not the least enchanting quality of the nation, certain delightful Irish have been bombarding the Post Office only this week with characteristically fluent messages in Gaelic, by way of a hint that their language had something to do with this elusive enchantment of theirs.

But is this so, entirely? Is it a mere question of the Celtic fringe? After all, if the Irish are enchanting merely because they are Celts, why is it that Scotchmen are not enchanting—as a race—or Welshmen? One does not wish to be invidious. One has met shrewd, even brilliant, men from either country, but enchanting is not the word that leaps by habit to the lips.

Hear, too, the difference between this precious Gaelic as spoken by the Irishman and his brother Celts. One understands that in its essentials the language is the same. In a Scotch mouth it may be admirably terse; but it is hard and unseemly. Spoken by an Irishman it becomes the softest music in the world. It seems air-cushioned.

Altogether, one cannot get away from the fancy that these enchanting Irish are something more than mere untempered Celts. Their grace, their humor, their geniality alike belie their cheek-bones. What, then, is their secret? Let those declare who come to conclusions in these matters. If faces are fortunes, who knows but what the "Phoenician nose" may not have a word to say!

In any case, it remains to be said that out of all the nations of the world there is only one that rivals the Irish alike in the tragedy of its history and the surviving charm of its genius. What destiny can Providence have in store for the enchanting Irish? One cannot tell. One can only ask whether it is for nothing that they have been set in a land which, by its very formation, forbids prosperity. One knows, at least, that from it they have gone to the ends of the world, taking with them a virginal freshness of nature, an instinct for the ideal that is at the back of much else besides America's energy.

They have, in short, become the salt of the earth. Is this a political accident? Is there any one who really believes that the round world has not its vast mission for the enchanting Irish?

S. R. Littlewood.

To do what we ought is an altogether higher, diviner, more potent, more creative thing than to write the grandest poem, paint the most beautiful picture, carve the mightiest statue, or dream out the most enchanting combination of melody and harmony.

A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed: "You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

Garments that have one rent in them are subject to be torn on every nail and every briar, and glasses that are once cracked are soon broken—such is one's good name once tainted with reproach.

Canada.

Of Eastern or of Western lands,
O'er-arch'd by heaven's dome,
The fairest from the Maker's hands,
To loyal heart is—home!
We'll name it with a glad hurrah,
—Dear Canada, blest Canada!

The favor'd who confiding come
To mount, and stream, and valley,
And prairie plain, may choose a home
With which affections tally;
Where Winter calls a long hurrah!
Our Summer's own is Canada!

Our country's pride be, that the while
She greets, with outstretch'd hands
The nations' needs, and welcome smile
As broad as is her lands,—
Her millions voice a sweet hurrah
From happy homes in Canada!

The dow'rless babe will find, with birth
His chances are not ended;
For here is hope to walk the earth
The man that God intended.
With freedom's lungs we'll shout, hurrah
For liberty and Canada!

In servile fear man need not meet
Another's becks and nods;
His own the soil beneath his feet,
Above—the sky is God's!
With grateful hearts we'll raise hurrah,
For man, and God, and Canada!

We wage no wars: we've won in those
On which our land depends
Her freeman's crown; and Britain's foes
We'll never take as friends!
We've shown the mother-land, hurrah!—
A strong right arm is Canada!

Where free was pour'd the martyrs' blood
O'er consecrated sod,
The civil law has ever stood
By moral law of God.
We'll dying, breathe a last hurrah
For doubly blessed Canada!

IDRIS.

Letter-Box.

LORETTO CONVENT,
JACKSON PARK TERRACE,
CHICAGO, March, 1906.

DEAR MARGARET:

Does the name Chicago conjure up a vision of beauty? I fear the reverse is the case with the general public, so shall try to convince you, at least, that there are Utopian spots in this great commercial center.

Leave your world-famed Cataract and step within our beautiful new convent. Do you not feel perfectly at home on seeing our glorious protector, St. Michael, guarding the entrance? Visitors are greatly impressed by this imposing work of art and listen with interest to the old, dearly-loved story of the great archangel's care of "ours" in dark days of persecution.

On the main stairway is a life-size statue of St. Ann, the gift of a pupil whose health was miraculously restored through this saint's powerful intercession. A few steps farther on is the saintly friend whom we keep busy with our losses. This statue, too, is a thank offering from one of St. Anthony's clients. Our chapel with its beautiful altars, statues and stained-glass windows also bears witness to the generosity of kind friends.

Our days pass rapidly in the enjoyment of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," the last item especially receiving due attention. A great aid in this respect is an extensive park near-by. Once there, it takes very little imagination to picture ourselves in lands beyond the sea. Before us stands La Rabida, with its wealth of associations, and close beside it are three vessels modelled on those used by the great discoverer, but the only sailors on deck or friars pacing the cloisters are those of our own creation. La Rabida no longer shelters such as Columbus, but is a life-saving station for unfortunates thrown on the mercy of this part of Lake Michigan.

During a recent outing we passed beyond these Spanish relics, and found ourselves apparently in Attica's classic land. Before us stood the Field Museum in its simple Grecian beauty. Ascending the broad steps and entering the building the illusion continued, for we were face to face with statuary such as Greece alone could

produce. Here the lovers of sculpture wished to pitch their tents, nor did we blame them, but certain seekers for Lotos spied "Egyptian Section" in the distance and prevailed upon us to leave our art treasures to study a more ancient civilization. In the land of the Pharaohs the magic blossom existed only in stone, and its devotees were shortly seen absorbed in mummies, amulets and the thousand gods of Egypt. The famous Rosetta stone was an object of special interest, as it proves how easy, when one has the key, to unlock the secrets of ages.

Very unexpectedly we found ourselves in rather familiar surroundings—wigwams and their accessories. Did any hearts beat faster? Well, yes, for we must admit there are some among us for whom tomahawks, bows and arrows, and even scalps, have no terrors. We peeped into smoky wigwams and saw tiny papooses apparently at ease in very narrow quarters. Walking a short distance we came upon a picturesque performance of the Rain Dance, but the rain-god seemed deaf to all entreaties, for not a drop fell, at least during our stay.

Presently one of our self-constituted scouts announced our nearness to an Esquimaux settlement. In a short time we were in the midst of northern wonders so realistic that some of us actually shivered while looking at small boys fishing through ice-holes, or at sleds almost buried in snow. Here, too, like the Rain Dance, all effort seemed vain, for not a fish nibbled at the bait, nor did the fur-clad travelers advance an inch on their journey. Next came a winter scene in northern Michigan. No need to tell you that even Grecian art and Egyptian Lotos were soon forgotten, as the memory-laden birches stood before us, and the snow-crystals sparkled in a well-remembered way. Unfortunately, time flies, even in Chicago, and our stay amid dearly-loved scenes was all too brief. Our artistic instincts urged a longer visit with the many ideals of sculptors viewed only in passing, but we could not indulge such laudable desires, so with many promissory looks at these classic treasures, our delightful and instructive outing ended.

How I wish you could have witnessed our recent celebration of St. Patrick's feast! There was the usual singing of his praises during Mass, then the unusual preparations for a "Green Tea" and musical program in the afternoon. The color scheme was well carried out. Smilax, shamrocks and green carnations transformed our refectory and recreation hall into a veritable emerald land. Ices, jellies, bonbons and even more substantial refreshments gloried in "The Wearing of the Green." Our interest in this event was increased by the fact that all details were in keeping with social requirements and it was most amusing to hear the younger guests expressing their gratitude to the hostess in customary society phrases. If the tea was enjoyed, much more so was the program of Irish music and kindred numbers. The violin selections were exquisitely rendered by our gifted Kathleen, a typical daughter of Erin. Strange to relate, she played in Loretto Convent, Dublin, on this same feast a year ago, and then had no idea that events would bring her to the land of the Stars and Stripes, and to another Loretto.

There is an ardent lover of Ireland in our midst and her contribution to our pleasure was a charmingly-sung Gaelic song. There was such perfect harmony between the words and the music we realized anew the vast difference between an original composition and a translation. A spirited recitation of "Erin's Flag" roused all patriotism still latent and urged us to be worthy followers of this glorious standard. The well-modulated chorus, "Shandon Bells," seemed a source of much pleasure to many in our audience. The only numbers not distinctively national were our physical culture exercises, and a selection from "Faust" on violin, mandolin and piano; still that fact made no difference in the applause, thus evidencing the strength of the human "that makes the whole world kin." Though some of us are warm advocates of the unexpressed, particularly in personal matters, we shall group ourselves under the opposite banner long enough to say our opinion of ourselves was greatly heightened by the words of praise from Rev. Father O'Reilly, O. C. C. In his own happy characteristic style he assured us he was only expressing the opinion of our other reverend guests in saying our entertainment was a delightful surprise, and that a school such a short time in existence could present so finished a program spoke well for the good use made of the talent within its walls. Then lest we be tempted to rest on our laurels, he added that henceforth great things would be expected from us. Trusting we

shall fulfil the high anticipations of our friends, we shall retire for the present to the security of the "unexpressed." M. J. M.

HASTINGS, ENGLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW:

I fear I must ask your readers who may have noticed my promise to continue our Irish tour in your next issue, to pardon my not doing so until the succeeding number, as I am completely incapacitated by the great sorrow of the death of my dear sister, who was a Loretto pupil, and as such, I know, will have the prayers of your Community. I may add that she will be remembered and regretted at Dalkey convent, where her first lessons were learned, and later at Balbriggan, where, I am sure, her wonderful musical abilities are recorded throughout its history.

The name of Katie O'Dowda will be familiar to the inmates of Loretto Convent, Darjeeling, India, for there she was also much beloved.

She married the late Edward Ernest O'Sullivan of Millcove, Co. Cork, Surgeon Major 8th. Hussars, who is buried at Peshawur, India.

May she rest in peace.

MARIE JOSEPHINE O'DOWDA.

LORETTO ACADEMY,
SAULT STE. MARIE.

MY DEAR FLAVIANE:

Now that examinations and everything delightful relating to them are over, I am going to tell you all the nice things I know. About exams? No, indeed; these have their stated periods, and are now forgotten for a time, while other events of a slightly pleasanter nature absorb all our attention.

How delightful it is when a number of feast days come one after another, breaking the routine of ordinary life! But if we go into ecstasies over the usual feast days, what do you imagine are our sensations on *Jubilee Days?* Not long ago, a faint murmur had gone abroad that the near future was bringing "Somebody's Silver Jubilee"—the name of the honored claimant had been kept a profound secret. When the memorable day arrived, the first celebration was High Mass in our little chapel. The priest in his gold vestment, the little servers in spotless white, and the altar, surrounded by innumerable tapers, added to the atmosphere of joy—even the candles, always bright, seemed to shine with greater brilliancy. The scent of flowers and ferns was never so sweet as on this happy morning! After the Mass was ended, the strains of "We hail thy Jubilee" reverberated through the chapel and corridors. Need I say it was a happy crowd of girls that descended a little later to the schoolroom, to begin, as was customary, the routine of Saturday's usual programme. However, the clock not having yet struck nine, one could scarcely expect perfect order—but why!—what was the meaning of all the girls standing about Sister's desk! and with such eager, attentive attitudes! What were they gazing at? It seemed as if there were reasons to exclaim, "There cometh forth a hand upon the stone, graving the symbols of a speech unknown"! Oh, no! or such a peal of laughter would hardly have followed! What was it, then? "Fingers like mortal fingers" had altered the quotation which had been on the board for a week as a motto—

"If thou willest what thou oughtest,
Thou canst do what thou willest,
For obligation cannot transcend ability"—

leaving only the line which marked the programme of the day—"Thou canst do what thou willest" in honor of the Silver Jubilee, with the consent and approbation of the necessary authority.

I assure you, no second invitation was required. Left to ourselves, for, of course, no presiding Nun was needed!—the question was, "Well, what shall we do? Might as well make use of a holiday when we get one!" It was decided without much unnecessary delay what *should* be done, and the day's enjoyment was preluded by a revised pantomime of "The Raven," which, needless to say, eminently excelled in every respect, the first. This being such a success—in our own humble estimations—we decided to arrange such a highly literary (?) and instructive (?) programme for the benefit (?) of the Nuns, as would be capable of elevating their minds to the very highest pitch of—well, I wouldn't like to say what! At all events, the risible faculties of all were certainly brought into play during a dialogue between a lawyer and a very ignorant old woman, who had been called in as a witness of some neighbor's quarrels.

In the next number, a poor, bewildered child came in, trying to discover "whether she was Hans vot's living, or Yawcob vot was tead"; she certainly elicited the sympathy of her interested audience.

There were many other equally delightful numbers on the programme, including some highly intellectual (?) essays; but the best of the best was the closing number, written by our class poet—however, the subject being somewhat local, we will refrain from publishing it.

It contained all the delightful characteristics of "Loretto Girls" in general, but some in particular, so you may consider yourself included. The recitation was pantomimed by a number of girls, whose every movement displayed to advantage their grace of form and manner. As for exaggeration, why that had no place here. All was true—really true.

You may have some idea how very "swan-like" is our glide through the halls "side by side"; well, all this and "some more" was so vividly depicted in the recitation, that we felt quite natural, taking our ranks without so much as a whisper to our partners—such a thing as whispering is, of course, unheard of among "The Soo Girls."

But the trouble is, all good things end too quickly, so this programme also reached its terminus long before our enraptured audience grew tired listening, which, of course, shows their excellent taste, and kind encouragement of our maiden efforts.

Now I have something else to tell you, even better than the "Jubilee"—a "Pink Tea," to honor George Washington's birthday. How I wish you could have seen the wonderful transformation our large study hall had undergone—no sign of desks to make us think of school!—not even a blackboard to be seen! All changed! The four walls artistically draped with large American flags—at the head of the room the piano stood, with a magnificent covering of "Stars and Stripes." This patriotic emblem was everywhere to be found, no matter in what direction one might look.

The large bay window at the right side of the room, so prettily decorated, presented a delightful picture in itself. The refreshment tables—always a most welcome addition—were daintily adorned with smilax and pink carnations, in the midst of which stood a silver candelabrum, supporting delicate pink candles. The lesser luminaries were fairy lights in profusion, glimmering amid the greens, while everything pink, in the way of edibles, was temptingly displayed. A smaller table similarly bedecked, was reserved for the Reverend Fathers, who honored us with their presence.

The hostess of the evening was our dear little literary president, whose pleasant smiles and gracious welcome could not fail to put all immediately at their ease.

When the guests—post-graduates and present pupils—had all arrived and were pleasantly conversing, either renewing old acquaintances or making new ones, the refreshments were served by a number of graceful maids, attired in the usual black dresses with white aprons and caps, in striking contrast with the festive colors.

The favors were dainty little hatchet baskets filled with pink creams.

When this very interesting operation was over, our hostess, who is an acknowledged musician, favored us with a delightful rendition of Chaminade's beautiful "Meditation." So entranced were all with this piano solo, a pin could have been heard to fall—but pins are unknown quantities here—especially in belts!

A dance programme followed this, and I must say, the dainty little pink star-shaped programmes were decidedly *very neat.*

Then a vocal solo, "There's a Merry Brown Thrush," was sung by one of the younger girls, whose sweet soprano tones and clear enunciation enchanted the listeners.

After this, sixteen girls, in groups of four, appeared on the scene, robed in white, carrying hoops wreathed in pink ribbon and smilax. Such a fair picture! As they went through their Delsarte movements, each pose semed more graceful than the preceding one.

We were next entertained by a dramatic representation of the time-honored, yet ever welcome "Mrs. Willis' Will." Between the scenes we were treated to two charming vocal solos, "The Way of Peace," and "The Mission of a Rose," the performance of which evidenced the recognized talent of the singer.

Dancing was again resumed until disturbed by—

"The clangor of those bells,
What a world of solemn thought
Their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone."

Thus ended the little programme prepared to do homage to "The Father of our Country." Had I the descriptive powers of a Keats to portray the beauty of our room with its fair occupants, and the ease and grace with which congratulations were received and given, you might have some conception of what our evening was like, but since we have been so trained in the "unexpressed," you must supply passages here and there, wherever you judge them necessary and find hidden meanings and gems of thought between the lines, for believe me, these were as profuse as the fairy lights and the evidences of our chosen color. Thus all things tended to the perfection of the enchanting hour, and left us with but the pleasant conviction that there is—

"No valley life but hath some mountain days,
Bright summits in the retrospective view,
And toil-worn passes to glad prospects new,
Fair sun-lit memories of joy and praise."

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH M. COX.

RAINBOW LAND, April, 1906.

DEAR GIRLS:

"Winter is past and gone; the voice of the turtle is heard in our land," lily-bells are calling you to another reunion with friends in your Alma Mater. Wraps are not needed this morning for our fierce "North Pole" rules no longer. Gaily we salute his gentle successor on our way to the Islands where treasures untold await us. Once more we are entranced by the jubilant orchestra around us. The morning sunlight, the singing birds, the delicious fragrance of buds just appearing and buds on the verge of blossoming, dewdrops wearing a luster all their own, softly rustling branches all unite in a perpetual alleluia. To the uninitiated Nature is a mystery, an unfelt influence, but to you who have lived with her so intimately in this favored spot, she is as another self, or a loving, restful friend. Let us seek one of our old haunts,—the hill behind the monastery. Not a step may be taken without pressing violets before their time. How sweet their perfume as we gather the choicest that absent companions may have a souvenir of our present happiness. As we climb the hill double violets grow side by side with hardy natives and are eagerly added to our treasures. Then the story of their unexpected presence is recalled and we again are duly grateful to the bringer of such fragrant gifts from "Merrie England," and, for the present, think her master-poet should have written "The *good* that men do lives after them." Let us retrace our steps to the foot-path close beside which other blossoms await us. Here is the spotless bloodroot so frail as scarcely to stand the gentlest handling, and near by are trilliums and anemones and dainty speedwells. We return their greeting by possessing ourselves of the fairest. Crossing a well-remembered bridge we have on our right a hill so steep that only veteran climbers ever sought more than a passing acquaintance, yet so rich in botanical rarities that in many of us veteranism was almost unconsciously developed.

To-day "Excelsior" is our motto, so onward and upward we go. The oaks, maples and beeches are our good alpenstocks. At short intervals we stop to listen to a sermon from our old friend, Jack-in-the-pulpit. How vast his cathedral, and how eloquently he preaches in favor of Quaker simplicity. Though he cannot be reproached with the slightest deviation from his principles, his words are unheeded by his most devoted and attentive listeners. Close beside him are dandelions and buttercups in their first golden glory, and a short distance above is the fragrant sweetbriar giving promise of a harvest of blossoms. Shall we include the unappreciated little preacher in our collection? Certainly, for he is so typical of this oft-trodden hillside our most special messages to absent friends may be safely entrusted to his eloquence. Even the dandelions, cowslips and buttercups are precious in our sight this morning, for were they not our most generous donors in the good old days when our happiness lay in a floral crown? Here, too, we may gather rare ferns whose existence in this secluded spot is luckily unknown to few besides ourselves.

Though we might wander for hours without weariness, or thought beyond the present, we

must not ignore a call that has been sounding even before we turned our steps towards flowerland. A short walk under those graceful weeping willows we knew so well in the happy past, brings us face to face with our old friends, the Rapids. If we are ambitious for a noisy greeting, it is truly ours. After useless efforts to make our thoughts known to one another we wisely decide to commune with the scene before us. The same immense boulders resist the ceaseless torrent striking against, then tumbling over them. The spray dashes high and is at once gemmed by the sunlight. Swiftly these jewels flash before us and as swiftly are snatched back by mother earth to be dashed over the now hidden abyss that they may reappear with infinitely greater splendor in the glorious rainbow just forming. We sit and watch this tremendous flow and feel ourselves as if we were moving onward with the waters. Terrified we seize our rustic seat, trusting time has fastened it so securely to terra firma that we may gaze defiantly at the combined power of our great northern lakes. The strong gladness of Eastertime seems realized in the scene before us, and the chant of the Rapids to-day is an entrancing "Alleluia!" The raptures of Thabor come to mind and we, too, would willingly erect any number of tabernacles, were our present joys less transient.

Reluctantly we leave this soul-uplifting spot so hallowed by the memory of radiantly happy days when we believed ourselves as secure from the storms of life as now from these raging waters. The sunlight-crowned spray beckons us backward and the noisy roar assumes siren tones almost irresistible, but one glance at our beloved Alma Mater, so serene on the height above, ends all indecision, for awaiting us are her sheltering arms and ever-faithful heart. MARY T.

An Englishman of rank once dined with the poet Whittier. In his letters home, to more than one friend, he commented on the liveliness of the poet's niece, a young lady who not only presided at the table, but waited upon her uncle's visitors with an air of courtesy which made her like a princess conferring a favor. "Our girls are accustomed in New England to thus assist our guests," said the poet, simply.

A commonplace little incident, but charming and beautiful.

School Chronicle.

The new year!—and with it new pleasures and new duties. Nineteen hundred and six, but a few days old, finds us once more in sight of the rainbow. The holidays have fled—a tantalizing habit which they have—leaving sweet memories; we have all turned over those traditional new leaves, and are expectantly looking down the calendar to April—not that our winterless winter is void of joy, for many have been the happy reunions of "old girls" beneath Loretto's kindly roof, prominent among whom were Maud Merle, Estelle Forrestel, Margaret Hennessey, the Misses Smith, Mazie Dennis, Mrs. Reynolds, née Harriet Kean, May McCarney, &c., who were affectionately welcomed and entertained by former teachers and companions of girlhood's happy hours.

February seventh—Wedding bells—Golden bells! What a world of happiness their harmony foretells! Thus echoed came the pleasing announcement of the marriage of Neva Loomis to Mr. Albert Noble, Lockport, N. Y. A dainty box of wedding-cake was received by a member of the *staff*—a medium of prophecy as to the first bride of the class of '06.

All who had the pleasure of knowing dear Neva, and especially the members of St. Catharine's Literary Club, join in warmest congratulations to her and Mr. Noble and the wish that the liquid music of joy-bells may forever be a sweet accompaniment to their lives.

February twenty-second — The Stars and Stripes floating from every available spot, are greeted with the usual enthusiasm by maidens of all nationalities and saluted by them with due honor. How proud we are of the Father of our country—of the fair land that reaches from ocean to ocean, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf—of its high place among nations, of its influence and helping hand in every measure which has for object the uplifting of the human race!

The hall was a vision of patriotic and artistic adornment. From the chandeliers to the sidelights were graceful streamers of red, white and blue, caught up here and there with silken bannerettes. The recesses of the windows were banked with evergreens, ferns and palms, forming a charming background for the bevy of young

girls in white frocks, with bolero and scarfs of stars and stripes, treading the maze of a Colonial dance.

A very attractive programme of national airs, recitations and dances was then rendered—the absence of formality adding to its enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the dear old-fashioned songs, now well-nigh forgotten, with their tender, lingering cadence, which appealed so irresistibly to their hearers as to move them to tears; and the darky melodies instinct with homely pathos and true musical ring.

Rita Simpson and Elizabeth McGreevy were the accompanists of the evening. The graceful *danse antique,* executed by Rita Sheedy, Kathleen O'Brien and Margaret Burchill elicited prolonged applause.

February twenty-seventh—The carnival festivities honored by the presence of our beloved Rev. Mother Ignatia, who made us the happy recipients of an abundance of sweetmeats, and, in the evening, assisted at an impromptu Entertainment of the merriest description, during which the laughter-loving had ample scope to indulge their risible faculties—and they did. We flatter ourselves that Rev. Mother and M. M. Dosethea carried away to Toronto very favorable impressions of "the American girls at the Falls."

February twenty-eighth—Only one who has been at Loretto can realize the thrill of delight experienced at the decree of a walk to the Metropolis. How prolonged are our toilettes on such occasions, lest we be outdone by the inhabitants in the matter of fashion!

Can you picture Fifth Avenue with a shadow on its face and its gaiety and lights dimmed by comparison?—a sight to make a New Yorker sigh. Let us thank the kindly spirit that rules our destiny that the Metropolis is far from New York, for great would be the fall of the mighty New Yorkers by contrast. At midnight, myriads of electric lights shed a dazzling radiance on the streets of the great city, in our Metropolis lights burn as brightly at noon as at midnight.

I especially remember one afternoon, a delightful day in mid-winter, "a day for a poet's wishing." The glorious sun, in whose golden rays the snow-laden trees sparkled like crystal, seemed to have transmitted something of its brightness to our hearts, making them, if possible, a trifle gayer. With jaunty air and festal smile, we set out on the *Beaumarcher* toward the haven of our desires, surrounded on all sides by relics of days gone by and startling intrusions of modernism. Behind us the Falls, at our left the world-renowned Sulphur Springs. Turning from the wonders of nature, we were confronted by a tableau from a drama in pictured life, for high above the common gaze, the haughty Chamberlain with lifted monocle, was disdainfully surveying the gay dramatic group that ornaments the neighboring bill-board. Tiny urchins whose one delight seems to consist in enveloping themselves in a garment of mother earth, stopped a moment in their play to gaze at this formidable array of dignity out for a promenade. A few more blocks and we are in the heart of the city, a heart not peacefully beating a humdrum existence, but throbbing with life and excitement!

On both sides of the streets are stores to make Macy and Wanamaker tremble, with alluring bargains invisibly flying the danger signal for Friday bargain seekers. Stores where one may buy anything from salmon to shoe strings—and shoes—with the startling announcement—"Sale in English walking shoes!" And then the tempting array of Bermudas to the covetous eye of the pedestrian—and the delicatessen establishment with its plate-glass windows showing off to advantage a stock of pastry satisfactory to the most fastidious epicure!

The new arrival in our midst had just begun to really enjoy herself and to enter into the spirit of the occasion with becoming zest, when an alarm from the head of the ranks, followed by the disappearance of two terror-stricken damsels in a doorway, while the remainder of the party stood rooted to the ground, convinced us that something had gone wrong. From a livery near-by a sorrel horse had escaped, and now came dashing down the street with flying mane and flashing eye, to the great peril of mankind in general. A moment of fearful silence and suspense, then out stepped our local "Don Quixote," of gallant mien and fearless heart, in pursuit of his wayward steed. All held their breath in dire distress, momentarily expecting to see him cut off in the flower of his manhood, but soon, over the hill of the historic Lundy's Lane, appeared our brave "Joe," a gratified smile upon his lips, and at his side a conquered beast!

This is but one of our many and varied experiences. 'Twere vain to attempt a real description of the advantages of city life. It is only by dint of persuasion that many are induced to withdraw from the charms and attractions of the Metropolis and retire within our convent walls, "far from the madd'ing crowd."

March first—Although the visits of Rev. E. J. Quinn, C. M., Niagara University, have been less frequent than those of many of the other Fathers, and consequently fewer of us have had the privilege of being acquainted with him, still his genial manner and kindly words made us feel, after a few moments, as if we had known him always. It seemed quite natural that he should be sitting in our midst recounting former visits with some of his pupils, when certain fair maidens had been detained behind closed doors. We urged him to try again, and perhaps there would be better results. But, strange to say, he is dubious.

That Father Quinn sympathizes with the schoolgirl's desires was evidenced by the alacrity with which he obtained a holiday for us—needless to add, it was heartily enjoyed.

March second—A Shakespearean Literary Contest. Beatrice, who was a spectator, furnishes the account.

In the misty past, we dimly recall a challenge given for an encounter in the gruesome churchyard grounds, but still more vague is our recollection of the occurrence of the event. Those who were disappointed then would have found ample scope for the gratification of their warlike instincts on the memorable second of March.

Entering the *sanctum,* one felt that the very air was charged with menace—that a battle was imminent, the countenances of the opposing parties, drawn up in line, clearly portrayed. Pause for a moment to catch the do-or-die expression on the faces of some of the younger combatants, determined to seize this golden opportunity of a Shakespearean Contest to show what invaluable acquisitions they really are to the organization.

This is to be a "combat à outrance." At the lower end of the lists may be seen "Lady Betty" in bronze armor, leaning on the weapon to which she pins her hopes of victory—a roll of preëminently difficult questions. She is the leader of one division of these gallant warriors—a fleeting smile belies the warlike aspect she assumes. Ah! who will dare oppose this modern Boadicea? Yonder is the enemy, in dark coat of mail—a veritable "Black Prince."

The signal is given and the combatants rush forth to the fray. It rages fast and strong, the tide of victory favoring now one side, now another. Then comes a lull in the conflict and we distinguish Agnes to the fore, her erstwhile merry glance changed to an expression devoid of mercy, as she plies her equally valiant opponent with the query—"What of the smooth current of domestic joy in the Shakespeare household?" Edna pauses before venturing on such dangerous ground, then buckling her armor, proceeds to acquit herself most honorably—in her own estimation—when her pitiless foe, unrelenting and undaunted, again brandishes her weapon, and Edna falls, with a last effort exclaiming—"Well, they had three children!" Who could resist this? The ranks were demoralized and changed to groups of laughing girls. Order once more restored, the war is waged anew, only to be again interrupted by "Lady Betty's" inquiry as to where Shakespeare obtained the materials for one of his plays. Having failed to receive the desired information, she coolly replies, "The source is not known! ! !"

Another hour and the contest ends—"Lady Betty" having won the day—foe clasps hand with foe, and due praise is given to both victor and vanquished, proving that hostilities are carried on in that spirit of friendly emulation characteristic of our Club—although a very wee maid remarked in the days agone, long before she was privileged to become a member—"They have a grand time at the Literary Contests, fighting! How I wish I could be there! !"

March fourth—The visit of Rev. E. J. Walsh, C. M., Niagara University, the day after the Literary Contest, was quite opportune, for we were all in a mood to discuss matters Shakespearean and quite in our element grouped around Father Walsh, who is such an authority on all subjects. Question followed question—"Was Shakespeare a conscious artist?" "Did he invent his plots?" "Was Hamlet mad?" "Has Shakespeare contributed many new 'characters' to literature?" &c. —many points were elucidated, and before the "talk" ended we were convinced that the treasury of the English language has been so enriched by the immortal bard, and so many phrases woven

into the web of daily speech, that we speak and think Shakespeare consciously and unconsciously.

A chorus of regret went up as our Reverend friend was about to leave—but as there are yet a few "questions," perhaps he will soon return? We hope so.

March seventeenth—All hail to St. Patrick! How the sound of that name makes every heart-string vibrate, as each recurring feast brings to his devoted children a joy sublime, and pure and tender; a joy that gilds the portals of happiness, and brightens like the beams of the noonday sun, the gloomy vale of sorrow.

Looking far into the distant past, the children of St. Patrick point with honest pride to the noble tradition of more than fourteen hundred years. They point to a history than which none is sadder or more glorious. They count the years of weal and years of woe, through which their venerated fathers preserved and fostered the faith he brought them, and sooner would they part with life and all that earth holds dear, than allow a stain or blemish to tarnish the bright escutcheon which their ancestors have so nobly handed down. What marvel, then, that unbounded joy is theirs when on this festive morning, they don the "triple leaf of green?" Does it not remind them of Ireland once a nation? Does it not remind them of "Royal Tara," with bards and brehons, warriors bold and hoary sages, standing around their lawful king? Does it not remind them of the golden days when the "emerald gem of the sea" was set in diamonds and rubies of light and learning?

Yes, and it reminds them, too, of the fond hearts far away, which, though dividing waters roll between, fly back again to the green hills and valleys of Erin, to "hear the wild songs of their dear native land," and the strains of Irish melody sweetly pealing from far and near, to see the young and old, the gay and grave, with bunches of fresh green shamrocks on their breasts, to see the green and golden banner waving proudly above their smiling faces. Oh, far beyond the reach of the most inventive genius is it to depict or the most fertile imagination to portray the unfeigned delight that thrills to-day the heart of old Erin's children.

At an early hour shamrocks and green ribbons were in evidence in every direction, and clusters of the "chosen leaf of bard and chief" adorned the *sanctum*—did the all-knowing small bird inform the kind friend across the sea, who sent the genuine trefoil to the editor-in-chief, that shamrocks are our delight? They make a bright spot of color in the room this gray morning.

No St. Patrick's day could be complete without the bent form of "Uncle Remus" and his fiddle—a crowning joy upon the platform, in white duck coat gayly ornamented with streamers of green and numerous badges of every Convention that ever met at Niagara Falls. "Yas, it's seventeen yeahs I've been comin' up heah on St. Patrick's day," and Uncle Remus turned from the questioner, took up his violin,—and, to the strains of "Angelina," couple after couple swung down the hall.

In the pauses of the dance, the octogenarian darky rehearsed thrilling tales of the South to the children—who never tire of hearing them—his fiddle has long since passed the half-century mark—his repertory consists of eighty-one "tunes!"—as he calls them.

After a thoroughly enjoyable evening and an au revoir to our ebony friend, we felt that another happy memory had been placed in the precious casket of our schooldays.

GLADYS WEST.

Personals.

"Read the postscript first. I want to hear the news."

"And Vincent McBrady the *bride* was there."

"Eat it; if you die it is a toadstool, and if you don't it is a mushroom."

"Such a goot choke!"

"In what connection did Calais stand with England?"

"Why, Sister, didn't *he* go over to America in the *Mayflower?*"

"Arnie had a rush of brains to the head yesterday."

"Draw me a round circle."

"Where is British Columbia?"

"On page 68."

"That is only a picture of British Columbia. Can you bound it?"

"Can't. It's all over the page."

"When I was in Antwerp I heard a carter whistling 'The Soldiers of the Queen'."

"In English?"

"If I have to speak German to my chaffeur I'll take a barrel of smelling-salts with me and let him live on it."

"And it came to pass, when the King heard it, that he rent his garments."

"What does rent his garments mean?"

"I s'pose he hired them out."

"If I have to go to Canada I'll live on the *New York* side of it."

"What are skeletons?"

"Bones with the people off."

"Did you see the Pyrenees while you were abroad?"

"We called one morning, but they were out, so we just left our cards."

"Isn't it grand? I love to hear its roar!"

"So do I. Just keep quiet for a while and we'll both hear it."

"I can be uncharitable now because it is not Ash Wednesday yet."

"Compare everlasting."

"Positive lasting well, comparative lasting better, superlative everlasting."

"What did the oculist do to your eye?"

"He put everything in his office into it but his diploma—that had a frame on it."

"When my uncle was at the sulphur springs, the water was so heavy he had to tie a weight to himself to keep in the water."

"What was Shakespeare's maiden name?"

"Libuty is the prushes hurtage which we inhericks from our four fathers which founded plimith rock in 1492."

"What is the meaning of the word 'ennui'?"

"It means that one does nothing and is too tired to stop."

"Mention a few web-footed animals."

"Spiders."

"Petrus wept bitter tears."

"Probably he did not know his algebra or something."

"You have to bear the little things that happen during the day or the Lord will not send you to China to be beheaded."

St. Mary's Convent

THE ELMS, CAMBRIDGE

A BRANCH CONVENT OF ST. MARY'S, MICKLEGATE BAR, YORK

Pupils are prepared for the University Local, Royal Academy of Music, and South Kensington Examinations.

Every facility is afforded the elder pupils for attending lectures and visiting the numerous places of interest in and around Cambridge.

The staff consists of registered Religious assisted by duly qualified Masters and Mistresses.

Special arrangements are made, and separate rooms provided for students over seventeen years of age who wish to follow a particular course of study.

WHEN IN BUFFALO

A QUIET PLACE FOR A DAINTY LUNCH OR ICE CREAM

McGERALD'S

FANCY BAKERY & ICE CREAMS

627 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.



NEW YORK

Underwriters' Agency.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

Policies Secured By

ASSETS, $14,542,951.78.

JOSEPH MURPHY,
Ontario Agent,
28 TORONTO STREET,
TORONTO, ONT.

WM. A. LEE & SON
Toronto Agents,
14 VICTORIA STREET,
TORONTO, ONT.

D. LYNCH & SONS,

SHOES

NIAGARA FALLS AND
SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y.

FIRE INSURANCE

Montreal-Canada

FIRE INSURANCE CO.

ESTABLISHED 1859

Net Surplus over all Liabilities exceeds $200,000

Richmond & Templeton, Chief Agents, Toronto

JOHN L. ANDERSON,

FERRY STREET,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALTED MEATS OF ALL KINDS.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION. **POULTRY IN SEASON**

Niagara Falls South, Ont.

Established 1864.

COLE & McMURRAY,

Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating,
Furnaces, Stoves and Ranges.

Hardware, Paints, Oils, Glass, Sewer Pipe, etc.

Niagara Falls, Ont.

NIAGARA ICE CO.

PHONE 148-X.

Spring Water Ice. **First-Class Service**

Orders by Telephone Promptly Delivered.

F. H. BOULTER, Manager.

Niagara Falls South.

Member of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants.

EDWARD GUNNELL,

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT AND AUDITOR,

141 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Telephone, 3536 Cortlandt.

General Accounting and Auditing, Corporation Accounts, Partnership Accounts, Investigations, Inventories, Cost Systems for Shops, Factories and Manufacturers.

TELEPHONE 95A.

M. MORSE & SON

UNDERTAKERS AND PROFESSIONAL EMBALMERS

Main St., - - Niagara Falls South, Canada.

Kindergarten Supplies, Science Apparatus,

AND ALL KINDS OF

SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

THE STEINBERGER-HENDRY CO.,

37 Richmond St. W., TORONTO, ONT.

..THE STAR BAKERY..

High-Grade Fruit Cake, Delicate Bonbons, Delicious Jelly Rolls, Cakes of all kinds, Toothsome Sweetmeats.

Our Homemade Bread is still in the lead.
Cream Bread is the choice of many bread-winners.
Wedding Cakes on hand and made to order.

W. J. MANUEL, Ferry St., Niagara Falls, Ont.

The Catholic Book and Religious Goods House.

Manufacturers and Importers of Vestments, Statues, Chalices, etc , etc.
Society Regalia, Badges and Banners.
Publishers of THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY,
The only book of its kind in the United States.
Complete Edition, $1.25, and postage, 16 cents.

The M. H. Wiltzius Co.,

413-417 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

R. F. CARTER ELECTRIC CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

And Contractors for Electrical Works.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

The largest and best hotel at the Falls. Write for rates.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL CO., - PROPRIETORS.

S. A. GREENWOOD, Manager.

Korten Brothers Co.

SUCCESSORS TO

OTTOMAN CAHVEY CO.

ESTABLISHED 1875

Wholesale Coffees, Teas, Spices, Baking Powders and Extracts.

CHICAGO.

We work in our Customers' interest ALWAYS.



His Royal Highness Prince Arthur Frederick Patrick Albert of Connaught

NIAGARA RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XIII. NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JULY, 1906. No. 3.

Visit of His Royal Highness Prince Arthur Frederick Patrick Albert of Connaught, April 22nd.

ALL the world knows of the high mission entrusted to Prince Arthur of Connaught; and of the royal grace with which he fulfilled it!

Japan having become the ally of Great Britain, as a pledge of his appreciation of the nation and its ruler, His Most Gracious Majesty Edward VII. conferred upon the Mikado the Order of the Garter. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, carrying with him the precious insignia, journeyed to the antipodes, to the court of Japan, and represented his Imperial uncle in the august and impressive ceremony of investiture.

Upon his return journey through Canada, the brightest gem in Britain's crown, the Prince seized the opportunity of gazing upon this wonder of even Canadian scenery—Niagara Falls!

Loretto's claims also appealed to Prince Arthur, so we were paid the gratifying and much-appreciated honor of a visit from His Royal Highness.

He came in spring's first triumph, when the balmy air and the glorious sunshine fill all places and hearts with indescribable warmth and hope. Tree and bird, earth and sky, seemed to prepare for his coming! The vivid green of the breaking waters dashing over the precipice, the dazzling white spray, the fresh foliage on the banks, the beauteous o'erarching rainbows, presented harmonies of light and color pleasing alike to heart and eye.

We were to receive the princely messenger of the Empire, the man whom our king "delighteth to honor!"

To the grandson of Queen Victoria, the nephew of King Edward, the son of His Royal Highness, Duke of Connaught, the true British prince "Arthur," whose charming personality evidenced such simplicity and condescension, we offered our most enthusiastic welcome, crowned by an ideal day.

Prince Arthur was received by Mother Superior and the Religious, who were presented by Mr. Joseph Pope—Under-Secretary of State, Ottawa—to His Royal Highness and his suite.

Near the black-gowned nuns were grouped the pupils, in spotless white. During the singing of the National Anthem by the latter, Miss Beatrice Beck of Edmonton, Alberta, presented His Royal Highness with a huge bouquet of white roses. He seemed well pleased to be considered all "Yorkist" by the white roses, the lily maids, who surrounded him.

Miss Frances Coffey of Montreal, presented a picture of the convent, whose portals have so often opened in joyous welcome to the Royalties of many lands.

In response to the invitation of Mother Superior, the Prince and his suite proceeded through the house, expressing delight with everything, viewing the Cataract from all points—verandas, galleries and cupola—and complimenting the Religious on having chosen the most fascinating and glorious spot on the American continent for their home of learning, where the students may commune with nature in its beautiful and inspiring aspects, and listen to the wondrous music of the thundering waters—that eternal dominant chord which fills the heart with unutterable longings for a fulfilment, a complement, a solution, which only eternity can afford.

In the library, His Royal Highness recognized the exquisite autograph portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales, sent as a memento of their visit to the convent in 1901, as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

Prince Arthur inscribed his name in the studio with the pyrography point, and in the RAINBOW *sanctum* he registered beside the signatures of his cousins, "George" and "Victoria Mary."

Upon completing the tour of the house, having learned that the majority of the pupils are from the United States, the courtly Prince requested the American young ladies to sing their national song, which they did with becoming feeling and characteristic patriotism.

Then were rendered "Ave Maria Loreto" and "Prayer," the latter composed by the Chevalier de Kontski, after his recital at the convent, some years ago.

Before his departure, the Prince graciously expressed a wish to be photographed with his entertainers. During the process, one of his suite very chivalrously remarked: "The Prince is standing in a rose garden without thorns!"

How apt and beautiful the thought! Here young hearts trained for life's stern duties, in the atmosphere of sweet charity, diffuse a charm which, like the odor of roses, refreshes and encourages, but never wounds.

In close attendance on the Prince were Capt. Wyndham, his Equerry, and Capt. Trotter, both heroes of South Africa.

We appreciated fully the kind attentions of Mr. Joseph Pope, Ottawa, Sir Henry Pellatt, Toronto, and the Mayors of Niagara Falls, Ont., and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

In proof that a Prince must forget nothing, His Royal Highness requested a holiday for the pupils; and the morrow, St. George's Day, was promised. This is also known as "Rose Day," since the founding of the Institute by the English lady, Mary Ward, a kinswoman of the Duke of Northumberland. Following the ancient tradition and custom, the tables in every Loretto convent, on that day, are decked with the rose of Old England.

Never was gala day more enjoyed; and every happy heart wished for a rose-strewn path throughout life for the Royal Prince Charming who had so graciously honored us with his presence.

Henceforth our "Rose Day" will be associated with the memory of Prince Arthur, "the young Chevalier of St. George"!

THE RECORDER.

Alfonso XIII. of Spain.

BIRTH: CORONATION: MARRIAGE.

I.

Born May, 1886.

Here's a face that tender musings bring,
  This the little innocent Hope-given;
Fair and frail this blossom of the spring
  Tells the wondrous love of hark'ning Heaven!
    Born a king!—
Here's a face that saddest musings bring!

II.

When I would a smile there comes a tear;
  Cruel gloom pre-natal watch'd thy waking
To a crown,—thy sire upon his bier;—
  Warm thy welcome to one heart, lone aching.
    Baby dear,
When I would a smile there comes a tear!

III.

Little hands for sceptre; head for crown!
  —Ah, there's one who'd yield to no dismaying:
Bound her darling's burden with her own;
  Heard when with his toys her child was playing—
    "Put them down!—
Little hands for sceptre; head for crown!"

IV.

One brave fortress kept the kingly part,
  When weak souls but fear'd an empire riven;
Foes oppos'd whose strength was human art,
  Queen Christina's trust was arm of Heaven:
    Mother-heart!—
One brave fortress kept the kingly part!

* * * * *

V.

Crowned May, 1902.

Where the happy wife or blissful bride
  Half her triumph or her gladness knowing?
Spain, Alfonso's son has crown'd with pride,
  Full the mother-heart to overflowing,
    At his side!—
Place one day for peerless princess bride.

* * * * *

VI.

Married May, 1906.

There's a priceless pearl, Hispania,
  With its beauteous worth is no comparing!



His Most Catholic Majesty Alfonso XIII, King of Spain



HER MOST CATHOLIC MAJESTY VICTORIA EUGENIA, QUEEN OF SPAIN

E'en the ruby[1] rich, Britannia,
—Gift of thine—for centuries is wearing!
Without flaw,
There's a priceless pearl, Hispania!

VII.

Young Alfonso may not sue in vain
For the prize his feasting eyes discover;
Pow'rs all sympathy his cause sustain,
Pearl of Price is well, with such a lover,
Gift to Spain:
King Alfonso has not sued in vain!

VIII.

Not a princess known so fair as she!
Never half her beauty liv'd in telling;
England's rose, Victoria Eugénie;
O'er the breadth of Spain her praise is swelling.
Eugénie, —
Not a princess known so fair as she!

IX.

Worthier, proud Hispania never saw,
Than her youthful Queen all hearts enchanting;
Sounds her homage with all grand éclat;
Naught of royal splendor here is wanting:
Victoria!
Worthier, proud Hispania never saw!

X.

Spain adores her fearless, knightly king!
—All the world in admiration growing—
Heaven-nerv'd, he dares what fate may bring,
Only on his duties care bestowing:
Wondering,
Spain adores her fearless, knightly king!

XI.

Fear of God, and honor to the throne,
In the Christian heart are duties blending.
Here is respite oft and grateful known,
There is vigil ever, care unending.
Still our own—
Fear of God, and honor to the throne!

XII.

Stuart; Plantagenet; and Charlemagne,[2]—
Royal lines to these their trust bequeathing;
Grant them, King of Kings, a glorious reign,
Royal virtues be their crowns' inwreathing!
All for Spain!—
Stuart; Plantagenet; and Charlemagne!

IDRIS.

1. The magnificent ruby now in the Imperial Crown of England was given the Black Prince by his brother-in-law, Dom Pedro of Spain. The Black Prince wore it during his campaigns; and it was worn by Henry V. in his helmet, at the victory of Agincourt.

2. Both King Alfonso and his Bride are descended from the Emperor Charlemagne through the British Stuarts and Plantagenets.

To Her Most Catholic Majesty Queen Victoria Eugenia.

Over the land and sea
There came a message, glad with joyous love
Crowned by a wondrous God-gift from above,
Faith's glorious victory.

Quick, through our cloistral home,
The tidings sped that a fair English flower
Had won from heaven and earth a regal dower,
For love and trust had come

To seek her; while—a ray
From the great Throne of Sovereign Might afar
Sent down the brilliance of a guiding Star
To sanctify her way.

Oh! you are richly blest
Young bride. And richly blest is he whose hand
Has led you to his saint-protected land
For, on your souls is prest

A Nuptial Blessing given
To guard your steps through all the hours to come,
To hallow and to glorify your home
With the pure light of heaven.

S. M. GERTRUDE.

God's Help.

It always comes—God's help to human need,
In measures often that our hope exceed;
God's answer to the prayer our lips repeat,
In common blessings, or surprises sweet.
Does He not see how doubtful the heart is?
How fearful ever the hand we reach to His?
As if to us His presence were not near
Nor could be found. Yet it is always here.

O. E. D.

A Chapter from Spanish Literature, Referring to the Latter End of the Sixteenth and the First Half of the Seventeenth Century.

SPANISH literature is a magnificent temple, after the luxurious lines of San Marco in Venice, with its majestic façade supported by three columns of fantastic grandeur, Cervantes, Lope de Vega and Calderon.

Cervantes is one of the most heroic figures in the history of literature. He is in the class with the blind Homer and Milton. With his one arm (for he lost the other at Lepanto fighting the Turk under Don John of Austria) he drove from Spain its chief folly, Knight Errantry, and brought back to domestic happiness lives squandered in the foolhardiness of mock heroism. Once a prisoner of Algerian pirates and later, in debt and jail, he worked at his masterpiece, and, after its completion, knew not the worth of what the generations have called "sui generis"—*a work without a peer or a companion.* If genius is to be measured by the amount of good done, Cervantes is King, for he did more than "an army in battle array," he conquered an institution which might be called the superstition of chivalry, firmly set in the hearts and minds of a people worshipful of gallantry, heroism and daring enterprise.

Cervantes' was an experience well fitted to embody all the varied phases of Spanish life, for his days were gemmed with the adventures proper to the soldier of his time, and his feelings were fathomed with all the sorrows common to poverty, intensified by a proud Spanish spirit and a fine poetic mind. Glorious Cervantes! who held the stirrup of Rocinante, the while a fool mounted. He sent forth folly to undo folly, and used the bray of Sancho Panza's ass to reduce to the absurd the spirit of the hour. This is genius indeed.

As a character builder, he was ideal. Sancho Panza is a boor in each and every part—his words have the earthen color of his mind, and his mind, crude and common, is the logical parent of his coarseness. Don Quixote is a gentleman gone mad; his bravery spurs against windmills, his gallantry makes its obeisance before some imaginary Dulcinea, and his diseased imagination sweats in splintering lance on ranks of doers of wrong to rights of woman. So he rides on his tired jade until he becomes so absolutely ridiculous that never again did free lance seek his footsteps—Knight Errantry is forever dead, and not even "a vial of the balsam of Fierabras" would restore its life or purpose.

In strange antithesis to the genius of Cervantes, if we consider his utter absence of formed character and the immense number of his dramas, was Lope de Vega. This extraordinary man wrote no less than two thousand dramas, and gained his glory through accepting the conditions of the stage, as Cervantes made his fame in opposing the follies of society, and hiding the art of so doing. Lope de Vega's dramas were all written for the sake of the story. Everything bends to intensifying interest in the conclusion; —possibilities, probabilities, certainties—all are handled ominously, in order to keep fancy on the tiptoe. For half a century he told his stories to Spain, and in the most exquisite diction. Truly "he lisped in numbers for the numbers came." He wrote too much, hence his defects; he wrote from necessity, hence their ephemeral character; he improvised and succeeded this evening's anecdote with one for to-morrow, hence, once told, his stories were ancient history, and as a result many were lost. His first great poem was on "Saint Isidore, the Ploughman," the patron saint of Madrid, who was to Spanish letters second only to Saint Francis as an inspiration to Tuscan art and poetry. From this poem his fame dates, and all the generous beauty and wild luxuriance of the tropics show in his works, many of which, being only sketches, make up in freshness and vigor what they lack in detail. Sometimes he lingers with love for his theme, and such a thought as glows in this sonnet bespeaks the matchless power and beauty of the poet's mind.

To-morrow.

"Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait,
Wet, with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and O! to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
How oft my Guardian Angel gently cried
'Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!'



THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING THE CHURCH OF SAN JERONIMO AFTER THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY



Colegio de Loreto, Madrid

And O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
'To-morrow we will open,' I replied,
And when the morrow came, I answered still,
'to-morrow.'"

As Lope was the morning of the day of Spain's drama, so upon his successor, in the nation's love, fell the long shadows of its evening.

Calderon's periods have all the glow, color, and wealth of the caparisoned cavalcade that enriched the streets of Madrid as the gallant King Alfonso rode out to meet his beautiful bride, the Princess Ena. His periods glow. Witness this one of the myriad that proclaim his power! Is it not in truth a "swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid?" It is from Sigismund:

"If I thought it only seemed
I would tell not what I dreamed;
But what I beheld I may,
I awoke, and lo! I lay
(Cruel and delusive thing!)
In a bed whose covering,
Bright with blooms from rosy bowers,
Seemed a tapestry of flowers
Woven by the hand of Spring.
Then a crowd of nobles came
Who addressed me by the name
Of their Prince; presenting me
Gems and robes, on bended knee.
Calm soon left me and my frame
Thrilled with joy to hear thee tell
Of the fate that me befell,
For though now in this dark den
I was Prince of Poland then."

Calderon is far more profound, if less prolific, than Lope de Vega. In "The Mighty Magician" Cyprian speaks

"Now since I am alone, let me examine
The question which has long disturbed my mind
With doubt, since first I read in Plinius
The words of mystic import and deep sense
In which he defines God."

"A foreign gentleman," the Devil, enters and there ensues one of the grandest debates in all literature, equalling Dante in solemnity. In the "Temptation of Justina" there are passages kindred to "Rosalind"—beflowered and pastoral pictures like this, telling us of the nightingale's constancy

"To his mate who rapt and fond
Listening sits, a bough beyond."

These are only little stray memories from the gorgeous delights of Spanish literature—poor estimates, small as the key that opens the massive gates that lead to a temple reared by native thought and tinted with the Eastern luxury of Moorish coloring.

Rev. Jas. H. Cotter.

Colegio de Loreto, Castilleja de la Cuesta, Sevilla, Spain.

THERE is a Loretto House in sunny Spain well worthy of a place in your radiant columns, which is situated in Castilleja de la Cuesta, an ancient and picturesque little town, three miles west of "Seville the Enchantress," as the Andalusians fondly call their beautiful city.

In this secluded spot Hernan Cortés, the great conqueror of Mexico, buried himself, in his later years, when, disgusted with the ingratitude of a king and country he had served only too well, he retired from court; and here, in 1547, he died.

The greater part of the old Moorish "palacio," where the hero dwelt, is now in ruins; of the marble pillars which surmounted the "patio" only two are standing. Early in the last century, the house and grounds came into the possession of the Duc de Montpensier, a prince of refined taste, who rescued the ancient dwelling from utter destruction. The room in which Hernan Cortés died was converted into a chapel, and an adjoining apartment was elegantly fitted up and filled with memorials of Mexico, its conqueror, and its people. Among these may be mentioned the "Table on which was signed the Declaration of Mexican Independence," a facsimile of the Declaration with signatures, a case containing some cigars taken from the pocket of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian on the day of his execution, a branch of the tree of Popotlas, under which Hernan Cortés passed the night after his partial defeat at La Calzada, near the city of Mexico; in the same frame is a drawing of the tree which

is known as the "Tree of the sorrowful night"—*El arbol de la noche triste.* A wooden cross, which is said to have been in the possession of Cortés and to have been the first introduced into Mexico, is also here. Among the paintings is one by Galofre, "Interview of Cortés with the Ambassadors of Montezuma"; several portraits of Hernan Cortés, amongst others, a fine copy of Velasquez' great painting, *El Hombre desconocido*—the ignored man—which represents the hero in full armor, and, in the distance, a view of the burning ships; a portrait of Don Antonio Solis, the historian of Mexico, and views in oil of Mexico, Jalapa, Queretaro and Puebla, as well as other places in Mexico, and a fine little head of Columbus. In a handsome bookcase with glass doors the Duke collected many curios, all relating to Mexico, or illustrative of the manners and costumes of its people, as well as a number of works in Spanish and French relating to the same country, its conquest, and its conqueror. All these things combine to give this room its name—Museum of Hernan Cortés—even its terraced roof, from one of the battlements of which an iron bust of the brave old conqueror looks grimly down on the quaint village beneath. But, from the opposite side of the same terrace, are seen the fragrant clusters and delicate foliage of the white Banksian rose, shading the veranda, which runs all along the house, partly supported by the two pillars already mentioned; beyond it extends for some hundred feet the paved outline of the ruined "patio." To the south and west lie the gardens and shrubberies, tastefully laid out and planted under the direction of the Duc de Montpensier, who also built the castle or modern house, east of the old "palacio" and joining it. The castle is also of Moorish architecture, rising in terraces to a tower whence can be obtained magnificent views of Seville, San Juan, Italica, and the surrounding country.

Such is the home of Mary's Institute in Spain.

On the 29th. September, 1889, was said the first Community Mass, the nuns having arrived on the evening of the previous day. On the 1st. October, the school opened with twenty-three pupils, all Spaniards; some, however, had already learned English, either at our convent in Gibraltar, or in Puerto Santa Maria, where there was a house of our Institute for two years. From this small beginning the school went on increasing until early in 1891, when Mother Superior found she must either enlarge the house or refuse to take more pupils; the latter alternative was not to be thought of, so she applied to headquarters for a new building. This place being royal property, the application had to pass through many hands, and it was almost impossible to obtain a satisfactory answer. Then the Superior was obliged to apply directly to the Queen Regent, whose piety and liberality are well known. She and her companion were received most graciously by Her Majesty, who promised to do all in her power for them. They had a conversation also with the Infanta Isabella, who told them that she was acquainted with the members of some of the convents of the German branch of the Institute.

On the 16th. May, the following year, the foundations of the new building were laid. It consists of study hall, refectory, and sleeping apartments, connected with the castle by a pretty "galeria" or covered veranda. All its large and bright rooms are now fully occupied.

I must not forget to mention our park, which is acknowledged to be the handsomest outside Seville, and is only surpassed within it by those of the "Alcazar" and "San Flemo," royal residences. In it there is every variety of tree—the orange, medlar, fig, lemon, pine, almond, peach, palm, oleander, laburnum, paradise tree, flowering acacia, pepper, etc.—affording ample scope to the winged minstrels of Castilleja for a brilliant display of their vocal powers. Ah, you should hear the chorus of praise that goes up from these musicians of Nature! Quite an historic interest centres around one of the palms. A brass plate attached to it records that it was planted by the tiny hand of the fair Queen Mercedes when but a child. This little incident recalls to our minds the untimely end of this unfortunate queen, around whose name so many pathetic associations cluster. What a world of memories must have awakened in the heart of her mother, the Duchess of Montpensier, during her visits to her old home!—now transformed by the Angel of Time into a Loretto House—for is not every nook and corner, spacious hall and broad "galeria," every sunny slope and gorgeous flower, connected with her own and her children's early days.

I wish the young lady who wrote "Orange Blossoms" could take a stroll in our park, where



Grotto of the Children of Mary

Colegio de Loreto, Castilleja de la Cuesta, Seville, Spain

their fragrance is almost oppressive this warm evening. The lemon trees are even prettier and their fragrance more refreshing. As I write, the nightingales are filling the calm evening air with their tuneful lays; it would be delightful to stroll down the park and listen, but, "life and time were not made for languid dreaming in the shade."

And now for an account of our mission work in Spain. We have, of course, a Boarding School, containing seventy pupils, the greater number of whom are the daughters of the nobility. Then there is a large Free School, supported entirely at our own expense, and attended by one hundred poor children. These go home at four o'clock, and four evenings in the week, from half-past four till six, there is a class for grown girls who are engaged as servants, or who have other work in the town; these learn to read, write, etc., also needlework, cutting out dresses, clothes, etc. There is also, every night from 7.30 to 8.30, a class for poor working boys and men, who, after hard labor all day in different factories in Seville, or on farms miles away from Castilleja, come home and eat their frugal meal quickly to hurry off to our school, where they are taught for five nights a week reading, writing, and arithmetic; the other two nights—Sunday and Thursday—are devoted to catechism and religious instruction. The average attendance is thirty-five or forty, but there are over sixty names on the roll. Twice a year, at Christmas and mid-summer, prizes are given for punctual attendance at the school. These boys come to Confession and Holy Communion the first Friday of every month. The poor fellows arrive about half-past four or five on these mornings, and the nuns in charge of this department are waiting for them, and recite aloud prayers as preparation and thanksgiving in the chapel. When they are going away, a nun stands at the hall door and gives each man or boy a square of chocolate and a ticket, which entitles him to get a roll of bread at the baker's.

There is another good work done amongst the old women and young married women of this town. Every Saturday, during nine months of the year, there is a conference and catechism class, presided over by a nun, and taught by the young ladies of our extern Children of Mary Sodality, who come in turn, two and two, on Saturdays, to instruct these ignorant women and induce them to go to Mass on Sundays. Every month, they draw for a prize, given by the Children of Mary, and which consists of materials for dresses or clothing of some sort. These women and the grown girls of the poor school and evening class come to Confession and Holy Communion the first Friday of every month. All that has been done amongst them is incredible. Many who had not heard Mass or approached the Sacraments for twenty years, now go regularly, and very few die without receiving the last Sacraments—which was of frequent occurrence before.

As our chapel is small, these people come to Holy Communion after our Mass, and then, after their thanksgiving, repair to our very large Free School for a cup of coffee and a roll of bread, which are supplied by the pupils of the Boarding School, who sometimes help to pour out the coffee. The poor people are much touched by thus seeing the interest taken in their welfare by the aristocracy of Seville.

The meetings of our extern Sodality of the Children of Mary take place every month. In honor of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, a Sunday School was inaugurated in the city of Seville, which is taught by the young ladies of the Sodality, and attended by servants, dressmakers, milliners, etc., who are instructed in the usual subjects. This school is conducted in a room kindly lent by the Sisters of Charity, one of whom presides over it and helps to teach the catechism.

Here in Castilleja and in our other Spanish houses we have Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament all the usual days and every Sunday also, during nine months of the year. During the three days of Carnival we have Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for a great part of the day, and it is the delight of the children to be allowed to pay a visit of reparation to our Lord.

Every year, during vacation, the poor boys and men have a procession of the Blessed Virgin around the garden, and it is wonderful to see the devotion with which it is carried out. The statue is beautifully decorated, or rather the stand on which it is placed, and, for days before, there is great excitement among them, coming and going, bringing flowers and tall candlesticks with glass shades. In the evening, they come washed and clean, and in their best apparel. The

strongest carry the stand, the others sing hymns and recite the rosary during the procession. When the statue is brought into the house again, the Chaplain gives a short sermon, and the ceremony ends with fireworks and Bengal lights and cheers of "Vive la Virgen" and "the Madre Superior and all the nuns"! M. B.

Niagara's Voice.

Might we but hear the music of God's love!
If, while the daily toil and narrow care
Fretted our souls, there reached us from above
One deep-toned, solemn note, killing despair
And evil with its beauty and its might,
And all its holy depth of tenderness!
It may not be in this world. To our sight
The white light of His truth is only darkness,
And to our ears His glorious symphony
Is utter silence.

Yet, methinks, a slight,
Far-distant echo sounds eternally,
Could we but understand! During the flight
Of centuries on centuries it calls,
Rising to Heaven like the misty spray!
The sweet, immortal chanting of the Falls
Awing our momentary griefs away.

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

Pain is a soul tonic. Sorrow often brings out the best there is in us. Happiness does not develop character. It gives it surface brightness and decks it with prismatic bubbles. It takes the deep-reaching arm of misfortune to trouble the depths and bring out the pearls that lie there. The most magnetic faces are lined by thought and noble care. Strong, unselfish love, even if misplaced and unappreciated, ennobles the lover. It is the frivolous, vanity-born emotions that fritter away character and make faces insignificant. To fail in high aim after earnest and honest effort, is not failure. The gain it brings in strength and discipline will appear in other directions. Misfortune has often in the history of the world been the means of making a poet, an orator, a philanthropist, a scientist or statesman, out of a person whose career, but for the misfortune of physical disability, would have been commonplace, and whose influence would be limited.

Island Reveries.

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—
Some flowers of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all!"
—*Lalla Rookh.*

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each thro' endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all!"
—*Lalla Rookh.*

THE pursuit of happiness, the regaining of our lost Eden, seems the natural desire that possesses every heart born into this world.

We are not satisfied with anything less than Eden regained; nothing perishable can satisfy the cravings of the immortal soul.

Having inherited the transgression of our first parents, we know that although the sacrament of baptism cleanses from original sin, we have still to pay the temporal penalty in the sweat of our brow.

Happiness is elusive; permanent peace is not vouchsafed on this side of the grave.

Adam and Eve bequeathed to us human hearts and hopes, their love of Eden, and the "trail of the serpent."

The happiness of this world consists in cheerfully accepting the "trail," and in enjoying our "flowerets" while they bloom and we survive. Our enjoyment is enhanced by the sympathetic remembrance that all the children of Adam and Eve have equal claim to life's "flowerets," and that we must not even wish a monopoly of them.

In the home, and beginning with its earliest years, the child may be taught the secret of happiness: here it is from the children's Catechism. "Question. To how many commandments may the Ten Commandments be reduced? Answer. To these two principal commandments which are the two great precepts of charity: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. This do and thou shalt live.' St. Luke x, St. Mark xii. Q. Who is my neighbor? A. Mankind of every description, and without



LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS

"Beside Niagara's sounding deeps,
Dark wooded isles and vine-clad steeps,
Like incense rise, the clouds of spray,
Where rainbows shine at close of day;
Thy children all, with hearts aflame,
Sing to thy gracious, holy name,
Ave Maria Loreto!"

any exception of persons, even those who injure us, or differ from us in religion. Romans xii, 20."

The fulfilling of this divine law means happiness in life, heaven for eternity.

Do we obediently and reverently respond? Ah, no: we elders too frequently allow selfish and ill-natured rivalry to drag our souls down from the heights, where we are left uncomforted in the gloom! Children learn and copy by intuition; they require neither the spoken word nor the example.

It is said that the coveting and the possessing of our neighbor's goods is the predominant sin of middle age, and consequently of later life.

Christian charity, which, after all, is only common honesty, is woefully lacking among us.

We grudge our friends even the respect which when face to face we feel obliged to show them. That obligation may not trouble us much longer, if, as many affirm, politeness is fast disappearing from the face of the earth.

Of my friends who do not wear a religious habit, one—only one—comes to mind with the peculiar distinction of always speaking of the absent with the studied respect which she would accord them if present!

Upon the bare mention of another's beauty I have noticed a certain sallow Christian complexion turn green invariably, even under the pinkest powder!

This is both amusing and saddening.

Truly we want the earth; all should be "ours" or "mine." We would willingly behold our neighbor unsuccessful; consequently to envy his success is a natural result; then to rob him is only a half-step.

This recognized envy deprives our neighbor in part of his happiness, and drives from our own hearts every vestige of peace.

This is the cruel, murderous spirit that actuates the anarchist. His victims are generally the innocent. His life has not been filled with works of philanthropy. He does not build through love of neighbors; he tears down and destroys through hatred of neighbor. He is the product of the times; the essence of the spirit which has become general. "Rend or be rent," is his motto! To destroy what he has not, what he is not, is his mission.

The Moral Law requires the support of the civil law, but not the bomb of the murdering anarchist!

It is said that Christianity is losing its hold upon the nations. This so-called Christianity is losing hold upon itself. An angel from heaven could not reassure "believers."

Christ commissioned his Church to teach; these "Christians" will not be taught,—they are apostles to themselves.

The Holy Scriptures—God's Word—read and studied by the saints on bended knees, are no longer sacred. They are considered but the measure of any foolish, finite reasoning; criticized without defense, and rejected, in part at least, by the every-day "Christian." And he makes Bible study his authority for disbelief in its doctrine!

His Christianity offers him the Bible, saying: "Here is all that can be done for you in this world. Take this book; find in it what you wish; interpret it as you may; do not be anxious about your eternity; make yourself comfortable; you are safe."

Consequently this Christian proceeds to comfort himself thus: "Knowing ones say that 'Hell' means only the grave; so what is the use of taking up or submitting to any burdensome cross? What is the use of prayer and fasting? What rubbish it is to talk about contentment and holy poverty! The family of Nazareth may have been content; but they did not live in these times! Let us eat, drink and be merry while we are here; this world's goods are all that we are sure of! We don't know what comes after death; but there is no old-fashioned hell, and no eternity of torments!"

Truly the Holy Scriptures contain much that "the unlearned and the unstable wrest to their own destruction."

The motto of to-day is, "Every man for himself"; man has man, nation has nation, by the throat. When the idle rich become richer, and the industrious poor become poorer, there is tyranny and slavery; the Moral Law was made to right this wrong, and we, individually, are, by all that in us lies, under the obligation of enforcing the Moral Law. We must neither leave our brother man to languish nor to perish.

Satan, ever prompt, brings forward the self-deluded anarchist who, in the pretence of righting the wrongs of the poor or the lower classes,

scatters murder in every direction, and finally destroys himself,—all in the cause of happiness!

The climax of conditions has been reached in more than one Christian country.

On May 25th, in the House of Lords, during the discussion of the question of disarmament, Lord Avebury gave utterance to the following truths: "The unrest in Europe, the spread of socialism, and the ominous rise of anarchism are warnings to the government and the ruling classes that the conditions of the working classes in Europe are becoming intolerable, and that if a revolution is to be avoided, some steps must be taken to increase wages, reduce the hours of labor, and lower the prices of the necessaries of life. Europe is a great military camp. We have no peace, only an armistice with unlimited expenditure. The result is that instead of accumulating capital for our children, we are piling up for them debt and overwhelming responsibilities."

There is famine in Japan as a result of the late war; also in Russia,—but there is always famine in some part of Russia.

We cannot make the excuse of war for the eight hundred thousand starving men, women and children who, during the past winter, paraded the streets of London, England. The *Standard*, Montreal, Canada, says: "Britain's Queen, Alexandra, has risen to the full realization of the gravity of the situation, seemingly more promptly than any other. Not content with starting her fund for the unemployed, she has directed the opening of emergency labor yards for the idle, where, for a couple of hours' work at sawing wood, men may secure nourishing food.

Not since 1886 has London been menaced as it is to-day. Then, a mob, springing up from the four corners of the wonderful city, tore from its hiding places through the streets, and, incited to fury by incendiary speeches, swept through the wealthy West End and invaded Mayfair itself. It was a lesson that London recovered from slowly, and most painfully. That was twenty years ago. Gradually those terrifying days have been forgotten or the memory lulled by sedatives. But there has been an awakening. The dangers of a vast population of idle men and women, with children pinched and wan, and who have never known in all their lives what it was to have enough to eat, are now confronting the people of prosperous old London. Conditions have been changing, and the metropolis is congested with a population in excess of the necessary industries and other means of labor to keep it employed and free from want."

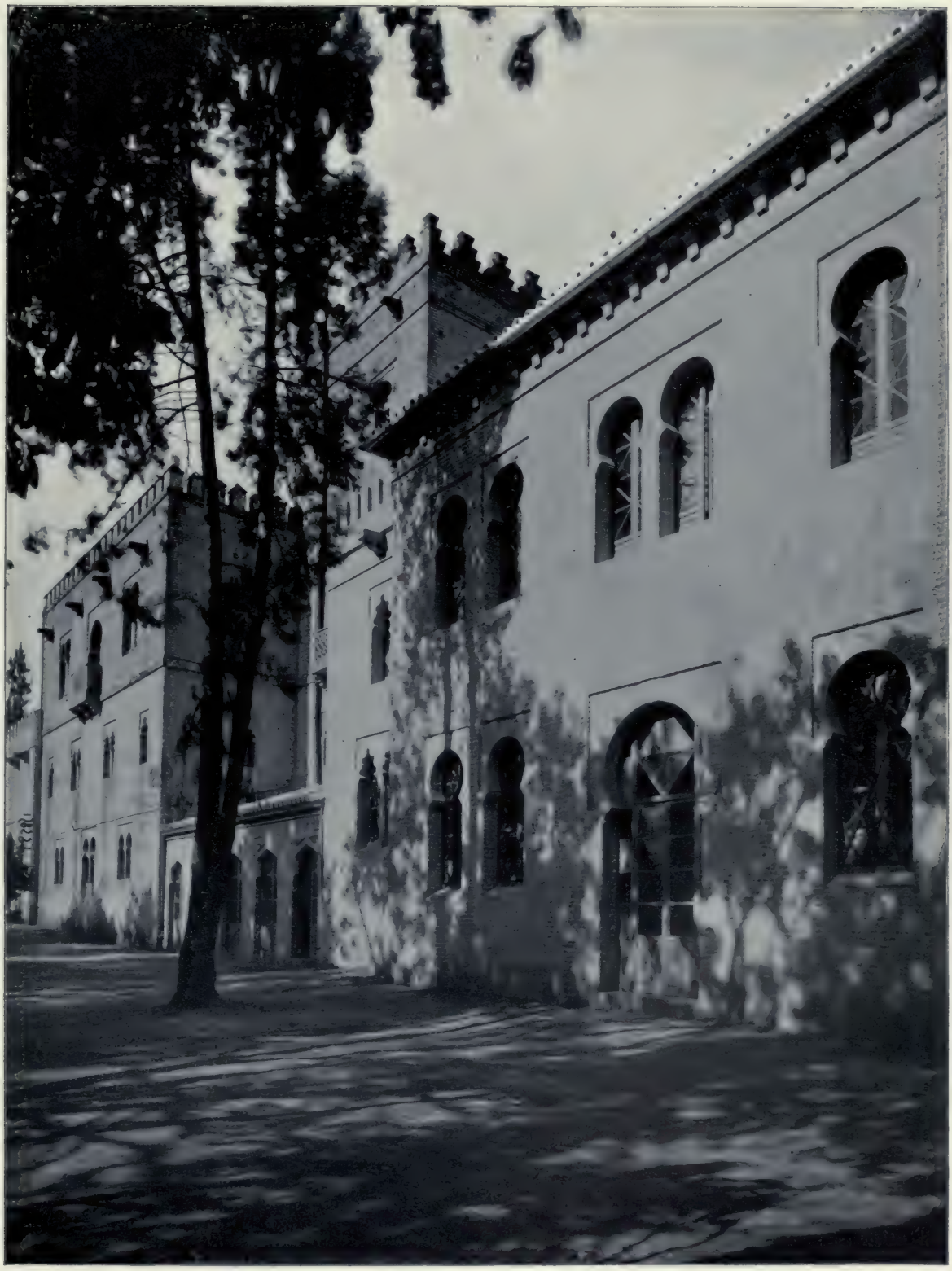
There is room for them all in Canada! And there is money in England to assist them to emigrate, to establish them here, and to aid them until their willing efforts are crowned with success. Let Mayfair contribute from its superfluous abundance!

Can the West End regale itself on dainties and the fat of the land while children of London by the thousand are "pinched and wan, and have never known in all their lives what it was to have enough to eat?" The bare thought of it gives one the heartache. Canada is fairly longing to take the poor darlings to her capacious bosom.

The poverty, pauperism, and congested population of London are the result of wrongs committed three hundred years ago; and the longer a wrong exists, the more difficult it is to right it.

When Henry VIII. came to the throne of England there was not a pauper in London nor in England. England was then for the English, and not for private parks. Her broad acres nourished her population which even now, compared with that of other countries, is not congested.

Truth will out! Every day some such enlightenment as is contained in the following item, forces itself upon our convictions: "London, May 6, 1906. The Marquis of Anglesey has reached his majority. In four years time he will come into something like five hundred thousand dollars a year. By that time the vast Anglesey estates will have recovered from the extravagances of the late Marquis, whose profligate career came to so disastrous an end. The new Marquis will then control fourteen thousand three hundred and forty-four acres in Staffordshire, and eight thousand four hundred and eighty-five in Anglesey, the former having come down to the successive peers of Anglesey from William Paget, the favorite of Henry VIII. They were given him by his royal master after having been seized from the Bishopric of Lichfield and the Collegiate Church of Burton-on-Trent. It is only just twelve months ago that the young Marquis, then an officer in the guards, woke up to find himself a peer and the owner of one of the finest estates in the country."



Colegio de Loreto, Castilleja de la Cuesta, Seville, Spain

(East View)

The "ownership" of the Anglesey estates and of hundreds of others may well be disputed. There is a book whose pages are quoted by socialist and anarchist, which proves that the present possessors of the finest estates in England have no moral claim to them.

Cobbett's History of Reformation stands always for the truth; it lays bare the infamous spirit of plunder which actuated Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. They bought the souls of their "favorites" with the property of unswerving, honest men, who with their descendants succeeded to death, poverty, and pauperism.

Cobbett was an English churchman; but he loved the truth, and would not screen Henry VIII. and Elizabeth.

King Edward VII., anxious to see his people happy, is all that we would have him be; but he cannot itemize and correct in detail the multitudinous wrong-doings of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, before whose time there were only "God's poor" to be dutifully nourished by Mother England, and neither poorhouse prisons nor need for them.

Our constitution entitles us to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!

Our King, aided by his government, can turn the bed of the Thames through Whitechapel and send its surplus population to Canada, not to be immediately let loose among us, but to be "farmed" here by a British protective company until fitted to walk forth healthy citizens.

He cannot now seize hundreds of estates like the Anglesey and people their parks—hunting grounds—with the rightful owners, the hundreds of thousands of needy descendants of the former proprietors.

But Edward VII. can free himself from the tiresome, fettering exterior trappings of royalty and rank, without endangering the sacred majesty of a king: the "simple life" lived by the King himself, would be a salutary lesson to the circles near and nearest to the throne, and to the unscrupulous and vulgar, whose one aim in life is the accumulation of wealth and the display of the gauds of this miserable, perishable earth.

The latter classes are the *raison d'être* of anarchists!

After his successful campaigns on the continent, and the victories of Crécy and Portiers, the triumphal procession of the Black Prince through London was no less glorious that mounted on a small black horse he wore only his ordinary suit of plain black armor.

In the triumphal procession of Henry V. through London after the victory of Agincourt. he wore a plain purple robe.

These are the royal memories that Britain loves to honor, not Elizabeth's three thousand suits of priceless, peacock finery.

Was the great Emperor Charles V. of Spain less royal when he abdicated in order to don a humble robe and retire to a quiet, prayerful life in a monastery?

The time has come when the only safety of the great is in simple surroundings; their burdensome trappings, their unappreciated "luxuries" may well be devoted to the poor.

This is the lesson taught by the dreaded anarchist, who may also be called 'the scourge of God and of Christians.'

It is singular that the nations cannot or do not rid the world of so blighting a terror; there surely should be laws to deal with people known to be under a vow to commit murder of intended and unintended persons.

That Satan is the king of anarchists—and how horrible the realization!—was exemplified by the terrible tragedy designed to destroy the happy brightness of King Alfonso's wedding day—to hurl to death two of the most innocent and loving hearts in the whole world.

That fell stroke was as sudden and terrible as the call to the last judgment!

How did the youthful King and Queen meet it? Royally!

To quote from the eloquent comments of the Toronto *Globe:* "If there is anything in the fine old French saying, 'Noblesse oblige,' the King and Queen of Spain gave a striking example of its truth by their moral courage, their ready sympathy, and their admirable self-control. The climax was capped by the King's mode of expressing his confidence in his people, riding unattended through the streets of Madrid in an automobile, his usual mode of conveyance."

All is over now with the unnatural, unfilial son, the self-deluded anarchist and suicide. Let us hope that his last breath was one of profound repentance!

And let us trust that King Alfonso and Queen

Victoria, the devoted lovers, may be granted a long and glorious reign.

How the words "Queen Victoria" thrill the British heart!

Alfonso XIII., from his birth, has been a most interesting personage. Alfonso XII. died in early manhood, before the birth of his son and heir; so Alfonso XIII. was born a king! Every sympathetic heart in Christendom went out to Queen Christina, the brave widow, the lonely mother, who, as Queen Regent, in troubled times exerted superhuman efforts in the cause of her little son and Spain. She faced the warfare, fought and won by the strong arm of the omnipotent God. He was her hope, her stay, her strength.

Alfonso XIII., nobly schooled, has already proved himself the worthy son of his worthy mother; uppermost always is the remembrance of his kingly responsibilities.

Once a year, in Lent, is he privileged to look after his personal, spiritual interests. Then the King and the royal family spend Holy Week at Seville; and are forcibly reminded that there is no other royal road to heaven than that trod by the Man of Sorrows, the King of Kings.

A Seville letter, from one of the Spanish Lorettos, contains the following interesting information: "The King left on Good Friday, and walked the rather long distance between the Alcazar and the railway station, even his luggage had to be carried, as he would not allow horses to be hitched for him. . . . The King paid us a passing visit. On his way to Villamanrique in his motor car, he passed through Castilleja de la Cuesta. On reaching the Convent he pulled up, and Mother Stanislaus went out to speak to him. He shook hands, and held his hat in his hand during the conversation. He promised to call at Rathfarnham when he went to Ireland. He was most courteous and gracious, said he would make a longer call on his return; and drove off amid showers of orange blossoms freshly cut from the trees."

The fact that Alfonso "held his hat in his hand during the conversation" proves that he is more than a King, that he is a Christian knight worthy of the olden time when knighthood meant what it rarely means now, viz., to respect, to appreciate, to reverence, and to protect womanhood!

Is it wonder that the whole interested world recognizes in Alfonso of Spain the ideal lover? —and that he has gained the affections and hand of one of the most charming princesses in the world!

A pleasing incident is also mentioned in the letter: "Before leaving Seville the English colony here presented the King with a bouquet containing ten thousand carnations, on the cultivation of which Seville prides itself—and justly. This bouquet was immediately despatched to Princess Ena."

We Britons are intensely proud of our beautiful Princess and well pleased that she has found "Spain enchanting beyond even her expectations!" also that the enraptured Spaniards affirm that "not half her beauty had been told them!"

More deeply touching than all is the thought that once more in a devoted kingdom, blessings are invoked upon the head, and cheers are raised from all hearts for a "Queen Victoria"!

Long may Alfonso and Victoria reign!

IDRIS.

Is Conversation a Lost Art?

THE superficiality of the present day and the lack of good sense and good taste in the selection of topics are doubtless serious drawbacks to conversation. It need hardly be said that, by conversation is not meant mere chat or gossip—indeed, one of the most entertaining of women once remarked that she could only reconcile it to her conscience to spend so much of her life in making social calls, by passing on, in conversation, whatever she heard or read that might prove helpful, cheering, or inspiring. With this end in view she committed these things to memory in the very words of the book, to share with her friends what she had herself enjoyed. The practice enriched her vocabulary and cultivated her memory so that what she read was correctly retained with little effort. Her conversation was full of gladness and sparkle. "No one is living aright unless he so lives that whoever meets him goes away more joyous for the contact" was part of her creed. And she was no ideal creature of the imagination, but a glorious, bright reality, holding that as "charity begins at home," so should all good offices, therefore, the home table was the centre of whatever might prove instructive and entertaining. The habit



Colegio de Loreto, Castilleja de la Cuesta, Seville, Spain

(West View)

contributed to the fluency of her own speech and helped to raise the tone of that of the other members of the family.

The present generation has been severely criticized as lacking in thoughtful conversational power. We often hear the remark that persons bore one another by their conversation. Boswell's Johnson says: "Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation, but no sooner does he take a pen in his hand than it becomes a torpedo to him and benumbs all his faculties." How about "Tom Birch" to-day? Is he alive, and are we encouraging his kind? We have many who could reverse his characteristic, of whom we might say: "He is as dull as can be in conversation, but inspired with a pen in his hand," for it must certainly be recognized that our age is producing multitudinous writers and developing publishing houses by the score. Are we, however, stimulating a like capability and effectiveness in conversation? Social engagements continue to entertain us in hours of home association and leisure, but the host or hostess is continually asking, "How can we amuse our guests?" After dinner it must be a theatre party, card party, or some professional musician or reader engaged to make the evening a success.

Some years ago, one of the prominent society ladies of Paris took a firm stand in excluding the card-table and dance from her home. The criticism that followed was promptly answered in her response, "I do this, for our visitors from other nations are saying that the ladies of Paris seem to be losing the charm and versatility of their conversational power." There is a lesson in this illustration for all who are thoughtful as to culture and mental development. Many who are capable of entering into almost any subject of conversation with vivacity and interest, have been so surrounded, socially, by conventional and narrow amusements as to cripple or nullify the pleasure of conversing. So long has this gift been neglected that the didactic and blunt often enter into their social remarks. They either demand absolute and complete attention from the whole room when they speak, or give the opinion to the one with whom they converse that they are conducting an oral examination, completely ignoring the fact that it is good form to discover what others are interested in, be it music, literature, or art; and that we should be more willing to learn than to reveal how much we have learned. To listen sympathetically is a rarer art than to talk well, and gains friends, especially if one has the faculty of drawing out the speaker on his best side. Appreciation begets appreciation; the thoughtful listener becomes the admired speaker who has transmuted knowledge into the warmth of a glad heart.

Of all conversational clubs, I know of none which exceeded in interest that of which Dr. Samuel Johnson was the central figure, and James Boswell the unapproachable recorder. Boswell's life of Johnson is the most entertaining book ever written. It is full of good talk—not dull, imaginary conversations, but true accounts of what Dr. Johnson really said, and what Mr. Burke and Mr. Langton and Mr. Goldsmith and Sir Joshua Reynolds said, and what the idolatrous Mr. Boswell said. Dr. Johnson liked to get his mind close to that of his fellow-talker, to feel his kinship, and thus the play of remark and rejoinder gave an impression of the subject under consideration that could not otherwise be obtained.

Abraham Lincoln, one of the world's very great men, was a capital talker, whether his vein for the moment chanced to be the satirical or the serious; and yet he often could not resist any specially happy slang phrase; and, as was perhaps legitimate in a great man, coined more than one expressive word of his own. Nor was his grammar always above suspicion. He was a good listener—which is one of the chief essentials of the art of conversation.

The salon of Madame Mohl—who, as we see from her portrait, was no beauty—was thronged by the brightest people of her day. "A salon," says her biographer, "suggests no more substantial fare than talk, flow of words and liberal interchange of ideas. It is simply a centre where pleasant people are to be met and good conversation is to be had. It may have—indeed, it generally has—its particular tone and color; it may be literary, religious, political, artistic or philanthropic; but it remains always a place for talking—a place where intellectual nectar replaces material beverages."

Madame Mohl's salon stood out in strong relief, with a character entirely its own. It was a permanent protest against the spirit and tendency of the day; against pretention, purse-pride, vul-

garity in every form. While it was being loudly proclaimed by high and low that luxury had rendered quiet sociability impossible, that the pleasures of conversation were a thing of the past, that unless you could entertain, in the modern sense of the word, no one would come to you, this elderly woman, without rank or fortune, living in high-perched, shabbily-furnished rooms, without either suppers or chandeliers, enjoyed a position unrivalled in its way, and contrived to attract to her house all that was best worth having in Paris. The one luxury of the room was a great many very comfortable armchairs, of all shapes and sizes. Madame Mohl had an idea that people could not talk their best unless they were comfortably seated.

Madame Mohl knew neither timidity nor *mauvaise honte.* She would dart into the most learned discussion, like a child, with some comical remark, which, perhaps, betrayed entire ignorance of the subject, but never failed to enliven it—always remembering that first beatitude of the social code, "Blessed are the glad in spirit, for they shall be wanted everywhere." And perhaps, after all, the best thing we can do for the world is to be happy in it. "Joy is the grace we say to God," says Miss Ingelow. Dante puts melancholy in the fifth circle of the *Inferno*, and deservedly. We instinctively shun those who are self-absorbed because pessimism is contagious, while free and gracious expression of thought is the most potent of spells for removing unlovely discontent, embarrassment and dull care. That graceful and sweet-tempered writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, was so happy, in spite of physical weakness, that his world was filled with roses rolling over each other. No more beautiful tribute is paid to him in Sydney Colvin's introduction to his letters than—"This sympathetic power of inspiring others was the special and distinguishing note of Stevenson's conversation. He would keep a houseful or a single companion entertained all day, and day after day and half the night, yet never seemed to dominate the talk or absorb it; rather he helped those about him to discover and exercise unexpected powers of their own."

Since words are omnipotent things and our language should be the expression of our life and character, we should think no evil, and thus never carry away from any conversation a "heart-stain on our blade."

MARY BURCHILL.

Glimpses of Whittier-Land.

THE pilgrim to the country where Whittier was born and where he passed the greater portion of his life, will find Mr. Pickard's volume, entitled "Whittier-Land," a useful guide to the localities that are so closely connected with the memory of the Quaker poet, of whom the author was an old and intimate friend. The description of the Whittier ancestral homestead with its surroundings, and of the house in Amesbury will be found especially serviceable in the study of the poet's life. Many questions which naturally arise regarding the places mentioned by Whittier in his ballads of the region including the whole valley of the Merrimac from its source among the New Hampshire Hills to where it meets the ocean at Newburyport, are answered, and anecdotes and poems illustrative of his playful moods and never intended by him to be seen outside a small circle of friends and neighbors, are now published for the first time. It is not surprising that Whittier found inspiration for the beautiful descriptive passages which occur in every poem which has this river for theme or illustration:

"Stream of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile."

There are four chapters in the book, one devoted to Haverhill, where the poet was born; another to Amesbury, where much of his life was passed; a third discusses "Whittier's Sense of Humor," while the fourth is devoted to Whittier's uncollected poems—verse that is not to be found in any of the volumes already published.

"Opulence of hill and lake" is the especial charm of Haverhill. The two symmetrical hills, named Gold and Silver, near the river, one above and one below the city proper, are those referred to in "The Sycamores" as viewed by Washington with admiring comment, standing in his stirrups and

"Looking up and looking down
On the hills of Gold and Silver
Rimming round the little town."

Let us enter the house by the eastern porch, noting the circular door-stone, which was the mill-



COLEGIO DE LORETO, CASTILLEJA DE LA CUESTA, SEVILLE, SPAIN

Front View, showing on the right the room in which Hernan Cortes died

stone that ground the grain of the pioneers, more than a century before Whittier was born, and which belonged to the mill on the brook. The fire which destroyed the roof of the house, in 1902, did not injure this porch—the heroic work of the custodian. Mrs. Ela, and others, saved every article of the previous souvenirs endangered by the fire, so that nothing was lost. The bricks of the kitchen hearth are much worn, as might be expected from having served so many generations as the centre of their home life. It was around this identical hearth that the family was grouped, as sketched in the great poem which has consecrated this room, and made it a shrine toward which the pilgrims of many future generations will find their way. Here on these very bricks simmered the mug of cider and the "apples sputtered in a row," the table now standing between the northern windows is the same that then stood there, and many of the dishes on the shelves are family heirlooms occupying their old places. Two of these pieces of china were brought here by Sarah Greenleaf, Whittier's grandmother. The bull's-eye watch over the mantel is a fine specimen of the olden time, and hangs on the identical nail from which uncle Moses nightly suspended his plump timepiece.

But perhaps the article which is most worthy of attention in this room is a desk which belonged to the great-grandfather of the poet. On the backs and bottoms of the drawers of this desk are farm memoranda made with chalk more than a century ago. It was about a century old when the boy Whittier scribbled his first rhymes upon it. By an interesting coincidence he also, in his eighty-fifth year, wrote his very last poem upon it.

From the birthplace to the Amesbury home is a distance of nine miles. It was at Birchy Meadow in this vicinity that Whittier taught his first and only term of district school, in the winter of 1827-28. The road, which is at a considerable distance from the Merrimac, surmounts at many points those beautifully rounded hills that afford a view of the valley commemorated by Whittier in prose and verse. The river, beautiful as are its banks along its entire course, nowhere presents more picturesque scenery than where it passes through the deep valley it has worn for itself between the hills of Amesbury and Newbury, and especially where its tidal current is parted by the perpendicular cliffs of Deer Island. At this point the quaint old chain bridge, built about a century ago, spans the stream. This island is the home of Harriet Prescott Spofford, who is referred to in the stanza—

"The Hawkswood oaks, the storm-torn plumes
Of old pine-forest kings,
Beneath whose century-woven shade
Deer Island's mistress sings."

The old parlor of the Amesbury home has suffered no change in the several remodelings of the house. In it are placed many memorials of the poet, interesting to visitors. What to him was the most precious thing—the portrait of his mother—is over the mantel. The likeness to her distinguished son is remarked by all. One sees strength of character in the beautiful face, and a dignity that is softened by sweetness and serenity of spirit. The plain lace cap, white kerchief, drab shawl, and folded hands typify all the Quaker virtues that were preëminently hers.

On the opposite wall is the crayon likeness of Elizabeth, the dearly-loved sister, so tenderly apostrophized in "Snow-Bound":

"I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?"

When she died, in 1864, Lucy Larcom, her friend, had this excellent portrait made and presented it to the bereaved brother. All the other members of the "Snow-Bound" family are here represented, except the father and uncle Moses, of whom no likenesses exist, save as found in the poet's lines. The Hoit portrait of Whittier, painted when he was about forty years of age, was kept in a seldom-used chamber, while the poet was living, for he allowed no picture of himself to be prominently displayed. A small photograph of his older sister, Mary Caldwell, is shown, and a silhouette of Aunt Mercy—"The sweetest woman ever Fate perverse denied a household mate"—also a portrait of his brother's daughter, Elizabeth—Mrs. Pickard—who was a member of the family for twenty years, and to whom he left this house and its contents, by will. Her son, Greenleaf, to whom when four years of

age his granduncle inscribed the poem, "A Name," now resides here.

In this parlor is the desk on which "Snow-Bound," "The Tent on the Beach," and other poems were written, the success of which enabled their author to buy a somewhat better one, now to be seen in the "garden room," where this desk formerly stood. Upon it are presentation copies of many books, with the autographs of their writers—Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lydia Maria Child, Miss Mitford, Julia Ward Howe, John Hay, T. B. Aldrich, &c. The Rogers group of statuary representing Whittier, Beecher, and Garrison listening to the story of a fugitive slave girl, who holds an infant in her arms, is in the corner of the room, where it has been for thirty years. The rose-bush he prized as his mother's favorite is still flourishing in the garden, as are also the fine magnolia, laburnum, and cut-leaved birch of his planting.

The village of Amesbury enjoyed a sense of proprietorship in Whittier which it never lost, even when Danvers claimed him for a part of each year. He did not give up the old house, consecrated by memories of his mother and sister, but returned to it oftener and oftener in his last years, and he hoped that he might spend his declining days on earth where his mother and sister died. The feeling of the people of Amesbury was expressed in a poem written by a neighbor and published in a village paper, under the title of "Ours," some stanzas of which are as follows:

"I say it softly to myself,
I whisper to the swaying flowers,
When he goes by, ring all your bells
Of perfume, ring, for he is ours.

Ours is the resolute, firm step,
Ours the dark lightning of the eye,
The rare sweet smile, and all the joy
Of ownership, when he goes by.

I know above our simple spheres
His fame has flown, his genius towers;
These are for glory and the world,
But he himself is only ours."

A trolley line from Amesbury to Salisbury Beach brings us to the spot described by Whittier in his "Tent on the Beach," at the northern end of which is the picturesque promontory of Boar's Head, and eastward are seen the Isles of Shoals, and in the further distance, the blue disk of Agamenticus.

Rev. J. Fletcher, in an article published in 1879, mentions that he was with Whittier at Salisbury Beach, in the summer of 1861, when he saw the remarkable mirage commemorated in these lines in "The Tent on the Beach":

"Sometimes, in calms of closing day,
They watched the spectral mirage play;
Saw low, far islands looming tall and nigh,
And ships, with upturned keels, sail like a sea
the sky."

"Here," he says, "we were visited by friends from Newburyport and Amesbury. None were more welcome than Whittier and his sister, and two nieces, one of whom, Lizzie, had the beautiful eyes—the grand feature in both the poet and his sister. Those eyes of his sister Elizabeth are most touchingly alluded to by Whittier when he refers to her childhood in the old Snow-bound homestead:

" 'Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed in the unfading green,
And holy peace of Paradise.'

"One day, late in the afternoon, while Whittier and myself were seated upon a hillock of sand outside, Elizabeth was enjoying a cup of tea in the family tent. It had been a peculiarly beautiful day, and, as the sun began to decline, the calm sea was lit up with a dreamy grandeur wherein there seemed a mingling of rose-tint and color of pearls. All at once we noticed that the far-off Isles of Shoals, of which in clear days only the lighthouse could be seen, were lifted into the air, and the vessels out at sea were seen floating in the heavens. Whittier told me that he never before witnessed such a sight. Elizabeth Whittier was then seeing from the shore the very island, reduplicated in the sky, where, two years afterwards, she met that fatal accident which terminated her existence."

As the train passes Hampton Falls station, may be seen in the distance, shaded by magnificent elms, the house of Miss Gove, in which Whittier died. It was upon these broad meadows and the distant line of the beach that his eyes



Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls

rested, when he looked for the last time upon the scenery he loved and so faithfully pictured in his verse.

Whittier's sense of humor and the real fun and frolic of his nature were known only to those privileged with his intimacy. He delighted at times in throwing off his mantle of prophecy, and unbending even to jollity, in his home and among friends. The presence of a stranger was a check to such exuberance—but his restraint came from no unsocial habit. It was because he found that the unguarded words of a public man are often given a weight they are not intended to bear. If he unbent as one might whose every word has not come to be thought of value, it led to misunderstandings. "I never heard him laugh aloud," says his biographer, "but a merrier face and an eye that twinkled with a livelier glee when thoroughly amused, are not often seen. He would double up with mirth without uttering a sound,—his chuckle being visible instead of audible,—but this peculiar expression was irresistibly infectious. The faculty of seeing the humorous side of things he considered a blessing to be coveted, and he had a special pity for that class of philanthropists who cannot find a laugh in the midst of the miseries they would alleviate. A laugh rested him, and any teller of good stories, any writer of lively adventures, received a hearty greeting from him. He told Dickens that his 'Pickwick Papers' had for years been his remedy for insomnia, and Sam Weller had helped him to many an hour of rested nerves. He loved and admired Longfellow and Lowell, and they were his most cherished friends, but the lively wit of Holmes had a special charm for him, and jolly times they had whenever they met. The witty talk and merry letters of Gail Hamilton, full as they were of a mad revelry of nonsense, were a great delight to him. In 1874, she sent him a grotesque invitation to her wedding, prescribing a ridiculous costume he might wear. As a postscript she mentioned that it was her *niece* who was to be married. Whittier sent the following reply, pretending not to have noticed the postscript, but finally waking up to the fact that she was not herself to be the bride:

" 'Come to my wedding,' the missive runs,
'Come hither and list to the holy vows;
If you miss this chance you will wait full long
To see another at Gail-a House!'

Her wedding! What can the woman expect?
Does she think her friends can be jolly and glad?
Is it only the child who sighs and grieves
For the loss of something he never had?

'Twas pleasant to think—if it *was* a dream—
That our loving homage her need supplied,
Humbler and sadder, if wiser, we walk
To feel her life from our own lives glide.

Let her go, God bless her! I fling for luck
My old shoe after her. Stay, what's this?
Is it all a mistake? The letter reads,
'My *niece*, you must know, is the happy miss.'

All's right! To grind out a song of cheer
I set to the crank my ancient muse.
Will somebody kiss that bride for me?
I fling with my blessing, both boots and shoes!

To the lucky bridegroom I cry all hail!
He is sure of having, let come what may,
The sage advice of the wisest aunt
That ever her fair charge gave away.

The Hamilton bell, if bell there be,
Methinks is ringing its merriest peal;
And, shades of John Calvin! I seem to see
The hostess treading the wedding reel!

The years are many, the years are long,
My dreams are over, my songs are sung,
But, out of a heart that has not grown cold,
I bid God-speed to the fair and young."

Mr. Pickard deserves the hearty thanks of all Whittier lovers for the care with which he has prepared this modest volume. As a rule, the books which are supposed to describe the homes of famous people, are noticeable for the incompleteness of their information. They give one distinct impressions of misdirected enthusiasm, and rarely are they of any especial value. In this instance, however, the book is the work of one who is thoroughly in love with his theme, who knows the whole subject, and is personally familiar with the conditions and accessories surrounding the life he describes. The result is a work which should be read by everyone who reads the poet's "Life," or who wishes to obtain a clear mental vision of the setting in which it was developed.

VERONICA ALTENBURG.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

GLADYS WEST. ROSE M'CORMICK.
MAY WETER. VERONICA ALTENBURG.
MARY BURCHILL. ELIZABETH MCGREEVY.
BEATRICE BECK.

Subscription price, $1.00 per year, in advance. Address all communications to

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

JULY, 1906.

Sweet summer is sending her rose-tinted and perfumed invitation, bidding us to her leafy retreats, where beauty and freedom have vied with each other in seeking their chosen home. What charming pictures of sylvan loveliness rise as the bright panorama flits before our enraptured fancy! Poets have sung of them, artists have painted them, and even religion has hallowed them. Prompted by the impulse of humanity, which urges us to forsake the present good to seek in untried paths untasted pleasures, we who have paid tribute of tender awe to rainbow-crowned Niagara, wrapped in her flowing tissue of green and silver, with her choir of cascades singing of the stream of life, the enthroned queen of the scenic kingdom, respond in the words of the poet and begin our quest of "the living fancies of many a cloistered dream." But a hallowing glory invests the past—the paths we trod seem angel-guarded and thornless—the songs we sang sweep the harp of memory—as we gather up the golden links of the precious chain that binds our hearts to the olden time.

The Spanish palace of Miramar has been little known to the outside world until lately, when it was the scene of striking and characteristic events in connection with the engagement of King Alfonso of Spain with Princess Ena of Battenberg. It is really one of the most beautifully-situated royal residences in Europe, though not very large; and all the windows of the principal rooms look out on the Concha, which is the natural harbor of San Sabastian, a mere indentation of the coast as seen on the map, but a spacious, sheltered inward sweep between the headlands of Monte Iqueldo on the south and Monte Urgull on the north. To Princess Ena, so much of whose childhood was spent with her royal grandmother at Osborne within sound of the waves, and looking out on the Solent, it is peculiarly homelike and attractive. All the surrounding hills are clothed with green, not only woods, but with many isolated trees, among which may be seen white-washed Basque cottages and farmsteads. The little River Antiguo finds its way into the sea on the south, and the much broader and more important River Urumea on the north of San Sabastian, the fortified capital of the province of Guipuzcoa, which is absolutely in the heart of the Basque country. The suite of rooms occupied by the English Princesses were those originally used by Alfonso XII. and his Queen, Maria Christina.

*

"By the merest accident," writes our *Correspondent,* "I chanced to be at the Hippodome the afternoon that King Alfonso visited the huge house, in the company of his bride-elect. We all have a soft corner in our hearts for the young monarch who has conducted his courtship so gloriously in his own way, but those who have not seen him are fain to declare that his looks are not the royal bridegroom's strong point. As a matter of fact, he is decidedly attractive in appearance. Like many other Royalties, his photographs do him much less than justice, and give

no idea at all of the charm of his expression. King Alfonso's face is seldom seen in repose, and he has a way of being vividly and genuinely interested in everything, of enjoying the smallest things. Beside him Princess Ena looks serenity itself. She smiles frequently. She is fair, placid, capable, and majestic, she will make an admirable Queen of Spain, and change many things in that country. At present she appears to find her greatest delight in the pleasure which everything gives her lover, and there can be little doubt in the minds of those who look on, that for once in the world's history, a king and his queen will be fathoms deep in love with each other on their wedding day. King Alfonso's future brothers-in-law appear to have an immense regard and admiration for him, and it is pretty to see him with Princess Henry of Battenberg. He anticipates her every wish with such graceful courtesy as only Spain breeds, but he is not above cracking jokes with her. You would say he had set himself out to make the somewhat sad-faced princess laugh. And he succeeds. Those who are about her declare that King Alfonso makes Princess Henry laugh oftener in a week than she used to laugh in a year.

*

"Since the foundation in Osborne, West Australia, in 1901," writes a member of the Institute, "two others have been made; one in Hamilton, Victoria; and one in Adelaide, South Australia; which makes ten Lorettos beneath the Southern Cross. Osborne is a lovely place with extensive grounds, beautifully situated on the Swan River —only a few miles from the Indian Ocean. The house was formerly a hotel and the chief pleasure resort of West Australians. Even during the hottest weather, we have the benefit of a sea breeze in the evening."

*

Miss Anna Rafferty of Loretto Convent, Rathmines, who won the first prize for story-telling in the Dublin Feis, is a native of Loughrea, in the County Galway, but has only learnt Irish in Dublin during the last few months. The judges were surprised that one so young should have such a racy pronunciation and such excellent delivery. As she told the tale of "Tadg Og" to an eager audience of young Dublin Gaels, one was forcibly reminded of the old-time shanachies of her native West. Her performance certainly equalled, if not surpassed, anything previously witnessed, even at the Oireachtas.

*

"The Annual Physical Drill Competition which took place recently at Loreto Convent, Europa," writes our *Correspondent,* "was a decided success. The Study Hall and surroundings were artistically decorated with green drapery, white lilies and ivy; while the parterre was edged with flags of all nations.

His Excellency the Governor kindly presided, and gave the medals to the deserving candidates. Among those present were Dom Guido Remigio Barbieri, O. S. B., Vicar Apostolic, Monsignor Chincota, Captain Harington, A. D. C., Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Dunne, Mr. Throgmorton, R. N., Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Hill, Major and Mrs. Horrocks, Captain and Mrs. Crowther, Captain and Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Labalmondière, Mrs. Henry Imossi, Dr. and Mrs. Rodriguez Lopez, Mrs. E. Larios, Mrs. Oliva, Miss Recano, the Misses Rugeroni, etc.

The Free Gymnastics were most interesting, and were done with a *verve* that one would hardly expect from girls. The Indian Club Drill was gone through with a grace and dexterity second to none on the Rock. The Figure Marching formed a pleasing contrast to the more difficult exercises. But the Junior Scarf Team and Junior Free Gymnastics fairly won all hearts. The tiny performers seemed determined to outdo their seniors and, if age were taken into account, one might say they did. Wee tots of from five years old to eight did marvels of energy, exactness and

variety, and they showed all the time that they loved their task.

Medals were awarded to Miss Dorothy Hasluck, Miss Pepita Rodriguez, Miss Magdalena Levy, and Miss Cyrene Novella.

Captain McEwan kindly acted as umpire, a most difficult task, considering the high standard of efficiency reached by each class. Praise is due to Company Sergt.-Major Bizley, under whose skilful training the pupils have made such progress.

At the conclusion, His Excellency, in a short speech, gave expression to his appreciation of the skill with which the exercises were gone through, and appeared much pleased with the energy and cheerfulness displayed by each pupil.

The Drill ended, tea was served in the grounds, and all present seemed to enjoy the scene which, together with the brilliant sunshine and the many pretty costumes of the ladies, will not quickly be forgotten."

*

The Duke of Norfolk, we have heard, was a prominent figure at the Albert Hall demonstrations, the natural consequence of the high office he holds in the Primrose League, and of his position as the first Roman Catholic layman of England. In the latter capacity he has recently been the recipient of a Monstrance from his co-religionists in England, and the present, which is to be used at Arundel, is said to constitute the finest piece of ecclesiastical plate of the kind in the country, if not in Europe. On the occasion of this presentation, reference was naturally made to the Education Bill. His Grace, with a happy smile, remarked that personally he was not interested in it because his family was not yet old enough to be affected by the measure. The delicate reference of the happy father to his little daughter, Lady Mary Rachel Howard, reminds us of the fact that the high-born little dame celebrated her first birthday last month. From those who have recently seen Lady Mary it is pleasant to hear that she is a fine healthy child—in fact, "a lovely baby!" to quote the enthusiastic exclamation of an admiring friend from Arundel.

As is generally known, she is, next to her mother, the Duchess of Norfolk, the heiress to the Scotch Barony of Herries, now held by the father of the Duchess.

The re-opening of the doors of Norfolk House for a great dinner and reception, a short time ago, was a notable event; for it is long since there has been any festivity of the kind within the historic and rather dingy mansion next door to London House, which has belonged to the Howards since the days of James II., and was the birthplace of one of that monarch's successors. The stately apartments looked very bright on the evening of May Day, with the rich decorations of walls and ceilings regilded and furbished, roses and primroses everywhere, and the young hostess, looking very charming in her white and yellow gown, necklace of great pearls and turquoises, and diamonds crowning her dark hair, assisted in doing the honors by her ever-genial and smiling husband.

*

The last term of the scholastic year had been particularly rich in the visits of illustrious personages, and now during the closing days, the honor of being presented to Lady Laurier, wife of the Prime Minister of Canada, is ours.

Charming and graceful in manner, queenly in bearing, and utterly devoid of affectation, her Ladyship impressed us as one born to share with her distinguished husband in the honors of the exalted position to which he has been called.

Lady Laurier is evidently fond of young people—of protégées she has many, several of whom are already making a name for themselves in the world of music. We rejoiced to note her pleasure in our humble efforts to welcome and entertain, and her enthusiastic admiration of our ideal home and picturesque surroundings.

Benziger Bros., New York, are the publishers of a new volume—"Tom Losely: Boy"—from the pen of Rev. J. E. Copus, which shows the versatility of the author and deals with the small boy and his home life. The title itself has something suggestive about it, and the story discloses the fact that Tom is a real live boy, and, in the main, a good boy, although full of pranks and mischief.

Incidentally, and sometimes by a mere word and often "between the lines," Father Copus cleverly gives many a salutary hint to mothers and fathers on the important duty of managing children. The writer knows boys and boy nature, and small boys and small-boy nature, too, as few who have delved into this class of difficult but useful literature.

The story will be found full of vim and life, and of such incidents as keep the reader bubbling over with suppressed merriment. It is given to few to mould character while amusing, to elevate a boy's ideals while at the same time intensely interesting him. Such is the skill of Father Copus, and each time that he publishes a new book, it has come to be regarded as a literary event in Catholic circles.

*

From the same firm comes "Not a Judgment," a home story—a tale that is true to the life of thousands of girls in every American city—girls whose ambitions, efforts, and successes are exemplified in the career of Mollie Farrell, the heroine of "Not a Judgment."

The opening chapters show the child in the depths of her abasement and grief for the fate of her happy-go-lucky, easily-led brother Dan, who is pursued by the law. The force of character that enables the girl to rise above the influence of her environments is indicated by her attempt to shield the offender, to ward off the attentions of officious, if kindly, neighbors, and to comfort her mother. From the agony of this one night comes the dawning of a purpose in the child-woman to be something, to retrieve the family fortunes, and to bring her brother with her to a high plane of living. How she does it is told in a way that makes every step of her progress stand out like a bit from real life. The writer's sympathies are so strong and true, so instinct with tenderness, and her word-pictures are so graphic, that every scene rises sharply before the reader, keeping heart and mind engrossed in the fortunes of this daughter of the tenements.

*

"The Mystery of Hornby Hall," by Anna T. Sadlier, published by Benziger Bros., rings true—and what higher praise could any book receive? It rings true, that is, to the finely sensitized ears of boys and girls whose appreciation of true beauty and chivalry and innocent pleasure has not been dulled or perverted by contact with the crude things of the world. The young people that Miss Sadlier draws with so much understanding are of the kind that should appeal strongly to Catholic youth—they are boys who are neither priggish nor rude, and girls who are neither conceited nor unfeminine.

The story itself is sure to stir the blood of every real boy and to delight with its finer touches the heart of every true girl. The way Miss Sadlier has managed the lights and shades, the contrasts of characters and situations, always sustaining the interest at white heat, is remarkable. First we are introduced to the charming sunny atmosphere of Mayfair, the shady green field that serves as a meeting-place for Marjorie Morton and her young friends. Then we experience the ghostly dreariness of Hornby Hall, where, in a gloom of mystery, lives Mary Pemberton, a sweet young girl to whom all the joys of girlhood have been denied by her grandfather, an embittered old man, and the ogreish, malevolent Mrs. Miles. The last-mentioned character stands out of the pages in all the repelling intensity of a Dickens' enemy of childhood. How Mary Pemberton is rescued from the blighting influence of

Hornby Hall and its long-standing mystery solved, makes a tale exciting in its adventure, delicate in its sentiment, and altogether delightful.

*

"Portraits. Stories for Old and Young." By David Bearne, S. J.

We have also received from Benziger Bros., "Round The World," a series of interesting articles on a great variety of subjects of much educational value—Climbing the Alps, The Great Wall of China, Nature Study and Photography, The Making of a Great Newspaper, Rookwood Pottery, The Magic Kettle, Ostriches, Some Wonderful Birds, Skis and Ski Racing, The Marvel of the New World, The Yellowstone Triumphal Arches, Venders in Different Lands, Street Scenes from Many Lands, Reminiscences of a Creole Grandmother, American Cut Glass.

*

"Portraits, Stories for Old and Young." By David Bearne, S. J. Published by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

This is the latest proof of Father Bearne's amazing fertility and versatility. It differs from all the eight or nine volumes which have preceded it. Instead of dozens of short stories, it consists of three of considerable length—"The Scorn of Consequences," "The Light that Led," and "A Precious Memory." There is not so much of incident and plot in these as even in his short stories. They are rather studies of character in certain very vividly-described surroundings. The style has even more than Father Bearne's usual grace and charm; we suspect that "Portraits" ranks high in the appreciation of the author himself; and an author is often the best and severest critic of his own writings. The illustrations are charming. Those of " APrecious Memory" seem to place the hero before us such as he was in the years 1880, 1882, 1891, and 1902.

"Lessons of the King," by a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child. Published by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

Simple in diction, delightful in the personal note as of the eldest sister instructing her little brothers, and overflowing with edifying thoughts and ideals for childhood is "Lessons of the King," a companion volume to the recently-published "Mary the Queen," by the same author.

This latest addition to the number of books written specially for the young, is a sketch of the principal events in the public life of our Lord, and a simple exposition of His lofty teachings. Although the tone of the volume is modulated to the sweet sincerity children love so well, the author has not found it necessary to write down to her readers in order to inculcate the lessons. This because the significance of the teachings of the King is readily grasped by the pure child mind.

The most important of Christ's miracles on earth are described, and lessons drawn from them of every-day application. The parable form in which so many of the eternal truths of Christianity are embodied is peculiarly attractive to children; especially when they are given a key to the meaning of certain symbols.

Culture is simply the perfect development of the life within. Culture is hopefulness of touch of mind and heart, lightness of touch, deepness of insight, freshness of feeling. It has been said that were it not for the children the world would soon grow old. The cultured man is a child in his magical power of seeing things joyously, surprisingly. He retains the delight of the first impression, be it the beauty of a poem, or the glory of an art creation, or the loveliness of a landscape. To be able to see a familiar object the hundredth time with that same approach of surprise and charm and enthusiasm with which you saw it the first time; to see with fresh eyes and feel with a fresh heart is one of the happy and helpful things some carry with them from childhood over into middle life, and a rare and fortunate few even down to old age.

Maria Edgeworth and Her Biographer, Hon. Emily Lawless.

BEFORE perusing many pages of the "Life of Maria Edgeworth," the reader will undoubtedly exclaim, how fortunate was Miss Edgeworth in having such a charming biographer as the Hon. Emily Lawless! With what interest she clothes the little incidents of Maria's childhood, which would probably be lost to a less competent writer!

Maria Edgeworth belongs to a literary age long since passed away, still there is much in her novels that can give pleasure and delight even to this generation, if only they will discriminate a little and overlook the didactic for the brilliant character drawing which is everywhere in evidence. It was her misfortune that her genius was neutralized, to a greater or less degree, by the influence of her father, apparently a ponderous and most tiresome person, endowed with a wonderful fund of self-conceit, and a great faculty for stating the obvious and the undeniable in the most rotund Johnsonese. His daughter thought it was all right; she honored her father above everybody else, and had not the slightest consciousness, apparently, that his influence over her literary expression was of the sort that tended to rob it of anything savoring of vitality or originality. Whatever she wrote that was free from her father's interference, was wholly herself, was simply delightful, and is so to this day. Her first and greatest novel, *Castle Rackrent,* through some good fortune escaped his meddling, with the result that it remains a picture of a vanished condition of Irish society, bubbling with humor and sparkling character drawing that is simply inimitable. It is very certain that had Miss Edgeworth's father left her to herself, and permitted her to write without suggestion from him, her position in literature would be much higher.

Miss Lawless gives a very striking picture of this father of one of the most promising of Irish authors, the admirers of whose admirable gifts bear a somewhat heated grudge against the memory of the too consciously edifying Richard Lovell Edgeworth—a decidedly remarkable personage in his way—a good, worthy man, who invariably laid an enormous emphasis upon the necessity, at all times and places, of a due subordination of the feminine to the masculine judgment. A product of disciplinary age, Mr. Edgeworth's god was Utility. The only purpose of writing a story, so far as he could discern, was to convey some moral lesson, or impart some useful instruction. In this atmosphere his daughter's genius lived and breathed. It was to this atmosphere and to the influences that flourished therein, that the world owes those volumes of select tales about good and bad children, that are so closely associated with Miss Edgeworth's name, and which have become typical of the "moral tales" so much in vogue in the pre-Victorian era, and which were still imitated in the early and middle years of that reign.

In the compilation of her monograph, Miss Lawless was fortunate in securing access to a large collection of letters, written by Maria Edgeworth, and now in the possession of the present representatives of the Edgeworth family; and in perusing, also, a privately-printed biography of the novelist. The letters she found to be exceptionally characteristic, and a proof that when the writer was free from the trammelling supervision of her father and was allowed the full and free expression of herself, which naturally appeared in familiar letters to her friends, she showed abundant indications of the genius for character drawing and vivid, humorous description with which she was gifted. One cannot help regretting that the Squire of Edgeworthstown could not have found a wife who would have suppressed him in the interests of his eldest daughter's talent—but no!—wives, children, sisters-in-law, tenants—all reverenced this autocrat of the literary table, revolving gently, as by a law of nature, around the pedestal upon which he stood alone, in a graceful or commanding attitude.

Miss Edgeworth's letters, written without any idea of publication, are models of descriptive epistolary style. It is to be hoped that the present holders may yet give the valuable collection to the world. The following were written to members of the Ruxton family, Miss Edgeworth's cousins.

"My Dear Sophy:

Mr. Seymour, Mrs. Danbury's father, is coming to live very near us in Prince's Place; I saw him for a moment at Miss Place's. Before I have done with Miss Place, I must tell you an anecdote she told us. A very cross, ignorant old lady lodges with a very literary lady. And one day the literary lady had been conversing with some of

her companions about Tasso, and forgot the old lady was in the room; the old lady fidgeted, hemmed, stirred the fire, sat down, got up, and giving as much expression as she could to her hips as she crossed the room, fairly flounced out. Presently a visitor after her own heart knocked at the door; she reappeared. 'Oh dear, ma'am!' cried she, 'I am so glad you've come, for here's Mrs. Q. and Mrs. Z. have been talking till I am quite sick of Tarso, and all those *leather-backed gentlemen!*'"

"My Dearest Aunt Ruxton:

Do you remember an old shoemaker who used to wear a broad black collar round his neck, and who always looked as if he was going to be hanged? This man, known by the name of 'Old Moor,' has a son called by the name of 'Young Moor.' He is not, however, the captain of a band of robbers, nor yet a hero; but he has made himself a sergeant, and in this character, with all his red, blue, green, and yellow unblushing military honors, he made his appearance in a conspicuous seat at church on Sunday, to the admiration and amazement of a respectable and devout congregation. This morning my father came down to breakfast early, with the intention of being at Longford to attend a secret committee, and was drinking his chocolate, and talking to Lovell about the composition of certain white lights, when Samuel came in with, 'Sir, here are some soldiers, a whole parcel on 'em, sir, who have had a brawl, if you'd please to see 'em, sir. I believe they have enlisted my lord's painter.'

'My lord's painter!' said my father; 'what is his name?'

'My lord's painter, sir, he as painted my Lord Granard's house, he is at the door.'

Upon inquiry my father found that 'my lord's painter' was a poor old grey-headed man, who had been made drunk by one Mott Farrell, who had first forced a guinea into his pocket, and then robbed him of it, and then insisted upon his being duly enlisted in His Majesty's service. The soldier who presented the poor painter, with his bundle of brushes still tied up in a handkerchief, was little Mackin, who, not many weeks ago, was a car-driver in his honor's service. But he drew on and off his gloves with so fine an air; called my father 'my dear,' and talked so confidently of his knowing 'too much of military service,' etc., that none could dare to see the car-driver through the regimentals. In spite, however, of little Mackin the quondam car-driver's knowledge of military affairs, my father could not be persuaded that the painter was duly enlisted, and he discharged him.

A few minutes after, when we thought that the painter and his brushes were at liberty, Samuel re-entered with poached eyes. 'Sir, they have seized my lord's painter again, and are forcing him into a house in the town!' My father waxed wrath at this piece of tyranny, and went to enforce justice. Now the person who had seized the painter after his discharge, was Sergeant Harry Moor. He made his appearance with a constable,—half yellow wig, half black hair,—Charlie Monaghan, no less, the husband of the celebrated washerwoman. They stood opposite the library window; my father, at the door of the new hall, was reading to the painter his examinations, the ladies were crowding round the bow-window, when lo! they saw young Moor draw and 'brandish high th' Hibernian sword!' Charlie Monaghan, with a stick in his hand, beat, or seemed to beat, at his coat, but Charlie Monaghan was not a hero, and Young Moor escaped from the arm of the law, and ran off to fight another day. All this passed like a flash of lightning: there was no thunder! My father did not see the flash of the sword, and when he looked up, it was over.

A warrant was immediately made out to conduct the hero to gaol for a contempt of His Majesty's justices. The constable, and John Langan, and Mr. Lovell Edgeworth went to seize Harry at his castle, whither he had taken refuge. My father got into his chaise, and meant to do himself the honor of receiving Sergeant Moor as he went through the town. In the middle of the street stood the undaunted hero. My father, confident that his emissaries were at the back premises, thought he had the gentleman safe; but the moment he heard my father give orders to a soldier to seize him, he darted into his house. By some mistake Monaghan was not ready at the back door, and Moor escaped. My father, knowing that a sergeant was a man of too much consequence to be entirely lost, determined to send kind inquiries after him to his commanding officers, and so pursued his way to Longford, with



The Maples, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls

Turnor on Crimes and Punishments in the chaise with him."

When Maria was fifteen, Mr. Edgeworth returned to his ancestral home at Edgeworthstown, where the future Irish romancer obtained her intimate knowledge of Irish peasant life. How any one reared under the influences that surrounded Miss Edgeworth could have written so understandingly of the Irish peasant as she did is a puzzle to Miss Lawless and to every one having a knowledge of the subject. "All peasants," says Miss Lawless, "are difficult and elusive creatures to portray, but perhaps an Irish peasant is the most elusive and the most difficult upon the face of the earth. Any one who has ever tried to fling a net over him knows perfectly well in his own secret soul that the attempt has been a failure—at best that entire realms and regions of the subject have escaped observation. A whole world of forgotten beliefs, extinct traditions, lost ways of thought, obsolete observances, must be felt, known, understood and realized, before we can even begin to perceive existence as we are expected to see it by such a one as 'Thady.' "

Various biographers have given different opinions as to whether it was a loss to Miss Edgeworth to have spent, away from Ireland, practically all her childhood; some contending that it was well she should only come to the country when she was fifteen, as then she was mature enough to be interested in all the peculiarities of the Irish, as contrasted with the English character; whereas others maintain that as she was to be a writer of Irish tales, it is regrettable that her early years were not passed in the land she was destined to describe. The latter opinion is that of Miss Lawless—and of the writer of this sketch.

It was during the disturbed days preceding "ninety-eight" that Miss Edgeworth gathered the materials for "that wonderful little page of social history torn direct from life," that appeared anonymously as *Castle Rackrent*, and whose principal creation, "Honest Thady," tells the story, calling himself a steward, although in reality he is a peasant, with all the ideas and instincts of one, an eighteenth-century peasant, one who has always lived and whose forebears have always lived under the same lords, and to whom their little peculiarities have come to be, as it were, a law of nature, no more to be disputed than the overfrequency of rainy days or the inclemencies of winter.

In a letter, never before published, and which Miss Lawless quotes, Miss Edgeworth says that "Thady" was the only character in *Castle Rackrent* drawn from life. He was an old steward, whose dialect amused her when she first came to Ireland. She caught the trick of it and became such an adept in its use that she could think and speak it without difficulty,—"so that when I began to write a family history as 'Thady' would tell it, he seemed to stand beside me and dictate, and I wrote as fast as my pen could go."

But oh, why did not some beneficent Irish fairy carry off the impossible, Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth? Fairies, especially the Irish "Little People," are supposed to be of some use in the world.

Castle Rackrent stands upon an entirely different footing from any of Miss Edgeworth's other writings. In it alone we find her regarding life, not from any utilitarian, ethical, or dogmatic standpoint, but simply and solely objectively, as it strikes, and as it ought to strike, an artist. So far from any cut-and-dry code of morals being enforced in it, morals of every sort are even startlingly absent. It has been sometimes asserted that Miss Edgeworth was the parent and first inventor of that engine of instruction, "The Novel with a Purpose," but if *Castle Rackrent* is a novel with a purpose, one would be glad to know what that purpose precisely is.

One cannot help wondering how it was that Mr. Edgeworth allowed a book to be published by his daughter which lacked so deplorably all his beloved theories and philosophy, but if *Castle Rackrent* escaped, all his emendations fell upon "Belinda," a portrait of "fashionable life," a new departure in the author's literary activity. The heroine of this tale has been severely criticized, but not more so by any than by her own creator. When revising the book for publication, years after, she says, "I was so provoked with the cold tameness of that stick or stone, Belinda, that I could have torn the pages in pieces! As the hackney coachman said, *'Mend you!* Better make a new one!' " Had Maria been allowed to write the book as she intended, it would have been a sprightly picture of life as seen in a gay London drawing-room, portraying the wit and gallantry of men, and the grace and coquetry of women.

But Richard Lovell Edgeworth would not this time permit of sentiments so heterodox, and what was to have been a lively comedy became clogged with "dull moralizing and ponderous, soul-wearying propriety."

Miss Lawless gives an interesting account of Miss Edgeworth's friendship with Sir Walter Scott—"fraught with advantage for both writers and unflecked by even a passing cloud." Their personal acquaintance did not begin until 1823, when Miss Edgeworth set out for Scotland, the bourne of her pilgrimage being Abbotsford and its owner. "It was characteristic of both authors —highly creditable, I add, to the Irish one—that nothing, not that most primitive of feminine necessities, the necessity of appearing respectably clad before a distinguished circle of strangers, was able to delay the meeting even for a few hours. She had barely reached Edinburgh when she was the recipient of a note from Sir Walter, inviting her to dine on the following Sunday, upon which occasion, or upon the next day, 'one or two of the Northern lights' had been especially invited to meet her. The Laird of Staffa, and certain of his clansmen, were coming to sing Highland boat-songs that evening, 'and if you will come, as the Irish should to the Scotch, without any ceremony, you will hear what is perhaps more curious than mellifluous.' "

"Ten o'clock struck," writes Miss Edgeworth, "as I read this note. We were tired; we were not fit to be seen, but I sent for a hackney coach, and just as we were, without dressing, we went. As the coach stopped, we saw the hall lighted, and the moment the door opened, heard the joyous sounds of loud singing. Three servants—'The Miss Edgeworths!' sounded from hall to landing-place; and as I paused for a moment in the anteroom, I heard the first sound of Sir Walter Scott's voice—'The Miss Edgeworths?—*come!*' "

In this manner the eventful meeting took place, and the friendship between these two—great man and little lady—seems to have grown to its full height literally at their first hand-clasp.

"As I sat beside him," wrote Miss Edgeworth, "I could not believe that he was a stranger, and I quite forgot that he was a great man."

For the benefit of those to whom Miss Edgeworth exists only as the painstaking but prosaic instructress of youth, it may be well to emphasize the fact that Scott's admiration for her was no temporary bit of amiability, born of good-nature, but the genuine conviction of his whole literary life. The continual allusions to her writings which occur in his private letters, no less than the unstinted praise lavished upon them in print, all show upon how high a pedestal he placed her as an author.

Escorted by the Romancer in person, Miss Edgeworth visited Roslin Castle, seven miles from Edinburgh. "How Walter Scott can find time to write all he writes," she said, "I cannot conceive. He appears to have nothing to think of but to be amusing."

A trip to the Highlands followed, and then an enchanted fortnight at Abbotsford. Even Lockhart grows quite lyrical when he describes these halcyon days. "Never can I forget her look and accent when she was received by him at his archway, and exclaimed: 'Everything about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream!' . . . Day after day as long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety. One day there was fishing on the Cauldshields Loch, and a dinner on that heathy bank. Another, the whole party feasted by Thomas the Rhymer's waterfall in the glen; and the stone on which 'Maria' sat that day was ever afterwards called 'Edgeworth's Stone.' "

Exactly two years later, the return visit followed. Captain Scott, Sir Walter's eldest son, was settled with his well-dowered bride in Dublin. It was the wish to see this young couple which took Sir Walter in the first instance to Ireland, but that the visit to Edgeworthstown had from the beginning filled a considerable place in his plans is clear. The following letter, descriptive of that visit, is by one of Miss Edgeworth's sisters.

"We were all in the library when a German barouche drove to the door, containing Sir Walter, Miss Scott, and Mr. Crampton, apologizing for the remainder of the party, who would come in the evening, which they did. Miss Scott is a fine-looking, black-eyed, bright, happy-looking girl. Capt. Scott, very handsome and tall, and much less shy than I expected. He seems to have a great deal of humor in a quiet way of his own. Mr. Lockhart, handsome and clever-looking, but much less tremendous than I expected. . . .

Just as the ladies left the dining-room, the school band was heard at a distance, and as it ap-

proached playing a gay tune, it excited Miss Scott's and Crampton's spirits of dancing so much that they flew out on the grass-plot, and made Harriet join them in a reel. The boys at a distance were playing leap-frog; Sir Walter stood benevolently looking on. As the light was by this time more from the clear moon than from any remains of daylight, it did look very picturesque and gay, and it was late before we could come in from the dewy air. We then all assembled in the library. Sir Walter sat down near Aunt Mary, and he and Mr. Jephson and Maria talked of Dr. Johnson and Boswell, of whom Sir Walter told some good stories.

The first print I ever saw of Sir Walter—the one with his dog—is like him, I think, but the others represent him as much younger than he is now, and without the sort of roughness mixed with polish, which appears to me to be one of the great characteristics of his appearance. He is now very grey, and at first looked to me uncommonly grave, but the humor in his eyebrow soon showed itself, and when he listens to what amuses him, or when he is telling one of his favorite anecdotes, his countenance is quite delightful, and —except when standing or walking, when his lameness appears so much more than I had been prepared for—his attitudes are all picturesque from their peculiar ease."

After a week at Edgeworthstown, Sir Walter, accompanied by Miss Edgeworth, her sister and her brother William, continued his Irish travels. Finally the whole party returned to Dublin, where a farewell dinner was given by Capt. and Mrs. Scott. The Edgeworths returned to Edgeworthstown; Sir Walter sailed for Holyhead, hastening on from there to Windermere, where he was met by Canning and Wordsworth. Thence home to Abbotsford, where Lockhart informs us that "without an hour's delay he returned to his usual habits of life."

This intercourse with Scott, these travellings together, may certainly be called the highest lights, emotionally speaking, of Miss Edgeworth's life. She continued a steadfast and enthusiastic admirer of the author of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and the "Waverly Novels," oddly enough, as anything like Romance, or even poetry, was not at all encouraged at Edgeworthstown by its owner, and Romance is entirely excluded from any of Miss Edgeworth's writings.

Referring to what Scott may have gained from this friendship, Miss Lawless says, "What he may have gained—what in all probability he did gain—from his keen-eyed little Irish sister, was a closer grip upon the homelier side of reality, especially as regards the ways, doings, talk, look, clothes, and relations to life generally of the peasant class, and of the class which comes nearest to it. That Caleb Balderston, Edie Ochiltree, and the rest, owed something—though it is not very easy to define what—to Thady Guirk, and that to this extent the obligation so generously insisted upon was true, no student of both writers will, I think, be disposed to question."

BEATRICE BECK.

The Royal Wedding in Spain, 1906.

ON Friday, the 27th. of May, the royal trains reached Irun. King Alfonso was the first to arrive, accompanied by his suite. He found the railway station magnificently decorated, and walked up and down, inspecting everything while waiting the arrival of the Princess. At a quarter to five, the train so anxiously awaited, steamed up amid the roar of cannon and to the strains of the English National Anthem.

In a few minutes, when the exchange of trains was effected, the journey to Madrid was begun. From the Spanish frontiers the journey was a veritable triumphal progress. At every station en route there was a display of loyalty, a rejoicing at the young king's happiness, that must have been highly gratifying to the royal pair.

On reaching the station of "El Plantio" the enthusiasm was almost delirious. The Princess and her mother proceeded to the palace of "El Pardo" in a motor-car, King Alfonso and Prince Charles of Asturias riding on horseback at the right and left respectively. The motor-car was filled with beautiful flowers, and, on reaching Pardo, all the efforts of the police could not keep off the crowd. Some of the people, kneeling, seized the hand of the Princess who, alone and unattended, went up to the country people, shook hands with them, and smiled so sweetly and modestly that she won all hearts.

On Saturday, King Alfonso was early at "El Pardo," when there was another wild scene of enthusiasm. During the day a telegram was

brought to the Princess from the mayor ot Badajoz, beseeching her to obtain pardon for a man condemned to death, who was to be executed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. She read this and handed it to the King, saying, "Let there be no sadness at our marriage." A pardon was immediately telegraphed. As soon as the news reached Badajoz the bells were set ringing and a scene of wild enthusiasm ensued.

On Wednesday afternoon, a number of Spanish journalists assembled at "El Pardo" and were received by King Alfonso and Princess Victoria. They presented her Royal Highness with a gold pen, and a bouquet of flowers.

At half past five the betrothal took place in the Ambassadors' Hall in the palace, where the Bishop of Sion, standing at a small table on which was a crucifix, asked, in the presence of the Royal Family, ministers, Cardinals and the Archbishop of Toledo, King Alfonso and Princess Victoria if there were any impediments to their union, and, on their answering in the negative, both signed a document to this effect, using the gold pen presented by the journalists. There were 70 royal signatures.

"El Pardo."

The history of the castle is a glorious one. Henry III., desiring to have a residence where he could enjoy himself after his hunting expeditions, built it and called it "El Pardo." It is situated to the north of Madrid. Charles V. had this house demolished, and committed to the hands of the architect, Luis de Vega, the charge of building a palace which the Emperor never saw finished as, worn out both in body and mind, he retired to rest at Yuste, where he died. In 1604, a tremendous fire destroyed much of the wealth which this palace contained. Philip III. procured its restoration, and Charles III. had it enlarged. Historians give a very detailed account ot the treasures which the palace contained,—magnificent tapestries, fine paintings, frescoes decorating the ceilings and walls, many of which were lost when the palace underwent repairs, and by the fire which took place in 1604. Nevertheless the greater part of them still exist, and our beautiful Queen must have admired them during her stay in "El Pardo."

Independent of this Royal Residence there are many other buildings which, like the Zarzuela, erected by the Infante Don Ferdinand, Governor of Flanders, are full of historical records. The late changes made in this Palace by command of Don Alfonso XIII. have contributed much to its embellishment. The days spent in "El Pardo" were days of brightness and happiness, a contrast to the fearful catastrophy which occurred on the wedding-day.

On the morning of the 31st., the princess and her mother drove in from "El Pardo" to Madrid, to the Ministry of Marine, where she was to assume her wedding-dress, and, at 10.45, she reached the Church of San Jeronimo, where the ceremony was to take place.

The King arrived half an hour before the Princess. He entered under a canopy, the Marche Real was played and great enthusiasm was felt and displayed. He wore the court uniform of Captain General. The "Infante Heredero," the son of the late Princesa de Asturias, the Heir Apparent, walked a little behind His Majesty. The Infante, who is four years old, was dressed simply in white piqué and wore the "Golden Fleece." He looked quite happy and interested in the beautiful scene in which he unconsciously took no small part.

The scene in the Church was transcendently brilliant and beautiful. Just before the nuptial blessing, the King left his place and went to kiss his mother's hand. The Princess went also to kiss the hand of her mother. It was a touching scene.

The nuptial ceremony was performed by Cardinal Sancha.

After the ceremony, the various Princes, Princesses and illustrious personages who took part in it, began to file out, and the magnificent procession started on its way to the Royal Palace. The carriage of the King and Queen came last, and was followed by six "coches de respeto," empty, each drawn by four horses.

As the glorious pageant moved along through the beautifully-decorated streets, the brilliant sunshine adding its effect, every detail being carried out to perfection, it seemed as if nothing was wanting, when, just as the Royal Coach passed No. 88, in the Calle Mayor, a bomb, concealed in a bouquet of flowers, was thrown from an upper balcony. It fell just short of the Royal Coach, killed two of the horses and wounded all the others, killed also two of the outriders, the Marquesa of Tolosa and others who were in a



Library, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls

balcony under that from which the bomb was thrown; in all 14 persons were sent instantaneously into eternity, and many were wounded.

But miracle of miracles! The King and his beautiful bride escaped unhurt! Certainly, God must have given them in special charge to His angels. The windows of the Royal Coach were shattered. In a moment the brave young King put his head through the window, and called out "No asustarse! calma! calma!" but it was all in vain, nothing could be heard amid the confusion, and the cries and groans of pain of the wounded. All were horror-stricken. The King, with extraordinary presence of mind, ordered one of the "coches de respeto" to pull up. He and the Queen got in, her bridal dress and shoes all stained with blood. Then the people began to realize what had occurred, and shouts of Vivas for the brave young King and lovely Queen rent the air as they continued their way to the Palace.

The assassin escaped for the moment, but was recognized a few days after in a little town not far from Madrid, and, being accosted by a policeman, he shot him dead, then turning the pistol on himself, he took his own wretched life.

I should have mentioned that, the day before the wedding, the future Queen asked Don Alfonso to take her to the famous Escorial, that she would like to lay a wreath on the tombs of his father and Queen Mercedes. She also wished to hear Mass there and to receive Holy Communion. Her wishes were, of course, acceded to. The Escorial has been called one of the wonders of the world. It consists of a Monastery, Church and Royal Palace, and was built by Philip II. to commemorate his victory over the French, on the feast of St. Lawrence, hence its shape of a gridiron, and in it are buried all the Kings and Queens of Spain since his time. In it are still to be seen the apartments from which Philip II. governed his vast dominions. Here he received with equal imperturbable serenity the glorious news of the victory of Lepanto, and of the disaster of the Invincible Armada.

One other fact as a fit sequel, on the part of a Catholic King and his bride, to the ceremony of the 31st. On the Tuesday following, the Most Noble and Catholic King and Queen repaired to the Church of Our Lady of the Dove, and there made an offering to the Queen of Heaven of the bridal dress of the latest earthly Queen. The act was quite unofficial and quite in accordance with the simplicity and at the same time the sublimity of the occasion.

M. J. B.

Musical Recital by Miss Elizabeth Topping, Pianist, and Analytical Remarks by Miss Amy Graham, Mus. Bac., Buffalo.

JUST as in literature, one wishes, however limited his time, to become acquainted with the best that has been written, so in music one desires to hear compositions by certain composers, at first because they are celebrated,—afterwards, however, for the pleasure received in listening to them.

It is soon experienced by the most ardent pursuer of the beautiful and interesting that not until the great compositions are heard and heard again do they yield enjoyment. After the first or second hearing, certain melodies and passages are distinguished; with repeated hearings still more things are perceived, and the pleasure in listening is found to have increased with the greater intimacy.

A composition heard for—say the fourth time—is listened to with more ease and quietness, consequently the mind is readier to apprehend it in its entirety, the beauty is felt also of contrasting parts,—parts which at first seemed to be thrown idly together, are afterwards heard as a balanced whole.

The length of time which ordinarily elapses, even with lovers of music, before they know a composition thus well might be considerably shortened if the principal melodies, themes or musical ideas, were first heard separately. After the principal theme, come those of secondary importance, contrasting passages, and finally the different musical treatments of the same themes, as to variations, &c., &c. Form in composition, sonata, fugue, song, variations, &c., &c.,—the difference between sonnet, epic, essay, novel, in literature—follows, and from an agreeable, sensuous pleasure, listening to music becomes an intelligent comprehension of the composition, a difference as great as hearing a play in a language one only half understands, and one which is wholly understood.

This is the aim of a series of analytical recitals,

the first of which was given on the third of March, by Miss Elizabeth Topping of Toronto, pianist, and Miss Amy Graham, Mus. Bac., Buffalo. The programme included Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, in which the wonder of the Fantasy from its first sweeping introductory bars, to the unspeakable beauty of the recitative, was shown. This music speaks; it is the intense emotion, the reality of the feelings. This grief, this passionate tenderness, this wild despair, this sublime striving,—this is not the combination of beautiful sounds—these are the throbbings of a human heart. This is the height and depth of a man whom we love to name with Dante as a great example of a certain mystical, ardent, pure and passionate pursuit of that Beauty which is truth, and truth which beauty is.

Another composition taken was the lovely F sharp Minor Novellette of Schumann. This is in different tempi, and contrasting parts—a vigorous opening, followed by trio No. 1—another trio begins the entire movement built up on the rhythm of the first part of the opening phrase. Continuing we hear the gradual change of the vivacity of the rhythm from being everything, to the soft accompaniment of a most charming melody, which Schumann describes as a voice from the distance. The entire half page is very characteristic of that dreamy, half mystical side of Schumann, when, even in the midst of a movement confessedly "bright and gay," he heard a voice in the distance, singing too, quite another melody than the gay, heedless one to which he had been listening.

Other compositions played and analyzed were Weber's Rondo Brilliant, op. 24, Liszt's Campanella, two Schubert-Liszt transcriptions, and Chopin's Brilliant Variations in B flat, op. 12.

PROGRAMME.

Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue.....*Bach*
Novellette in F minor.....*Schumann*
Perpetual Motion, Rondo .....*Weber*
La Campanella .....*Paganini-Liszt*
(a) Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel.
(b) Hark! Hark! the Lark..*Schubert-Liszt*
Meditation ..... *Tschaikowsky*
Persian Song .....*Burmeister*

VERITAS.

From the Life of School into the School of Life.

"All is finished and at length
Has come the glorious day"—

SUCH is the tenor of our song—our day of triumph is at hand, and soon we are to receive a laurel crown in token of our victories in the battles of scholastic life. We have struggled courageously with the mathematical and ethical problems encountered on our line of march, subjugated rebellious French conjugations and slain the army of "little men" who opposed our progress; and now our Alma Mater is about to enroll us in her Legion of Honor, bestowing upon us her long-coveted medal. Surely you think this realization of a long-cherished dream must evoke the most exultant emotions. Such was what we anticipated, but "distance lends enchantment" to graduation. It is not an occasion for jubilee unmixed with pain.

As the time draws near to say "Vale" to the companions and scenes of some of our happiest days, a feeling of sadness steals into our hearts; and as we are about to turn the page whereon are written the records of our school life, a retrospective glance reveals how sweet those records have been, and makes us loth to exchange them for a future veiled in uncertainty. What joys, what sorrows will be chronicled on the new page of our changed existence, is a mystery.

As we watch the progress of spring, each reawakening beauty of nature reminds us that the longed-for yet "dreaded dawn" is steadily approaching. Mnemosyne lures us into her enchanting realms, where we fall into pensive reverie. Under the potent spell of the fair goddess, we are no longer graduates, but very small representatives of humanity revelling in kindergarten pleasures—singing the pretty melodies of childhood, feeding the birds with carefully-saved crumbs, fashioning wonderful things from cardboard, decking ourselves with marvellous chains of gaily-colored paper rings, or returning home with eagerness to exhibit specimens of our handicraft to an admiring family circle, and bestowing, as special marks of affection, one of our artistic (?) creations on an appreciative father or mother. How we thrill with pleasure at the praise and gratitude elicited by our gift! Never in later days have our achievements been able to give us such

keen delight or fill us with such pleasant self-satisfaction. Ofttimes, discouraged by unsuccessful efforts to realize our ideals, our minds revert to those early days, and we are almost tempted to wish for a return of the blissful simplicity that made us so contented with our own accomplishments, we would fain prolong our imaginative visit into our first schoolrooms and beg in the words of the poet, "Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!" But we receive his answer:

"It cannot be! they pass away,
Other themes demand thy lay,
Thou art no more a child."

Mnemosyne transports us to our years of convent life, and what a change our retrospect presents! What a transition from the thoughts and occupations of early childhood to those of high-school life! Not until we began the deeper studies of our academic career did we truly appreciate intellectual pleasures.

A whole new world has been displayed to our admiring gaze—a world of knowledge, of which we have been invited to take possession. Surely, whatever glorious fate the future may have concealed for us, no days can be happier than those spent so profitably and pleasantly under Loretto's sweet protection!

As we are about to leave it we realize more fully all that our convent home has done for us, and we review with gratitude the benefit of the lessons learned here. The ennobling influence of the teachers whose constant aim has been to mould the character into that of the valiant woman, will remain with us, ever inspiring us to be true to their training and example.

But our convent days have not been all study unrelieved by play. How fondly we live again in spirit those "red letter days" spent by the beautiful foaming rapids, when even the Americans were forced into enthusiastic admiration of the majestic Canadian hills. The days of our picnics, when we gathered woodland treasures for coronations, which sometimes had unsuspected significance. The days of our formal dinner parties, "Teas" and "At-Homes," and those of our very unceremonious marshmallow roasts and masquerades; of our club meetings and banquets, which were such profound mysteries to the uninitiated; of charming entertainments in the Studio, which became a veritable fairyland; the festal days when we rejoiced with dearly-loved teachers and had ever-memorable celebrations in their honor—all will remain with us far into life's evening, to heighten and cheer our minds in sorrow.

Confident that the memories of school days will never desert us, we are eager to surmise what the future has in store. Will all our Utopian plans reach maturity? Will fortune fulfill her bright promises and lead us along flowery ways, or will we reject her allurements to find our happiness in humble usefulness? We can only speculate. Certain it is that we must now part from the friends, companions and teachers whose society has become very dear to us. We must travel diverging ways that lead—whither? Time alone will tell. Should some kind destiny lead us back in years to come to those haunts so rich in associations, we will experience something like the sad fate of "poor Rip Van Winkle"—we will be as strangers in the spot once our home. Our places will be filled and others will occupy these "halls in whose seclusion and repose, phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose and vanished." We can well apply the poet's words to our Alma Mater—

"You do not answer us! You do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference, you little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where,
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo through these walls,
You heed not; we are only as the blast
A moment heard, and then forever past."

But memories and anticipations are alike powerless to retard the progress of time. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." We must go forth from "the life of school into the school of life."

It is a great transition, and conflicting emotions of eagerness and reluctance rule our minds and hearts. Yet we have our youthful confidence in the future, and a more sure trust in the Mother of Loretto, under whose protection we place our companions and ourselves in the beautiful words of the convent hymn:

"Oh, when we leave this place of rest,
Watch o'er us still, O Mother Blest,

Though pain and sorrow touch each heart,
O lead us still from sin apart
Unto thy Son whose works we see
Here where thy children sing to thee;
Ave Maria Loreto,
O Mother mild where'er we roam
Call all Loretto's children home."

KATHLEEN M. MARSHALL.

Moods.

AS we gradually proceed in our search for knowledge, the lessons of earlier years come back to us in a clearer light; we trace in them a preparation for the lessons which have followed, and a stronger resemblance to the more intricate problems of human life. While diligently memorizing the moods of grammar we little expected to meet them again in the more interesting and varied forms of the human character.

"Character is fate:
Men's dispositions do their dooms dictate."

What, after all, are dispositions but Moods, the number and variety creating the different personalities. We find individuals to personate every mood in grammar.

The indicative mood may be traced in almost every person, since it merely reveals the action or intention of the person, and yet, some illustrate this more forcibly than others. A glance at some people is sufficient to discern the action which will follow, so full is it of decision, strength and purpose. Others are more impenetrable, and the exterior may tell us little, or only of weakness and indecision.

No one enjoys the meaning of the word dependent, save in its proper sphere, which is clearly not associated with character, and yet how numerous are such illustrations and how despicable! This wavering spirit is not always discernible, and, at first, imagining we have found trustworthy friends, we extend our hand in loving sympathy. They seem so confidential, so willing to listen to our plans, smilingly agreeing in everything. This cannot last, and before we have left their delightful presence many minutes, they are expressing just the opposite sentiments to another dear friend. So our Will-o'-the-Wisp, as we say, has flown; but should we regret its flight? No; since it has fulfilled its object, we must be satisfied and not expect what it cannot give. It may do good, since like the butterfly it flits from flower to flower, giving little and receiving little in return. It brings some pleasure, we must admit, as all bright and agreeable things do, and contributes to the charm of the hour, but further it does not seek. We pity such characters for, after all, it may not be their fault, and our good will and sympathy they may have, but our friendship we withhold.

Trust goes hand in hand with love and friendship and this they have not earned. To-day, they are our friends, but when the morrow brings with it adversity and gloom, our butterfly seeks a brighter sky. If grieved and disappointed, the fault is ours since we have given more than was deserved, and perhaps desired.

The subjunctive mood with its little word "if" plays an important part in this world. Its votaries are never sure, they consent in a kind of way as a matter of course, but never entirely commit themselves. They are too much influenced by the world's opinion and the views of mankind to commit such a crime as offend either.

They cannot say directly yes or no, but not to seem disagreeable they half promise. How much can we depend on such an answer when a mere trifle is sufficient cause for breaking their promise, and a word will bring them to another way of thinking. What an unstable world we would have if all mankind were of this description! What would become of our great enterprises, our laws, with no one to enforce them, and even our literature? As minds so vacillating as these could never produce the works of a Milton or a Shakespeare; but we need not mourn, for, with little trouble, we still find many grand and noble characters relying on something stronger than the outcome of probabilities.

From these we turn to the potential and imperative moods, possessing just the opposite characteristics. Strength and power, whether physical or mental, always win admiration. Physical strength alone carries with it a great attraction. A proof of this is in the marvellous strength of the blacksmith, and few there are, indeed, who have not watched the swing of the heavy sledge. As children we found a fascination in it which



Craduates of 1906

Rose McCormick Gladys West Mary Burchill Mary Weter

we could not resist. Even mechanical power has some of this attraction, for as the great engine stands puffing before us a strange thrill goes through us as we think of the lives and happiness depending on its action. Athletic sports are but an exhibition of this strength, and yet, what crowds they attract, and what praise, both individual and national, they bring, as was satisfactorily illustrated by America's honorable distinction in the recent Grecian games. Much as we admire this gift, how little does it compare with the intellect and marvellous will-power of strong characters. Deprived of both these qualities, physical strength cannot fulfill its highest purpose, but the power of the mind is independent.

The words "can" and "must" seem stamped on the minds and control the actions of these characters. If stimulated to perform an action, knowing it is right, obstacles do not deter them, but only serve as a spur to their endeavors. They see the path of duty, and from it they never swerve; trials, sorrows and disappointments are nobly borne, building and strengthening their characters for further combats. It is these people who sway men's minds to the performance of grandest deeds and command obedience.

"For some must follow
And some command,
Though all are made of clay."

It is well this is so, since laws must be enforced to make a nation prosperous, and all-important enterprises must have such leaders. The greatest generals have had intellectual as well as physical power, to plan every battle and carefully measure each step. What could be more perfect than the prompt obedience of the soldier to his superior officers, and still there is nothing humiliating in this almost child-like submission, but rather is it deserving our highest approbation. Without this perfect mastery of the situation, victory for the general would be impossible, and it is through respect and trust in his commander that the soldier so willingly obeys. Command does not necessarily mean sternness and obedience through fear, for a request may be still a command. The mother and the teacher request certain actions from a child, and the child of finer feelings obeys through love and respect. So nobility of soul everywhere wins esteem and appreciation. These are moods which reveal our real character, but there are many other moods making up each individual personality, moods of the hour we might call them, so vacillating that they evoke from the Scottish bard the almost impatient query:

"The mood of woman, who can tell?"

We must admit that human nature is indeed perverse in its likes and dislikes. We are by turns, wayward, haughty, frivolous, or sad, sympathetic and loving. Few are there, indeed, who can at all times resist these feelings, and yet we can scarcely define them or their cause. At times everything goes wrong and we allow this contrary feeling to rule; then again we are haughty and cold for no reason; then under the influence of frivolous pleasures we act our part to perfection. Before many hours have elapsed we are disgusted with ourselves, and then give way to sadness, or, thinking better of it, we repent of our almost unaccountable actions, and so follows the sympathetic and loving mood, which comes more natural to woman's nature and is more worthy of her. We must acknowledge there are some strong characters, who need not plead guilty to any of these weaknesses, at least exteriorly, so completely do they seem to have every feeling under their control. From such perfect moulding of character we are convinced that the process is feasible to all for—

"In ourselves our Fortune lies,
Life is what we make it."

MARY NESBITT.

Far down in the depths of the forest, under the shadows of gloomy firs, far out on the rolling prairie, springing with the grass, under the full light of the fervid sun, are fair and fragrant blossoms, budding, blossoming, fading, dying, unseen by mortal eye. In millions of homes, scattered over this wide earth of ours, are fairer human blossoms, patient, gentle, thoughtful souls, the fragrance of whose daily sacrifice fills unheeded the air; the flowers of whose offerings wither unseen, on the steps of the altar; the fruits of whose ceaseless toil are plucked by careless hands. How sweet the thought that there is no lot so low, no care so trifling, no life so hidden, that it escapes our Father's eye.

May Memories.

"How sweet to think of those bright hours,
When shadows dim life's gladsome way."

IN the Catholic heart the Immaculate Virgin has all seasons for her own when her intercession is invoked, but, in the sweet month of May, the opening of the beautiful springtime, when, in the order of nature, the fields are filled with fragrance, and the hillsides clothed with the garb of emerald hue, our thoughts and prayers are invited to the Mother of God in a most particular manner. This lovely month of gladness, of serene sky, and softened temperature, is dedicated to her who represents, indeed, the springtime of man's redemption, opening the summer of the sunshine of God. How meet, then, that we should give to the most tenderly beautiful of all months a significance peculiarly Christian by dedicating it to Mary, the maid foretold of prophet, priest and king, in the Old Law; the inspiration of painter, poet and saint in the New.

Altars resplendent with light and fragrant with the mingling perfume of rich exotics—the gifts of Mary's children—proclaimed the dawn of a bright May morning. With love and heartfelt devotion we wreathed our chaplet of prayer, invoking our Lady by all the sweet names the Church gives in her Litany. If joy be the spirit of the hour, in full measure was it the portion of Mary's Guard of Honor—the bands of maidens who, with pious emulation, vie with one another in honoring the Queen of heaven and adorning her shrines with earth's fairest blossoms.

A memory sacred to the second week of Mary's month was our annual retreat, conducted by Rev. J. M. Gillis, C. S. P., whose earnest exhortations and eloquent expositions of the great truths of religion were most impressive. Although, humanly speaking, the fruit of a retreat must always depend on oneself, yet, the personality of the preacher, and the vigor and freshness with which he gives old truths a new meaning, have not a little to do with its success. These Father Gillis possesses in an eminent degree. Indeed, to meet him is to read, as in an open book, lessons of virtue; to know him is to be impressed with the beauty of religion; and, admiring so much goodness, to be filled with the desire of attaining to such a height.

By practical counsels, in every meditation, our reverend guide sought to prepare us for the perusal of the book of life, and to enlighten us on the dangers hidden in the future for those who would "seek first the kingdom of God." Not unheeded shall be the warning—the call to nobler things; not unappreciated the thought for our best interests, for engraven on the tablet of our minds are the records of his tireless efforts on our behalf.

We hope, with the aid of the graces that have been vouchsafed us, that the effects may be manifest in our future lives. The debt of gratitude we owe Father Gillis we may not hope to pay, but we will endeavor to acknowledge it by fervent prayer for the continued success of his labors in the Vineyard of the Master he serves so well.

At the close of the retreat, Father Gillis enjoyed a restful day in the society of his cousins, Mother Febronia and the Misses Fanny and Rita Coffey. In the afternoon, the senior musicians rendered some choice vocal and instrumental selections, which appealed to his music-loving soul and elicited unstinted praise and appreciation of their efforts to give pleasure.

A ceremony to which our thoughts will always revert in loving memory was the crowning of our Lady's statue, on the evening of the last day of May. As the procession wound through the beautiful grounds, velvety in their fresh greenness, and the children's voices chorused the praise of our "lovely Queen of May," the flowers that clustered at her feet sent up our messages of love on the incense of their fragrance, and it seemed as if the angels were scattering roses and hymning with us. On reaching the chapel, the organ pealed forth its joyous notes, and as the three faithful leaders of their respective bands —Margaret Burchill, Rose McCormick, and Anna Ryan—approached a shrine which is sacred with a thousand tender memories to Religious and pupils alike, a feeling of unutterable sadness took possession of the hearts of those who, for the last time in their scholastic life, were to witness the impressive ceremony of the Coronation. Then—

"Farewell, sweet month, sweet month of flowers,
Farewell lov'd shrine, thou dear retreat,"

echoed and reëchoed along the corridor as the procession left the chapel and the moments glided into eternity, freighted with these "prayers of pearl," each set in the lovelight of a soul that claims Mary as Mother.

ROSE MCCORMICK.

Royal Bride's Departure—Touching Farewell Scenes—"God-Speed" from the King.

ENGLAND'S good-bye to Princess Ena of Battenberg had all the little homely touches in it which have marked a thousand English wedding scenes, and which the King and Queen, alone of all European sovereigns, know how to mingle with every ceremony.

With tears at some of the farewells and smiles for the timely, genial humor with which the King relieved the strain of the last few moments, Princess Ena stood at the door of her saloon, a graceful, blue-clad young figure, with flowers in her hat, flowers in her hand, and a mass of roses, carnations, and orchids on tables and seats round her. Then, as the door was shut, she bent forward to give a last kiss to the Queen, and a quaint, old-fashioned little bow to the group of relatives standing near, and shook out a nervously squeezed-up handkerchief with which to wave yet another farewell.

The flutter of the small lace handkerchief was the signal for an outburst of feeling very rare at such royal departures, where everything is usually quite friendly and unceremonious, but very quiet. The signal was given by a Spanish guest, who cried out for "cheers for the Queen of Spain," and, with a good-humored laugh, the whole crowd of invited guests, spectators, and railway officials, took up the Spanish "vivas" and ran to the edge of the platform, lining it with waving hats and flowers and handkerchiefs as the train steamed slowly out.

An unusually large concourse of guests assembled on the railed-off space in front of the royal saloon, most of them being members of the Spanish colony in London; and as all the ladies were in gay spring attire, and many of them were carrying gorgeous bouquets of flowers, the scene on the red-carpeted platform was a very pretty one. The Marquis de Villalobar and Lord William Cecil were early arrivals, then came representatives of the Spanish Bank and the Spanish Chamber of Commerce, bringing bouquets of purple orchids tied up with Spanish and English ribbons.

For nearly ten minutes Princess Ena stood in the midst of a group of royal relatives and friends in the waiting-room, listening to their good wishes. The Prince and Princess of Wales, who were to join her shortly in Madrid, stood aside at the end; but the Duchess of Albany and Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia and Prince Arthur of Connaught, and Princess Christian, formed a little escort round her as the clock neared and passed 9.30, the hour of departure, and Princess Ena moved towards the platform.

Almost at the door of the waiting-room, the Queen, looking somewhat pale and sad in her deep mourning, stopped the young Princess again, took her hands and kissed her twice, with a few low-voiced words of farewell, at which the somewhat tremulous smile which had been resting on Princess Ena's face, disappeared altogether, and the tears began to fall fast. However, as the King came forward and offered his arm to escort her across the platform, the future Queen of Spain recovered herself, and walked down the lines of bowing and curtseying guests, smiling bravely.

Princess Ena stood by the window of the royal saloon, with her mother by her side, nodding and smiling in answer to the cheers, till the train was out of sight.

When the royal train reached Dover, the Princess made her way between cheering crowds to the steamer. As she stood on deck, a great mass of congratulatory telegrams were handed to her. Among these was one, a very lengthy message, from King Alfonso, and another from Queen Maria Christina.

In brilliant sunshine the royal vessel steamed out to sea, the Princess stepping to the rail and waving her handkerchief in reply to heartfelt farewell cheers from the pierhead.

D. G.

The greatest problem of each individual is how to make life a glory instead of a grind—how to make even drudgery divine.

Vale.

Farewell! the parting hour has come at last.
With what sad hearts we say our fond adieu,
And turn we from Loretto's loving care
To drift into a life—unknown and new.

Upon the threshold of our career we
Stand ling'ring as our springtime fades away,
Bidding farewell to all our childhood's years
And greeting this,—the long-expected day.

To teachers dear, we bid a sad farewell,
For they, our faithful guides, have ever taught
The way of Virtue, by both word and act,
And shown us how life's battles must be fought.

Good-bye, companions dear, we, too, must part,
But memory's page will ever brightly shine
With records of our friendship, which has been
Evinced by word and deed—by thought and sign.

The studies, which have taught our minds to soar
To heights of learning,—we must leave at last!
Our characters they've strengthened—on our lives
Their great ennobling influence have cast.

To happy recreations, picnics, walks,—
Farewell, we say—sweet hours so gayly spent;
Ah, we will turn reluctantly away
From pleasures which so much enjoyment lent.

Ah! fare thee well, dear chapel—happy spot,
The scene of honest pleadings, raptures, tears,
Where holy hymn arose to heav'nly heights,
Dispelling from our hearts life's pains and fears.

So, fare thee well, our Convent home beloved!
How often for thy watchful care we'll sigh—
'Tis hard to pass beyond thy portals fair,
And to our old dear life to say good-bye!

Good-bye, good-bye, one last heartfelt adieu,
One fervent prayer we utter o'er and o'er,—
May all our actions bear our motto grand—
"Ut Nihil Supra Possit"—evermore!

KATE H. WILLIAMS.

The Classics.

THE study of the Latin and Greek languages will always continue to be a favorite pursuit for the intellectual populations of the world. The ancient writers, unlike the modern, were not dependent on the talents of other men, but simply wrote out of the fulness of their minds. Besides being a source of great pleasure, the study of these languages strengthens the mind, and fosters in the student a forcible, clear, concise and elegant style. In that incomparable work, "Jesuit Education," the author says that the first point of the study of the classical languages is "logical training, training that leads to correct and clear thinking, to close and sharp reasoning. The study of Latin is better adapted to accomplish this effect than any other language; for whereas Greek is more delicately organized, more beautiful and poetic, the Latin is perhaps the more systematically elaborated tongue. In its severe syntax it participates in some of the striking qualities of the Roman character, which seems to have been fitted to legislate, to govern, and to command, as the great poet has it:

"Oh, Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful sway
To rule mankind and make the world obey."

He also shows how a person who has had the advantage of studying the classics, when applying for a position of trust is generally given the preference on account of the preciseness which these languages inculcate. In this manner the classics play as important a part in the business world as in the purely intellectual. But the care, the labor, and even the drudgery that must be done before we find the "Open Sesame"!

First, the pupil is given a grammar, and, after the first few lessons, she begins to think that Latin is very interesting, and cannot understand why the Cæsar class looks so tragic when the subject is mentioned; but, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Though later—Oh! surely those ablative absolutes, gerunds and gerundives are only meant to puzzle her, and thinking that nothing can be more difficult than grammar, she turns to that universal favorite, "Julius Cæsar," but not before she has had sufficient warning from her experienced elders. She has not gone very far beyond "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres," when her

troubles have begun in earnest, for in one little paragraph she is often bound to encounter her old tormentors in close union with her constant companion, "dry facts."

Frequently the student is too engrossed with these little annoyances to admire the simple and forcible manner in which the author expresses himself. The words "Veni, vidi, vici," are sufficiently characteristic of Cæsar's grand conciseness, to show the style in which this book is written. Of these commentaries the celebrated Cicero says: "I pronounce them, indeed, to be very commendable, for they are simple, straightforward, and agreeable, with all rhetorical ornament stripped from them as one strips off a garment." After this "drudgery," as students call it, the pupil is ready for the delightful pleasure found in translating the beautiful orations of Cicero, one of the greatest masters of style, whose works are an indispensable help in the study of rhetorical composition. His great literary powers are well displayed in the vivid description of the City of Syracuse and the plundering of its temples, in the invective words against conspirators, in the orations against Cataline; in his subtle pleading for Ligarius; and the pardon of Marcellus, in which he gives formal thanks for the restoration of the captive, and in which he says—"Ex quo profecto intelligis quanta in dato beneficio sit laus cum in accepto sit tanta gloria." A favorite oration is the "Citizenship of Archias," in which the author extols the poet, poetry and literature in general. Of the poets, he says, "Qua re suo jure noster ille Ennius sanctos appellat poetas, quod quasi deorum aliquo dono, atque munere commendati nobis esse videantur." After admiring the classic elegance, the glowing enthusiasm, the impressiveness of the great orator, the student is able, not only to translate, but to read and revel in Virgil's beautiful poem, the "Aeneid," enjoying the transition from the stern reality of Cicero to the forcible imaginings of the pastoral poet. This work is written in the dactylic hexameter, which was the most ancient as well as the most dignified form of verse among the Greeks and Romans.

The chief characteristics are, a great tenderness of feeling, picturesqueness in description, and dramatic powers. Although there are many beautiful passages, as The Cave of the Winds, The Storm, and the Haven of Refuge, the one line—non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco,—is so universally accepted as the most beautiful that, in some text books it is stated, if the student does not admire these words, it is time he should give up Latin. Though the "Aeneid" may be read in English, it is impossible to conceive how much is lost in the translation, so the pupil feels it has been well worth her while to pursue linguistic delights and difficulties when she realizes how they have rendered her capable of interpreting such exquisite utterances of the sweet-voiced muses.

With our ears attuned to these sounds, our four years' task is ended, and we are left to continue our study alone, reading the works of these great ancient writers, and adding to their beauty by substituting our Christian sentiments for their Pagan ideas.

DELPHINE M. MAYER.

The Vocation of Aurora Leigh.

THE Muse has, indeed, been lavish in bestowing on mankind works on every subject from which the human heart and mind crave satisfaction. We have been supplied with sentiment sufficient for the most tender heart, grandeur enough for the loftiest intellect, beauty for the poetic, and spirituality for the devout. But what great subject could be more interesting to all, especially in serious moments of realization of the object for which we were created than that of choosing a pathway in life, that of the "soul's awakening"?

It is consoling to know that we possess works, portraying attractively the different vocations,—such as "The Princess," "Paracelsus," the charming little story "Aroer," "Rasselas," and "The Light of Asia." But nowhere do we find one that appeals to us more than "Aurora Leigh." What could be more enjoyable than a work of this kind,—the life-story of a poet written by her own hand? For here we have all the thoughts and sentiments; all the aspirations and disappointments, given us as only the one who has experienced them can relate.

In this delightful romance, which, at the time of its publication, Ruskin declared to be the best work of that century, Mrs. Browning is at once author and heroine. According to the story, the

child Aurora was born in Italy, but, being orphaned at an early age, this frail Southern flower is transplanted to a colder soil, and she lives with an aunt in England until the latter's death. Her life as a child is uneventful, being rather solitary, and she becomes serious and thoughtful, living in a realm of books, drinking in with delight the sweet music of the poets, and later even writing much, always with the aim of one day making a name for herself. To this end she works untiringly, and we find her enthusiastic eagerness very prettily shown, on the morning of her twentieth birthday, when Aurora is particularly hopeful, as is seen by her words—

"I was glad that day:
The June was in me, with its multitudes
Of nightingales all singing in the dark,
And rosebuds reddening where the calyx split.
I felt so young, so strong, so sure of God!"

She hurries out, on this bright morning, for a ramble in the woods, and wreathing for herself a crown of ivy, places it on her head saying,—"What if I crown myself today in sport, not pride, to learn the feel of it." Here, turning, she beholds Romney Leigh, her cousin, who has been a companion since childhood, and whom she has looked upon merely as an interesting literary conversationalist; he loves Aurora, however, and she is not only surprised, but indignant, that he does not encourage her in her new aims and pursuits. He does not hold out much hope to women as poets, and Aurora is not pleased, when he says bluntly, "Come, human creature, love and work with me," instead of—

"Lady, thou art wondrous fair,
And where the Graces walk before the Muse
Will follow at the lightning of the eyes."

In her lofty ideas of the kind of life she intends to follow, she has never thought of anything so purely human, as loving, and taking up the ordinary lot. Her refusal then comes as a shock to Romney Leigh, to whom she says:

"I, too, have my vocation,—work to do,
The heavens and earth have set me."

They go their respective ways; to Aurora partial success comes, but only won through incessant toil, and hard and bitter experience of human nature. She begins to see that she has made a mistake, her views have changed but now there seems to be no hope for "what might have been." Finally she produces a book, of which even Romney Leigh is forced to acknowledge his appreciation. He has been working nobly all these years among the poor and elevating the degraded. At last he goes to Italy, there meets Aurora and all is brought to a happy termination, as both now believe in—

"First God's love,
And next, the love of wedded souls."

Perhaps some would say,—why all this waste of time? this useless drifting for years, this lonely, sorrowful life, when she might have been happy? But we see that it was better she should wait; with all her youthful impulsiveness and exalted plans for her *imaginary* vocation, it was necessary that she should be disillusioned by sad experience. Besides having a broadening and beneficial effect, it has pointed out her true calling, in a light in which she would never have seen it otherwise, and has given her a proper appreciation of it. She now sees beyond doubt which is for her the higher occupation,—the world of books—or a woman's loving, noble mission.

To many the Master's voice does not come until later on in life; they have been going through a moulding process, and then in the fulness of His time when the character has been strengthened and shaped and they are competent to undertake their duties, He speaks to them, and this time there is no mistaking the call.

God has ordained that all shall not have the same vocation, and each life with duties well performed for His glory is pleasing to Him; but if we leave the decision of our course to Him He will bless our state in life. It is true, hasty youth longs to do something grand, something definite, and to some the awakening does come early, but if not, the happiest philosophy on the subject will be found in the words of Browning—

"Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made,
Our Times are in His hand, who saith,
'A whole I planned, youth shows but half.
Trust God, see all, nor be afraid'."

WINIFRED SHEERAN.

Expression.

"THE whole countenance is a certain silent language of the mind," says Cicero, and, if we accept this authority, we may attempt to solve the problem why it is that one person looks so vastly different from another, although their features may be the same. It is amusing sometimes to hear relations discuss the new baby. Some say he looks like grandpa, others that he resembles Uncle Jack, or cousin Joe, while the mother usually thinks—he is just like his father. Well, perhaps he is just then, but later we find that although he looks like father in one way, he has a peculiar stamp of his own, and this is what we call expression.

And this expression, we are told, is the "language of the mind," a "reflection of the soul." In it is reflected each varying mood, each thought that passes through the mind, a particular virtue or the predominant passion. Everything is revealed in this wonderful mirror.

If we take baby for instance; he cannot talk, but just dance a little doll before him and he laughs and crows, and we know he is pleased. But bring something ugly near him and he immediately changes his tune; then we say he is afraid. How do we know? He does not tell us, but the expression does.

If we go into a school, we will probably see a lot of little boys and girls all dressed alike—but different—altogether different. One will smile, revealing a good natured and pleasant disposition, another will frown, and, without speaking, we know that he wishes us at the other end of the earth. One little girl will try to stuff her apron string into her mouth, look at the floor and blush; poor little thing, she is shy.

Let us go into a church and look at the people assembled there. First the preacher—watch him while he speaks. At first he is calm, then he gets "warmed up" in his subject. Everyone is interested. Now he is just at the climax. Watch him. We scarcely can recognize him, for the beauty of his subject and the grand intentions he has, have completely transformed him, and, gazing on him, we are reminded of the words of St. Paul, "I live now not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Or take another view, and this time watch the people as they pray. One will not look but just read on and on, and, by the empty look on her face, we know that her mind or imagination is many miles away. Another has a book in her hand, but as soon as a rustle is heard near the door she immediately bristles up and watches those that come in. It does not need very close observation to read on this face the imprint of a frivolous character. But see the poor woman near the door—ah! God will hear her prayer, for love, contrition and supplication are stamped indelibly on her countenance.

We see by all these examples that every feeling is revealed in the countenance. The trusting glances of a bride; the solicitude of a parish priest; the repentance of a sinner; the despair of a felon; the wild expression of a lunatic; the patience of an invalid; the patriotism of a soldier, and the love, boundless as the ocean, of a mother—all these are reflected in this wonderful mirror.

But to derive a lesson from this interesting study, we must first try to improve the interior, as it is only beauty of soul that will make a beautiful expression. For illustration, let us borrow a thought from a saintly priest, who, in speaking of the Holy Eucharist, called our attention to the sunset. We all know that those pretty clouds are but bits of vapour. But the beautiful sun, by reflection, imparts to them some of its grandeur, and transforms them into such an exquisite scene. In the same manner, the presence of the Blessed Eucharist in a soul imparts to it some of its heavenly beauty; and this is again reflected in the countenance of the communicant. And always when sin is conquered, virtue marks its triumph on the face. So, if we wish to be beautiful, we must "Carve the face within, not dress it from without; for whoever would fairer illumination must begin in the soul. The face catches the glow only from that side."

MARY A. MCKENNA.

The evolution of Scrooge, the miser, in the closing years of his life, from a hard, narrow, heartless money-grubber, whose soul was imprisoned in his shining heap of hoarded gold, to a generous, genial lover of his kind, is no mere myth of Dickens' brain. Time and again, in the history of our daily lives, chronicled in our newspapers, recorded in biographies, or exhibited before our eyes, we see many redeeming past failures, rising from the stupor of discouragement and boldly turning their faces forward once more.

Musical Evenings.

ON the evening of June the first, the pupils of the different grades gave a very interesting programme, devoted entirely to the compositions of the Shakespeare of Music—Beethoven. The Essays that were interspersed between the various numbers were sprightly, and lent additional interest. Miss Dorothy Barker's Essay on the Sonatas of Beethoven was replete with instruction. Attention was called to his impress upon the Sonata—the elasticity which he imparted to its early stiff, rigid form gave it practically a wholly new character. This he brought about mainly by a profound exercise of ingenuity in working out his subjects; by varying his themes in repeating them and thus avoiding monotony; also by investing his subjects, when once introduced, with intense contrapuntal treatment, and therefore interest. Over all this lay the counterpane of his matchless, absolutely peculiar, individual emotional tone and expression.

Miss Edith Garneau read some anecdotes from the life of the renowned composer. The programme closed with the soul-stirring "Funeral March" of the Maestro.

The following week, the devotees of the "Art Divine" gave an evening to Schumann the Mystic. The remarks of Edward Baxter Perry on the Novelletten, as read in the Essay devoted to that subject, are worthy of repetition.

"In the earlier part of the nineteenth century, a number of German writers of fiction of the romantic school, led by Paul Heine, inaugurated a new departure in the realm of national literature. It was their aim to condense into from fifty to a hundred pages all the salient points, all the force, interest, and dramatic effect of the full-length novel, omitting all needless detail and florid description, all mere "fine writing" so called, and to concentrate their efforts on the plot and movement of the story, and to portray the life and love, the thoughts, feelings, actions and personalities of their characters, in a few bold, broad, telling strokes.

The new product was named the *Novelle* or *Novellette,* meaning simply a miniature novel, and became very popular. It fell into line with the modern tendency toward concentration and epigrammatic brevity. It was the beginning of the flood of short stories with which our literary market is now well-nigh submerged. In spite of the thousands of inferior imitations which pass current too freely to-day, the form when well handled has much to recommend it.

Robert Schumann, who was one of the staunchest and ablest champions of the romantic school in music, and an inveterate foe of the pedantry, prolixity, and over-elaboration of the old formal school, was quick to catch this new idea, to appreciate its many advantages, and to adapt it to his own art. He wrote nearly a score of *Novelletten* for the piano, some of which are among his very best productions for that instrument. In fact, it may be remarked in passing that Schumann seems always most thoroughly at home, most completely master of himself and his resources, in the smaller forms. His pronounced tendency toward vague mysticism and inconsequential wandering into the nebulous regions of thought has here less time and space to manifest itself, while his grasp of logical sequence and symmetrical relations seems more fully adequate than it sometimes appears in works of larger proportion.

In these *Novelletten* his ideas are admirably balanced and expressed with concise precision. In most of them he has adhered strictly to the original conception, which was to embody clearly and forcefully in small compass the simple elementary factors which are the life and substance of every good story. That is, the strong, bold, sometimes even rough, masculine element, represented in fiction by the hero, and the sweet, tender, graceful, feminine element, spoken of so often in German as the "eternal feminine," and personified in books in the heroine.

The striking contrasts in their natures, which, nevertheless, blend into a happy artistic unity, their transient strifes and differences, and final reconciliations, and the difficulties and struggles which they meet along the path of true love, which we are told never runs smooth—these make up the details and fill in the picture. It is a brief, terse, vigorous sketch, without a single superfluous phrase or irrelevant sensuous effect and technical display.

The first *Novellette;* Op. 28, in F, which, my critics were good enough to say, I interpreted in very masterly style, is the best known and most used, and one of the most satisfactory. The stirring first subject, in chords and octaves, is in



MEMBERS OF ST. CATHARINE'S LITERARY CLUB, LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS

gavotte movement, and the character of the hero it suggests is that of a rugged German baron of the fighting half-brigand class, in solid plate mail, hacking his way to victory and love with a mighty two-handed sword, though with a genial heart and many sterling, manly qualities. To judge from the second subject, the heroine is a mild-eyed, domestically-inclined *Fräulein*, loving and lovable, with a marked religious trend of mind.

The No. 7, in E, is almost identical with the above in general style and form, but the characters are different. This time the hero is a dashing cavalier, with more polish, indeed, with something of the "grand manner," but not less of courage and prowess, perhaps a knight of Charlemagne's court; while the lady is unmistakably a court dame, a good specimen of the "steel-engraving lady," refined, graceful, charming, with many a dainty air and winsome witchery, but a tender heart. Miss Rita Simpson interpreted this number in a delightful style.

Miss Beatrice Beck's "Dream Visions" brought the Musicale to a delightful close.

ELIZABETH MCGREEVY.

Following are the programmes:

PROGRAMME.

An Evening with Beethoven, the Shakespeare of Music.—1770-1821.

As Beethoven regarded his art as something sacred, which he placed higher than all philosophy, so has a refined artist an innate horror of all vulgar, frivolous and effeminate music.—*Ambros.*

I. Foreword—
MARGARET BROOKS.

II. Sonata—Op. 49, No. 2, Minuet.....
RITA COFFEY.

III. Bagatelle—Op. 33, No. 2.....
BERENICE ROCHFORD.

IV. Andante favori .....
BEATRICE BECK.

V. Vocal Solo—"In This Sepulchral Darkness" .....
LUCILLE MCGUIRE.

VI. Essay—Beethoven's Sonatas .....
DOROTHY BARKER.

VII. Bagatelle—Op. 33, No. 1.....
DOROTHY ROCHFORD.

VIII. Sonata—Op. 31, No. 1, Allegro Vivace..
LUCILLE MCGUIRE.

IX. Variations on a Swiss Air.....
HELEN LANGMUIR, HAZEL FREEMAN.

X. Essay—In Anecdotal Vein .....
EDITH GARNEAU.

XI. Sonata—Op. 49, No. 2, Allegro.....
JOSEPHINE KIEP.

XII. Sonata—Op. 49, No. 1.....
BERENICE PARK.

XIII. Sonata—Op. 13, Grave, Allegro.....
RITA SIMPSON.

XIV. Sonata—Op. 26, Rondo and Funeral March .....
ELIZABETH MCGREEVY.

An Evening with Schumann.

1810-1856.

Music is evidently a taste of our existence and the more the taste for it is developed in its highest form, the greater will be our appreciation of the good and beautiful.—*Anon.*

I. Introductory Remarks—
KATHLEEN RIDOUT.

II. Slumber Song .....
ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

III. Scenes from Childhood, Op. 15 & 17....
CLARE RYAN.

IV. Joyous Farmer .....
ELEANOR MCMANUS.

V. Warum? Op. 12, No. 4.....
ELEANOR LILLEY.

VI. Nachstück, Op. 23, No. 4.....
BERENICE PARK.

VII. Essay anent the popular dislike of the classics .....
MERCEDES DOYLE.

VIII. Vocal Solo—The Lotus Flower, Op. 25, No. 7 .....
MARY LEARY.

IX. Träumerei and Romance .....
VERONICA ALTENBURG.

X. Arabesque, Op. 18 .....
LUCILLE MCGUIRE.

XI. Romance, Op. 28, No. 4.....
ALICE RIDOUT.

XII. Essay—Schumann's Novelletten .....
EDITH GARNEAU.

XIII. Novellette, Op. 21, No. 1.....
ELIZABETH MCGREEVY.

XIV. Novellette, Op. 21, No. 7.....
RITA SIMPSON.

XV. Dream Visions .....
BEATRICE BECK.

Morning.

(March 29th, 1906.)

Entrancing beauties of the morn, awaking,
Like benediction speed me on my way;
Thro' purpling grey anon the sun is breaking,
O life is sweet,—and light of blessed day!

The winds of March are lull'd to whispers pleasing,
The pines their odorous boughs like censers swing;
The clamoring crows proclaim, with call unceasing,
The royal presence of the gladsome spring!

Her sun-kiss'd robes, frost-brown, with diamonds laden,
Have hints of green with bands of ermine snow;
The mist-grey veil that wraps this joyous maiden,
But half conceals her warm cheek's rosy glow!

* * * * *

Mute world of man, still darkly wrapp'd in slumber,
Come learn this bliss,—to many, secrecy:
—Why should impris'ning cares our joys outnumber?—
Life's consolations wait to set us free!

IDRIS.

A Private Peep at Our Beloved Queen Alexandra.

THIS year Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra visited the historic Rock of Gibraltar, incognito, assuming the rôle of Duchess of Devonshire.

On 16th. May, at 3 o'clock, the royal yacht was sighted. Immediately, as if by magic, all the ships in harbor and the Signal Station, which crowns the height, were dressed rainbow fashion. And when the Victoria and Albert entered the harbor, followed by the cruiser "Renown," a right royal salute thundered from the Atlantic fleet in the Bay and from the saluting battery on the Rock. A guard of honor was drawn up at the landing stage, formed of a detachment of Royal Munster Fusiliers, looking smart in their scarlet coats and white helmets. But our Queen wished to taste the rare experience of a private visit; and so our soldiers marched home to barracks, and the carriages returned empty.

Three days quietly enjoyed, and then back to the land of her adoption. You want a peep at these three days? Well, it will be no more than a peep at portions of them.

First a visit to Mrs. Hope's store of Spanish Antiques, where Her Majesty purchased a mantilla of rare Spanish lace. There and in Messrs. Benoliel's Moorish and Spanish Curiosity Establishment, she purchased many varied curios.

Last year, our Queen visited Mrs. Hope's store quite privately, in a common cab, accompanied by only one lady in waiting. Chatting awhile over the merits and histories of various curios, the Queen asked Mrs. Hope to drape her with a mantilla after the Spanish mode. Mrs. Hope did so, thinking all the time that her customer was just a lady tourist; and was delighted to be allowed to drape so stately and graceful a figure. But before the task was well through, some busy little bird whispered who the sweet and stately lady was, and poor Mrs. Hope fell fainting at her feet.

Now back again to the present. One of the captains of the fleet anchored in the Bay got notice that Her Majesty would grace his ship by a visit and drink a cup of tea. No time was left him to organize a fitting entertainment or *any* one forsooth. And a man-of-war of itself possesses few attractions for dainty ladies. But our

gallant officer was a resourceful man. He bethought him of a collection of parrots stowed away in odd corners of the ship and owned by the crew. He ordered them all on deck—in their cages, be it hoped—each with its name attached; and the story goes that the Queen's hour on deck passed right merrily.

You want another peep? This time it is on board the royal yacht. It is dinner hour. At the last moment, a certain Admiral makes his bow and is seated. Let us have a peep at his half hour before dinner. That half hour included both the invitation and a very knotty problem. Into that half hour had to be got his toilet, a drive from his home to the shore, and a start on a steam launch. A certain point of etiquette dictates the uniform or other suit in which to appear before royalty; the most particular item of which is the waistcoat. One of three. Which? Blue, white or otherwise? This was the problem. No one at hand to consult!! So he donned the white one, and made of the two others a rather bulky brown paper parcel which, with true nautical simplicity, he carried on board. At dinner the General to whom our worthy Admiral had proposed his problem for solution, betrayed him by informing Her Majesty that one of the guests had come armed with a brown paper parcel. Her Majesty, with a smile and a gleam of mischief in her eyes, opened the conversation by—"Admiral, I hear you brought with you a mysterious brown paper parcel. I should like to see it. What does it contain?" And to the embarrassment of the Admiral the General recounted the tale.

Queen Alexandra's hobby is photography. And I believe she is very generous to her friends, regarding photos.

One afternoon our Governor, His Excellency Sir Forestier Walker, planned for her a visit to a millionaire who dwells in a mansion, about nine miles beyond Gibraltar. A few minutes after starting from Government House for the frontier (called here the Lines), His Excellency remembered that he failed to take with him the necessary permit for a certain road in Spanish territory, overlooking the Bay. Along this road he intended the Queen and Princess Victoria to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the view. Not wishing to order the carriage back, he trusted to Providence to get him through. But the Spanish guard refused stoutly to allow the carriage to pass. In vain did His Excellency plead in broken Spanish that he had the Queen of England and Princess Victoria in the carriage. The guard would not relent, and the Governor, much embarrassed, was about to turn back when a gentleman stepped up and explained to the guard that his orders did not include the Queen of England. She enjoyed the incident highly, and it was in truth a new experience.

I hope *you* will allow her to pass where she will, when she visits Rainbow Land.

ROCK SCORPION.

LORETO, EUROPA, Gibraltar.

I wonder if you have ever thought what it means to be really charming; not merely pretty and gracious, but charming from the heart. Do you not all know that some one whom strangers call homely and awkward, but whom you, who know, call charming? It is not beauty of person or costly clothes which make one truly charming, but it is goodness from the heart, kindness, charity, broad-mindedness and simplicity. What a splendid place this old world of ours would be to live in if each person in it started out every morning to see just how much kindness he or she could do during the day! Then, some sunshine would come into every life, and sorrow would never reach despair.

A great loss is only a great consecration. Life is not made sad but rather sacred by death. One lifts up his soul to the wonderful richness of new and deeper experiences. The days are transfigured before us and we see them as realized on the ideal plane. Undreamed of possibilities are revealed, and the loss of the friend held dearest may make an entire recast of the whole drama of living. Instead of shutting one's self away in gloom and seclusion, one only turns to the active tides of life with added fervor or love, with wider sympathies and stronger desire to co-operate with all the forces that make for progress. If, after a great loss, we do not live up to a higher plane and find it spiritualized, then has sorrow failed to do for us its perfect work.

Closing Exercises.

"Down life's descending tide, best things, they say, the swiftliest glide."

NIAGARA never saw a more delightful afternoon, never softer sunlight, brighter skies, or sweeter blossoms than on the twenty-first—simply a day made to order for Graduation Exercises—at least, so it impressed me as I watched the groups of white-robed maidens pass into the hall and take their places on the flower-decked platform. What a vision of daintiness and charm they were! Roses in never-ending profusion adorned every available spot with a beauty seldom seen and in most picturesque effects, soft music was in the air, and the happy smile of successful achievement played on the lips of those who approached the Prior of the Carmelite Monastery, Very Rev. F. Murphy, O. C. C., to receive the laurel crown that speaks of victory.

The musical numbers on the programme were brilliantly rendered. The efficiency of the Choral Class needs no comment, as Loretto, Niagara Falls, has long been famous for its artistic and conscientious work.

Miss Elizabeth McGreevy gave a finished interpretation of Rubenstein's "Kamennoi-Ostrow." It is quite an ambitious composition for a schoolgirl to include in her repertory, when we consider that so great artists as Bauer and Levhinne had this selfsame number on their programme; but Miss McGreevy proved herself equal to the demands of this exquisite musical gem.

Miss Rita Simpson, the fortunate winner of the gold medal in the Senior University Department, interpreted in a delightful manner that dainty little study of Henselt's, "Si Oiseau J'étais."

One of the most attractive features of the Graduation Exercises was a drama in blank verse, entitled "Cross and Crescent," presented by the pupils of the Elocution Department.

The action of the play is laid in Spain, during the reign of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. It presents an interesting episode which occurred during the invasion of the Moors. The opening scene is laid in the royal palace and begins with a dialogue between two gentlewomen who are ladies in waiting to the Queen. The burden of the conversation is the fearful fate which has befallen the Christians who have been taken captive by the Moors and carried away to be thrown into dungeons or serve as slaves. While the ladies are deploring the effect of this ill news upon their royal mistress, Her Majesty enters the apartment and with a few sad words dismisses her attendants, bemoaning the outcome of the recent bloody encounter with the enemy. Isabella turns to God and breathes an earnest prayer for help. In the midst of her devotions the King approaches, seeking her counsel and offering to make war to liberate their unhappy subjects from the thraldom to which they have been reduced. To this measure the Queen gives her approval, saying, "'Tis just! God wills it so." And here the scene closes as they pass out to rouse their knights to action.

The second scene opens with a soliloquy by Zoraya, a lady who had renounced her Christian faith to become the wife of a Moslem king. But this king now lies in a nameless grave, and poor Zoraya now suffers from the stings of remorse and despair, believing she has passed beyond all hope and can never again be received as a faithful subject of the noble Queen. Hearing the sound of footsteps, Zoraya conceals herself and listens. A young maiden, named Maria, approaches, and, inspired by the calm loveliness of the evening, pours forth her soul in prayer. Observing her devout attitude, Zoraya rushes forward and falls upon her knees before Maria, and gives utterance to the despair of her heart. Maria seeks to console her and urges her to write a note to the Queen, stating all her case and begging to be reinstated as a faithful Christian subject, and promises that she will have the note delivered by a trusty messenger.

Zoraya finally assents and begs Maria to go with her and help her to frame the missive that shall bring her peace.

The concluding scene is again in the palace. King Ferdinand is again upon the throne beside his Queen. Addressing his valiant knights, he delivers an eloquent speech in celebration of their glorious victory over the Moor.

As he concludes, Zoraya comes forward, prostrates herself before the King and Queen, confesses her guilt, asks forgiveness, and begs to be received as a humble penitent, willing now to ac-

cept even the humblest station in her native land. The Queen most graciously bids her rise and resume her former state. Then, turning to the hardy soldiers present and pointing to the fair penitent, exclaims, "*Here is conquest worthy this bright day.*"

The parts of the ladies in waiting in the opening scene were played by Margaret Burchill and Veronica Altenburg, who acquitted themselves in the most creditable manner. Each fully entered into the spirit of her part, speaking the lines with intelligent accentuation and sustaining the mood of the character throughout.

The part of Maria was played by Florilla Webb, and that of Zoraya by Elizabeth McGreevy.

Miss Webb's temperament seemed perfectly suited to her rôle. She appeared veritably to *be* the saintly maiden whom she impersonated. Her voice was soft and gentle and sympathetic, imbued with the spirit of true devotion, and vibrating also with the note of hope and encouragement.

Miss McGreevy rendered her part with the necessary emotional intensity, expressing the varying moods of remorse, grief, despair, and reviving hope. She was also graceful in movement at all times suiting the action to the words with excellent discretion.

To Eleanor Lilley was assigned the important part of the King. She had, therefore, the difficult task of suggesting the male character. She gave evidence not only of a good understanding of the lines but also suggested the noble and chivalrous spirit of the royal personage whom she undertook to represent. Her interpretation showed that she had applied herself faithfully to the study of the fundamentals of elocution and action.

The principal part in the play—that of Queen Isabella—was taken by Gladys West, the winner of the gold medal for elocution. Miss West has a strong personality, and entered into her part with great earnestness and sincerity. There was something positive and definite in all that she did. She expressed the womanly tenderness of the part which is especially apparent in the soliloquy in the first scene, and also in the concluding speech in the play, which is uttered by the Queen. There was also the regal dignity in Miss West's bearing which was demanded by the rôle she played. Portraying the central character in the drama, Miss West did not fail to dominate the situation whenever she was present in the scene.

Her work and that of the other young ladies proved how thorough has been the training they have received under Mrs. Robinson, who nas had charge of the Elocution Department, during the last two years.

Congratulations on the excellent work that they have done are due not only to the young ladies, but to Mrs. Robinson as well.

PROGRAMME.

Chorus—"The Bells" .....*Vincent*
Instrumental Solo—"Kamennoi-Ostrow"...
..... *Rubenstein*
ELIZABETH MCGREEVY.

"CROSS AND CRESCENT."
Scene I.

Semi-Chorus—"Lovely Rose" .....*Vincent*
THE GRADUATES.

"CROSS AND CRESCENT."
Scene II.

"Morning Ramble" .....*Veazie*
Instrumental Solo—"Si Oiseau J'étais"..*Henselt*
RITA SIMPSON.

"CROSS AND CRESCENT."
Scene III.

"Gaily We're Tripping" .....*Veazie*
Distribution of Prizes.
Ave Maria Loreto.

At the close of the performance, Rev. A. J. Smits, O. C. C., congratulated the young ladies on the delightful and very enjoyable entertainment they had given, and addressed a few kindly words of encouragement to the graduates, exhorting them to remember the lessons impressed upon their hearts by those who had consecrated their lives to the cause of Christian education; to be true to themselves at all times, for if true to themselves, they would be true to God, and true to the sacred teachings they had received. He also reminded them that their lives had hitherto been under the control of others, but that now they must be lives of self-control, endurance, and singleness of purpose, fitted to meet the duties and responsibilities awaiting them in the world, and to uphold the character of Christian young womanhood.

MARY WETER.

Successful Competitors at the Closing Exercises.

Graduating Honors conferred, at the completion of their Academic Course, on Miss Mary Weter, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Gladys West, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Mary Burchill, New York; Miss Rose McCormick, Jamestown, N. Y.

Papal Medal for Church History, obtained by Miss Rose McCormick.

Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, obtained by Miss Kathleen O'Brien.

Bronze Medal for English Literature, presented by His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, obtained by Miss Gladys West.

The Thurston Medal for English Prose Composition and Literary Interpretation in the Elocution Department, obtained by Miss Beck.

Gold Medals for Mathematics, obtained by Miss Jane Hefferan and Miss Georgia Cannon.

Gold Medal for Arithmetic, obtained by Miss F. Coffey.

Gold Medal for Elocution, obtained by Miss Gladys West.

Gold Medal in Senior University Course of Music, awarded to Miss Rita Simpson.

Silver Medal in Junior University Course of Music, awarded to Miss Mercedes Doyle.

Silver Lyre in Primary University Course of Music, awarded to Miss Bernice Rochford.

First Prize for Water Colors, awarded to Miss Elizabeth McGreevy.

First Prize for Drawing, awarded to Miss Dorothy Barker.

First Prize for Drawing from Cast, awarded to Miss Veronica Altenburg.

First Prize for China Painting, awarded to Miss Ethel Lundy, 2nd. to Miss Margaret Burchill, 3rd. to Miss Rosina Merle.

First Prize for French, obtained by Miss Rita Simpson.

Prizes for French, merited by Miss Veronica Altenburg, Frances Coffey, and Georgia Cannon, obtained by Miss Veronica Altenburg.

First Prize in Intermediate German Course, obtained by Elizabeth Robinson, 2nd. Prize, Miss Florilla Webb.

First Prize for Elocution in Senior Department, awarded to Miss Webb and Miss McGreevy.

First Prize in Intermediate Department, Miss Agnes Mudd.

First Prize in Junior Department, Miss Eleanor Lilley.

Prize for Penmanship, awarded to Miss Mary Leary.

Prize for Charity in Conversation, obtained by Miss Elizabeth Robinson.

Prize for Amiability, obtained by Miss Lucille McGuire.

Prize for Order, obtained by Miss Margaret Burchill.

Prize for Ladylike Deportment, merited by Elizabeth Robinson, Rita Simpson, Mercedes Doyle, Florilla Webb, obtained by Miss Rita Simpson.

Prize for Fidelity to School Rules, merited by Margaret Burchill and Rita Simpson, obtained by Margaret Burchill.

Prize for Prompt Return after Vacation, merited by Elizabeth Robinson, Marjorie Beck, Agnes Buddle, Elizabeth McGreevy, Agnes Mudd, Frances Coffey, Josephine Kiep, Alice Ridout, obtained by Agnes Mudd.

Prize for Plain Sewing, obtained by Eleanor Lilley.

Prize for Darning, obtained by Margaret Brooks.

Prize for Fancy Work, obtained by Bernice Rochford.

First Prize in 2nd. Academic, obtained by Kathleen Ridout.

First Prize for Composition, merited by Kathleen O'Brien and Eleanor Lilley, obtained by Kathleen O'Brien.

Prize for General Proficiency in 1st. Academic, obtained by Elizabeth Robinson.

Prize for French, obtained by Jane Hefferan.

Prize for French in Junior Department, obtained by Eleanor Ryan.

Special Prize for French and German, awarded to Helen Langmuir.

Prize for Catechism, obtained by Josephine Kiep.

Prize for Composition, merited by Clare Ryan and Lillian McChesney, obtained by Lillian McChesney.

Prize for Grammar, merited by Mary Dolan and Anna Ryan, obtained by Mary Dolan.

Prize for Arithmetic, obtained by Rosina Merle.

Prize for General Improvement in Class Work, obtained by Helen Spillane.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Silver Cross for Catechism, obtained by Eleanor McManus.

Gold Anchor for Fidelity to School Rules, obtained by Clare Ryan.

Prize for Prompt Return after Vacation, merited by Hazel Freeman, Margaret Bampfield, Rita Coffey, obtained by Rita Coffey.

Prize for Order and Neatness, obtained by Ivy Mamby.

Prize for Amiability, obtained by Harriet Newman.

Gold Pens—First Prize for Writing—Anna Ryan. Second Prize, Ivy Mamby.

Silver Thimble for Fancy Work, obtained by Ivy Mamby.

First Prize for Plain Sewing, Margaret Bampfield.

Gold Thimble for Darning, obtained by Rita Coffey.

Prize for Ladylike Deportment, obtained by Mary Willox.

Prize for French, obtained by Lucia Olmstead.

Prizes for being good little girls, awarded to Marguerite Bracken, Mildred Duignan, Mary Dawson, and Letitia Devine.

Prize for General Satisfaction in English, awarded to Margaret Duignan.

No large, generous soul was ever a worrier. Calmness, serenity, poise, and power to move through life rhythmically, without jar or fret, are characteristic of greatness and true nobility.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

Letter-Box.

LORETTO CONVENT, JOLIET, ILL.

DEAR RAINBOW:

The visit of the world-renowned tenor, Caruso, to our convent is indeed an event to be recorded. For some years, Father Tonello had been telling us of him, of his wonderful voice, his kindness of heart, charming personality, and, above all, of their friendship and his promise to visit Joliet, on his Western tour. We really never dreamed that he would come to the convent, so when the telephone rang announcing his arrival in the city, and his intended visit, in about an hour, we were just a wee bit flurried. All the outside schools were notified and the nuns dismissed and came home.

The hour lengthened into almost three before the automobile stopped before the Public Library and the Mayor and city officials who were doing the honors went in—Caruso, his physician and Father Tonello came over to us. They were met at the door by the entire Community—I am sure the forty Religious made an imposing array. The great tenor conversed in French and Italian—he does not know English. He told us he had no instruction in singing, except in his youth, a few elementary lessons from an old priest; that he had never experienced any rigidity of the muscles of the throat; and that he had learned to sing by observing how his manner of singing pleased or affected his audience.

Of course, we urged Father Tonello to ask him to sing, a phrase even. Caruso declined as he was under contract, and laughingly said: "I cannot, I have had an American dinner. However, I will leave you some of my notes." He asked for paper and pencil, and, with a few strokes, drew an admirable caricature of himself, with the staff and the three C's issuing from his mouth.

You can imagine how disappointed the pupils were when, after their long wait, they were told that Caruso would not sing this time, but would come later. Miss Irene Gleason, representing the school, then presented him with the loveliest roses the florist could procure. Turning to Father Tonello, he said, "I will sing." Fortunately, he had a copy of *Faust*, from which he sang a part of the Garden Scene, that showed his won-

derful voice to the greatest advantage. The memory of its "liquid sweetness," as Father Tonello calls it, will long linger with us.

S. M. L.

When it was learned in Joliet that Caruso was safe and sound in San Francisco, the pupils joined in a letter congratulating him upon his escape from that terrible upheaval and conflagration. The letter followed him to Chicago, New York, Florence, Paris, and caught him in London.

The following is the kindly reply received by the pupils to-day:

To the Pupils of St. Mary's Academy, Joliet, Illinois.

YOUNG LADIES—I have not words enough to thank you for the kind letter received from you, and for the interest you have taken in me during the late catastrophe in San Francisco. God has been pleased to save my life in such a great calamity. Let us return thanks to Him alone. Again, millions of thanks.

Sincerely,
ENRICO CARUSO.

Hotel Cecil, London, England, May 31, 1906.

LORETTO ACADEMY,
SAULT STE. MARIE, June 1, 1906.

DEAR MARGARET:

To comply with your request—to give you an account of all the delightful amusements at the Academy—would be almost an impossibility, so numerous and varied are they; but I will try to describe to you a few events of general interest. The first claimant to our attention is our "Paradise Lost," prepared in the form of a class specimen. We were introduced to the "Lower Regions" and their occupants by one of our "little girls," whose depth of thought and forcible delineation proved to us how great must have been the wrath of the Creator when He brought such a place into existence. Having studied all of the twelve Books, as some have not the opportunity of doing, we followed our First Parents from their happy beginning until "they, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow, through Eden took their solitary way." Our class essayist ended the séance by philosophizing on the theme, taken as a whole. The naïve connecting parts were decidedly amusing—for those who understood the hidden meanings. Our esteemed pastor, Rev. A. Gagnieur, S. J., who always encourages our literary efforts by his greatly-appreciated presence, congratulated us in his usual happy manner, emphasizing the obvious thoroughness of our work. While the séance was in progress, we were delighted with the two additional auditors who unexpectedly favored us, Rev. J. O'Lane, S. J., and Rev. B. Hazelton, S. J., who seemed to enjoy the wise reflections of our thoughtful "Sweet Sixteen" and her dear *little* companion.

You have always taken such an interest in our Literaries, I wish you could have been at the last. For some this means the last of the year only, but for many of us,—how we almost dreaded to see this day go by, for it is, indeed, our last and, in the future, if we ever attend these glad assemblies, it will be only as visitors. "Some Stories of Vocation" headed the programme; does this not seem appropriate? The first number was a choral, "On Life's Journey," and, if we follow the words of the song, we note that "All is bright in our sight," but beyond what we can see, little is known; however, we will hope for as "clear sailing" as has been predicted, and as we have enjoyed in the happy past.

An essay on "Rasselas" gave evidence of promising talent from a Junior member, while "The Vocation of Aurora Leigh" proved that, at least, one prospective graduate is reasoning very sensibly about this all-important topic.

A very sweet recitation, "The Lost Vocation," added greatly to the programme, especially by the touching manner in which it was recited. Then Mother Frances Raphael's little story, "Aroer," was reviewed, showing how carefully she has depicted the three vocations in the three principal characters; the youthful essayist left us with ample and diversified food for reflection, commenting so favorably on the choice of the "better part," the perfect wife, and even the Old Maid, that we would be quite in a quandary were not "Our times in God's Hands."

Tennyson was not forgotten; indeed, such would be impossible. Only a short time ago, we



MEMBERS OF ST. CATHARINE'S LITERARY CLUB, LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS

imagined ourselves in search of the Holy Grail, while this time selections from "Gareth and Lynette" were delightfully dramatized, Lancelot, on both occasions, being rather prominent, if not fighting lions at some entry, then assisting Gareth in his scheme of disguising himself at court. The humility of Gareth and the petulant tyrannizing of Lynette were admirably portrayed.

An essay on "The Light of Asia" was next read. How sorry we felt for poor Siddartha, so great was his desire to discover the right path, and how very near he was to the goal at which he aimed, but what was it that was lacking? Only one step—one link—but as Schiller tells us, "one note from harmony, and one color from the rainbow, the rest is nothing." If only he had that one light—Christianity—how different all would have been; what he longed and craved for, would have been found.

Now we are carried to another scene—Pancratius in deep and serious converse with his mother, Lucina. Here is Christianity presented in its purest form. How patriotic to see the fond parent urging her son, spurring him on, in the footsteps of his martyred father, and what a spirit of loyalty and love Pancratius reveals in bearing what to him seemed the greatest of insults,—to be called a coward. But not only this was he ready and willing to stand. He was prepared to suffer martyrdom. How mean and little our petty trials seem in comparison.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul," closed the long list of literary meetings. For four years regularly, every month, we have participated in programmes evidencing taste and care. What an infinity of invaluable lessons have here been learned! How many new thoughts expressed for the benefit of the class! Though we must now say good-bye to these, yet, years will not blot them from our memory, because they have become a part of our very existence, making us realize the superiority of Literature as a moulder of character, over every other branch. "Every spirit bless the Lord"—but what other study so influences our whole lives, casting its radiance over the whole tenor of existence? A radiance so heightened by spirituality that nothing can dim its splendor.

Well, spring, the long-wished-for, is indeed here with its multiplicity of fascinations, and not confined to natural beauties either. What has the lovely month of May brought to us in our peaceful Alma Mater? Ah, such happiness! Short, some may say, but for that reason the sweeter. What was our unspeakable joy on being told one day, "You will go into retreat to-morrow evening." We had almost given up hopes of having one, so, needless to tell you, the prospect of three days of quiet and recollection was hailed with sincere delight by all.

To think of having four conferences a day! and such interesting ones; delightful, because so practical. "Strength of Character" was Father Gagnieur's first subject of discussion, and he certainly did it justice, if the impression left on his audience be taken into consideration. The sermons on "The Last Judgment" and "Hell" had their usual effect; perhaps you know what it is. To tell you all we heard from Rev. W. Gagnieur, S. J., who, in spite of his missionary labors, so kindly consented to devote a few days to us, would probably seem too much like sermonizing, and that I will not attempt, suffice it to say, we needed the retreat badly and all profited by it.

But this is not all that May brought us. It also heralded a feast day—our pastor's. A little programme was prepared as a surprise for him, and one which evidently pleased him very much. All were attired in white, and formed a pretty picture among the flowers and ferns. The piano solos, songs and recitations were all accordant with the occasion, one, the opening song, "Welcome to Loretto," being especially suitable for the event. The little children had many numbers, in all of which they distinguished themselves by their sweet, childish simplicity.

Some of the French Class pupils took part in a French dialogue, "Marie Stuart," and they acquitted themselves with such credit that Father could not help addressing them in that tongue, after thanking us for the pleasure we had given him.

Our musicians were called upon to grace the occasion in their delightfully entertaining way. Mendelssohn's sweet "Spring Song" was played by one of the younger pupils, who evidenced her superior musical abilities. Another piano solo which elicited much applause was "Morceau en Forme d'Etude," by Wellenhaupt, while Haydn's "Sonata in E flat" delighted the listeners, so well was it executed by our recognized musician. Veazie's "Morning Invitation," sung by the choral class, was charmingly appropriate,

for it described just such a beautiful spring as we are now enjoying.

Father Gagnieur was presented with two beautiful bouquets; one from the little girls, the "Lambs of his fold," as the donor expressed herself, so we may say the other was from the "Sheep."

The beautiful "Festal Greeting," written by our local bard, was so suggestive of our sentiments, and so impressive, that I cannot refrain from quoting it—

The sunlight beams in radiant smile
On Nature in her sweetest way,
Bidding her don her fairest garb
Because it is thy festal day.

The birds sing out their gladdest notes,
Spreading in joyous tones and bright
The welcome tidings everywhere
That hail we with such fond delight.

The zephyrs whispered lovingly
And gentler fanned this world of ours,
That naught may mar the bliss serene
Of feast day's happy, golden hours.

The river murmured pleasantly
And sparkled twice as fair as aye,
Paying mute homage, highest praise
To honor this immortal day.

The rapids rushed in merry mirth,
Impulsive danced for very glee,
Filling the air with echo loud
Proclaiming glad festivity.

So let us join with Nature fair
And blithsome our best tribute pay
To our loved Pastor, whom we greet
Exultant on his festal day.

May golden sunlight ever shed
Its radiance o'er life's happy path,
May melodies in sweet attune
Prelude a blissful aftermath.

And may fond memory's gentle winds
Forever whisper as they blow
Of days beside St. Mary's stream
And dancing rapids' crystal flow.

May every voice in nature sing
With sweetest tones of lively glee
The fondest wishes, brightest hopes
Loretto's children have for thee!

This beautiful month, productive of such lasting benefits for all of us, must have an appropriate ending and could you but have witnessed it, you would agree with us in saying, our best attempts were made in endeavoring to show our appreciation of the special protection our Blessed Mother has had for us. All the girls formed ranks in the schoolroom, and proceeded through the corridors to the chapel, where the president of our "Children of Mary" sodality laid a crown of fragrant flowers at the feet of our Blessed Lady. Then, after hymns were sung, suggestive of our love and veneration, the Holy Hour began —a sweet prelude to the lovely month of roses. Ushered in under such favorable auspices, let us hope that June will smile pleasantly on us, making the memories of our last convent days a delightful "possession forever."

Yours affectionately,
ELIZABETH M. COX.

RAINBOW LAND, June, 1906.

Dear Girls:

Blue bells are swinging in the summer winds and ringing a reunion call. Quickly you respond to their fragrant invitation and are in the midst of ideal scenes. The air itself seems permeated with happiness, and the festive appearance of our *Alma Mater* betokens unusual joy. Is *our* return to her loved precincts the cause? Our query remains unanswered, and we stroll down Rosary Walk, so filled with prayerful memories. Its trees have not been idle all these years, and its entire length has a restful archway of green. Here and there at our feet are dainty wild flowers that only summer heat can coax into bloom. Here, too, are shade-loving ferns from many a nook on the islands. What a tale they could tell of heartless raids that resulted in their being transplanted, but the tender care and solicitude that followed wooed them into vigorous life. Around the shrine of the Holy Family their fronds are gracefully waving. These in particular bring to our minds the untiring fidelity of

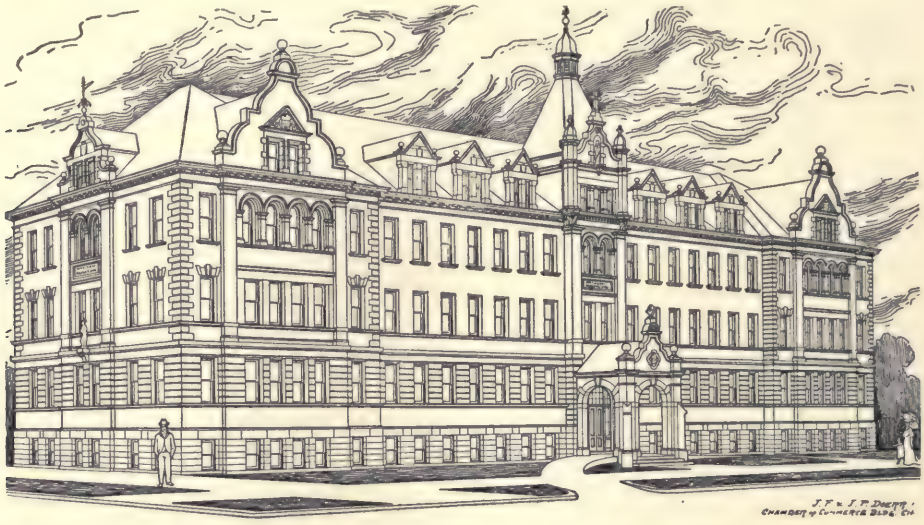
the inspirer of our floral adventures in tending the spoils of our outings. But the ferns are not alone in this tale of transportation. Nearby is a stately Norway pine flourishing as if in the land of the Vikings. Rivalling it in height are slender poplars grown almost beyond recognition. Royal oaks and far-spreading maples arouse all latent patriotism, for did not the former once shelter a charter of liberty from a tyrant, and is not the latter a fitting symbol of our dearly-loved land? Now we are beneath well-remembered branches. Here many a basket was filled with butternuts and beechnuts. Cedars, pines and hemlocks still tell their old story of constancy through yearly changes, and looking on them we commune with our hearts on the fidelity of a few cherished friends. The sumach and mountain ash give no indication of their coming scarlet splendor, but we know full well what a feast of color the autumn days will develop. Let us retrace our steps, for even the whispering birches will not tell us why all Nature is thrilling with joy. Gentle winds, the fresh fragrance of early summer blossoms, the soothing greens of shrubs and trees, the sweet, true notes of birds of song, the white floating clouds so filmy, yet able to hide the all-beautiful on that memorable Thursday, the brilliant, life-giving sunshine, the deep-voiced, thousand-tongued waters are Niagara's orchestra this glorious June morning. Who could blame the pagans for worshipping Nature when we feel so strongly the subtlety of her charms? For us it is all a great *sursum corda* and joyfully we exclaim, "Blessed be the Lord God this day. Let us extol His name." We are now before our *Alma Mater,* and at last understand the mysterious gladness felt from the moment of our arrival. Human voices have joined nature's orchestra in praising the "unspeakable gift." We turn towards the little Church of Our Lady of Peace and behold a vast procession. Places once ours are filled by white-robed school girls. Privileged tiny ones are scattering fairest blossoms on the pathway of Him who, when on earth, found solace in their innocent hearts. Then come other devout worshippers, old and young, and lastly the priests of the Lord bringing the "Desired of Nations," our "Emmanuel." Reverently they ascend the steps of the altar and once again is He lifted up who draws all things to Himself. Oh, the enrapturing grandeur of Corpus Christi amidst such unrivalled sublimity! Its unique glory which was keenly felt, even in our youthful days, is realized anew with the greater intensity that time is wont to bring. Throned on the height above Niagara's turmoil, at the threshold of our *Alma Mater,* our King receives the homage of His creatures. As from innumerable censers, the spray from the rapids ascends, and is reinforced by gigantic clouds from the depths of the falling waters. Closer to the throne of the Lamb that was slain are shrubs with a forest of blossoms, and sweetest of these is the Rose of Sharon, with roses of lesser fame. Their incense unites with that at the altar, the chant of the worshippers is hushed, all heads are bowed, the benediction is given, and all hearts feel the fullness of His presence. There seems a new note of joy in Niagara's ever-sounding organ, and should it not be so, since the Lord of nature was raised in blessing above her? Our *Laudate* has now a deeper meaning, for we see more clearly the infinite love that brought us, even for a time, into the glories of Thabor.

MARY T.

LORETTO CONVENT,
JACKSON PARK TERRACE,
CHICAGO, June, 1906.

DEAR MARGARET:

Your very strongly-expressed desire for another peep into this Western Utopia meets with a willing compliance. To our minds the greatest event since last writing was the dedication of our new convent by His Grace, Most Rev. James E. Quigley. For weeks before we talked of this event, and now that it is over, "us little ones," when anxious to be accurate about personal property, prefix *dedication* to every article worn on the eventful day. Had we a museum, some of these relics would surely be donated, that future generations might be duly impressed by our efforts to make the occasion memorable. No doubt you would say we had *King's* weather, but we loyal Americans called it *President's.* It matters not who ruled the day, for within and without all was sunshine. The gracious presence of Rev. Mother Ignatia and M. M. Francis from Toronto, gave additional brightness to every detail. The arrival of the Archbishop nearly an hour ahead of time was an unexpected boon, for



LORETTO CONVENT, JACKSON PARK TERRACE, CHICAGO

it brought us the privilege of a very delightful informal visit with him. Among the guests were Alumnæ of various Lorettos in Canada and United States, and here let me whisper a secret. Former pupils of Niagara Falls interested His Grace particularly. He spoke of his occasional visits to your convent, and of the kindly greetings always given him. Evidently his thoughts went back to days less filled with care, spent in the midst of devoted parishioners in the city of Buffalo.

The impressive dedicatory exercises were followed by solemn high mass. The sacred liturgy was rendered more imposing by the presence of a large number of clergy, while the unequalled Gregorian chant had its own peculiar part in lifting "up our minds to heavenly desires." Will you think us rather inconsistent on hearing that a banquet succeeded the spiritual side of the celebration? Rather say to yourself we are human, *very* human at times, and really enjoy all earthly favors sent by a kind Providence.

Some hours later, a literary and musical programme was rendered, chiefly by the Alumnæ Your convent was well represented. Miss Maud Merle addressed the Archbishop on behalf of the Alumnæ, and later gave the audience a rare vocal treat. Miss Anna Merle contributed a brilliant piano selection. Miss Alice Smith's harp solo brought forth unusual applause. Excellent choruses were rendered by Chicago and Joliet pupils. Toronto, Hamilton and Sault Ste. Marie were also ably represented. This day of reunion ended all too soon, but is still fruitful in very happy recollections of a truly ideal event.

Several rare intellectual treats have been ours during the past month. Mr. C. E. Griffith favored us with his interpretation of some of Skakespeare's plays. His idea is that the *best* in literature and art should be so presented to the young as to win them from ever seeking anything lower, when thrown on their own resources. His readings were a realization of this aim, for they awakened in us an intense desire for a repetition of these delightful hours.

In "Macbeth" the all-absorbing misery of remorse was powerfully illustrated. In the banquet scene we could not picture a more intense terror in the real Macbeth than was portrayed by Mr. Griffith. Again, as "Henry V.," he was the brave soldier and thoroughly Christian King attributing all success to God, and no monarch could have looked more kingly.

In "Julius Cæsar" it is hard to say which scene was best presented. At the assassination we saw the stage filled with conspirators and Cæsar striving vainly to save himself. Then the funeral scene was effectively brought before us, and here we saw the two types of friendship,—Brutus, whose love lacked perfect trust, and Mark Antony, who alone had courage to face popular opinion, whose loyalty never wavered,

whose affection was not shaken even by strong circumstantial evidence that Cæsar was ambitious.

In the "Merchant of Venice" we realized anew the malicious hatred of Shylock and the charming womanliness of Portia. Richard III's remorse had its own peculiar presentation, and herein was displayed the unusual talent of the artist, that similar features in the various plays were not mere reproductions of one another. The intense wrath of King Lear had a portrayal all its own, as had that of Macduff, and Macbeth's terror on seeing Banquo's ghost was unlike that of Brutus at Philippi. It seems as if Shakespeare makes one rather garrulous and surely that is not *best*. Lovingly,

M. J. M.

COLEGIO DE LORETO,
CASTILLEJA DE LA CUESTA,
SEVILLE, Spain.

DEAR RAINBOW:

You will be glad to hear that our King was in Seville during Holy Week, where the ceremonies are very solemnly carried out, as they are, in fact, in all the large cities of Spain. No traffic is allowed in the streets from the afternoon of Spy Wednesday till the morning of Holy Saturday. All must go on foot—the King as well as the peasant. His Majesty and the Infantes and their suites go along the streets to the Cathedral every morning like ordinary mortals, without guard or protection.

A most impressive ceremony took place on Good Friday. After the adoration of the Cross, the Dean of the Chapter of the Cathedral approached the King, who was kneeling in the sanctuary, with a silver tray, on which were twenty-four cards tied with black ribbon, containing the names of twenty-four criminals and their respective crimes—all under sentence of death. On presenting the tray, the Dean said in a loud voice, "Does Your Majesty pardon these criminals?" To which the King replied, "As I hope for pardon from God, so do I pardon these criminals," at the same time laying his hand on the tray. The black ribbons were then changed for white.

The processions of the figures representing the persons who took part in the Passion of our Lord, which are carried on "pasos" through the streets, are a special feature of Holy Week in Seville. One of the figures represents our Lord carrying His Cross, the face is so beautiful that it excites all who see it to pity, and sorrow for offending that God who looks so meek in the midst of His sufferings. It is the work of a famous sculptor, Montanes, and is several hundred years old. During the midnight procession, on Holy Thursday, at a certain point in one of the streets, the bearers stop for a moment, for there the moon shines full on the beautiful face, and the effect is wonderful. It is a remarkable fact that the weather is invariably fine all through Holy Week.

The Infanta Maria Teresa, sister to the King, and her young husband, Infante Fernando of Bavaria, drove up to the convent in a landau drawn by four mules, on the afternoon of His Majesty's departure for the Isle of Wight. They first proceeded to the chapel to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and then passed down through the patio, where the pupils were drawn up awaiting them. They conversed with some whose parents they knew, chatted with the nuns, signed the visitors' book, and said good-bye, leaving every one delighted with the visit.

M. S.

HASTINGS, England.

DEAR SR. F.—

I have just returned from Paris, and, as I understand you are about to issue a "Royal Wedding" number, I hasten to give you a slight idea of the indignation felt everywhere on this side of the Atlantic at the dastardly attempt on the life of the young monarch and his bride, whose escape—the universal opinion is—was miraculous.

No Royal wedding, within my recollection, has been so popular as this one, which unites once more Spain with England. Never has genuine affection been more apparent, hence both sides of the Channel felt delight at the touch of nature so seldom found in marriages of this sort. Picture, then, the horror with which the news was received in England and France!—it was simply unparalleled.

No marvel that the hearts of their Spanish subjects are drawn more closely to them at sight

of the noble, courageous manner in which both behaved under such trying circumstances. The King has shown himself a hero, the Queen has proved herself his equal in her brave efforts to control her feelings, when suddenly brought face to face with the peril of assassination in its deadliest form. Let us hope that the omen is one that only tends to prove that King Alfonso and Queen Victoria will jointly overcome the trials and difficulties which may beset their pathway. Spain loves her young King with a deep and lasting affection. The Spaniards approve of the sweet English beauty he has chosen to share his throne, and whose radiant smile and grace captivated them from the first, for no foreign bride of Spanish monarch ever met with such an enthusiastic reception as that tendered the Princess Ena as she entered Spain.

An old proverb says, "Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing." I remember, last year, after the Cowes regatta, a friend of mine who never misses that part of the season's festivities, told me that the belle of the Yacht Club ball was the young daughter of Princess Henry of Battenberg. Soon afterwards, rumor was busy with the tale that the King of Spain was negotiating for the hand of Princess Patricia of Connaught. Whether there was truth in this report or not, it matters little, for, like a *feu de joie,* the news burst forth later, that he had fallen desperately in love, at first sight, with Princess Ena; and ever since, people were rejoiced and entertained by the unusual fact of a real live King testifying before all the world, by his actions, that such was truly the case. A charming feature was the way in which they and the Princess Henry went about motoring, driving, walking, yachting, in and around the Isle of Wight, as well as in London, so that all who ran might read, for his devotion was quite evident.

A rather interesting item came to my notice in one of the journals, and which I think worthy of repetition. It seems, when Queen Victoria was alive, she gave Princess Henry of Battenberg the key and contents of an old chest which had not been used for centuries, and which contained some priceless old lace,—amongst it were the bridal veil, and magnificent Spanish lace which trimmed the wedding-dress of Catharine of Aragon. This was presented to Princess Ena, who was to wear it at her marriage. Whether she did so I cannot tell, but the lace was said to have been untouched since the days of the ill-fated Catharine.

It was rumored that part of the honeymoon was to be spent in Ireland, and again, that the wise young Queen decided that its full term should be exclusively passed in the midst of her Spanish subjects. In this I think she showed herself tactful and thoughtful as her uncle, King Edward. No doubt, the time will come when Ireland will welcome King Alfonso and his Queen, but their own people have, certainly, the first claim. I should have said their own country, for, in Ireland they will meet with many descendants of that grand old Spain which lies beyond.

I never saw Paris looking so beautiful as it does at present, the foliage is so luxuriant, and the Bois and Champs Elysées are perfectly lovely. I noticed several ladies at church, dressed in ordinary costume, who were pointed out to me as some of the nuns who had been disbanded. Many of them keep their schools just the same, only are not permitted to wear the religious dress.

I attended a most interesting ceremony, on May 30th., at the cemetery of Picpus convent, namely, the placing of wreaths upon the grave of Lafayette who, with his wife and her relatives, is interred in this secluded spot. A beautiful garden serves as entrance to the cemetery, and the convent is a lovely old pile of pre-Revolution construction.

Several notable Americans were present. An interesting feature was the discovery by my cousin, Mr. Victor Collins, Paris representative of the New York *Sun*, that the sixteen Carmelite nuns, beatified by His Holiness the previous Sunday, who were martyred during the Reign of Terror, and were contemporaries of Lafayette, were, by a singular coincidence, buried opposite the place where he was afterward laid to rest, in 1834. My cousin proved this by pamphlets, published at the time of the Revolution, and now in his possession.

I may mention that a friend of mine, Miss Russell, who recently visited your picturesque home, has just called to see me, and she says her only regret is that she cannot have her schooldays over again, for she would certainly elect to have them at Niagara convent. She begs me to send her kind remembrance to you who so courteously entertained her. Never will she forget the delight-

ful day spent at the home of the RAINBOW—she says it was worth all the rest of her trip.

MARIE JOSEPHINE O'DOWDA.

School Chronicle.

May! The glint of bird wings and the flutter of summer leaflets! Over the whole landscape an air of youth and freshness and invigorating inspiration, and the sweet fragrance of lilac and fruit-tree bloom. What heart does not thrill at the mere mention of spring—what mind so material that it does not rejoice at the first song of the robin? Oh, little bird of song and story, how thy clear strain echoes and reechoes from ages past, and lingers in the heart of the world's children—first love of every cottage child, last love of work-worn and venerable peasant.

The tiniest waif in the tenement claps her hands and smiles at a stray pussy-willow that she chances to find, and her baby heart sings with joy at the sparse blades of grass that grow between the pavement stones; yet, to her spring means only the cessation of biting cold and the absence of those discomforts that the poorly fed and clad alone can know. Even our more fortunate city friends do not fully enjoy the delights of spring or the pleasure of living in close companionship with Dame Nature, and meeting her in her own haunts, where the ear becomes attuned to her wondrous messages and the birds warble as if echoing melodies caught from paradise. Truly Niagara is her sacred temple.

May second—Laing's Planetarium explained by its inventor, Mr. Alexander Laing, in an interesting and instructive lecture, so comprehensive and entertaining that, at the close, the youngest child could have explained many of the principles of the science of Astronomy.

Mr. Laing's discourse was many-sided. He clearly demonstrated that every form of knowledge, when rightly used, powerfully disposes the mind to the discharge of duty; while the habit of ignoring God in our intellectual operations tends, by the unnatural separation of knowledge and reflection from their true end, to induce habitual forgetfulness of duty. "If," said Mr. Laing, "the untutored savage sees God in the clouds and hears Him in the wind, surely the Christian astronomer will not less easily detect evidences of divine wisdom in the phenomena which he notes and studies."

Mr. Laing remarked on the distances, magnitudes, densities and motions of the planets, fixed stars and nebulæ; the processes by which they may have reached their present conditions and positions; and the physical laws which, by their action, have brought about these results, carrying his observations into the most remote regions of space made possible by the most perfect instruments, building his definitions upon the most solid foundations of science, and, then finding no language capable of expressing his final conclusion but that of inspiration: "How great are Thy works, O Lord! Thou hast made all things in wisdom."

May fourth—The glorious spring weather seems to have brought in its wake many surprises and pleasures. An event that figures under the head of both is the visit of Very Rev. G. Nicolaye, Esquimault, B. C.

After a tour among the wonders of Niagara and the many charming nooks about Loretto, Father Nicolaye came to the study hall, where, at his appearance, the almost rigid expression of attention that usually adorns the brows of the seniors during this delightful (?) hour, vanished in a smile of anticipation, for there was a presentiment of thrilling narratives about to be told—and who is so old as to lose interest in stories?

Our flash of intuition was correct. There were stories—an abundance of them,—and it would be difficult to find a happier raconteur than our honored guest, for all was fact, related in a manner that pleased by its simplicity.

Many and interesting were the tales of a missionary's experience among the Indians in the Northwest; and we could not fail to appreciate the nobility of a life sacrificed in the cause of Christianizing these savages. It was with sincere regret, mingled with heartfelt wishes for his safety and the success of his mission, that we saw the good Father depart.

May seventh—St. Catharine's Literary Club had whiled away the long winter months amid the glories of southern France and Italy—thanks to the kindness of Mrs. J. J. Faltis, née Miss Pearl Fraser—and, when the snow and wind were wild without, we were lounging in the shade of the palm and olive trees, listening to the

nightingales, or delving among the ruins of ancient châteaux. Many were the experiences of some of the members—for it is a difficult matter to look graceful on a donkey's back—and though earth and sky, yes, even the very birds were wooing us onward with their glorious songs and filling us with curiosity and deep longing to see the land that lay beyond, we were forced to stop in our flower-strewn path and turn back, for one of our party was missing. At last we found her forsaken donkey nibbling the grass by the wayside, and farther on was the delinquent. There she sat in the midst of a vineyard, about her the luscious fruit fell in clusters—alas! who would not be tempted? We drew her away and set out once more for those distant cities that were looming on the horizon.

Through some the light of modernism had not yet penetrated. Ladies with hoop-skirts and powdered hair stared in horror and amazement at our twentieth-century costumes. And often we passed through the corridors of ancient castles and palaces and fancied we heard the swish of silken skirts and saw disappearing into some luxurious apartment the stately ghost of a former châtelaine, visiting once again the haunts where she had ruled the hearts of men. We visited all, and stepped from "The Old Road Through France to Florence" to greet His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught, an account of whose visit will be found in these pages.

And then—most opportune of coincidents—a few days after we were in Erin, following with keenest interest the affairs of "A Fair Maid of Connaught," and perhaps it was but natural that some of the maidens should have enjoyed the society and heart affairs of "Eileen" more than research amid musty palaces and fortresses. And "Rory O'Hare!" Unromantic indeed is the damsel who cannot appreciate the situation of "Eileen and Rory," or who fails to see humor in the depth of poor "Rory's" affection and the embarrassment of "Lord Eversley."

The direction in which the next journey of the club will lead is undecided, and so, while we wait, our air-ships are being put in order.

May thirteenth—Mass celebrated by Rev. C. Rosensteel C. M., Niagara University, who, in the course of the morning honored the study hall with his presence and thoughtfully dispelled the gloom of that rainy forenoon. Only those who have enjoyed such a treat, upon similar occasions, can appreciate all the pleasure that such visits represent. Art, literature, and sports were on the programme—so vividly did Father Rosensteel describe football, and so intense was the excitement, that we might have been present at one of those games when the championship of the world was at stake.

Anecdotes of university life and discussions on our favorite poets and authors followed, modern literature was by no means slighted, we scaled the heights, fathomed the depths in our pursuit of the good and true, until, finally, our reverend friend—who must have secured the wings of Time, as he crossed the border,—departed with an *au revoir*.

May fifteenth—A revel of sunshine—breezes as soft as a summer wind rippling the river and waving to and fro the veil of pale greenery which hangs over the trees. Thus dawned Arbor Day and the intoxicating vitality of its delicate spring loveliness pervaded every nook and corner, penetrating even beyond the portals of the *sanctum*, from which echoed the merry voices of twenty-two maidens at a "planting party."

The game consists of a number of questions bearing upon horticulture and arboriculture. As each one answers correctly, she approaches a vase of flowers, placed in the centre of the room, removes a choice blossom, amidst the congratulations, witticisms and gay repartee of her admiring competitors, whose orbs are assuming a greenish hue at the disappearance of some coveted beauty.

After an hour had passed in this delightful sport, Beatrice Beck's lovely cluster of daffodils, tulips, primroses and hyacinths, proclaimed her the fortunate winner of this gayly-contested prize in Flora's kingdom.

May twentieth—Is there any one, be she ever so devoted to study,—and far be it from me to pose as such—who has not during some portion of her school life rued the day that she made the acquaintance of a volume of chemistry or physics? But, wonder of wonders! the reverse was the case on this Sunday afternoon, as the graduates and under-graduates started out on a tour of the Ontario Power Houses, under the courteous guidance of Messrs. Rochon and Ryan.

After a thorough inspection of the Power House proper, made doubly interesting by the lu-

cid explanations of the gentlemen of the party, we walked along the river bank to the Horeshoe Fall, where we descended in a bucket, a one hundred and sixty foot shaft. We were no longer the prosaic characters of the hour before, but spirits treading the pages of Jules Verne's famous tales. The resemblance became more marked when, after traversing the tunnel, the most marvellous of its kind, we found ourselves in a small square chamber, in our ears a deafening roar—we were under the mighty Cataract of Niagara!—separated from the mad rush of water by four apparently slender walls! As I walked ahead, the guide held high his torch to light the way, and, as he did so, the glare fell on one corner of the room where, an iron door having been removed, we could see the foaming flood that curtained the aperture. Now and then the water dashed in with terrific force, impressing us with the power of that Cataract whose ceaseless boom lulls us, favored Loretto girls, to sleep.

The "Maid of the Mist" was coming up, riding the waves, buffeted by conflicting currents, but steaming on, tossed like a chip, hesitating, quivering. Then, slowly swinging, she darted away, as if fleeing from the wrath of the furious flood. Winding our way back from the end of the tunnel, tiny lights became visible, flickering here and there in the distance. They grew larger and larger, and at last we could distinguish the forms of men carrying huge torches. Silently they passed, dark sons of Italy, like dim spectres, telling the tale of life and labor expended—for what?

Upon its completion, this tunnel will have a flume—the largest ever constructed—destined to conduct water from the Falls to the Power House. Wondrous Niagara doomed to desecration!

May twenty-sixth—In all probability, Prince Arthur is now enjoying May time in England, while we are celebrating one of the holidays he so graciously requested, as field-day at Brock's Monument. The ride along the river through the golden sunshine, with the scent of blossoming orchards wafted to us as we passed, the car now balanced on the extreme edge of the precipice, now under a canopy of stately trees, had an irresistible fascination.

At last we came to the bend in the river, and the whirlpool—what voices spoke from out its gleaming depths! From its unfathomable grave arise ghosts that are never laid, and that haunt the spot with dread solemnity. The sun had almost reached its height when the car stopped in the shadow of the Monument, and we were greeted by the familiar strains of "Angelina, Do Come Home." It was "Uncle Remus"—ever faithful—white coat, green ribbons, and all! He condescended to change his fiddle from one arm to the other while he shook hands, but he would not lay it aside, nor allow any but the initiated to touch it.

After a strict observance of this etiquette, we wandered up the path which, a century ago, ran with human blood, but there was no martial music now,—with reverent awe we paid tribute to the dead.

Ere the afternoon had fairly passed the weather prophet threatened us with his fearsome rain-clouds. The party once more boarded the car for Niagara, again fortune favored us, the delinquent sun appeared to cheer our homeward steps and shed his golden rays upon the portals of Loretto.

June fifth—Fair Ontario in all the glory of a June morning dawned upon our sight. In a haze of golden sunlight the "Chicora" had steamed seven miles down the river by the wooded banks of Niagara, and we were on the lake, while behind us the Old Fort with its floating "Stars and Stripes" was amicably waving good morning to the "Maple Leaf" at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

June was here, and the graduates and undergraduates were launched on their annual trip to Toronto. Is there anything more delightful than a lake breeze on a warm summer day? A shady nook in the bow of the steamer afforded a favorable opportunity to watch the ripple of the water. The sun shone from a cloudless sky upon the wide expanse, and though the hours passed delightfully, the sight of land was as welcome as his long-sought Pole is to the tireless explorer.

It were vain to attempt a description of that day,—the courtesy of friends, the sight-seeing, the countless pleasures and enjoyments attendant upon "a day in the city." When five o'clock found us reunited on board for the homeward trip, reviewing the events of the afternoon, and laughing at its amusing incidents, we could not but feel that, in the wide world, there was not a happier band of maidens.

June tenth—The close of the "Book Contest"

—Edna Maloney the fortunate winner of the prize—a handsome and much-coveted picture of the convent.

June thirteenth—It is always pleasant to be remembered by those whom we respect and esteem. What, then, was our appreciation of the kind thoughtfulness that prompted Father Walsh's visit—to say good-bye before we parted for the summer. As it was impossible for him to be present at the Closing Exercises, the students of the Elocution Department entertained him in the library with selections from their favorite authors, which he thoroughly enjoyed. In the study hall we had our last chat for the year, and, as our reverend friend was about to say *au revoir,* we listened enviously to the New York girls planning visits to him during the vacation.

Later in the evening, Father Rosensteel called. Having requested a little vocal music, the "songbirds" fluttered into the assembly hall to entertain him, as usual. Verily, the thirteenth was a red-letter day!

June twenty-first—Bright with roses and sunshine—dim with the shadows of painful partings and severing of friendship's sweetest ties. My task is done—yet, I cannot say good-bye. What tender memories surge in the heart at thought of leaving the dear *sanctum,* the scene of many an intellectual conquest, with its inspiring atmosphere ever facilitating the ascent of Parnassus' rocky heights, and from whose walls the great and good so often looked encouragingly upon us when, with tremulous hope and husky voice, we rose to read our first productions.

The spreading trees, beneath whose shade we wooed the Muse, or listened to the voice of the Cataract, the winding paths, rose-scented, the tempting orchards where we sought forbidden fruit—at the price of aching limb—the same old tale of Eve—remind us that, for the last time, we are to-day 'neath the sheltering roof of our girlhood's home; and our hearts are filled with strange misgivings that new paths may not be as pleasant as the old.

Now, in the twilight, with the sun's farewell, we pass out from the cycle of school life, cheered by the gentle voice of friendship echoing the old melodies to new words. Farewell, kind friends; farewell, dear Alma Mater, beneath whose cross-crowned dome all that ennobles became our heritage.

GLADYS WEST.

Personals.

"I suppose I speak broken French?"

"Not eegsactly. You haf a word deescribes it bettaire—let me see—ah, yes—it is pulverized!"

"What is a court?"

"A place where they dispense with justice."

"Pick up your feet, Margaret."

"Oh, why didn't the Prince wear his crown!"

"Dey are so rude, dey call me pease nuts and chaist nuts to ma fass."

"He back again! Why he's a modern Nero!"

"I was juste begin to doce when he call."

"Well, I'm going to be charitable in future."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, you won't be a bit interesting any more."

"How I love flowers! I wish I could cultivate them—if I were only a farmer!"

"Arnie and Vesuvius have cooled off."

"I'm going to wear an English *walking* suit for my first balloon trip."

"Do *you* say your prayers in the morning or at night?"

"At night, of course, anybody can take care of theirselves in the day time."

"What are we going to that Astronomichael lecture for? We don't learn anything about the stars in our class."

"Shall I read you my last poem?"

"Yes, if it really is."

"Don't be frightened, that's not lightning. It's only the sun reflecting on the moon."

"I'm going to consume this book. I don't see what use it is for man or beast."

"Pass the prunes, Madge."

"Yes, I visited Vesuvius, but I didn't see the *creature.*"

"The Sphinx? What's that, now?"

"A monster man."

"A Munster man? I thought he was from Connaught."

"Dear! We never get out of writing these lives of the saints. Sr. likes the home-made ones, and I'm glad, for you can say what you like about them and nobody knows the difference."

"What is your idea of an optimist?"

"Oh, some one wot kin git fun out of going to school."

"Did you have *whale* on toast at your party?"

"What's she doing now?"

"Talking in italics."

"I don't b'lieve in studien jogerfy with wars changin things most every day."

"Did he say good-bye?"

"Yes, and he had to unlatch his glove to shake hands with me."

"The trees was blu, and darting in and out among thair brantches was flockx of flying cows of the most brilliant plumidge."

"What do you know about the Punic Wars?"

"The name sounds familiar, but I can't just remember when it was or where it happened."

"Don't you know anything about Scipio?"

"No."

"Surely you have heard about Hannibal?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about Hannibal. That's where Mark Twain used to live."

We are still wondering how the young military man on board the *Corona,* has felt since Margaret asked him—"Were you in the war of 1810?"

Sweet girl graduate: "Standing on the *threshold* of life's *field* we watch our childhood *ebbing* away!"

"Whom did Robert Browning marry?"

"Mrs. Browning, of course."

"Freneau was of *Hottentot* parentage."

"What did you get for an answer?"

"Sister, I got mixed."

"Where, oh where, have the little hens gone?"

"They took *offence* at Myrtle's treatment, and thereby hangs a tail!"

"Peat is a natural gas."

"I'll say *Guten Morgen* to him and warm his old German heart."

"And when you're coming out—Auf wiedersehen."

"Oh, no! I don't think he would want that!"

"I'll butter him up and say 'I'm glad it's you and nobody else that came.'"

Royal Insurance Company

OF ENGLAND.

Assets exceed $65,000,000.

W. A. LEE & SON, General Agents,

14 Victoria Street, TORONTO.

WHEN IN BUFFALO

A QUIET PLACE FOR A DAINTY LUNCH OR ICE CREAM

McGERALD'S

FANCY BAKERY & ICE CREAMS

627 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.



NEW YORK

Underwriters' Agency.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

Policies Secured By

ASSETS, $18,061,926.87.

JOSEPH MURPHY,
Ontario Agent,
16 WELLINGTON ST. EAST,
TORONTO, ONT.

WM. A. LEE & SON
Toronto Agents,
14 VICTORIA STREET,
TORONTO, ONT.

St. Mary's Convent

THE ELMS, CAMBRIDGE

A BRANCH CONVENT OF ST. MARY'S, MICKLEGATE BAR, YORK

Pupils are prepared for the University Local, Royal Academy of Music, and South Kensington Examinations.

Every facility is afforded the elder pupils for attending lectures and visiting the numerous places of interest in and around Cambridge.

The staff consists of registered Religious assisted by duly qualified Masters and Mistresses.

Special arrangements are made, and separate rooms provided for students over seventeen years of age who wish to follow a particular course of study.

FIRE INSURANCE

Montreal-Canada

FIRE INSURANCE CO.

ESTABLISHED 1859

Net Surplus over all Liabilities exceeds $200,000

Richmond & Templeton, Chief Agents, Toronto

JOHN L. ANDERSON,

FERRY STREET,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALTED MEATS OF ALL KINDS.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION. **POULTRY IN SEASON**

Niagara Falls South, Ont.

Established 1864.

COLE & McMURRAY,

Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating, Furnaces, Stoves and Ranges.

Hardware, Paints, Oils, Glass, Sewer Pipe, etc.

Niagara Falls, Ont.

NIAGARA ICE CO.

PHONE 148-X.

Spring Water Ice. **First-Class Service**

Orders by Telephone Promptly Delivered.

F. H. BOULTER, Manager.

Niagara Falls South.

Member of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants.

EDWARD GUNNELL,

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT AND AUDITOR,

141 BROADWAY, **NEW YORK CITY.**

Telephone, 3536 Cortlandt.

General Accounting and Auditing, Corporation Accounts, Partnership Accounts, Investigations, Inventories, Cost Systems for Shops, Factories and Manufacturers.

TELEPHONE 95A.

M. MORSE & SON

UNDERTAKERS AND PROFESSIONAL EMBALMERS

Main St., - - Niagara Falls South, Canada.

Kindergarten Supplies, Science Apparatus,

AND ALL KINDS OF

SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

THE STEINBERGER-HENDRY CO.,

37 Richmond St. W., TORONTO, ONT.

..THE STAR BAKERY..

High-Grade Fruit Cake, Delicate Bonbons, Delicious Jelly Rolls, Cakes of all kinds, Toothsome Sweetmeats.

Our Homemade Bread is still in the lead.
Cream Bread is the choice of many bread-winners.
Wedding Cakes on hand and made to order.

W. J. MANUEL, Ferry St., Niagara Falls, Ont.

The Catholic Book and Religious Goods House.

Manufacturers and Importers of Vestments, Statues, Chalices, etc., etc.
Society Regalia, Badges and Banners.
Publishers of THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY,
The only book of its kind in the United States.
Complete Edition, $1.25, and postage, 16 cents.

The M. H. Wiltzius Co.,

413-417 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

R. F. CARTER ELECTRIC CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

And Contractors for Electrical Works.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

The largest and best hotel at the Falls. Write for rates.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL CO., - PROPRIETORS.

S. A. GREENWOOD, Manager.

Korten Brothers Co.

SUCCESSORS TO

OTTOMAN CAHVEY CO.

ESTABLISHED 1875

Wholesale Coffees, Teas, Spices, Baking Powders and Extracts.

CHICAGO.

We work in our Customers' interest ALWAYS.



His Royal Highness Prince Arthur Frederick Patrick Albert of Connaught.

NIAGARA RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XIII. *NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., OCTOBER, 1906.* *No. 4.*

Loretto Abbey, Wellington Place, Toronto.

FOUNDED SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1867.

THIRTY-NINE years ago, the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary purchased the palatial mansion of *Lyndhurst,* now known as "The Abbey." Before it became their property, it had been tenanted by a Mrs. Gwydder, a lady who was allied to the Royal Family of England, and who endeavored, in consequence, to live in almost regal state in Canada. Considering herself very many degrees above even the highest circles in Toronto, her chosen guests were selected from the military. As these latter were admitted at Court in England, she did not fear to compromise her dignity by receiving them. During the season, she gave balls on a scale of the greatest magnificence; and, on these occasions, the present spacious hall of the Abbey served as an orchestra for the military band, which was always at the service of Mrs. Gwydder. In this hall there is a splendid stained-glass window, bearing the Gwydder coat of arms, and the motto—"Nusquam meta mihi." These the Religious would have removed, as being out of keeping with their more modest aspirations; but the Archbishop wished that they should remain as a portion of the "spoils of Egypt," and a standing monument of the victory won by Religion over the vain pomp and pride of the world.

On the twenty-second of September, the house was solemnly blessed by Most Rev. J. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto. There was afterwards a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and Benediction was given out of doors on the beautiful lawn fronting the Abbey. As the Religious chanted the *Magnificat,* they could not help feeling how singularly striking, under the circumstances, were these words once uttered by the humble Maid of Nazareth: "He hath shewed might in His arm. He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble." Poor Mrs. Gwydder survived all her greatness and the wreck of her fortune, and, after death, was borne to the grave unmourned; thus affording another melancholy illustration of the words of the wise man, that "humiliation followeth the proud, and glory shall uphold the humble of spirit."

Some years after the establishment of the Institute at "The Abbey," the number of pupils had increased so considerably that it necessitated several additions to the original building, notably, a magnificent chapel, dedicated to the Holy Family; and a splendid concert hall. A tower affords a beautiful panorama of the city of Toronto, of Lake Ontario, and of the surrounding country; while the cross springing from its summit speaks to the wayfarer of the triumph of Religion. The exterior appearance of "The Abbey" has been greatly improved, and the comfort and convenience of the interior considerably promoted, within the last few years. The schools are always filled to the utmost limit of their accommodation, and the educational advantages of the establishment cannot be overestimated.

Since the arrival of the first members of the Community in Toronto, in 1847, under the guidance of the saintly Rev. Mother Ignatia Hutchinson, a change of residence became necessary from time to time, to meet the requirements of the constantly-increasing numbers in the school. The career of the heroic foundress was brief—a little over three years—but well fitted to prepare her for the happy close that ended her life of trial and suffering.

Rev. Mother Teresa Dease, a Religious of superior mind and distinguished piety, was then called upon to assume the reins of government, and, on the feast of St. Joseph, 19th. of March, 1851, she entered upon the important office for which she was so eminently qualified. Difficulties she met and many of them; but nothing daunts the heart of the valiant woman! Rev. Mother Teresa and her brave little band, away in a back street of a Canadian city, three thousand miles from home, weak in body and utterly crushed in spirit, worked, prayed and trusted. Divine Providence sent pupils in response, and success was insured.

A stranger would ask: What was the example, what the precept of those Religious? What standard of education was theirs? For what results did they strive? We answer: The Institute example and precept, then as now, was in accord with the spirit of their devoted, gifted and progressive Superior. Her standard of education was as high in the various departments of knowledge as woman might require. The result aimed at was—the woman perfected! Their model and patroness was—and is—that one perfect woman, "Our tainted nature's solitary boast" —Mary Immaculate!

When Rev. Mother Teresa passed away from the scene of her labors, in 1889,—she who had been so universally respected, yes, reverenced, by persons of every denomination—the gloomy hour seemed to forebode the impossibility of a worthy successor.

But the spirit of the deceased Mother remained with her spiritual daughters, and her prayers in eternity were for their prosperity. Her mantle seemed literally to fall upon Mother Ignatia Lynn, the present incumbent, who, having long been most intimately associated in the work with the late Superior, was chosen to the succession.

To the essentials trained from childhood, imbued with the world-embracing Institute spirit, and having visited European seats of learning and compared various methods, Rev. Mother Ignatia's equipment and experience well maintain the old, traditional standing throughout the American houses of the Institute.

The undying spirit of the Institute, ever fresh, ever young, ever striving after perfection, animates Loretto Abbey to-day, as it did when Rev. Mother Teresa Dease first took up residence within its walls. To train not only the mind and intellect to the highest perfection, but the heart to the full requisition of Christianity was her aim, and will ever be the aim of her spiritual daughters.

The Loretto graduate is not a pink in the parlor and a burdock everywhere else; she is a capable woman fitted to adapt herself with success to any position to which fortune or the emergencies of life may call her.

Loretto fills out and rounds to symmetry the one-sided education obtained at day schools and ordinary colleges.

If the heart of youth is not instructed in the enlightening, uplifting truths of Christianity, and kept in constant reminder by disciplinary example, the so-called refinement of education is but a veneer. The fabric of Christian education requires not only the foundation-stone, but every particle that makes for the poise, symmetry and balance of the whole.

Loretto Abbey offers three courses to its pupils,—the Academic, the University, and the Commercial course. Pupils are prepared for the Matriculation and other University examinations; and they are given the University course in music.

To be true to God, neighbor, and self, true to best instruction example and ideal, is the exaction of Loretto from the womanhood within its walls, and from the womanhood that leaves its sheltering gates equipped for life's duties, difficulties and dangers.

Such is the education bestowed by Loretto Abbey and its branch houses. THE RECORDER.

—o—

Every girl who desires to live a real, earnest, useful life, should set before her an ideal, and direct all her energies to the attainment of that ideal. Nowadays we do not want a Joan of Arc, but we want the qualities which she showed. We want the courage to do right; we want an active interest in the well-being of others; we want a noble scorn of all that is mean and cowardly and false; we want a deep sense of the solemnity and reality of life; and we want resolution to do our duty. Every girl is heroic who strictly does her daily duty lovingly, tenderly, cheerfully —unromantic as it may seem.



Loretto Abbey, Wellington Place, Toronto.

A Brief Sketch of the Life and Labors of the Late Reverend Mother Teresa Dease.

IN a quiet corner of the spacious gardens of Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Reverend Mother Teresa Dease is laid to rest. A monument in marble marks the spot, but one looks rather upon the lordly pile beside it to learn that there lies a great and brave and holy woman in sooth.

"All day long in the happy summer-time the birds sing above her venerable relics, and in season and out of season through the silent night, the glimmer of the sanctuary lamp falls fitfully upon the tall, white headstone, while the never-weary Cataract, in deep, stentorian accents, chants an importunate *requiem aeternum!*"

I have much pleasure in submitting to your readers this little labor of love, in which I wish to bring before the public one of the quiet workers who was, in her way, a benefactress to her country, concerned as she was in the temporal as well as the eternal welfare of all who found a shelter beneath her fostering care.

The chief difficulty always with secular writers of a religious life is to compass the great chasm in thought and feeling between their dwarfed soul and that of their subject; though this in the main embarrasses me, I may not use it as a plea altogether for the shortcomings of the sketch, for greatness is easily recognizable. Besides this, my delightful encounter with her descendants has made the example she gave easy to conceive and appreciate. It goes without saying surely—from the bare facts of a life like Reverend Mother Teresa's—that her trend of thought, and will, and work was wholly spiritual. No one can need to be persuaded of this, but it does require, in justice to her and for the honor of the family that survives her, to have it shown that her work was distinctly in its incipiency, and continues to be in its progression, a great public benefit, and, in a young country like this, a sort of memorable historic movement. Being of the world myself, I do not feel guilty of slander when I say, it is fearfully impatient of the moneyed records of the ecstacies and rapt recollectedness of even the greatest saints. It is only too ready to take their sanctity for granted, but it wants to be persuaded of their utility and their active sense of the inter-depending of human beings. This is a very heavy defence, is it not? But I feel I must explain my attitude fully, and I have a presumptuous feeling that Reverend Mother Teresa herself, if I may judge from the spirit of reasonable compromise which is manifest in her Community, would not dissent from the principle I go upon in these matters. I trust my little sketch will fulfill its mission, to instill in the minds of my readers a love and admiration for the saintly and eminently useful Mother Superior, and for the life of self-immolation and public benefit of the fast-growing Community who are following in her footsteps.

"The woman's duty as a member of the commonwealth," says Ruskin, "is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the State." Any woman, therefore, who performs this triple function, has perfectly fulfilled her obligations of citizenship, and merits the gratitude and praise of the country she has served. We hear a great deal about the tributes, which, as a nation, we owe to legislators and philanthropists, to scholars, artists and inventors—even the Canadian Temple of Hero-worship has its crowded niches now—but we do *not* hear so much about *"the quiet workers, by whom a nation lives and never thanks them."* We have written down upon the immortal scroll of history the lustrous names of our patriots and benefactors. Shall we consent to see the most faithful of all our national stewards—our saints—go unhonored and unsung into obscurity? One of these, the subject of this sketch unquestionably was, and perhaps it were well, before we go into the details of her life and labors, to remember that there is a salient difference between the toilers in the national vineyard who are saints, and those who are not; that the latter concern themselves merely about the temporal welfare of the people, while the former are deeply solicitous for their interests here and in the world to come. And if the care for the mere earthly advancement of a constituency, a province or a nation, entails the unremitting labor and anxiety which we concede to it, how much more, in common proportion, does not the farther-reaching scheme of him involve, who, by the choice of a more exalted state of life, makes himself partially responsible for the destinies of soul and body of the multitudes committed to his care.

In Ellen Dease, the late Reverend Mother Teresa of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America, Canada possessed one of those quiet workers indeed "by whom the nation lives and never thanks." Her name is inalienable from the great cause of higher female education in the West, and this in itself, a glorious epitome of her services to the commonwealth, commends her to the homage and gratitude of a country whose educational growth is a marvel to the old centres of learning. In her life the comprehensive proverb, *noblesse oblige,* has an ample illustration. The best blood of Westmeath, Longford and Cavan flowed in her veins, the rich blood of the O'Reillys and Deases, the proud blood of the Nugents, of Count Nugent, the distinguished refugee whose Austrian honors are a protest for all times against the unspeakable Penal Laws that drove him from his own land to gather laurels of honorable distinction in that of a stranger. *Noblesse oblige,* indeed, the touchstone of true nobility is in noble effort and noble achievement, and with this triple claim to the rare prerogative established so that he who runs may read, we are safe in presenting Ellen Dease to posterity as a type of that most perfect of creatures—the noble woman! She was born in the County of Meath, on the 4th day of May, 1821, launched into the world the same as any other baby-girl, and yet what a train of vast potentialities her humble coming generated! It may be that the sun rose bright and gladsome over our fair Queen City on that eventful morning, beaming with tidings of great joy because of the significance of her birth to its prospective needs and development; it may be that the birds sang and the peaceful waters of the lake, glancing in the ample sunshine, bore the message on to the neighboring towns and cities which were to come within the pale of her future energies. It was the season of bud and blossom, the maples were putting out their tender leaflets, the trilliums and violets were peeping through the brown mould of the forests, the lilacs were swinging their laden boughs like censers in the cool, balmy morning, and responsive to their sweet appeals this Mayflower of Meath nodded to them from over the sea. She would come to them in the course of time, redolent of love and friendship, and bloom forevermore among them in the nation's virgin garden.

The childhood and girlhood of Miss Dease were not more thrilling nor interesting than these epochs usually are; indeed, we are relieved to discover that her traits and tendencies during these periods were of the most ordinary character, for this divests her entirely of that unkindred aspect which holiness too commonly assumes to the rank and file of men. When we see reflected in the embryo saint the same needs and cares and struggles, and can detect a trend towards the same weaknesses and temptations as are the source and secret of our discouragement and spiritual unfruitfulness, our interest and sympathy are far more readily and keenly excited than when we find ourselves scanning with a half-sceptical indifference the records of preternatural emotions and achievements which so stain the bond of brotherhood between us and many holy persons. Any Catholic child brought up in the atmosphere of a happy home, and any drudging schoolgirl wrestling with the dull tasks and tiresome discipline of the class-room, can find a boon companion and a fellow-toiler in little Ellen Dease. We are left to assume that she smudged as many pinafores and rent as many frocks and got into as many difficulties generally as any small woman in the country, and of course we love her all the better for it.

In the fashionable Institute at Dublin where her private home-training received its finishing touches, we see her in a new but still very natural phase of physical and moral development. The vagrant aims and fancies of youth are becoming submerged in the earnestness of early womanhood, experience is widening the horizon of merely taught knowledge, the world is revealing itself in its Protean character of friend and foe to her young mind and heart. This is the crisis of a woman's life, from this point the ways of Eve's daughters diverge in all climes and ages, past this milestone of maidenhood they go, happy and fresh and fair, to pleasure or prayer or toil, to lay up treasures of one sort or another, to seek happiness in one shape or another, before their paths converge again at the milestone marked *Ci-gît.*

Miss Dease, with the broad road of lawful ease and pleasures accessible to her by reason of her birth and social standing, had a tempting prospect ahead of her, but so strangely far-seeing and courageous can a woman of four and twenty be,

she donned the sombre garment of votive penance and toil, and went instead down the narrow by-way of Renouncement. To say that she forsook the world would hardly be a fair construction to put upon her choice; she must have loved it, indeed, to have given herself entirely to the one thing upon which its welfare must ever depend, the propagation of Christian faith and knowledge among those who hold the destinies of nations in their hands. To this end she repaired to Rathfarnham, near Dublin, where she was received on the 15th. of October, in the year 1845, into the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by the Reverend Mother Teresa Ball, herself a distinguished and holy woman. This Community had had a quasi-historic and romantic origin. Hunted by the fanatical oppression of Charles I.'s reign, a number of wealthy Catholic families left their homes and retreated to the continent for a shelter from their prosecutors. France and Spain, of course, received many of them, and one party of noble ladies drifted into Munich, where the Bishop and the Duke of Bavaria extended to them a royal welcome. Finding themselves thus happily cared for, the valiant women resolved to organize themselves into a regular community and devote themselves to the education of young persons of their own sex and station, and in this seemingly fortuitous determination the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary had its origin. It was in or about the year 1631.

The Convent at Rathfarnham, whither Miss Dease repaired, was a branch of the old parent house at York, and was opened by Mother Teresa Ball while Ellen Dease was still a child. Mother Teresa Ball was herself of gentle birth and had been educated in the Abbey at York, for there were, at that perturbed and unhappy period of Ireland's history, no such institutions in that persecuted country. Well qualified by her own keen and delicate instructions to gauge the character of the new novice, Mother Teresa Ball received her with marked cordiality, and Miss Dease was admitted, full of fervor and zeal, into the fledgling Abbey. Two years and a half later, in August of 1847, she made her final vows, and two days after her profession, the secret of her royal calling was revealed to her. She was to be a pioneer of Catholic education in the western American colony. What this involved beyond the sorrows of exile from home and friends, and the dreary prospect of long and tedious travel, and the uncertainty generally of the worthy speculation, we here in Canada can fairly estimate. Our virgin soil was rich and arable truly, but without the "quiet workers," who tilled its ruggedness and tended its precious deposits and converted it from a rank jungle into a teeming garden of culture and learning, what should we have to boast of in these days of ours?

Sister Teresa and her companions, five in number, arrived in Toronto on the 16th. of September, 1847, after a dreary voyage of some weeks' duration. It may be assumed that they were greeted with many a furtive glance from the non-Catholic and anti-Catholic bodies in the West, who were much perturbed themselves about that time with a reorganization of the common school system of Upper Canada—the schools in quality and number being far below the exigencies of the period.

It is not possible, in a limited sketch and with records in which their early trials are but hinted at, to faithfully represent the many harrowing experiences which form the epitome of the first years of their probation in Canada. To the serious difficulties of a harsh climate to which they were unused, and the lack of suitable accommodation and appointments generally, were supplemented the toil and fatigue of their colossal efforts, and a cankering loneliness for the motherland, which, in itself, was unutterable pain to endure.

In 1851, Mother Ignatia Hutchinson, the Superior of the little band, succumbed to the repeated hardships, and was succeeded in office by the young Sister Teresa, who was then only in her thirtieth year. From her accession to the helm, however, the progress and prosperity of the Institute in Canada began to date. Gifted with uncommon administrative faculties and adorned with lovable qualities, she easily guided and stimulated her growing Community to achievements that are the glory of her Canadian descendants. Full of humility, the infallible test of the truly great, she could not be other than a quiet worker, but she was a steady one withal, as her immortal labors testify. Unity became strength with these valiant women, they rallied with cheerfulness around their beloved Superior, in whose courage and wisdom they had learned to confide, and in whose sympathy and

maternal solicitude they found solace and shelter ever.

The Abbey—the parent-stock of the Canadian missions being well and securely established, Reverend Mother Teresa began the arduous task of extending its fragile ramifications in various other directions. In the city of Toronto two other houses were erected, and, as the years went on, the rosary-girded nuns spread themselves, always under her guidance, over Belleville, Lindsay, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Guelph, Stratford, into Chicago and Joliet, in the State of Illinois, and Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. When we consider that the main support of the Institute is the training of the higher powers, and developing the finer sensibilities of the daughters of our upper stratum, we can realize the extent of the benefit conferred by the Loretto nuns upon the Canadian people. It is a historic truism that all the sanguinary conflicts of civil strife, and all the harrowing social problems that are the canker-worms of modern civilization, are the inevitable result of power or privilege, of excesses in one form or another, in the upper classes of the nation. And these perversions and distortions are manifestly the fruit of careless or improper training of the youth of the higher ranks. Enlightened, conscientious, charitable individuals make an enlightened, conscientious and charitable people, and if the mothers of our capitalists and magnates generally have been grounded in wholesome Christian attainments, if the wives of our legislators and representatives are great and good women, if the girls who adorn our drawing-rooms are panoplied with the principles of such knowledge, and embellished with the fruits of such culture as cannot impair their moral vigor, the trend of our national mind and social and intellectual character must inevitably be towards the good and the beautiful. And this is the aim and endeavor of Reverend Mother Teresa's noble Community; to make of those who have been set up by the power of circumstances, where all men may see them—the poor to scrutinize, and the less humble to imitate—exemplars of Christian wisdom and modesty, depositaries of all those gifts and graces, which make the woman loved and honored in her home. When we consider that, since the advent of Reverend Mother Teresa into Canada up to the present moment, something not far away from fifteen or twenty thousand girls have passed through the collective institutions, and been subsequently launched into all sorts and conditions of life, we can pretty fairly estimate how much the Institute has had to do with the maintenance of the social and moral equilibrium of the country.

To Reverend Mother Teresa it was given to see what only the privileged laborers in any vineyard live long enough to realize—the season of rich and plentiful harvest which is the tardy consummation of the tillage and care of years. It was a temporal reward well merited by a stern probation meekly and bravely borne. She lived to see her noviceship filled again and again with zealous and able recruits, and the fair daughters of two nations flock to her schools. And, what was very dear and sweet to her, with the memory of those early hardships ever present in her mind to see her beloved Community fixed and happy at last, and united in spirit, sentiment and labor.

How truly the author of *Sesame and Lilies* wrote when he said that, "in periods of new effort and violent change disappointment is a wholesome medicine, and that in the secret of it, as in the twilight beloved by Titian, we may see the colors of things with deeper truth than in the most dazzling sunlight." To her the unique privilege was accorded of experiencing much of both, and the gloom of the cheerless twilight must surely have made the afterglow brighter and more beautiful than it could ever have been without so vivid a contrast. But in the noontide of her glory the shadow of the death-angel fell like a passing eclipse. What more could she do for her vineyard than she had already accomplished? Was it not time she went to render the account of her stewardship, when the first field of grain was garnered and the aftermath was already peeping through the fruitful soil? So death came to her at the close of her busy day—the Reaper of Reapers! The great Accountant! Stern Intermediary between Mortality and Immortality! And it came, as it often does to the innocent and sinless, with the anguish of physical pain,—with the ruthless cruelty of protracted suffering. For many months she bore its slow-working blight upon her enfeebled body, nor murmured at the torture it inflicted. A life of bodily penance, of hardship and toil and fasting and prayer, reduces the agonies of the final dissolution to a minimum. When one has given

three score years to poverty and suffering, to the daily, hourly, momentary abandonment of one's own tastes and will and wish, to the taming of rebellious senses, to wrestling fiercely, unremittingly with the other law that is in our members, and that resists unto the last the regulating processes of prayer and mortification; when one has hungered and thirsted in sight of the tempting fleshpots and passed them by; when one was weary and oppresed within reach of the wayside inn of relaxation, and spurred the drooping courage on, —when one has borne the brunt of all these battles in patient hope, death's conquest over the already conquered flesh is an inglorious one indeed. It was on the first day of July, 1889, that the Mayflower of Meath closed its weary petals and drooped—to bloom on earth no more, but its imperishable fragrance lingers within and about the Abbey, where for so long it had unconsciously diffused itself in life. It is a part now of the flowing habit and ample rosary of the Daughter of the Institute of Mary wherever she abides in this America of ours.

An experienced writer has said that "the best women are necessarily the most difficult to know," and this is perhaps the best explanation of the meagreness of detail which marks the story of this immortal woman's career. She spoke little of herself, but her works sing her praises everlastingly. Her decade of noble structures, each bead a Temple of the Holy Family, a living psalmody of sustained Hail Marys, a nucleus of endless jubilees in honor of our Lady of Loretto, whose unrivalled servitor she was, and her spirit the taut links which bind them indissolubly together. This was the rosary with which her soul was girt when it went out to judgment and to its unnamable reward—the insignia of her Institute worked out with her own slender hands into a tribute of unending glory to God, and a pledge of happy security against the ravages of unholy ignorance and unholy knowledge to the daughters of men—His creatures!

To come back at the close of this imperfect sketch to what we quoted at the beginning, about the true duty of a woman to the State: can we find a more perfect interpretation of the responsibilities of the citizen anywhere than in this energetic Community, which Reverend Mother Teresa Dease implanted in our soil? Does anyone outstrip them in assisting in the ordering and the comforting and the adornment of the State? Not only do they do all this themselves, but their chosen function is to equip others for a similar office. The State, then, is manifestly their debtor and owes them the homage of its gratitude. Besides this, the Institute of Mary has a special value that is incalculable to those who have experience of it. Kindly and sweet and pleasant towards all who come in their way, they make a virtue of hospitality and courtesy, and endear themselves by many a subtle care for the physical and spiritual needs of worldlings to hearts that have grown callous to the influence of colder sanctity. And then the broad, sunny spirituality of their lives is a thing to marvel at in these gloomy, contemplative times of ours. Their souls are trained to magnify the Lord and their spirits to rejoice in God their Saviour, and if anything is going to save our cynical, pessimistic century, it is this happy, bounding, exhilarating creed. Viewed in these varied aspects of unquestionable adornment of, and usefulness to, the State, of faithful co-operation in the best and highest efforts of the Church, of delicate conformableness to the simple conventions of the social life, Reverend Mother Teresa's Community is an Institution well worthy of the nation's homage. Let Canada not forget when she reckons up the number of her public benefactors, to write in rubric characters the lustrous and immortal name of Reverend Mother Teresa Dease, whose colossal labors in the important sphere of female culture and instruction are the glory of our western province to-day.

K. M. B.

Do we ever need a reminder, in our hurried lives, of the grace that lies in the kindly spoken word? It may be as we pass a friend in a crowded shop, or nod to her as we hasten by her door on our morning walk, that we utter the gentle greeting, leave behind us the flash of the happy smile, and brighten a day that was perhaps overcast. Kindness costs little. Why should we not be lavish of it in a world where nobody stands alone, and where rich and poor, sad and glad, lofty and lowly, are bound in one bundle?

Honors Obtained by the Pupils of Loretto Abbey at the Toronto University of Music Examinations.

First Class Honors—Florence Smith, Eva Almas.

Second Class Honors—Olive Lynn, Leona Millar.

First Class Honors, Junior Department—Florence Phelan, Elizabeth McWilliams, Helena Tevlin, Edna McCreary.

Third Year Piano, College of Music—Gladys Moore.

Vocal Intermediate Course, Conservatory of Music—Honors, May Wolfe. Pass, Harriet Upper.

Junior Department—Pass, Leona Millar.

Primary Department—Pass, Norine Baker.

Reminiscences of Ancaster.

ON the old Mohawk Road first travelled by Captain Brant and his Indians, between Hamilton and Brantford, later known as the "plank" and now as the "stone" road, seven miles west of Hamilton is the beautiful, worthy old village of Ancaster. There is a charm about its pleasing situation to-day, which appeals even to strangers with peculiar forcefulness. The spirit of the past, something not seen but felt, lingers here and makes us feel that we are treading upon sacred ground.

A hundred years ago, when Hamilton was comparatively but a hunting-ground, and even Dundas was in its infancy, Ancaster was a place of importance.

Another name for the town might have been "Matthew Crooks"; for that very able business man and estimable citizen was the beginning, middle and end, body and soul, of Ancaster! Mr. Crooks built and operated a grist mill, a saw mill, a brewery, a distillery, a grocery, a hardware, and a dry-goods store.

When Matthew Crooks was laying the foundations of Ancaster, his brother, Ramsay Crooks, was in the fur trade in New York, the *alter ego* of John Jacob Astor of the Northwest Fur Company.

Another brother was the Hon. James Crooks of Flamboro, father of Hon. Adam Crooks, Minister of Education.

The Crooks family was of Scottish extraction; therefore, it is not hard to understand why Matthew Crooks preferred to press into his service likely young men emigrating from the land of the thistle. One of these, John Cameron, a mere lad, swept floors and made himself generally useful until under the fostering care of his benefactor he rose to be bookkeeper, married, and named his first son "Matthew Crooks"; the latter is known to Canadians as Matthew Crooks Cameron, the late Chief Justice.

In his choice of a wife, Matthew Crooks evinced cosmopolitan sympathies; for he chose a lady of Irish descent, "Peggy" Butler, daughter of Andrew Butler of Niagara, and granddaughter of Colonel John Butler of His Majesty's loyal American Regiment of Butler's Rangers.

Out of old St. Mark's Church, Niagara, in which a monument records her family's services to the Crown, there never stepped a more charming bride than Margaret Butler Crooks. To the beauty, grace, ease and dignity which we would call queenly, she added the sweetness and simplicity of a child. To her, personally, seemed bequeathed all the fancied distinctions of her royal ancestress, the daughter of Edward III., who married the "reigning" Butler of Ireland; for Margaret Butler was descended from the Butler Earls of Carrick and Ossory, Marquises of Ormonde. To her day, any member of her branch of the family was *persona grata* at Kilkenny Castle, Ireland, the ancient stronghold and home of the Butlers.

The only portrait of her is a life-size painting in oils by a Montreal artist. From the lips of her sister-in-law, the late Augusta Cockrell Butler, I have frequently had the assurance, "No painter could flatter Mrs. Crooks."!

Proud, indeed, was Matthew Crooks of the beautiful bride he brought to Ancaster, whom he always tenderly addressed as wife, and who in return reverently responded "Mr. Crooks."

Margaret Butler's grandfather, the old colonel, like other Britons of wealth and importance in those days, possessed slaves. In his will, the original of which I have had in my hands and read, he bequeaths to her father "the negro woman known as 'Black Sal' and the negro man known as 'Pompey'." Those slaves were freed by the



Reception Room, Loretto Abbey.

law of the land before Mrs. Crooks's marriage; but her household servants at Ancaster were blacks; and at dinner a darkey servant took his stand behind her chair, and another behind that of Mr. Crooks.

As might be expected, Mrs. Crooks was a leader in society, and the "belle" upon all occasions. Balls and dinner parties were frequently given at the hospitable Crooks residence, when the majority of the guests were government officers with their sisters, wives and daughters, from Niagara and York (Toronto).

Of all the grace and loveliness of that ballroom, there now remain but a pair of Margaret Butler's little white satin, high-heeled slippers, that danced away many a happy hour; and two, placed-aside, tarnishing candelabra, which from amid bric-à-brac and gloom, tell of the light and cheer they once flung over that gay, festive board!

Mrs. Crooks was an adept in the lost art of carving; after outrivalling all the ladies in the dance, she could, at supper, out-carve any gentleman present. Tradition says, without removing or soiling her white kid gloves, she could place her fork in a turkey and never remove it until the whole skeleton was laid bare.

Petty jealousy was unknown to that lovely woman. At a grand ball, given in 1827, when Mrs. Crooks was twenty-seven, she sought out her sister-in-law, Augusta Cockrell,—the shy, pretty, sixteen-year-old bride of Thomas Butler—to whisper, "Augusta, you are declared the belle of the ball!"

Mrs. Crooks was a skilled horsewoman; her graceful figure in the saddle, and her driving of her fleet black ponies, in their silver-mounted harness, were familiar sights to Ancaster residents.

Time is ever on the wing; and life is many-sided.

To Matthew and Margaret Crooks were born seven sons and six daughters.

In those days, the ladies' schools most patronized by Upper Canada people were "Miss Rose's Ladies' School," Cobourg, and a seminary at Rochester, N. Y. Mrs. Crooks gave her patronage to the latter principally.

Upon one occasion the matrons of Ancaster who had daughters under Miss Rose's tuition, accompanied by some others, took a trip to Cobourg on horseback. Of the party were Mrs. Crooks, Mrs. Cockrell, wife of Judge Cockrell; and Mrs. Tiffany, wife of Lawyer Tiffany. When, after an enjoyable and eventful journey, they reached Cobourg, none could have remained longer in the saddle except Mrs. Cockrell, who anticipated the fatigues of a long journey on horseback by donning woolen wear.

The most popular young man in Ancaster for many a day was Fred Tiffany, son of the lawyer. At all gatherings he was the most helpful and jolly; and a slight cast in one eye only added to his merry, roguish expression. Fred went upon one adventure from which he failed to return in merry mood.

In those days, mere money was not the open sesame to society that it is now.

A ball was given by an uncultured but wealthy family of Ancaster, the invitations to which the ladies of Fred's set declined. Fred could not deny himself the pleasure; so, as the Tiffanys lived a mile or more from the village, he quietly stole from the stable of Dr. Tiffany, his uncle, a very valuable young horse, mounted him, rode into Ancaster to the house of entertainment, tied his horse to the picket fence and joined the revellers. The fun had reached its height when the horse, becoming frightened by the noise, in breaking away reared and fell upon a picket which pierced its heart. Fred returned home on foot, a sadder —and a wiser—man, to render account to his uncle!

Tiffanys' Falls—and Tiffany Street, Hamilton, commemorate this departed family; Crooks Street, Hamilton, is equally eloquent.

About seventy-five years ago, a retired sugar planter, Henry Peter Simmons, from Barbadoes, West Indies, struck by the beauty of Ancaster, brought an army of black servants and settled there for a number of years. He and Matthew Crooks became bosom friends. The next, the sixth, son born to Mr. Crooks, was named "Henry Peter Simmons," who was immediately presented by his godfather with a village lot at Ancaster, and placed in line in Mr. Simmons' will as joint heir to landed estate in Barbadoes.

But the star of fortune wanes; foreseeing the certainty of this, Matthew Crooks, whose elder sons were trained in colleges, put his younger sons in workshops and gave them trades.

The old glory has departed; all that tells of the planter prince, Henry Peter Simmons, his

liveried servants, and splendid turnouts, is in the sign "H. P. S. Crooks," which appears in white letters on a black boot, before a shop on Colborne Street, Brantford. But when the original of the sign steps out in his holiday attire, not the Barbadoes planter, not even Edward III., could boast a more princely appearance. Blood always tells, in one way or another. This son of Matthew Crooks has a luxurious home; his table is as well spread as that of his childhood home; and he is, personally, as well cared for as any of his forbears ever were.

Margaret Butler Crooks died at the age of seventy-five, at the home of her daughter, the late Mrs. John A. Masterson of Toronto. I remember her as a tall, straight old lady of pale and tranquil face, and of quiet and gentle manner, from whose lips never fell murmur or complaint.

On last Empire Day, in company with Mr. Crooks, the namesake of the Barbadoes planter, I made a reminiscent trip to Ancaster.

The day was hot, and as we weariedly walked the streets through which my escort's mother had once driven her ponies, I fear we wished the old glory, the gold and the glitter, back again!

But the Ancaster people, as ever, were most kind. Although it was a holiday, public offices as well as private homes contributed to our benefit.

Mr. Kenrick, barrister, kindly opened his office to place Ancaster records at our disposal.

We called upon Mr. William Lodor, a prominent citizen, an octogenarian, and life-long resident of the village. He and Mrs. Lodor gave us a most cordial welcome to their fine, well-preserved, and impressive old residence. It is the only house remaining that is monumental of "old colonial" days. The woodwork of the interior, hand-carved, enduring and beautiful as ever, resembles solid, sculptured marble. From her portrait on the wall—a life-size oil painting—Mr. Lodor's pretty, ever-young mother, smiles upon her aged son.

At Mrs. William Barr's we found portraits of her relatives, the Rousseaus, another old Ancaster family.

The long-gone Fred Tiffany was recalled not only by passing and repassing the residence to the fence of which he had picketed his horse, but by the good-natured attentions of "Tommy" Farmer, who, although in demand everywhere, cheerfully assisted us in looking up information. When we would pause to remark upon the intensity of the weather, Tommy would rush away for a few minutes to practise a song or other solo, in preparation for the evening entertainment. By the way, Tommy's uncle, another Mr. Farmer, insisted upon placing his carriage at our disposal, for which we were finally most thankful.

We wandered into St. John's Church during the afternoon service. I knew that through the open windows the sweet and soothing music reached the graves of Judge Richard Cockrell and Mary Stewart, his wife,—*my* dead.

In the Presbyterian churchyard we found the graves of Matthew and Margaret Butler Crooks. Beside them lies their eldest daughter, Catalina, who died in her teens, and the only one of the daughters who inherited all her mother's beauty.

There they lie in a small corner of the great double lot, purchased—ah, how pathetic the thought!—as a last, long home, for the seven sons and six daughters, not one of whom but the long-regretted little Catalina will ever be gathered to their side!

As we lingeringly turned away, our reflections were sweetened by the caretaker's mentioning that a son of Matthew Crooks Cameron had a short time before visited the cemetery and inquired for the grave of Matthew Crooks. Truly, "Kindness begets kindness and love begets love."

Looking back upon enchanting Ancaster, I should have been inclined to fancy that in the past and the present, life there, as not elsewhere, meant and means—peace; but that I recall a note-book on mathematics, in exquisite penmanship, by Adrian Marlet, surveyor, on the fly-leaf of which he wrote:

"Our passions play the tyrants in our hearts. Ancaster, 1801."

IDRIS.

The circumstances of our life are not unmeaning, but infinitely otherwise; but this we very often do not see for want of vision. High as heaven and wide as the earth is the atmosphere of holy opportunity in which our souls have their being. Is it not felt? Then it is only because it is not wished. Not every hour, nor every day, perhaps, can generous wishes ripen into kind actions; but there is not a moment that cannot be freighted with prayer.

Apologia.

How can I, Rainbow dear, "forget
  My promised contribution?"
Though columns like your own can ne'er
  Complain of destitution.

Indeed, not many years ago
  (Mayhap you ne'er suspected)
Beneath your gayly-colored arch
  My genius was detected.

How I shall qualify this world,
  So heedless of true glory,
As to neglect to recognize!
  —But that's another story.

* * * * *

Well, then, my desk, these many days,
  Is strewn with books from Loredom.
(I'd make a list of them, if you
  Could undergo the boredom.)

You see, I try to make quite sure
  That none among the Sages
Have said the same things I shall say,
  'Way back to Middle Ages.

Hence all my time, and all my mind
  Are wholly given over
To seeking out untrodden fields
  Of literary clover.

Alas! I find, what Shakespeare lacks
  John Milton has it down.
And so on, through, till chance grows small
  For those who seek renown.

However, hope springs up anew,
  And totally eclipses
My blank despair, when Browning makes
  His numberless ellipses.

If I have time, 'tis very sure,
  I soon shall reach conclusions
Of untold value to us both,
  Discovering illusions

In all great writers' poetry,
  Philosophy and logic,
Until they'll have to own defeat
  No matter how they dodge it.

* * * * *

Alas! Alas! how shall I tell
  What ends this meditation?
Whose card declares that "printing time
  Is nearing expiration?"

* * * * *

No matter now, for far away
  Flies Epic, Lyric, Sonnet,
Before a drop of Stafford's ink
  Has been expended on it.

All's lost! and yet one end is reached
  Albeit by indirection;
Originality's secured,
  And nothing needs correction.

I shouldn't wonder either, if
  The things I've left unsaid
Bear more unquestioned witness
  To the laurels on my head.

Then, ere you chide me, Rainbow dear,
  Above all ere you worry,
Remember that some people's pens
  Are paralysed by hurry.

WELLESLEY, 1906.

There was no feature more remarkable in the character of Timour, the great Asiatic conqueror —commonly known by the name of Tamerlane— than his extraordinary perseverance. No difficulties ever led him to recede from what he had once undertaken; and he often persisted in his efforts under circumstances which led all around him to despair. On such occasions he used to relate to his friends an anecdote of his early life. "I once," he said, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I was compelled to sit alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top. This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson."

Unshattered Ideals.

IT WAS only a little girl of eight,—and she, a grown-up young lady. Her sunny hair and great soft hazel eyes, I remember well. People said she was beautiful; to me she was more than beauty could make her,—an angel.

No, not from any story book does she step out, nor as "a parlor poser of dainty fan" does the sweet picture hang on the walls of memory now. There were books and slates, desks and blackboards, and many little trouble urchins, all very real and living, like myself,—and she our dear, sweet pilot in those dimming days of cross-roads, was—our teacher. Our teacher!—all that was grand and good, wise and beautiful,—all that was our conception of the infinite in beautiful things, she was.

There is a story told of an old Scottish Colonel, who had returned home after many brave battles on foreign plains. One day, passing by the old village graveyard, he stopped before a little faded tomb. He moved the clinging vine away, read, and trembled. The iron heart of the old veteran who had faced the bullet and the foe for years, literally trembled. For an instant he was a boy again and the dust beneath that old faded monument was the giant flogging pedagogue of his boyhood. The stern old village schoolmaster whose very name was the shibboleth for terror in those far-off days, seemed to rise again and assume the peculiar prerogative of inspiring fear.

The principle works widely. There are many little happenings that turn the heart back again to cradle-days and the friends of a dear old sylvan home. Music, particularly sweet music, always brings the memory of her of whom I write back to me. Some way, her dear, charming ways are conjured up and seem "a piece" with it. And when the pathos of a book dims my eyes, something of her tender, protecting spirit seems near. I cannot see or clasp it, but the mighty force of her long, lasting influence I can feel.

It was during these years a stranger came to our house. He was gay and handsome, and to us children, truly came he "Silver-sailed all out of the West." He had finished college, the seniors said. However, I do not remember anything of his Helicon air. Indeed, these were the days when Parnassus itself must find its highest realization in a mountain of candy. Sweet days of childhood!—sacred now for your stores of innocence, trust and truth, sacred for your happy memories that the world has not effaced; sacred in a hundred ways, even for the memory of that guest that has not passed away.

You have guessed it by this. Yes, but it was not their first meeting; they had been at school together, and, in every way, were excellently prepared for one another, bright, beautiful and good. Heaven smiled upon them and our teacher's dear guiding hand withdrew itself from ours to place its blessedness in his. Far away in the West they made their home, and I have never seen her since. A longing and sadness sometimes fall upon me for the touch of the dear old time again, but it has passed irrevocably, and no force can bring back the tender grace of that dead day.

Sometimes I wonder how things are now under those "other stars," but fond memory to me is a singularly progressive thing and pictures the ideal of my little girlhood growing more beautiful in the halo of age. And my daily prayer goes up, that my highest wish for her may find an utter fulfilment, that heaven may environ her path with peace and joy, and the sunshine of God's great love.

No, I never dream of being disillusionized. Should the bitter end bring this ideal crashing on my shoulders,—well, I should accept it as a sorrow. But the case is highly improbable, for we shall in all likelihood meet again only as "Immortals Unbound," "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

She is my earliest ideal, unshattered. But there is a last, and latest, too, unshattered. There needs be no time allowed to hallow his memory. It stands out alone in a setting of wisdom and meekness, gentleness and greatness,—"a man after God's own heart."

Childhood is ripe with ideals. I have often wondered over the fatality that transforms the mendicant into princeship for an appreciative remark on a toy gun; or installs Grandpa Grayhead among the kings because his rheumatism renders him a delightful companion in a juvenile race. But these days are no more. The things of the child have been put away, and you will agree with me, in maturer years there is more crashing than creating of ideals. There are so many demands now to be satisfied and experience

is so full of cold-water-throwing. Yet, were the requisites increased in number a hundredfold, and magnified in difficulty a hundredfold, still would the dear fair memory of the great apostle-heart of this last, and latest, unshattered ideal meet them all.

I shall remember forever the day I first listened to him. Since I have heard many, but no one has ever spoken as he spoke. There seemed a strange fascination about the expression of his face as he discoursed on the Passion of Christ. A kind of transfiguration, it might be named, and as he became forgetful and absorbed in the great Christ tragedy, the inexpressible beauty of his countenance fell upon your soul like a powerful distraction. You wondered where you had seen and known that face before, for you had indeed seen it, if you had ever looked on Hoffmann's boy face of Christ. The resemblance was a singular and happy one, and though it blurred your eyes, it was "a joy that sought to hide itself in drops of sorrow." "We grow like those we love," the philosopher tells us. His love for Christ literally went out from him. And from his words, a miracle of realism, a sun of light, and gentleness, and strength fell down upon you. Truly no man ever spoke as he spoke.

Often in the car or in the street when the worldly face fronts me, I think of his, immaculate and spiritual, and I bow my head in worship, undertoning always,—"what will heaven be like?—that prepared place for prepared people, what will it be like?" All of this we may not know here, yet surely, we do know something of its truth, of its peace, of its grandeur, in listening to one so inspired. I never felt quite sure what might happen if he passed by, and if someone reached for the hem of his garment, I know it would greatly distress the meek spirit of such as he. May God keep him ever what he is in the memory of a hero-worshipper.

"And so I will have them remain until I come."

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

There's Just One Today!

Millions of yesterdays old Time enfolds;
Countless to-morrows eternity holds.
These never come—those are done with for aye;
Both are so many—there's just one To-day!

C. L.

The Visit of the Empress Eugénie to the Emperor Francis Joseph at the Imperial Villa at Ischl.

ON the fifth of May, the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph wrote to the Empress Eugénie to congratulate her on her eightieth birthday. In affecting words, he reminded Her Majesty that both the writer and the recipient of the missive had, in the short space of time still allotted them, to mourn the loss of an only and beloved son, that one had had to bear the loss of her husband, and the other, that of an adored consort. To his congratulations the Emperor added warm words of comfort. In reply, the Empress Eugénie inquired whether a visit from her, during the month of July, would be agreeable to His Majesty. Her heart, she said, yearned to thank the Emperor personally for all the proofs of sympathy he had shown her in the course of troubled days. In answer to this pathetic note, the Empress received immediately a cordial invitation to Ischl.

The meeting which took place in the summer capital of the Austrian Alps might well suggest a footnote of penetrating significance to the future historian of our time. The fate of dynasties, the sorrows which may overwhelm the great, "the splendors and miseries" marking the extreme vicissitudes of human destiny in what superficial observers have thought to be the most prosaic, because most modern, of epochs—all these familiar subjects of moral reflection and dramatic portraiture are associated with the Empress Eugénie's visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph. Although acquainted since those decades of the nineteenth century when each reigned in youth in one of what were then the brilliant rival capitals of the Continent, these illustrious and venerable personages have rarely met. They have, however, long been connected in friendship and sympathy by a strange correspondence of misfortune, and by an equally devout and impassioned belief in the consolation of religion. Each has been forced to drink the cup of affliction to the dregs, and the personal power of each in a former generation exerted a deep influence upon the political disasters, and, to a certain extent, upon the private sorrows, of the other. The ex-Empress of the French might seem, indeed, at first sight, to

have endured a more tragic experience, since the crown conferred upon her in a wonderful hour of fortune, was forfeited before her happiness as a wife and mother was eclipsed. Yet it may well be questioned whether the aged Sovereign who still holds active and personal rule over an infinitely distracted dominion, and would long ago have abdicated had public duty permitted, does not envy his gracious visitor that peace of retirement and resignation in which the memory of her griefs has long been borne. The meeting at Ischl recalls many of the greatest and the saddest episodes in the resounding march of half a century of European history. No scene could frame the event more picturesquely. Ischl, a green cup in the hills, where pine-shaded torrents mingle their cascades and flow towards the lake of the Salzkammergut, threaded like interchanging emerald and turquoise through the not distant valleys, is in many ways the idyllic image of the Valley of Avalon. The place has long been the favorite summer resort of the Emperor-King, who is seventy-six years old, and, if spared a few years longer upon the throne, will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his reign.

Francis Joseph and Eugénie are a part of all that they have known, and their personal reminiscences, more than those of any of their contemporaries, are woven for all time into the very texture of the European narrative. In 1848, the year of revolutions, when every throne upon the Continent had rocked or crashed like a forest oak in a tempest, Francis Joseph, by the abdication of his predecessor, became an emperor at eighteen. A few months previously, the old State system abroad, in spite of the first Napoleon's shattering and still recent career, presented a semi-mediæval aspect we can scarcely now conceive. Louis Philippe, the courageous gentilhomme of Sovereigns, yet reigned in France upon a throne increasingly insecure. Wits like Henri Murger, the novelist of Bohemia, drew up bulletins, giving the hour of the clock, the state of the weather, and reported the continued existence of the dynasty. Neither united Germany nor united Italy, as we now know them, had yet appeared upon the map. Austria was still the leading German Power, and when the Emperor Francis Joseph ascended the throne, in 1848, his political influence was predominant northwards to the Rhine, and his dominions, including the fairest provinces of the Italian Peninsula, from Milan to Venice, stretched southwards across the Alps to the Adriatic. Meanwhile, the year of revolutions had struck down the Orleanist dynasty in Paris, and had exercised upon other dynasties an influence romantic enough to reduce the invention of novelists to insignificance—though it was a time when Alexandre Dumas himself was still writing. Louis Napoleon, the conspirator with the tame eagle, suddenly soared "with the pride and ample pinion that the Theban eagle bare." He had overthrown the Second Republic, had revived the Napoleonic legend, restored the Napoleonic throne, and made himself Emperor of the French by a *coup d'état* more amazing than Cromwell's or Bonaparte's, or any seizure of the purple known since the holders of Roman sovereignty rose and fell at the will of the Pretorian cohorts, and Didius Julianus stood at the foot of the ramparts, making auctioneering bids for the seat of the Cæsars. Soon the spell extended to a third life, born remote from courts, but drawn into the great orbit of European events in a way that an earlier age would have attributed to witchcraft. Mademoiselle de Montijo, the daughter of a Spanish nobleman—by no means counting at that time among grandees at the Court of Madrid—but largely of Scottish blood, had been educated, like so many Catholic girls of good family, in a convent in Paris. Napoleon III. saw her at a ball, given in the Elysée. Struck from the outset by the shining beauty of his future consort, he was fascinated more and more by her horsemanship, her grace, her courage and spirit. The dazzling elevation followed, and Mademoiselle de Montijo became Empress of the French, but not until Napoleon, in one of the finest episodes of his life, had explained to her, frankly and gravely, that the foundations of his throne might disappear at any moment, and that she might one day have to join him as a fugitive, or to see him killed at her side. The year of revolutions had been the decisive influence upon the fate of a reigning Emperor and an Empress discrowned, who recently met at Ischl, more than half a century after, when a whole age of history seemed to have disappeared with their youth.

Far apart as had been the beginning of their lives, their destinies thenceforward were strangely commingled in public affairs, and shadowed

in private life by an almost mysterious correspondence of calamity. The Empress Eugénie was the daring partner in her husband's plans, bringing to his counsels a spirit as high, adventurous, and religious as that of Mary Stuart. In the war of 1859, the arms of Austria were struck down in Lombardy, and French troops marched back from Magenta and Solferino—the last European field on which the Tricolour was to triumph, through the generations that have since elapsed—amidst the delirious enthusiasm of Paris. Thus, by the first great misfortune of Francis Joseph's career, the most splendid and wealthy Italian provinces began to be torn from his house. From that moment the clouds thickened upon Vienna, while for a long time the star of Paris seemed to shine in the ascendant. More cordial relations were restored between the Hapsburg Court and that of the Second Empire, but they were as fatal as the old to Francis Joseph's dynasty. His brother, Maximilian, was persuaded by Napoleon III. to attempt an adventure in the age of steam worthy of the age of Montezuma, and the Archduke was shot by the leader of the revolt against the attempt to establish a Transatlantic hereditary Empire in Mexico. This stroke of personal sorrow was but a foreshadowing of destiny. More than a generation afterwards, another Archduke of the House of Hapsburg met a strange fate in the American hemisphere—renounced his titles, took command of a sailing vessel under the name of Johann Orth, and disappeared forever. But before and afterwards fell more terrible blows. The suicide of an only son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, followed the execution of a brother, and the Empress Elizabeth herself perished as the victim of the most ruthless political assassination in the history of modern times. Meanwhile, the genius of tragedy had passed, as if more vengeful for delay, from the Danube to the Seine. The French Emperor stood irresolute, while Austria was crushed at Sadowa, thrust out of the German system, and deprived of her remaining Italian possessions. Francis Joseph abstained equally from intervention when Moltke's armies were launched towards Metz and Sedan, and the Napoleonic dynasty was doomed. The Empress Eugénie saw fulfilled the bitter chance, which before her marriage, she had been bidden to contemplate. She saw her husband die an exile upon English soil, and her only son perish in South Africa; and yet could Fate have offered the alternative to the Emperor Francis Joseph, duty leaving him free to follow the human dictates of his heart, he would probably have chosen to lose his crown rather than endure, as father, husband, brother, the supreme strokes of misfortune, under circumstances of cruel and lacerating sorrow, which even the Empress Eugénie was spared. D. C.

Sowing—Reaping.

I sowed in joy in the springtime
Of my life when all was fair,
When the earth gave smiling promise
Of a harvest rich and rare.

They were seeds of high ideals
I scattered with lavish hand,
Over soil that seemed so fertile
In a most enchanting land.

With my mind absorbed in sowing,
And aglow with love, my heart,
My very soul athrill with hope,
I watched the bright days depart.

The springtide changed to summer,
But alas! my hopes were vain,
For tho' blossoms came they withered,
And my joy was turned to pain.

With my mind a prey to sorrow,
And my heart oppressing me,
Naught I found for harvest gleaning
Of my first expectancy.

I reaped in tears in the autumn
Of my life when all was drear.
But a ray of hope beamed softly
With its power to charm and cheer.

It spoke to my heart so gently
In an accent sweet and low:
"Take courage, poor, tried spirit,
There are other seeds to sow!"

E. G. O

"By the Fireside"

ONE of the most soul-stirring of Browning's meditative poems is "By the Fireside." The epitome of his own life, it offers for our consideration a depth of feeling, a fund of sentiment, a wealth of thought on the most vital questions, crowned by the exquisitely delicate portrayal of the sacredness of love. It is a strange medley of tenses—a looking forward—a vivid present—a looking backward—all connected by such potent interweavings of the loveliest reflections, that the earnest reader is apt to forget the author and his moralizing and take wonderful introspective flights of his own. The looking forward is to life's November, when the poet will be found "By the Fireside"—the scene, imaginative or real, of all our autumn reveries. He is ready to follow wherever he is led, and what more natural than a retrospect of the dear story of his life. Not that all the incidents coincide with Browning's career—the poet is in fancy's realm and enjoys whatever latitude he wishes. We are suddenly brought to a forcible present by the imperative words: "Look at the ruined chapel again!" and then all the minutiæ of the scene are before us. We are "in the heart of things" in a moment. "The woods are around us, heaped and dim"—the spring, the lake, the rock, the path, the yellow mountain flowers, the chestnuts,—"for the drop of the woodland fruit's begun these early November hours"—the crimson creeper, the rose-flesh mushrooms, and finally the bridge leading to the chapel—all are before us in impressive vividness. The poet's companion is now "his perfect wife—his Leonor," and one little stanza convinces us that this scene has an occult as well as a visible signification:

"My own, confirm me! If I tread
This path back, is it not in pride
To think how little I dreamed it led
To an age so blest that by its side
Youth seems the waste instead?"

This was his life-path then, with her beside him who fully answered his earnest appeal: "See and make me see, for your part, new depths of the divine!" What would the world be if this were only the moving principle of hearts loving and loved! It would be the deathblow to sensuality, to sordidness, to self-seeking, and the stimulus to the sanctification of our every deed. But the quest is mainly for new depths of merely human love, new depths of pleasure, ambition, gratification and the seekers go hand in hand for this, looking askance at those who are aiming higher.

The poet follows in his keen imagination and describes in detail every step they took. Such episodes are not forgotten. How graphically we can picture, years later, all that concerns an impressive scene!

They walked side by side, crossed the crumbling bridge, looked thro' the chapel's grated window, saw the ravages of time that left the altar bare, then "Took the path again—but wait! Oh, moment one and infinite!" The two stood there while "The lights and shades made up a spell." Then follows that often-quoted stanza with its revelation in every line:

"Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
And life be a proof of this."

Here we leave the poet for a meditative flight of our own. We all have had our taste of the "little more." The word of kindness, of love, of trust, and how much it has! The glance of sympathy, of approbation—the mute assurance of understanding "the compact of the mind," the tactful deed, the mite of comfort dropped into our poor, pleading lives, the mere tender utterance of our names, the graceful attention, the thoughtful act. Oh, how very much these are to every human heart! And the "little less." Alas! it has changed many an expectant blissful hour into one of harrowing sorrow. The hope deferred, the misplaced trust, the indifference where we looked for interest, the coldness where we looked for love, the selfishness where we looked for generosity, the dissimulation where we looked for stability, the hardness where we hoped for tenderness, the reproach where we expected sympathy, the crushing of our aspirations, the prosy realism of what we had idealized, the mediocrity of what we had enshrined in our heart's inner sanctuary. Trifles, compared with life's real trials? Perhaps—but to sensitive natures they are greater "worlds away" than more seemingly poignant griefs. They must be borne in silence, few have sympathy with them, fewer still under-



CHAPEL, LORETTO ABBEY.

stand them, and with weary brain and aching hearts and perturbed minds we try to unravel the mystery of these things. Only the Great Consoler can elucidate the problem; He alone makes us realize that our disappointments arise from the infinite within us, trying to be satisfied with the finite.

The disproportion is too great; it is useless endeavoring to establish an equality. No mortal thing will ever appease the craving of an immortal soul, but the human heart forgets this; so, as long as it beats it must learn its lesson of sorrow and trial from a sad experience.

It were ceaseless speculating to dwell on each comprehensive thought embodied in this stanza; the philosophy of a lifetime is centred in the few lines, illustrating to perfection one of Browning's greatest charms. He utters a casual sentence, leaving you with a psychological problem of sufficient interest to engulf you in the deepest thought. Each one knows well "the sound that quickens content to bliss," or "the breath that suspends the blood's best play," so the reader can revel in the world of his sweetest memories at the mere suggestion, even though the retrospect ends in a sigh and he feels they are "worlds away."

Though this stanza is perhaps the most quoted of any of Browning's, there seems more depth of wisdom and more kind warning in the lines that follow. Here were these two at a turning point in their lives, that sacred, solemn moment of wavering obscurity before the dawn of expressed love. The reverence of the poet is delicately expressed in the words:

"Shake the whole tree in the summer-prime,
But bring to the last leaf no such test!"

. . . . . .

Yet should it unfasten itself and fall,
Eddying down till it find your face
At some slight wind—best chance of all!
Be your heart henceforth its dwelling place
You trembled to forestall!"

What a tactful deference he displays in winning a woman's love, teaching the world a lesson it would be the better for learning. "Shake the whole tree in the summer-prime." Have our pleasures, form our friendships, exchange our confidences, give and take the precious assurances of love, be grateful for the inestimable boon that has come into our lives, but *do not go too far.* It was when Eve plucked the fruit and ate it that sin came into the world. She was not satisfied with admiring its beauty at a distance; it must satisfy her every craving. So many lose all power of self-control when lured on by a siren voice! It would seem that life were not long enough to gratify their desires. They must drain the cup to the very dregs, forgetful of prosperity, oblivious of the charm of reserve, unmindful of the sacredness of reverence. If the gratification of the hour is pampered, what matters all else? With the eating of the apple came the knowledge of evil, with the draining of the cup come the dregs, the fall of the last leaf is upon the tomb of Summer! If eager personalities would but realize this, there would be no threadbare investigations into life's mysteries. Let human characters unfold themselves as gently as the petals of the rose—force these and the flower will soon wither. "Yet should it unfasten itself and fall"; and it will, where there is true sympathy and friendship. The understanding comes, the confidence, the trust, and it should be received with reverence, almost with fear, for it is one of life's most sacred gifts.

Some poet has said: "I would love with a lifetime's love in an hour, if I had but a day!" Would it not be better to be less prodigal on the chances of having more than a day? Is it not better to hold in reserve some portion, so that each hour one might reveal some new charm? Some greater depth? Some more luring power? Yet how few have the wisdom and patience for this! They would have all in one blissful moment and perhaps a lifetime for regrets. They would ruthlessly pluck the last leaf before the sun sets, though its rise may be upon a desolate world.

To the poet, this idyllic hour was one of purest joy, as he tells us very simply: "You filled my empty heart at a word." And he had no apprehensions that their union was "one and one with a shadowy third"—oh, that shadowy third! Assuming at times enough substance and power to give the deathblow to happiness. Coming with the charm of novelty between those who thought separation impossible—triumphing over an easy conquest, leaving the heart to fight its desperate battle alone—and then, all too often,

passing on to other fields of action after irreparable injury. Summer friends, out in the cornfields, and through the rye, and under the old apple tree, and along the beach, and up the mountain, and among the islands—whose smiles, like the sunlight, are winsome while they last, obliterating the memory of the smiles of other days—whose words are music to the willing ear, who follow in our footsteps, making earth a paradise.

Yes! all this in the golden summer hours—but the sunlight fades—will there be the same smile in the dull, cold winter? in the sweep of adversity? Will there be the same music when even the birds seek refuge from the chilling blasts? Will there be the same faithful following down "the long path" of life with all its vicissitudes? Or does "the shadowy third" pass out of memory, and do the estranged "one and one" profit by the lesson a bitter experience has taught? Sometimes. And if hearts ring true, the old love is waiting, the old trust unshaken, the old hope renewed, the old place kept. And what a joyful home-coming that is!—like the wounded soldier, seeking rest by his own fireside, like the storm-tossed mariner, reaching the familiar shore.

The poet ends his meditation watching his beloved one musing by the firelight. "And the whole is well worth thinking o'er when Autumn comes." We finish our reflections on these exquisite stanzas with the hope that our days may be such an unfolding of happiness as to suggest only pleasant reveries by the fireside in life's November. PHOENIX.

From the Court of Madrid.

AFTER the excitement and dramatic happenings of the Royal Wedding, writes a friend—we have been able to settle down in the absence of their Majesties to the even tenor of our ways, and consequently to sort our impressions of the eventful happenings of a few months ago. What impresses us most is that the young Queen is already beginning to make her presence felt. Under the unruffled face and graceful figure, there is, beyond doubt, a strong, determined character and a somewhat striking individuality. In a way, we were prepared for this. Since Princess Ena's name was first mentioned in Spain, everyone in touch with Court life has realized that a woman of singular strength of character has come upon the stage on which the drama of Spanish history is being enacted.

This evidence of firm resolve and independence of character which the girl bride manifested from the first, has been borne out by the part she has played as Queen. Her personal courage alone attests high qualities of nerve and head, astonishing in one of her years and sheltered upbringing. I have no hesitation in saying that immediately after her marriage, the young Queen only escaped death by a hair's breadth. None of the correspondents—possibly, I think, because none of them were on the spot—realized how nearly the dastardly attempt on her life succeeded. It is true that it was known that her wedding-dress was splashed with the blood of one of the wounded horses, but what has escape notice is that only an iron bar, as the wreckage of the carriage showed, prevented a splinter from the bomb from striking her, and thereby stood between her and death. The young King's coolness and courage were superb. We who had known him expected nothing else of him; but the coolness and courage of the young Queen have filled us with admiration. During the first moment of shock she was no doubt unnerved, and almost dazed, but even in these terrible moments, she never broke down or lost her head. On reaching the Palace, she had completely regained her self-possession, and a few hours later, herself insisted on accompanying the King on his drive through the crowded streets.

Since then she has given further proof of her courage by always insisting on accompanying Alfonso on his walks and drives, both in the capital and in the country. They frequently go out almost unattended, like two young people enjoying the isolation of their honeymoon, the world forgetting, by the world forgot. This attitude of trust in the loyalty of the people, and, so to speak, this common-sense view of life—for Alfonso always insists that all Anarchists are lunatics—is sufficiently remarkable in the King of Spain. In the case of a Spanish Queen, it is almost revolutionary. In no other country in Europe has the Queen Consort been more closely hedged in by a Chinese wall of etiquette than in Spain. Time was, and not longer ago than the

days of Isabella the Grand, when no subject was permitted to approach the Queen except on bended knee, and when only those of noble blood were admitted into her presence at all. From the point of view of court etiquette, the Queen was hardly looked upon as a woman, but as an appanage of the Royal state, without a character, will, or inclination of her own. Alfonso XII., brought up in the workshops of Sandhurst and the Boulevards of Paris, was the first to rid himself of the shackles of these mediæval conventions, because they irked him. Maria Christina, the Queen Regent, did even more to free herself from these shibboleths, but, for the greater part of her Regency, she lived necessarily in retirement and seclusion. For a young and beautiful Queen to take her part in the national life of the country, to show the sympathy of a strong and high-spirited nature in all that concerns national prejudices and interests is, to the majority of the Spanish people, a revelation.

At the same time, the young Queen is careful not to offend the prejudices of the Court and the people for the picturesque and time-honored traditions of the Spanish Monarchy. A little incident, which seemed to escape the notice of most observers at the time, is characteristic of this. This was the robing of the bride at the Ministry of Marine, on the day of her marriage. It never seemed to strike people that this was a singular place to choose for the purpose, but is entirely in accordance with part of the very old-world etiquette appertaining to the brides of the Kings of Spain. It was understood at first that the ceremony of robing the Queen for her wedding would be performed at the British Embassy, but that, on the face of it, would have annulled the entire meaning of the ceremony, which insists that a Queen of Spain, or, indeed, any princess of foreign birth chosen for the wife of the heir to the Crown, should publicly, and with stately ceremony, change her clothes from those presumed to have been made in her native land, and take, once and forever, to those of the new country. This is the reason why Princess Ena did not gown herself for her wedding with King Alfonso in the Palace, where she and her mother spent the few days after her arrival from England. It was a public act, as it were, noted by the people of Spain, and appreciated by them as due recognition of the institutions of the country the English Princess was destined to reign over. Hence, too, the public official notification of the wedding-gown itself, as well as of several others for great State occasions directly after the marriage. They were presented by the King himself, and made in Madrid to his orders.

Nothing in her new surroundings delights the Queen more than the Royal stables at the Royal Palace. In these, perhaps, of all his vast private possessions, not even excepting his beloved motor garage, King Alfonso takes the greatest pride and pleasure. His one ambition is to have all things ordered on correct English lines, and his own string of hunters, most of which are Irish, would not discredit the Shires. The Queen takes special interest in her four hunters, bought before their marriage by the King, and which are as fine specimens of horseflesh as anything that has ever crossed a bank in Royal Meath. They are perfectly trained, for the Queen will probably appear on horseback at forthcoming reviews in Spain, as for so many years after her accession did Queen Victoria.

The quaint part of the young Queen's interest in the stables is that, in accordance with strict etiquette, the Queen of Spain ought to take no delight in horses, and since the invention of coaches has never been seen on horseback. Even the grand Isabella, in her most hurried moments, would never have dreamed of travelling except in her coach; and the Queen Mother, though, like all Austrian Archduchesses, a fine horsewoman, very rarely, if ever, rode after her marriage. So, in more ways than one, Queen Victoria has already shown that she has no intention of being fettered by the swaddling bands of mediæval etiquette.

The young Queen has lost no time in lending the pleasing impress of her features to complicate the amateur's collection of postage stamps. The new stamp shows the arms of Spain with the Royal Crown and the portrait of the Queen in relief. These stamps do not appear to take the place of the ordinary stamps of commerce. They were privately designed to aid the funds of a society for the prevention of tuberculosis, consequently, every letter that bears one is really a contribution to a very useful charity.

One does not require the gift of much imagination to realize how the parting of Princess Henry of Battenberg from her only daughter at

La Granja must have wrung the heart of the older woman. For Queen Victoria of Spain there are youth and love, the dazzling excitement of her new position, the feeling that the world lies smiling before her. The griefs of eighteen years are not intense, especially when there are such compensations as King Alfonso's bride enjoys. But for the mother it is different. She realizes, as the girl cannot, that between the Queen of Spain and the Princess of England the gulf is great, and that it must inevitably widen. Etiquette, public and private duties, time, and opportunity are all against mother and daughter seeing much of each other. The life of Queen Victoria's youngest child has been so continually one of sacrifice and service for those nearest to her, one in which duty and discipline have always been the words best understood, while self has had no place; so joyless a life, for the most part, that her last sorrow finds her accustomed and brave.

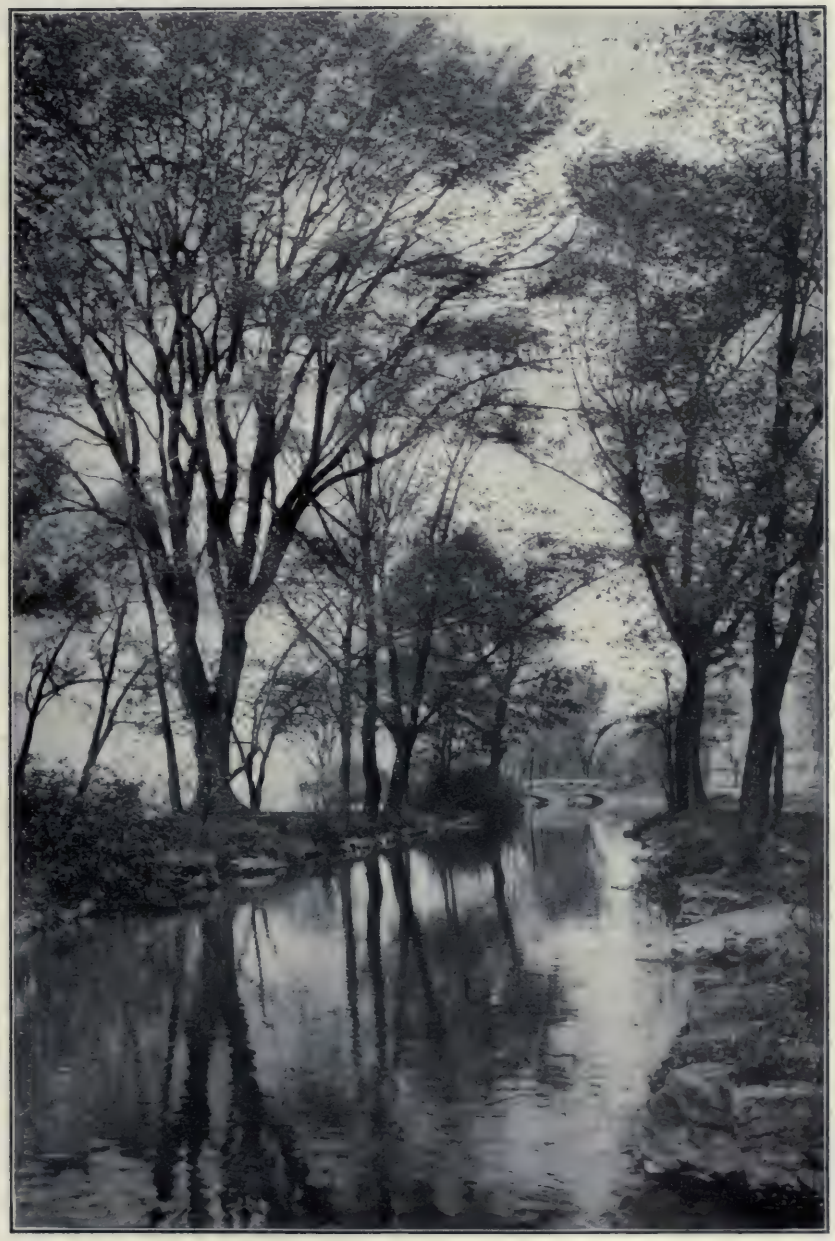
Agreeability.

THERE is an old-fashioned virtue which often strikes us as very little in favor with the good people of our own time, probably because they do not recognize it as a virtue at all; and, indeed, it does its work with such a bright face and easy air that, among the strenuous austere brotherhood of duties and merits, it may well pass for something else—as a mean and worldly conformity, perhaps. In fact, we doubt if anybody gives it its proper rank until he misses and feels the want of it. Even the old writers, who had much more pronounced ideas on the duty of being agreeable than people nowadays, hesitate to place it among the moral virtues. True, it sweetens conversation, encourages the timorous, and "distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages; "yet, because it never makes itself unwelcome, there is doubt whether to call it a virtue simple or only a social virtue—that is a charm, a grace, a performance for the actor's sake. Genuine agreeability, which renders the sacrifice of personal inclination and ease a slight, unthought-of thing when set against the general satisfaction, is surely worthy of considerable estimation even on the score of self-denial.

It is to be tested and distinguished from its counterpart, or counterfeit, politeness, by its universality and disinterestedness. It was said of Sydney Smith—an example of this virtue—that people could never be too obscure for him to put them in good humor with themselves. True agreeability never sleeps where there is anybody to please or to make more comfortable. Politeness, society's method of making things run smooth, is concerned with ranks and degrees; agreeability is a more intimate quality—an impulse to seek points of agreement with others; it is the spirit of welcome, whether to strangers or to new suggestions, untried pleasures, or fresh impressions. It is a belief in the reciprocal services which we, as members of society, can confer on each other—a willingness to confer and to receive; it is toleration, accessibility, and expectation. In fact, it is charity in its social aspect, as concerned with the minor satisfactions and perplexities of life.

Conscience is rarely a sleepless influence. When we see an apparently good person bearish or sullen in company, fault-finding, censorious,—we glide under the spell of so many unworthy habits with so little effort—and his neighbor far below him in this sort of reputation, smoothing over his asperities and making things pleasant in spite of him, it does not do to set down the difference to stricter principle or to temperament. It is simply that conscience and duty are at work in the amiable one, and slumbering in the bear. One is pleasing himself, the other is exerting himself for the well-being and content of others.

People intent on the lasting happiness of others are often culpably inconsistent in their indifference to the happiness of the hour, where this depends on some sacrifice of their own tastes. If happiness is a boon, it ought to be our object to bestow it for short periods as well as for long ones. If it is our duty to make efforts for the good of all in general, it should be our aim to dispense happiness in drops to the ones and twos and threes with whom we come more immediately in contact. And this is the office of agreeability. There are those who can feel for transient uneasinesses, affecting an hour merely, not a lifetime, or an eternity; who are sensitive toward others' disappointments in little things; who are solicitous that expectation shall be fulfilled; that where enjoyment is promised there shall be no failure;



THE OLD RACE.

who are pitiful toward lesser annoyances, and lavish of expedients to meet them. Although agreeability often makes little account of its endeavors, yet this modest virtue demands its sacrifices. The complaisant individual frequently loses in reputation for fastidious taste because he has no choice but to relinquish his credit for exquisite perception rather than put another in an awkward predicament or under a sense of inferiority. The critical spirit is in strong antagonism to agreeability. If you would welcome what is new and untried, you must lull the questioning faculty, and take things for a while on trust. Thus the agreeable temper is apt to make the best of new people, their pursuits, accomplishments, manners, etc.

The best-mannered people are not ultra-fastidious, and because they are not, they are diffusers of grace and refinement. Nobody does any good to his neighbor's heart, or tastes, or behavior, who is careless of pleasing him, and shows that he does not consider him worth the courtesy of even a few passing words.

No doubt, agreeability is much easier to some persons than to others. A strong will and strong opinions have a very imperious influence over the matter. They inspire a strong antagonism to strangers. People with decided views are apt to assume a monopoly of them, and to set down others as the slaves of convenience or circumstances—a mood much opposed to that sacrifice to the graces which is the superficial rendering of the quality of which I speak. One is never popular who so conspicuously prefers his own subjects, his own voice, his own wit, as habitually to break into the thread of other people's discourse; who will not allow another to express a liking opposed to his own without showing contempt for his opinion; who, in art and literature has fixed ideas by which he measures and throws over another's preferences; who interrupts everybody when the exigencies of the hour make speech a social necessity. Agreeable people never blunder in this fashion; the instinct to please keeps them mindful of the feelings of those about them. Their virtue is not a mere ornament. It means something much deeper than manner, than smiles, a bright reception, and a ready attention and courtesy of deportment; it means a cheerful resignation to circumstances, an accepting of the situation, whatever it is, and an unfailing courtesy to all, no matter what sacrifice it may involve.

It is a far greater drawback to a woman to lack agreeability than it is to a man, as far as society is concerned, for it is in the daily matters of social life that it is most felt and the most missed. Wherever her lot may be cast, and among whatever people, whether she is placed in a subordinate position, or is at the head of affairs, whether she is rich or poor, at the beginning of life's journey, or well on the upward road, it is the same. If she lacks this gift, she has missed a useful friend and a powerful benefactor. Without it, she certainly may get on, but with it she is almost sure to do so, and, at the same time, gain friends and win affection—gifts so priceless that, without them, we are never really content or quite happy.

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

Recompense.

There is no day but has its share of light,
And somewhere in the dark there shines a star
at night.
There is no cloud, however black and grim,
That does not touch the sunlight with its outmost rim.

There is no sorrow borne without its gain,
No perfect joy that was not ushered in with pain.
There is no woe that can outlast the years,
No smile so sweet in life as that which follows
tears.

We learn to do without our own, because
There is some recompense in all of nature's laws;
No sun can rise until the sun has set;
No life be lived that has not somewhere known
regret.

This thought, my friend, take with thee for the
days,—
God were not God if man could fathom all His
ways.
And as thy day goes down its western slope,
Know, next to faith, His greatest gift to thee
is hope.

MARION MANVILLE.

The Murder of the Modern Innocents.

By Mrs. Lew Wallace.

THE murder of the innocents of the twentieth century is a march to untimely graves, not by order of a wrathful King, but under what is claimed to be the finest free-school system in the world. Go into any public school and you will see girls pallid as day lilies, and boys with flat chests and the waxen skin that has been named the school complexion. Every incentive and stimulus is held out—dread of blame, love of praise, prizes, medals, badges, the coveted flourish in the newspapers—the strain never slackens. Watch the long lines filing past, each pupil carrying books—three, four, five—to be studied at night in hot rooms by fierce, sight-destroying lights. Time was when spectacles went with age. They are no sign of age now. Many must wear glasses to help eyes worn prematurely old by night work.

Said a thoughtful father: "My children have no child life. They are straining up a grade, talking about examinations. When is their playtime if not now, and what has become of the light-hearted boys? School is never out. Even in the fields, the butterfly and the tree-toad are turned into object lessons, and the grasshopper is torn to pieces in order to be instructive. When I was a boy, and school let out, we were gay and free. We studied in schooltime, and in playtime there was no thought of anything but play."

I do not undervalue education; it is greatly to be desired, but over-education is slaying its thousands.

The burden is books. The tasks imposed on the young are fearful. The effort seems to be to make text-books as difficult and complicated as possible, instead of smoothing the hill so high and hard to climb.

Said a mother: "Two and two are what?"

The boy hesitated.

"Surely, you know that two and two make four."

"Yes, mamma, but I am trying to remember the process."

Process, indeed!

A child of nine years is required to define and understand such words as these: Aphocrasis, apocope, paragoge, paraleipsis, diocrasis, syncrasis, tmesis. There are famous speakers and writers who never saw them.

Lest the gentle reader be as ignorant as the writer, I mention that these, and more of the same sort, may be found in many modern English grammars.

One day, Mary was bending over a tablet, writing words on both sides of a straight line, like multiplied numerators and denominators.

"What are you at now?" asked grandma.

Mary answered with pride: "I am diagraming."

"In the name of sense, what's diagraming?"

"It's mental discipline. Miss Cram says I have a fine mind that needs developing. Look here, grandma, now this is the correct placing of elements. 'Fourscore' and 'seven' are joined by the word 'and,' a subordinate connective copulative conjunction. It modifies years, the attribute of the proposition. 'Ago' is an adverb of past time. The root word of the first clause is—"

"Why, that's Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. I keep it in my work-basket and know it by heart."

"Indeed! Well, 'our' is a simple personal—"

"That's enough. If President Lincoln had been brought up on such stuff, that speech would never have been written. He called a noun a noun and was done with it."

One day Mary came home at noon too sick to eat dinner. What had happened to the darling? She had seen a cat dissected in class. Are our daughters being trained for surgeons?

Other noons she was required to find who was the author of "I sat by its cradle, I followed its hearse," and what caused the fall of the Feudal System, and bring back the answers for the afternoon session. She was too hurried to eat anything but a banana, while making a dive at the reference books, and said, "I only remember these answers a few days. There's so much more coming on all the time." Of course, by far the greater portion must be forgotten as the waves of yesterday.

The whole family go and laugh themselves to death at the "Milk White Flag," while Mary stays in to do her problems, her head bound with a wet cloth. Having no turn for mathematics, she will never get any sense out of it. Naturally, she hates the hypothenuse—if that's the name—and its kindred torments are foreign to her as

monkey talk. With red eyelids and nervous fingers she ciphers whole evenings over partial payments—sums not two men could do, and for which she can never have need.

"Mental discipline." Not any more than a Chinese puzzle; merely, so much rubbish under the attic. The mathematics superstition is strong in the land we love to call our own; children of thirteen are in algebra.

Undertake the tasks laid on girls in their teens for one year, and then write me how you like the "system." We need no physician to tell us that the number of nervous diseases on the increase is appalling. Even paralysis has crept in on the young; a leading physician of our State has constantly new cases. There is too much of everything except what is contained in Judge Baldwin's admirable answer to the question, "Should manners be taught in our public schools?" Four, or at the utmost five, hours are a full days' study, if one is to have health in this exhaustive climate. Under our forcing system, the time demanded is nearer ten hours. Foreign children may study harder, but they do not come of fathers consumed by ambition, and mothers trying to do the impossible.

The girls break first because of greater capacity for suffering in nerves alive and quivering, that with boys are insensible as telegraph wires. Besides, girls are more tractable, and take to music, embroidery and painting, while boys play ball. In sanitariums, rest cures, water cures and other refuges, forlorn wrecks of women lie on beds of pain, swallowing cod-liver oil, malted milk, and beguiling "foods" and drugs in order to build up. But there are no foundations to build upon.

There are limits to geography; since literature has possessed the public mind there are no boundary lines. To be sure, it is a fine thing to read Browning at sight, and to know what Carlyle means by "hell-queller," but these delights may be reserved for mature intellects; something might be left undone in the schools. A pupil must read "Paradise Lost" and write an essay on the poem within six days; a composition for scholars and that few scholars do read. I learn with pain that Dante has been added to the course in some States. The dead cat lasted only a day; Dante goes through a whole term. Let the great poets come in later years, royal guests, not taskmasters appointed to afflict us with burdens. Be sure if your children want Milton they will find him, and oh, do not make a study of "Childe Harold."

Back of all, and harder than unbending rules, is the merciless ambition of parents. American children must do, be, and have everything. Propose to cut down, drop the least congenial study, and there is an outcry—"Why, then, Mary could not get her diploma!" What will she do with it if she does get it? Lay it away in a forgotten top drawer, or frame and hang it in the guest-chamber—a costly document bought with a great price.

Said a tender mother to me: "The air of the schoolroom is so foul that my boys' heads smell of it."

"And you continue to send them?"

"Oh, yes, you know they must pass."

They are passing.

The mother of a girl with lips colorless as her forehead, declared, "I have a high standard of education for Julia."

"But health, if she leave that in the text-books, though she speak with the tongues of men and of angels, it profiteth nothing."

"I mean," determinedly, "for her to have advantages, and when she gets her diploma she can rest."

So she sums along till she can multiply three figures by three figures in her head, day and night, thinking and thinking. One soft Sunday afternoon, when even the day-laborer was having his leisurely stroll, I asked why she was not out with the rest of the family. She was at home, writing an essay on Gray's Elegy.

"Oh, it is no trouble for her to do it. I don't see how she writes so easily. This is her last year; she has seven studies; then comes the finishing school at New Haven."

"Doesn't her head ache?"

"Sometimes she talks in her sleep"—again the proud look—"it's Latin, I think."

She was already in the finishing-school, and what she now says in her sleep we shall not know till we learn the language of the dead.

That is not the only house where there is a drawer scented with tuberose and heliotrope, and opening it is like opening the grave.

Easy for her to have seven studies under seven different teachers! Try it yourself.

Said one of my neighbors: "Here are two diplomas; they represent my two daughters educated to death." Death by freezing is easier. One of the most foolish sights I have ever seen was a feeble country girl who expected to earn a living, she hardly knew how, puzzling over Cicero's Orations.

Latin is part of the treadmill stairs all must climb. Well has it been said of the Romans that had they been obliged to learn their own language they never would have been able to conquer the world. The dull girl pulls through grades high and low.

To get through in a given time, the rate of speed is like the Frenchwoman's who, at dinner, whispered to the philosopher: "Now, while the plates are changing, be quick and tell me the history of the world."

I knew one type of a class. She mastered various sciences and languages, had seven years of music, and in mathematics went so far as to carry the surveyor's chain. She started in evanescent beauty, rosebloom and snow, and faded as certain sea-shells lose color lying in the sun. The last time I saw her she said with angelic patience: "My children are wakeful at night and I suffer a good deal." She drooped without complaint, and, one day, the black horses came to the door and bore away the young mother to the city of the silent.

There is a school, not a thousand miles from Indianapolis, where little children go three hours in the morning and three in the afternoon, and are punished for the least restlessness. Naturally, the prisoners are too exhausted to make much racket when released, so the houses where they live are "kept quiet."

Among women I have known, the one loveliest where many were lovely, had little book learning. It is not what she knows, but what the woman is that makes her charm. This one kept household accounts with exactness, wrote pleasant letters, spelled perfectly, wrote a readable hand. She knew that the verb must agree with its nominative, and that the nose is not an organ of speech. Her voice was so sweet, I hear it yet, though years have fled since it was hushed in eternal silence. She lived to old age, and to the last the banner over her was love; yet, she never heard of the differential calculus, nor knew that man is a magnificent efflorescence of protoplasm!

It is urged that every American is a possible President; that he should be well equipped, a many-sided person equal to any fortune, and so on. True, but do not forget that our greatest

—"the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times"—

had what would now be called a meagre education, cared nothing for books, and was without a library. It is doubtful if any one of our chiefs walked through the Valley of the Shadow of Dante, while a schoolboy.

Few are born great, and if greatness is to be achieved, it will not be by piling books at the top of one's head till the brains cannot move.

President Lincoln taught us that if a man loves learning, he will have it though he live in a wilderness.

If your boy's tastes are not scholarly, you make him miserable trying to force a love for learning. He will go through the books, and the books will go through him; there is no assimilation. You cannot change his nature any more than you can make your Rose of Spring smile on old Croesus, instead of sighing her soul away to Romeo waiting in the shadows.

There is no reason why our little people should be bound under the same rigid rule as the heads of the Flat-head Indians; why eighty should learn what perhaps six will need. As the English say in their straightforward way, if your son is to be a tradesman, give him a tradesman's education. The man who, under happy stars, might excel as an architect or a machinist, may be a poor lawyer, and sentenced to it because his father was bred to the law and there was a judge somewhere among his ancestry.

The founders of our free-school system—I hope they rest in peace!—little dreamed of the latitudes and longtitudes that would grow out of their idea of a sound English education accessible to all; or, as General Grant sensibly wrote: "Every child in the land can have the opportunity of a good common school education unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical tenets." Their idea has been elaborated into a toilsome course, sapping the strength of the strongest. German, Latin, music, drawing, and studies, whose names I do not know, are brought in.

A girl of seventeen, who determined to do or



Wild Grape Bower on Green Island.

die, said to me with effusion: "I want to know —just everything."

After all, what are our children being educated for? The boys are to be bread-winners—that is decided. They must hurry through and "hustle for a living." The girls—let us believe it—are the future homemakers. The word helpmate is obsolete.

Constantly the question is being brought up, "Shall this and that be added to our public schools?" But who asks, "Can the scholars endure any more?" They have no protest nor petition; they must stand like human vessels ready to be filled to the brim with mixture of facts. I plead for a childhood of the soul as well as of the body, for the free air, the blessed sunshine, the moderate task ended at the schoolhouse. This night young heads are leaning against their mothers, tired as no young things should ever be, and it is a sorrowful sound to hear a child waking from what might be the sunny slumber of a light heart beating to healthful music, to ask in a troubled voice, "Do you think I can make the pass grade?" It is said that they like to go to school. Yes, and they would like it twice as well if there were half as much to learn. Many children have I known, but not one who loved study for its own sake. Companionship is what lures them.

Instead of wandering up and down the wilderness of wintry facts, let them loiter a while among the dear illusions. The Happy Valley of Childhood is but narrow, where the golden water babbles to the talking bird and the singing tree, where the sun always shines and the years are summers. They who adjust the load that presses so heavily on the springs of life have much to account for.

Of the long-suffering teachers I can hardly trust myself to speak; no nobler army of martyrs ever marched to chambers of torture. Said one: "I begin the weekly reports Monday before the lessons are recited, else I should never have them ready by Friday night."

I have seen teachers carry home piles of manuscript to be corrected, often spending Saturday and Sunday at their desks. Most dismal of tasks; no wonder the professional reader of manuscript goes crazy.

Said another: "It seems that to teach anything, we must know everything. We have to write essays on subjects that do not touch our studies, and there are the long meetings and institutes."

"What about the institutes?" I asked. It was at the close of one of the hottest days of our tropical summer.

"We must meet and hear compositions on basic thoughts, cosmic entities, the concept of ideality, and Mr. Nobody, from Nowhere, reads 'Locksley Hall.'"

"Can't you read 'Locksley Hall' for yourself?"

"Yes, if I had a chance. My back ached so that I could not listen, and sometimes I am so hurried I feel as though I should lose my wits."

At one time there was a regulation that teachers should stand during recitation. When a number had dropped on the floor the order was revoked.

After much hesitation this cry goes out—petition to lighten the load of the over-laden that may not reach the hearing ear. I should not have the courage to send it had I not been entreated: "Speak for us; write for us; you have nothing at stake. We dare not complain; we should lose our places; there are many waiting for vacanies." Pathetic appeals from the helpless!

So, watching their unconquerable work, what I have written I have written.

The great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner cannot find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow creature.

Humility is a most excellent virtue, and becomes every state in life. It adorns the monarch on his throne, the artless maiden or the high-born dame. Humility is an admirable setting for the most shining virtues. It is most becoming in the learned, it is like a coronet of pearl to gentle modesty, and makes beauty even more sweetly beautiful. How lovely, how angelic is humility in woman, more radiant than a crown of lilies on her head. It transfigures the man of God so that he moves among the people as an envoy of another world. It spiritualizes the coarsest nature and is a mark of the elect, a sign of innate goodness, a testimony to the beauty of the Christian law. Its possession is a proof of a great victory won in patient contest with the world and the flesh and the monster within us called pride.

Bryant and His Poetry.

ANY review of the American development of English literature would be incomplete which did not include the story of the man with whom American poetry may be said to have had its real beginnings; and the author of the Monograph in the "English Men of Letters" series—William Aspinwall Bradley—merits the gratitude of the reader for the skill with which he has brought out the striking characteristics of Bryant's career, his boyhood life in the Berkshires, his early years in Williams College, which, unfortunately, came at a time when that institution had not reached its development, and from which he withdrew with intent to enter Yale—a plan which was reluctantly abandoned because of his father's slender resources. It is curious, too, that his first work as a poet should have taken the form of a political satire, written when he was about thirteen, and which so pleased his father that it was circulated somewhat extensively. Of course, it only reflected the opinions which he caught from his elders, but it is a striking evidence of his precocity. It is more wonderful, however, that *Thanatopsis*, that magnificent poem of Nature, with its note of moral elevation and evidence of strong originality, should have been written when he was only seventeen. *Thanatopsis*, as its name implies, is a view of death. For Bryant, the whole earth was "the great tomb of man." But overwhelming as was this conception, he derived from it rather a profound and ennobling consolation than a mood of luxurious romantic despair:

"Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone.

* * * * * *

All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee."

It is this moral quality, seeking to humanize death by insisting on the common lot of man, that gives *Thanatopsis* value as the expression, not of a mere passing phase of literary sentiment, but of an aspect of general human experience. Mingled and contrasted with the thought of the brief span of human existence and the trivial and transitory significance of human affairs, is the idea of the antiquity and tremendous, unchanging duration of the earth itself, moving majestically through its eternal order and engulfing the untold generations of men that have moved a little while upon its surface. The poem is full of pictures that, through a certain imaginative quality, serve to bring this conception into high relief. The mountains, the ocean, the forest and the wilderness are included in this survey of the world from a peak, as it were, immeasurably above the plain of usual vision. It is an ideal landscape, a landscape that is conceived as a mere adjunct to the main purpose of the poem. Yet in spite of this, no small degree of its impressiveness arises from its accurate descriptive strokes and powerful faculty of observing and recording external impressions in such lines as:

"The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, proud round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

Bryant shows that his mind is already stored with images and that within it is partly formed that mental picture of the external world which every artist builds up from the material of his early environment as the basis of his imaginative expression. "I was always," he writes, "from my earliest years a delighted observer of external nature—the splendors of a winter daybreak over the wide waste of moor seen from our windows, the glories of the autumnal woods, the gloomy approach of the thunderstorm, and its departure amid sunshine and rainbows, the return of spring, with its flowers, and the first snowfall of winter."

In *Thanatopsis* the impenetrable sadness of a whole race surges like a sea of recollection into the heart of the brooding boy and takes possession of it. It is only in the epilogue, added some time after, that Bryant alludes to the idea of immortality:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the galley-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, *sustained and soothed*
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave."

Bryant adopted the law as a profession because it seemed to present the best opportunity, but he never liked it. He was fairly diligent in his legal work, though he still felt the effects of his disappointment at not being able to resume his classical and scientific studies too keenly to be able to enter into it with much zest or enthusiasm. In 1821, he removed to New York, with the avowed intent of devoting himself to literary pursuits. He could not endure the trammels of an unloved profession any longer. Between the publication of his first slender volume in 1821, and his removal to New York, he had produced a considerable number of poems, under an arrangement with a new publication, entitled the *United States Literary Gazette,* which was published in Boston. Our author thinks that had Mr. Bryant's determination to forsake the law come somewhat earlier, the poet would have gone to Boston, and is of opinion that it would have been better for his achievements as a poet had he done so; that he would have found himself in an atmosphere better calculated to develop his literary genius. As it happened, however, he located in New York, where he engaged in various literary enterprises, and wrote some notable things, but did not succeed very well from a pecuniary viewpoint. Indeed, his limited success led to his contemplating taking up the practice of the law in New York. Journalism was a hard life; and though he did not despair, some of its moodiness and gloom crept into his verse:

"The trampled earth returns a sound of fear—
A hollow sound, as if I walked on tombs;
And lights, that tell of cheerful homes, appear
Far off, and die like hope amid the glooms."

In the same strain he wrote:

"How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace."

Beyond doubt, Bryant was homesick, and longed for his northern hills—the hills where he had seen the water-fowl, "lone, wandering but not lost," which gave him the idea of that exquisite poem.

From 1823 to 1825, Bryant wrote the *Hymn of the Waldenses, Mutation, The Lapse of Time, Love's Seasons, The Murdered Traveller,* and an *Ode for an Agricultural Celebration.* One other poem he wrote also, one that had a tender personal inspiration. This was the sonnet *To* ——, in which he addresses his sister, then in the last stages of consumption. This sister, considerably younger than himself, had been the object of a peculiarly deep attachment on his part, and it was with inexpressible sadness that he watched her gradual decay. "Death," he writes,

"Should come
Gently, to one of gentle mould like thee,
As light winds wandering through groves of flowers
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree."

Death did come shortly after, and in *The Death of the Flowers,* written the year following, there is this exquisite tribute to her memory:

"And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers."

It was just about this time that the offer of an editorial position on the *Evening Post* came to the poet, and he began his connection with the journal with which he remained identified as long as he lived. While Mr. Bradley does not neglect Mr. Bryant's work as a journalist, and as a leader in political thought, he regards it as rather aside from the consideration of his career as a man of letters. It is his opinion that Bryant would have been a greater poet had he not become entangled in the work of daily journalism. Mr. Bradley also regards him as the father of modern profes-

sional journalism, as the pioneer of the principle which has made the newspaper independent in the expression of its opinions. Although he was a party man, Mr. Bryant was independent in the expression of his opinions, a course which did not always, in those years of development, contribute to the financial prosperity of his newspaper; but which eventually proved a great success. It is a noteworthy fact that, save in the matter of free trade, Mr. Bryant lived to see the triumph of the great cause which he championed.

Another singular and striking feature in Bryant's literary development is thus outlined by our author:

"With Bryant's accession to the editor-in-chiefship of the *Evening Post,* comes to a close the first, and for us the most important, period of his life, the period, we may call it, of poetical aspiration as opposed to that life of political and editorial activity on which he was now entering. Henceforth we lose sight, save at rare intervals, of the figure of the poet, in the busy and care-worn publicist and man of affairs. Poetry became to a large extent, from now on, rather a source of private and personal consolation than, as formerly, the expression of a determined literary ambition. In a measure, his contribution to American literature was already accomplished. In the fifty years of life that remained to him he added to his work an amount about equal to what he had already written. But this was largely repetition. His later performance involves no new interests and manifests itself in no new forms of expression. Not that there was any falling off in quality as the years went on; for, in spite of Bryant's precocity and the early age at which he attained to full maturity in his powers of expression, his work is marked throughout its entire extent by an extraordinary evenness of characteristic excellence."

It is entirely possible to form an estimate of Bryant's power as a poet by what he had written up to the period of his thirty-sixth year. Beyond that period, he is known as an editor rather than as a poet. How different the result might have been had he been able to devote his attention and effort solely to his muse, or had he been engaged in labors that were less exacting than those of the arduous profession upon which he had entered, it were idle to speculate. The fact remains, however, that, after 1830, he wrote no poetry that was any better than that he had penned before that period. So, too, the first half of Mr. Bradley's excellent Monograph is the portion which really presents Bryant as a poet. Later chapters deal with varied fields of activity, with his patriotic course in the Civil War, and with his earlier identification with notable causes. There is also found comment and criticism upon such poetic work as came at intervals from his pen. Polished and finished to a degree as they are, one finds in them no hint of the passionate ethical and moral controversies which were ringing through the land, and of which there is such abundant evidence in Whittier. Indeed, the Quaker poet threw himself so heartily into these controversies that his work as a poet suffers as regards the highest expression of his genius.

The most notable work of Bryant's old age was his translation of Homer, and to this important phase of his achievements as a man of letters, Mr. Bradley devotes adequate attention. Before taking up this task definitely, Mr. Bryant had done some desultory translations of Homer, but, after his wife's death, in the summer of 1866, and the trip to Europe, taken to divert his mind from his sorrow, he definitely took up the work, the translation of the *Iliad* being published in 1870. Soon he began the *Odyssey,* working so steadily in spite of the fact that he was seventy-six, that the translation was published in 1871. The success of his Homer in his own land was enormous, but it attracted less attention abroad, chiefly, as Mr. Bradley points out, because he had approached it in the old spirit, and his version presented nothing essentially new, as compared with other English texts of Homer. Says our author:

"Bryant had aimed only to be faithful to his author, and understood of his readers, and he was rewarded a thousandfold by the eagerness with which his countrymen accepted the work, read it and commented on it, not only in the great reviews and magazines, but in the smallest local papers. Outside of his service as an original writer, Bryant has also, therefore, with Longfellow, the translator of Dante, and Bayard Taylor, the translator of *Faust,* this claim for a personal place in American literature,—that he is one of the few who have naturalized in American literature the masterpieces of the literatures of other races."

We may speak here of the companionship that

Bryant found in his wife—the only intimate friend, it has been said, that he ever had. In the poem entitled *The Future Life,* written in 1839, at the time when the value of all deep personal ties must have been keenly felt, there is expressed a measure of dependence on her very presence, calculated to create the impression that husband and wife were very closely united:

"For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If then I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought."

In *A Sick Bed,* it is his wife who addresses him, and from her words we see that the seriousness of her illness was clear to them both. On her recovery he addresses her in the beautiful poem, *The Life That Is,* in which, with an unwonted touch of deep personal feeling, he writes:

"Twice wert thou given me; once in thy fair prime,
Fresh from the fields of youth, when first we met,
And all the blossoms of that hopeful time
Clustered and glowed where'er thy steps were set.

"And now, in thy ripe autumn, once again
Given back to fervent prayers and yearnings strong,
From the drear realm of sickness and of pain
Where we had watched, and feared, and trembled long."

Mrs. Bryant died in the summer of 1866, and, in October, Bryant returned to Roslyn, where the thought of his wife, now subdued to his habitual mood of brooding melancholy, inspired that poem, *October, 1866,* which is the expression of his grief purified by influences of natural beauty, and sadness and reflections on the goodness of God and on the certainty of a future life.

Among the unpublished poems found at Bryant's death was one, written fifty-two years after his marriage, and when he had been seven years a widower, living quite lonely:

"Here, where I sit alone, is sometimes heard,
From the great world, a whisper of my name,
Joined, haply, to some kind, commending word
By those whose praise is fame.
"And then, as if I thought thou still wert nigh,
I turn me, half forgetting thou art dead,
To read the gentle gladness in thine eye,
That once I might have read."

Bryant lived in great seclusion now; but it was a seclusion rendered endurable to a man of his quiet tastes, by his books, by his rambles in the country, and by intercourse with a small, though select, circle of friends. These included most of the distinguished men of letters and artists of the day who made their home in New York, or who came there from time to time. Among them were Audubon, the naturalist; Poe, who came "once or twice, to utter nothing, but to look his reverence out of wonderful lustrous eyes"; and Cooper, who seems always to have been greatly attached to Bryant. "The difference between the two men was very striking," writes Mr. Godwin, a member of the *Post* staff, "and yet their intercourse was singularly courteous and agreeable. Cooper burly, brusque, and boisterous, like a bluff sailor, always bringing a breeze of quarrel with him; Mr. Bryant shy, modest and delicate as a woman—they seemed little fitted for friendship. Yet, Bryant admired not only the genius, but the thorough-paced honesty and sturdy independence of Cooper; and Cooper, while he admired the finer vein of the poet, was won by his fearless vindication of opinions with which he himself did not always agree. 'We others,' Cooper once said, 'get a little praise now and then, but Bryant is the author of America'."

A friend who visited the poet at Roslyn wrote: "It is under the open sky, and engaged in rural matters, that Mr. Bryant is seen to advantage—that is, in his true character. It is here that the amenity and natural sweetness of disposition, sometimes clouded by the cares of life and the outward circumstances of business intercourse, shine gently forth under the influences of nature, so dear to the heart and so tranquilizing to the spirits of her child. Here the eye puts on deeper and softer luster, and the voice modulates itself to the tone of affection, sympathy, and enjoyment. Little children cluster about the grave man's steps, or climb his shoulders in triumph, and serenest eyes meet his in fullest confidence, finding there none of the sternness of which casual observers sometimes complain."

That Bryant's affection for Cedarmere was an

enduring one is testified by the genial author of "Dream Life," who visited him there about eight years before the poet's death. From an old note-book, Mr. Mitchell—Ik Marvel—has transcribed some of his impressions of the pilgrimage to the veteran poet's home:

"The weather is doubtful as the little steamer Seawanhaka nears the dock at Great Bay. It is questioned if we should take the open carriage, which is drawn up in waiting, or run out—by boat—to the bay of Roslyn; but the voice of that one of the party who would seem least able to brave storms decides for the drive; and away we go through the pleasant roads that skirt the north shore; now brushing the boughs of a veteran wood, now rounding a placid inlet of the Sound, passing scant, quiet hamlets, old country homesteads, orchards, grain fields, wayside churches, seven miles or more, until we rattle down into the little village of Roslyn.

Passing through the village and bearing north, we have at our right a bold, wooded bluff, and at our left a spit of land between the high road and the quiet bay, which there juts with a southward sweep into the Long Island shore. Upon this spit of land are scattered houses, three of which, by their orderly keeping, mark the beginning of Mr. Bryant's property. Farther on, the land between the road and the bay widens so as to give room for a couple of placid little lakelets, lying so high above tidewater as to supply a raceway for a picturesque mill, which stands on the farther shore of the northern pool, embowered in trees. The lands sloping to this pool are lawn-like in keeping, and a swan or two with a brood of ducks are swimming lazily over it; a post bridge spans the narrowed part, and a skiff lies moored under a boathouse under the northern bank. Eight or ten rods beyond, under the shadow of a great locust and a tulip tree, we catch a glimpse of the homestead. The carriage comes to a stand under a bower of shade.

Along the walk we pass on and up the broad veranda, which sweeps around three sides of the homestead. No martinet-like precision shows in the keeping of either lawn or walks; everywhere turf and garden carry the homelike invitingness of look which testifies to the mastership of one who loves the country and its delights.

Within doors a great welcoming blaze is upon the parlor hearth—a provision against the damp evenings of early June; piquant souvenirs of wide travel arrest the eye; dashes of water-color, which friendly artists have contributed to the cheer of the master; a bit of ruin which may be the Roman Forum; a blaze of sunset, which may hover over the blue waters of Capri; or haply a stretch of the Rhone at Avignon; over the mantel a photograph from the fresco of the wonderful 'Aurora' of Guido. In the library—no affectation of literary aplomb, or of literary disorder, but only markings of easy, every-day, comfortable usage; maybe a little overheaping of such reference books as go—just at this date—to the furnishing or mending of the translation of Homer."

Thus Mr. Mitchell found him late in life, and thus he lived at Cedarmere till the end of his days—

"Gazing with the twilight
Where the gleaming meadows lie,
And the wind of night is swaying
The trees with a heavy sigh."

How long Mr. Bryant might have gone on mellowing from year to year it is impossible to say, had there not, in 1878, occurred the accident that resulted in his death, on the twelfth of June, when the desire expressed in one of his poems was realized and children came to scatter on his tomb the field flowers which he loved so well.

In the village cemetery at Roslyn, the "good gray head, which all men knew" lies at rest, where

"Through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light shall lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by."

ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

Just as the wayside wild flower very often exhales a rarer fragrance than the more beautiful hothouse plant; so, too, very often the little things of life cast more sweetness into it than the greater ones. A pleasant greeting, a few timely words of congratulation or sympathy, the desire to make others feel the kindly helpfulness and cheerfulness of one's company, are the little every-day things which not only gain friends but make one truly loved.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of Loretto Convent,

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

STAFF.

JOSEPHINE CARLYLE	MARGARET SHEEHAN
KATHLEEN O'BRIEN	EDITH GARNEAU
ELIZABETH ROBINSON	EVELYN COX
FRANCES DANIELLS	DELPHINE MAYER
SARAH KELLY	MARY M'KENNA

Subscription price, $1.00 per year, in advance. Address all communications to

NIAGARA RAINBOW.

OCTOBER, 1906.

In this beautiful month of the Rosary—month of rarest enchantment in the variety of the loveliness it presents—the words of Tennyson, which can never become old or hackneyed, recur irresistibly to the mind: "And so the whole round world is bound by golden chains about the feet of God." Loving children of Mary, the wide earth over, drawn together by the Chaplet, whether in the lovely Lady Chapel of the old-time Basilica, in the quiet of the humble village church, or before the lonely cross in the leafy wilderness of some New World forest, where the poverty of the emigrant settlers has left them as yet without a temple, tell their beads in honor of our gracious Lady of the Rosary, while the earth grows rich and glad in the picturesque tints of autumn, and the slow hours wane toward the solemn twilight of the year.

A lovely feast, and sweet and tender, is that of the Holy Rosary, calling forth all that is purest and holiest in the Christian heart, and shedding over the ransomed earth a radiant halo of divine poetry, born of the prayer and meditation which make up the decades of the Rosary—that mine of exhaustless treasure to the pious children of the Church. Few of us there are who cannot recall, on this autumnal feast of Mary, some signal grace obtained by the faithful recitation of this "prayer of the lips and heart in one combined," as we look back through the tear-fraught mists of life's sad years to the calm fireside hour when first we learned to lisp the blessed invocation from the lips of one, mayhap, whose loving heart has long since mingled with the consecrated dust of a far-away grave.

Indeed, the very origin of the Rosary has in it something suggestive of the highest poetry. It is a Christian epic, in which that valiant warrior of the Cross, St. Dominic, plays a mighty part, warring with arms from heaven's own armory against the formidable hosts of one of the most odious heresies that ever afflicted the Church. In the might of Mary, with the weapon she gave him, St. Dominic conquered and swept from the earth the foul sect that was devastating the fairest portion of her own land of France—song-famed Provence and sunny Languedoc—and, like the deadly upas, spreading its branches far and wide, blighting all on which its dark shadows fell.

We, too, shall conquer, as St. Dominic and his followers conquered, if we do but use this heaven-sent weapon, with its double edge of prayer and meditation, as they used it in those memorable days of old when first it was given to men.

*

With a thrill of delight we read the following beautiful tribute to the labors of the Religious of the Institute in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.:

"It is a joy forever to priestly hearts to see the splendid work done by the Loretto nuns in this 'wild and woolly West.' The Canadian mothers, who are good judges in matters domestic and careful family raising, say that the change in the American Catholic girls' ways since the Academy was established, is between marvellous and mirac-

ulous. We who know what is done, and how it is patiently paid for, we, I say, are not surprised. Sisters of Charity and teaching nuns, as a rule, receive little thanks for the good done in new countries and large cities by their patient labors and sweet influence; others often take the whole credit of conversions and change of public opinion, due, in great part, to the gentle example of those leading a more hidden life; but He who saw the widow's mite—and rewarded it—keeps well His account and knows whom to bless."

*

Efficient and zealous laborers continue to reinforce the Institute in India. Writing from Loretto House, Tara Hall, Simla, Punjab, our correspondent says: "One of our pupils, who is only eighteen, passed her exams. at the Calcutta University, a few months ago, and is now in the novitiate. Later she will be sent up for the B. A. and teachers' degrees. Three of those who were recently professed have been sent here from Calcutta to attend the lectures and be trained at the college under the direction of the nuns of Jesus and Mary. This well-appointed Institution is aided by the Government and recognized as a centre for training teachers. Unfortunately, it is five miles from our convent, which means a long and rather expensive trip daily. In the Hill stations no one is allowed to have a carriage or to drive except the Viceroy and the Commander-in-chief, Lord Kitchener. Those who do not ride—*we nuns do not*—have either to walk, or be pushed along by natives in rickshaws. It is really dangerous going down steeps, especially during the rains, as the coolies are apt to fall, and then the rickshaws may roll over a precipice. One of our novices came home a few days ago so frightened that I had to administer sal volatile."

*

The Roumanian Loretto in Bucarest furnishes an interesting account of the *first* National Exhibition in that country, copied *en petit* from the Paris Exposition, and to which "the pupils have sent some very artistic exhibits, among others, an ornamental carpet, in the centre of which the Royal arms, surrounded by the armorial bearings of the thirty-two provinces, are wrought in different colors. This exquisite piece of work is fully appreciated by the critics, who recognize the time and trouble it must have cost. In addition, many other specimens of the students' handiwork—such as different embroideries, drawings, paintings of all kinds, the compositions of each class in French, English, German, Roumanian, Italian, &c., prettily bound, were sent; also a handsome album containing the photographs of our three houses in town, and those of Braila, Craiova, and Turn-Severin, as well as the belongings and interior of each—chapel, dormitories, refectories, parlors, kitchens, &c., &c. This album is wonderfully ornamented, each page being surrounded by different colored borders, finely executed.

The judges have not yet been appointed, therefore I cannot say how our pupils' efforts will be rewarded. We have done our duty—this is, and will, in all probability, remain, our reward.

The Exhibition seems to be visited by more strangers than natives, as most of the families have left Bucarest for the baths, or the mountains, or have gone abroad, for the heat in town is something dreadful.

On the tenth of May, the date of the National fête—and, this year, most memorable, as it was the jubilee of the forty years' reign of King Charles—we had a very interesting theatrical production, "The Donau," played by our pupils in presence of Her Majesty the Queen. The Danube was represented from its source to its mouth, with its affluents. Her Majesty was greatly pleased with the performance, and I must add that each young lady did her part to perfection. The scenery was beautiful, in a word, as we Germans say: Es war gelungen!"

*

"Many times during the past twenty years," writes a former pupil of Loretto Convent, Strat-



THREE SISTER ISLANDS. AS SEEN FROM GOAT ISLAND. Copyright 1905 by O. E. Dunlap.

ford, "have I had reason to feel proud of you, my Alma Mater, but never, I believe, more than when, on reaching the city yesterday, I heard of your latest glorious success. How many other schools in our Province can say that 100 per cent. of its pupils have passed the Departmental Examinations? Yet, not alone in these, but also in the University of Music Examination, every candidate attained the goal, the majority there, also, winning honors. Yesterday, only ten honors were awarded in Stratford, and four of these belong to you—Loretto. How I envy the eight girls who learned yesterday that, through the untiring care of 'our nuns,' they had won their certificates! And the high standing of the twenty-four pupils who passed the recent Entrance Examination shows on what a firm foundation is built such a success as that just achieved. Proudly and gratefully do I call myself 'a former pupil'."

*

We have been reading lately a delightful book by Donald G. Mitchell—"Ik Marvel"—entitled "Reveries of a Bachelor." Of course, it is a prose work, but, in truth, it is poetry from cover to cover. Here is something we have transferred from its pages, and which we think our readers will enjoy: "A man without religion is at best a poor reprobate, the football of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity and the wondrous eternity that is begun with him; but a woman without it is even worse—a flame without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume. A man may, in some sort, tie his frail hopes and honor with weak, shifting ground-tackle to business, or to the world; but a woman, without that anchor which they call Faith, is adrift and a-wreck. A man may clumsily contrive a kind of moral responsibility out of his relations to mankind; but a woman, in her comparatively isolated sphere, where affection and not purpose is the controlling motive, can find no basis for any system of right action but that of spiritual faith. A man may craze his thoughts and his brain to trustfulness in such poor harborage as Fame and Reputation may stretch before him; but a woman—where can she put her hope in storms, if not in heaven?"

*

The death of Mrs. Craigie, more widely known by her pen-name, "John Oliver Hobbes," ends too early the career of one of the most subtle and intellectual of American writers. Her work was not popular because it was too delicate and intellectual for the mass of readers, who rush after stories of romance. Mrs. Craigie was not interested in telling stories, and the story-telling gift is the fundamental equipment for the novelist. But she was profoundly interested in the portrayal of character, and the character-drawing in her books is among the most searching, delicate, and illuminating in modern fiction. It is not the externals of life upon which this writer insists, although for the most part her people move in an atmosphere of intellectual culture, wealth, and refinement, but the problems and conditions of spiritual growth. She depicted a world in which conscience and faith are the supreme arbiters of conduct, and she depicted it with an insight which spoke of deep religious conviction as well as of keen and delicately-adjusted intellectual perceptions. For that reason her books are a delight to the cultivated few, by whom she will be sincerely missed, for she was, indeed, a distinct and subtle force—a force making for righteousness as well as for literary distinction. The attempt not to portray life, but to make a story which will sell—an attitude encouraged and exalted by many publishers—she held up to a vivid and deserved scorn.

Personally, Mrs. Craigie was a singular combination of grace, vivacity and conversational brilliancy. There was nothing of the blue stocking in her manner or appearance. She could be as unaffected and bright at a dinner-party as if she had never spent long hours in a library, or pored over the Greek and Latin classics. A musician

of wonderful ability, Mrs. Craigie and Lady Randolph Churchill appeared more than once on the concert platform together, perhaps to play a trio with one of the most celebrated professional pianists.

A devout Catholic and of a deeply spiritual nature, Mrs. Craigie used to spend some weeks every year in a strict religious retreat. Apart from devotional considerations, she believed that this interval of quiet meditation was most beneficial to her bodily and mental health and enabled her to endure the strain of an exceedingly arduous and busy life. In death, her rosary was found twined around her fingers and a crucifix resting on her breast.

*

The *staff* gladly welcomes to its ranks Miss Josephine Carlyle, a grandniece of the famous Thomas Carlyle. We trust the law of heredity may be fully proven by the contributions from her pen.

*

The shadow of a great grief has fallen on the home of one of Loretto's children—dear Kathleen Doran—and tenderest sympathy enfolds the daughter sorrowing for a mother's death—rendered more pathetic by her first separation from her in the early September days when studies were resumed.

May the all-merciful Saviour and Divine Comforter pour the balm of His consolation on the wounded hearts He has so sorely tried, and fill the void caused by the withdrawal of a devoted wife and loving mother with a superabundance of heavenly blessings.

*

Princess Henry of Battenberg is most active in her endeavors to justify her position as Governor of the Isle of Wight by doing all she can to help on every good cause. When the community of French Benedictine nuns, now at East Cowes, were about to leave their own country, practically exiled by French intolerance, and desired to settle at Osborne, the Lady Abbess first communicated with Princess Henry, and gave her to understand that, if the proposal was not agreeable to her in her official capacity, it would be abandoned.

The Lady Abbess received a most gracious reply, to the effect that their presence would be cordially welcomed, so the property near Osborne Cottage was purchased, a chapel was added, and there these exiled ladies resumed their useful life in their new home according to their vows and order; and there, too, the future Queen of Spain, after she became a Catholic, performed her devotions in the interval between her conversion and wedding.

To the beautiful chapel of the English Dominican nuns at Carisbrooke, which stands just outside the Castle, Princess Henry, some time ago, presented two single figure paintings of adoring angels. These, in Gothic frames and fixed in brackets, flank the tabernacle on the high altar.

*

The newspaper wit aims his shafts of humor at no object with such keen pleasure and delight as when he directs them at the modern young woman, her caprices and tendencies. And it must be acknowledged that he does so not without cause in many instances. While there are thousands of young women who represent what is best and highest in young womanhood, whose purposes in life extend beyond the frivolities of dress and outward adornments, there is, on the other hand, a large percentage that look upon life as a time to enjoy oneself. These young women live under the delusion that social distinction, beauty of person, and richness of apparel make the woman. They are slaves to custom and fashion, and revel in external attractions. They accept the glitter for the gold, the heraldry and trappings of the world for the priceless essence of woman's worth which exists within the mind. Their highest attainment is not the possession of

a true womanhood, but that their position in society may be of a conspicuous order, and thereto they bend all their energies, forgetting that it 's not the queen of fashion that sways the sceptre of authority or influence, but rather the true, noble, virtuous woman, whose influence upon society is of the most salutary kind. Fashion and folly never gained an ounce of respect worth the possession, and never will. Youth often mistakes adulation for respect, only to find at the end that it was but hollow mockery, and, like a pyrotechnic display, prepared for the occasion. A true young woman's ambitious stretch beyond the ballroom and the milliner's establishment. She wisely strives to make her life grand in womanly virtues, and, by her example, inspires others to secure the same priceless crown of womanhood. In her, friends recognize a rich store of practical good sense and a beautiful harmony of character that at once inspire sincere respect, not temporarily, but permanently.

*

In accordance with the announcement made some months ago, a Training College was opened in Loreto Convent, Albert Park, Melbourne, on May 1, 1906.

The object of the College is to supply a sound theoretical, as well as a practical course of professional training for women who are desirous of adopting teaching as a profession, either as members of a Religious teaching community or as seculars.

The management of the College is entrusted to the Sisters of Loreto (I. B. V. M.). The professional training in the theory and practice of education is directed by Miss B. M. Bell, a diplomée of the Cambridge Training College, assisted by a staff of experts taken from the Community.

Entrance forms and full particulars may be had on application to Mother Mary Hilda, Loreto Convent, Albert Park, Melbourne.

With the highly-prized, but delayed, autograph picture of His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught, came the following explanatory letter from the Prince's genial Equerry, the courteous Captain Wyndham:

CLARENCE HOUSE, ST. JAMES, S. W.

DEAR SISTER—Please forgive me for the great delay in forwarding the Prince's autograph picture. His Royal Highness was away and I could not possibly get a photograph until to-day.

I fear the photograph will be very much too late for the July RAINBOW, but perhaps it might still appear in the number for October.

We often talk of our visit to the Convent at Niagara, and how we all laughed, and how amusing it was.

I hope the young lady who was such a sturdy republican has modified her views as to the unrighteousness of kings, and that she still admits that "King Edward is all right"!

How beautiful it must be at Niagara now!

I always hope that some day I may have an opportunity of revisiting it, and may then have rather longer time in which to see it all.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM WYNDHAM.

*

We have received from Benziger Bros., Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, "More Five O'Clock Stories, In Prose and Verse," by a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus.

The gifted authoress of "Five O'Clock Stories" has added to them another delightful volume of children's stories. They are stories for children of all ages. Dainty little classics, full of simplicity without affectation, they have the force of direct recital. The moral is ever so natural, so inevitable, that one is scarcely conscious of its graceful insinuation. The Legend of the Christmas Rose with its wondrous "Land of Summer"—where shall we find anything so exquisitely pathetic! "Five O'Clock Stories"—for the story hour; the lessons and the day's tasks done, the little ones gather at the knee of their

preceptress to hear "just one more ghost story," as well as the oft-repeated favorites. They bring before us the simplicity and humility of the ages of faith with all the glamour of their beauty and chivalry.

*

"Charlie Chittywick," by Rev. David Bearne, S. J., published by Benziger Brothers, is a very clever and interesting story for boys and girls.

Father Bearne's charming style makes us sympathize keenly with all the doings of the hero, Charlie—at first the "loafer of loafers" of the provincial English town where the scene of the story is laid. We follow with intense interest his gradual evolution from lazy vagabondage to a useful citizenship. The reverend author's powers of character-drawing are graphic. Charlie is not the only interesting personage in the book. There are a dozen others drawn from life with a vivifying touch. Throughout, the story is leavened with a humor that is Father Bearne's alone among our Catholic writers—delicate, ironic, incisive, yet, sympathetic—which makes his books a delight not only for the young, but for their more sophisticated elders as well.

In Memoriam.

(Mrs. D. Lacey.)

With the merciful Christ who breathed His last
  For us on Calvary,
In the solemn hush of the Holy Days
  She died as she prayed to die.

The harvest of Life she bore in her hands,
  To lay at His pierced feet,
Ah! the vineyard hours at most are brief,
  And labor's guerdon sweet.

For the Christ who turned His anguished head
  To pardon the thief of years,
Will smile on a faithful mother's soul,
  Will dry her children's tears.

Oh, the tender Christ who, e'en in death,
  Remembered His Mother blest,
For her sweet sake will welcome ours,
  And grant her Heaven's rest.

And the dying Christ whose heart, unsought,
  Did thirst for the hearts of men,
Beholding and knowing her heart as His,
  Will welcome her gladly then.

'Tis hard to part from a life-long love,
  And human it is to weep,
But think of the wonders that lie for her
  Beyond Death's tranquil sleep.

The secrets of God that perfect her soul,
  The knowledge of all His ways,
The mystery solved, the haven won,
  And ever to dwell in the rays.

Of the All-Eternal Light of Light
  All things to understand,
No fear, no doubt, no care, no wish,
  But to cling to His saving hand.

Think not that the parting is long and dark,
  For the wings of Time are fleet,
And the lonely years go by at last,
  And her welcome will be sweet.

But think how there from her clearer light
  She will watch you day by day,
She will share your joys, your life, your griefs,
  And be with you alway.

And at last when the voice of Christ doth call,
  And you lay your burdens down,
She will wait with the olden smile on her face,
  To welcome and claim her own.

Mary O'Brien.

The most needful bit of etiquette which one should know is that of simple kindness. If every thought and act were tempered with this trait there would really be but little need of long rules teaching one how to act and how to speak. Politeness would become a part of every-day life; something never forgotten or omitted.



ULMUS AMERICANA. AMERICAN ELM. THE MONARCH OF GOAT ISLAND.

The Training of Teachers.

"THE mission of teachers is high and holy, it is Godlike; and, to fulfil it rightly, the best gifts, thoroughly cultivated, are not too great. As St. Paul places teachers by the side of the apostles and prophets, surely they will teach to best purpose who, to the humility of faith, add the luminousness of knowledge. As co-operators with Christ, we cannot think it is possible to bring to this noble work either too great preparation of heart or too great cultivation of mind."

These words of the Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, one of the leading educationalists in America, express the attitude of the Church with regard to the training of its teachers. From the earliest times she has looked upon education as a sacred and inalienable duty.

Owing to the conditions of life in the early ages, education was mainly identified with the bodies of teaching institutes, and they were quick to recognize the necessity of special training for those to whom was confided the all-important work of educating the young. For instance, we read of St. Benedict, who lived in the fifth century, that he laid great stress upon the careful choosing of masters. Three qualifications were to be considered in the teacher, namely, "his person, his wisdom, and his doctrine—that is, his learning."

The idea of training grew with the need of the times, and became more fully developed as centuries passed on. Thus, Training Courses have always existed in the Novitiates of the various Religious Teaching Communities.

The work of teaching, however, is not exclusively confined to these institutions, as a large number of seculars follow this noble calling.

Recent legislation in Victoria has made it necessary that, for the future, all the teachers of the State have a thorough and systematic training. Hence, his Grace the Archbishop and the Bishops of the Province, representatives of that Church which, in the twentieth century as in the first, is ever in the vanguard of educational progress, decided to open a central Catholic Training College, in which intending teachers may receive a sound theoretical and practical course of professional training before taking up their arduous duty.

The teachers of children are the "makers of the future." Hence the necessity for the special and adequate preparation of the teacher. The need of Training Colleges is now everywhere recognized as of primary importance. "Practically, all good teachers are trained. They trained themselves by thought, by reading, and by experience. But the number of such is very limited; and while by dint of great labor and loss of time they were training themselves, what of the children at whose expense they gained the experience?"

In the forcible words, written some ten years ago, of one of our Catholic educators, we may sum up the advantages to be gained from a Training Course, and the results likely to be achieved therefrom. "It is only Training Colleges can give our Catholic teachers the standing and the aptitude for their profession that will insure them complete success. Handicapped, as they are, in so many ways, they need all the encouragement that can be held out to them to enable them to persevere in their noble, though ill-paid and greatly slighted, profession.

"The day cannot be far distant when every Bishop will consider a Training College as essential an institution in his diocese as a seminary for the priesthood. Without a special training in the science of education, our young men and our young women can rarely become efficient teachers. From the lack of this training great injustice is done to our children. You will not let a carpenter attend to your plumbing, or a blacksmith mend your watch, but you will allow an inexperienced teacher, with no knowledge of method in his teaching, with no clear idea of what a teacher's duties are, with no conception of the onerous charge he assumes, to tinker with the intellect and character of your child. You may remedy the damage done by the unskilful artisan, but what human power can undo the injuries inflicted by an ignorant or incompetent teacher?"

Now, one of the most efficient means of guarding against this disaster is a Training College.

The Central Catholic Training College—at the formal inauguration of which we are now assisting—was opened quietly on 1st of May of this present year. It is a coincidence that the first student admitted happens to be a granddaughter of the First Chancellor of the University (Sir

Redmond Barry), whose memory was so honored during the recent University Jubilee celebrations.

Considering that the College opened in the middle of the year, the number of students already in residence is satisfactory. A representative from "God's Own Land" is sailing to-day, and an application has been received from Queensland. When the above are added to the list, Victoria, Tasmania, West Australia, Queensland, and New Zealand will have representatives within the College walls. Some of the students may aspire to join the ranks of one or other of the Teaching Orders. Others will take their places in the band of zealous secular apostles. To either class of teacher a central Catholic Training College in a metropolis will prove a boon.

In addition to the various courses required for registration, lectures on topics of the day, "professional meetings and discussions," the coming into contact with workers in different departments of the educational field, and other such effective aids will be at hand, and will enable the students to keep abreast of progressive methods. The consequent broadening of mind, widening of interest, and deepening of sympathies must result in inspiration and life-long enthusiasm. When to these are united—as in the case of a student entering a Religious Order—the concentration of purpose and singleness of aim which characterize the latter, admirable results must be produced.

Although it is recognized that general education should be finished before Professional Training is begun, still, to meet the need of the moment, the College Syllabus has been framed with a view of securing, when needful, the academic knowledge, as well as the professional.

The Course of Professional Training has been planned according to the best standards of the leading Training Colleges—Continental, English and American—but specially adapted to the educational requirements of Australasia.

The various syllabi include the requirements for the different Certificate or the Diploma examinations, and the students are classified according to the grade at which each is aiming.

In addition to students in training, the College will receive girls who—though not proposing to adopt teaching as a profession—are desirous to study for the Arts Course of the University. For such there are special fees.

Recognizing fully the advantages which result to education from the co-operation of specialists, the College has already engaged several lecturers, and this practice it purposes to continue whenever a progressive movement in any of the various departments of knowledge renders it advisable.

All the College Classes are open to non-residents, as well as the resident pupils.

The study of Christian Doctrine, Bible History, Church History, and of Philosophy is compulsory throughout the entire course on all Catholic students.

In the interests of those who are engaged during the week, it has been decided to open special Saturday Classes.

Further, if a sufficient number of applications are forthcoming, a Short Summer Course for self-improvement, under excellent lecturers, will be arranged for country and other teachers in January next.

Being a Catholic College, we shall expect to find the ideals of Catholic education there realized. It will have for its underlying principle the great truth that God is the beginning and end of human life, and that the work to be accomplished is the development of man according to Christian ideals. "Thus, intellect, science, art, culture will be used as aids in the great work of intellectual development, which, side by side, and in harmony with, and guided by the supernatural, produces the Educated Man."

All who become men of power reach their estate by the same self-mastery, the same self-adjustment to circumstances, the same voluntary exercise and discipline of their faculties, and the same working of their life up to and into their high ideals of life.

Tenderness does not mean weakness, softness, effeminateness. It is consistent with strength and bravery, and shows itself in thoughtful consideration for others. It is as the bloom on the peach, as spring showers on the earth, as the music of the angels stealing down on the plains of Bethlehem. You may not have much of this world's wealth to distribute, but you may give something better, and spend a useful and beneficent life if you will practise this lesson of shedding around you the grace of human tenderness, in word and act, and by the spirit of your life.

The Science Ball.

Last night I dreamed a strange, wild dream
Of a riotous study hall,
Where girls and books and school supplies
Attended the Science Ball.

Camilla Kavanagh received the guests,
She knew them all by name;
She smiled as she greeted them one by one,
And said she was glad they came.

Then they were shown to the gay ballroom,
Where all was mirth and fun;
The hall was brilliantly lighted
By the Phosphorescent Sun.

Miss Hydrogen came with her pale blue flame
Of most becoming tint;
The guests all beamed in the radiant light
Of Oxygen's glowing splint.

Then "music arose with its voluptuous swell"
From Miss Watson's tuning fork,
Which gave more sound when it bobbed around
On a frivolous bit of a cork.

Nellie Coughlan played on the wave-machine,
Hilda Murray on two U-tubes,
While Bessie MacSloy passed round a box
Of delicious wee jujubes.

Frances Dopp had an organ-pipe,
Margaret Brownlee did sing,
And Edna Tracy played harmonic scales
On a silver sonometer string.

A Test-tube played on a Hydrogen flame,
A Card on a tooth-edged wheel,
While the Riders who sat on the Nodes and Loops
Danced a Highland Fling and a Reel.

The hostess led with Major Chord
When the orchestra played a march,
Ozone came next in her airy way,
Her test-paper stiff with starch.

Then Major Wilkins came striding in,
Escorting Miss Florence Flask,
While the gayest of Spectrums danced behind
With a Carbon Disulphide mask.

Bunsen's Photometer, Burner and Cell
Came in with Miss Clara Doyle;
Rumford's Photometer followed them close,
Attended by Ruhmkorff's Coil.

A Wire conducted a Current in,
The Compass Needle swayed;
Old Umbra came with Miss Penumbra,
Who threw them all in the shade.

Frances Daniells came in with a looking-glass,
And without a bit of shame
Explained that she wished to measure
A Manometric Flame.

Then Newton's Disk came whirling in
With a nightmare hat on her head,
Trimmed with Violet, Indigo, Blue and Green,
And Yellow and Orange and Red.

Rita Tracy came with a Carbon Rod,
They were quite an Astatic Pair,
Clara Buckel came with Mr. Joule
But went home with young Ampère.

A Dynamo came across Wheatstone Bridge
And said he had paid no toll,
Which the Positive Plate appeared to doubt,
For she shook her Negative Pole.

Little Miss Ohm resisted all
Till pressed by Telephone,
Then she told Miss Gladys Wilkins
She preferred to be alone.

Sulphuric Acid began to flirt
And kissed Miss Pigott's hand,
But she sent him off with a sharp Retort,
And a gesture of command.

The fun became uproarious,
And all things passed off well,
Till a shadow of fear and horror
Across the ballroom fell.

An Incident Ray from Port Lumière,
Came in at a Critical Angle;
And struck a Plane Mirror right in the face,
Which caused a terrible wrangle.

Manganese Dioxide, that black-eyed thief,
Took advantage of the strife,
And accosted Potassium Chlorate with—
"Your Oxygen or your life"!

Gravity Cell was simply shocked,
Newton's Disk turned white,
Carbon Fibre became so hot
He gave incandescent light.

The exhausted Air-Pump lost his breath,
The Alarm Clock could not ring;
The younger Cells were polarized
By this audacious thing.

The Mirrors and Lenses gathered round
And stood in their Normal Line,
But the Refracted Ray put an end to it all,
And went off at a certain "Sine."

Copper Sulphate still looked blue,
And at last dissolved in tears;
Then two Electrodes came to her
And strove to calm her fears.

Then Anode smiled at Miss Kathode,
Who returned a significant glance,
As Copper led forth the Sulphion group
For the Intermolecular dance.

Then Birdie walked over to Marjorie G——,
As she sat on an Optical Bench,
And said she thought it a sin and a shame
That no one invited the French.

As the faithful "Rompre" came to Marjorie's mind,
Her tears fell thick and fast,
While Birdie declared not one guest there
Could boast of an Anterior Past.

When German Bücher did not appear
Miss Robinson expressed a doubt—
Perhaps she had sent regrets, because
She hadn't a new umlaut!

Horace and Livy refused to come
On account of Kathleen O'Brien,
Who said that if Cæsar brought Bellum there
She would of course decline.

Now several thought that Miss Bell Jar
Was the fairest maid of all;
But the sounding bell in the spherical wave
Was pronounced the "belle of the ball."

But the centre of all attraction
Was Miss Magnetite, of course,
Young Filings madly followed her round
Along all the "lines of force."

And so the night passed merrily on,
Till I heard an ominous call,
And a brazen voice disturbed my dream—
But 'twas not the "belle of the ball."

M. B. D.

Loretto Abbey.

This fine institution, recently enlarged to over twice its former size, situated conveniently near the business part of the city, yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study, combines the advantages of the city with those of the country, having the full benefit of the pure air of the lake, whilst it is both sheltered and ornamented by a beautiful belt of forest trees surrounding the shrubbery.

The course of instruction in this Institution comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies.

Particular attention is paid to deportment, while the health of the pupils is an object of constant solicitude.

Music in its various branches is assiduously cultivated. The Scientific, Vocal and Instrumental departments are taught by accomplished and experienced teachers, whose system is modelled on that of the European Conservatories.

Tuition in Vocal Music, Painting, Violin and Guitar may be had from professors, if desired.

Commercial Course, including Stenography and Typewriting, is taught to all the pupils who may desire it.

Special Course for pupils preparing for Matriculation; Honors in Languages and Teachers' Non-Professional Certificates.

The full Art Course is under the direction of experienced teachers, who prepare pupils for Certificates which fit them to be successful teachers in any Art School.



CROW ISLAND. AS SEEN FROM GOAT ISLAND.

Copyright 1905 by O. E. Dunlap.

Plain Sewing and every variety of Fancy Work are taught without additional charge.

Difference of religion is no obstacle to admission, provided the pupils conform to the General Regulations of the House.

TERMS.

The Academic Year is divided into two terms of five months each.

Board and tuition in English and French, per term of five month	$75 00
Piano, to Senior Classes	30 00
Piano, to Junior Classes	20 00
Use of piano, one hour daily	5 00
Harp, and use of instrument	25 00
Pipe Organ	40 00
Use of Organ, one hour daily	4 00
Vocal Music (private lesson from professor)	35 00
Choral Class	5 00
Harmony	15 00
Violin	30 00
Guitar, Banjo and Mandolin	25 00
Drawing	10 00
Painting on China, Oil Painting, Water Colors and Crayons, each	20 00
Modern Languages, each	15 00
Stenography and use of Typewriter	20 00
Entrance fee	5 00
Delsarte and Elocution in Class (private lessons at Professor's charge)	5 00
Library Fee	1 00
Washing	10 00

The above amounts are due in advance, at the beginning of each term, and when not paid punctually the usual rate of interest will be added.

GENERAL REGULATIONS.

1. The annual vacation commences the last week of June, and Scholastic duties are resumed the first Tuesday in September.

2. There will be an extra charge of $40 for pupils remaining during the summer vacation.

3. Wednesday is the young ladies' reception day, from one till a quarter to five o'clock. The visits of more distant male relatives than a brother or an uncle are not allowed.

4. References are required before the admission of a pupil.

5. Pupils are received at any time during the year (but not for a shorter period than five months) and charged from the date of entrance. No deduction is made for pupils withdrawn before the end of their session, unless in case of dismissal. If withdrawn on account of sickness, the pupil may, after recovery, return to finish her term.

6. Pupils are requested not to bring jewelry. The Institution will not hold itself responsible for any loss.

7. No advance is made for clothing or other expenses. A sufficient sum for that purpose must be deposited.

8. Needed dentistry must be attended to before the opening of the scholastic year.

9. No shopping or dressmaking to be done during the term. Parents are requested not to ask their children to make purchases for them.

10. Each pupil should be provided with 2 black dresses, very plainly made (the pupils being always in uniform these are essential); 1 white dress for concerts; plain white linen collars and cuffs; warm cap or hood, and wraps for out-door recreation; 1 dressing gown; 2 black aprons; 2 pairs sheets; 1 pair blankets; 1 comforter; white counterpane; rug for side of bed, 1½ yards long; 2 pairs pillow cases; toilet towels, etc.; 4 table napkins and table napkin-ring; knife; fork; table, dessert and tea spoons; plain glass goblet; 2 yards of black Brussels net; 3 yards white Brussels net (which can be procured at the Institution).

All articles brought by pupils to the Abbey must be marked in full.

For further particulars address Lady Superior, Loretto Abbey, Wellington Place, Toronto, Ont.

In his last days—he lived to be an old man—Oliver Wendell Holmes said that he owed a debt of gratitude to the nurse of his childhood, who studiously taught him to ignore unpleasant incidents. If he bumped his nose or skinned his knee, his nurse would never permit his mind to dwell upon the temporary pain, but claimed his attention for some pretty object or charming story or happy reminiscence. To her, he said, he was largely indebted for the sunshine of a long life.

A Dream of Poppies.

(To Bess.)

I.

Of golden glories of summer weather
We crav'd no part but to walk together,
In blest communion,—unheeding whether
The sun shone o'er us, or skies were lead!
With grateful hearts for the bliss that crown'd us,
Forgetful-all of the world around us,
Till life in its breadth and fullness found us,
And call'd in the glow of the Poppies red!

II.

From quiet paths to repose inviting,
That promis'd weary hours' requiting,
To fill the soul with heav'n's delighting,—
Where trees bent over a placid lawn;
I heard the song of restless Morning
With all glad hopes her way adorning,—
Instinctive to your dear face turning,
And Poppies bearing the blush of dawn!

III.

To discount the gift of our present gladness,
To dethrone our joy were a thing of madness!—
But all-busy thought brought the word of sadness,
Of death and parting, the grave and night!
But love and trust have a hope undying,
In the aid of Heaven all doubt defying:
Like unconscious grace of a true soul sighing,
Seemed the pleading pallor of Poppies white!

IV.

Thus the Summer fled, and our paths were parted;
But the moment's need makes the braver hearted,
And never a tear of repenting started
When eye met eye in a last love-beam!
But never does joy or the pang know ending,
For the past with the present is ever blending;
So the sweets of rest on my soul descending,
Bring the odor of Poppies across my dream!

IDRIS.

A small scar may mar a beautiful face; a slight rent a priceless canvas; a trifling stain a great marble; a tiny flaw a precious gem; a little fault a noble character.

Letter-Box.

LONDON, England.

DEAR RAINBOW:

As the eyes of the world were turned toward Cowes during the past summer, and hundreds of people flocked to the island for the purpose of obtaining a view of the King of Spain and welcoming the Queen to her childhood's home, I shall endeavor to give you a description of the metropolis of yachting—a household word to us, but, to others an unknown and undiscovered country. The little town faces north, and looks toward Calshot Castle and Southampton Water. On the east is Ryde, and on the west lies Lymington, with its line of low, wooded hills. The streets are narrow, but contain some famous shops; and there is a swinging bridge across the River Medina. Cowes is a town mainly composed of hotels, villas, and detached residences, with a few big country-houses in the near neighborhood. Norris Castle has a well-timbered park, and East Cowes Castle, the property of Lord Gort, is a fine place with extensive pleasure-grounds. Egypt is a large house near the sea, built of yellow brick, and beautified by its cloak of ivy and clematis. Osborne House—once a Royal residence—now belongs to the nation; and Northwood Park has become the retreat of a French sisterhood.

King Edward leads the simple life while at Cowes, comes on shore from a neat, dark blue launch, and wears the navy blue serge suit and peaked cap of an everyday yachtsman. Princess Beatrice of Battenberg—Governor of the Island—is often in residence at Osborne Cottage, and does much cruising in her yacht, the Sheila.

King Alfonso has, I hear, expressed a decided liking for the beautifully-situated and romantic-looking Norris Castle, fronting the Solent, whose lawns and wooded slopes adjoin the Osborne demesne. It is not unlikely that he will lease, or, it may be, purchase outright, this property as a summer residence during future yachting seasons. It has been vacant for over a twelvemonth, but was for a time rented by Mr. Richards, the wealthy American gentleman, better known, perhaps, as the father of Mrs. Craigie—"John Oliver

Hobbes"—before he took Sheephill Castle, his present residence at Ventnor.

Long the property of the Dukes of Bedford, its delightful situation roused the girlish enthusiasm of the late Queen Victoria, in the earliest year of her married life, and a big effort was made to purchase the place as a Royal residence. The negotiations failed, however, as the then Duchess of Bedford was firm in her refusal to give up so charming a retreat even to a young and romantic Sovereign. It was then that the Osborne House property was purchased, an old square, stuccoed mansion, which was subsequently pulled down and the present building erected from designs which were influenced by, if not actually the work of, the Prince Consort. Of course, the Osborne demesne was increased and improved, but it was a great disappointment to the young girl-queen to have her early wish thwarted.

I am assured that the King and Queen and the members of the Royal circle have most thoroughly enjoyed the Cowes week, in which the delightful sailing trips on the King's own cutter, Britannia, were not the least enjoyable items. Their Majesties also took the very greatest interest in the details and trials of the beautiful new motor boats, which were such a prominent feature this year at the yachting center.

Another happy group each day was that formed by the King and Queen of Spain and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her sons and Princess Christian, on the steam yacht Sheila. The young King was in the heart of everybody, there was no mistaking the popular indications, and his enthusiasm and unaffected ways were pleasing to witness. I saw him, on one occasion, when his steam pinnace, after leaving the R. Y. S. steps, broke down and drifted helplessly on the tide. Before officer or seaman could take a step, he was up on the stern seat, peering over and diving his hand down into the water to trace the possible cause. However, another launch came to the rescue, and took him and his companions to the Giralda, and a member of the Squadron brought a second boat to tow the disabled Spanish pinnace to the Royal yacht.

On the Victoria and Albert, King Edward was not cut off from all State business, and, for the forwarding of any urgent communication, as well as for household purposes, the yacht was connected to Cowes Post Office, as had been done in previous years, by telegraph cable, and special operators and apparatus were installed. A special cable was also connected to the King of Spain's yacht Giralda, and a telephone fixed aboard for the use of His Majesty and suite, and this courtesy was greatly appreciated by the youthful monarch, who was personally interested in all the details of the installation. By means of the exchange at Cowes Post Office he was placed in constant touch with Osborne Cottage, and, by trunk lines, with more distant places on the mainland.

Cowes by day is glorious; by night a dream; for if you have not seen Cowes struggling down to sleep you have missed a sight to be remembered. At eleven o'clock the sea is a blaze of lights, like the lights of a seaside town, seen from the deck of a passing steamer—a great, glittering belt, that stretches as far as the eye can see. Then, one by one, come little gaps in the circle of light. First of all, the great arc lights of the King's yacht die out; then lesser lights fade. By this time the noises of the town are stilled, and the tinkle of a banjo and the cry of a boatman, hailing a yacht, come over the water. Then, one by one, deck lights vanish, and all that is left of the seaborne town are the steady burning riding lights—and a great silence.

M. P.

New York.

Dear Rainbow:

Your modest request for my note-book, or a part of its contents, is granted, and we will begin with Germany. When I had passed through the entrancing vistas of beauty that open at every turn of the Rhine, and sometimes startlingly remind one of the Hudson—I thought there could be nothing left in Germany to admire. So, with the noble vision of the castle of Rheinstein in my mind, I came upon a German forest village, and there discovered a new pleasure. The Rhine is not all of Germany. The Castle of Rheinstein has a particular attraction for the American mind. It comes nearer to the castles which we tread in dreams after having read Walter Scott than any of the others. You would see the fair form of Lady Hermengilda emerge from the window upon the balcony and gaze earnestly towards the road, without surprise. It would not amaze you to hear the rattle of Sir Rupert's armor as he rode

over the drawbridge, fresh from a foray. The little forest village was even more attractive to me than the magnificent and romantic castle.

Not far from the entrance to the Gottschlagthal, many miles from the railway that skirts the north-west of Baden, lies a secluded village. To this, its distance from a well-worn travellers' highway, it owes, perhaps, its chief charm—its reticence and silence, its pleasant old-world ways. One reaches it by a wide valley, from which the rounded, pine-crowned trees stand well away, leaving a sunlit breadth of grassy uplands, through which the river winds with murmurous singing. In the very heart of this greenness nestles Kappel, a village of two straggling streets, made gay on market-days with a gleam of scarlet petticoat and waistcoat, and lively with much gutteral speech. But Kappel, spite its pleasant white wine, its deep crimson roses, its ruined castle, perched far above it, or its houses—low-roofed and black-beamed, such as painters love—holds no charm for you, and you pass onward up the narrowing valley, where the dark hills draw nearer to each other, and the stream flows between lessening margins.

It is never lonely, though one feels as if it led nowhere, this "happy valley," for to the right and to the left against the fringe of wood, are perched snug homesteads with deep penthouse of golden-brown thatch, which almost conceals the narrow windows in which the marigold and peonies are glowing, and with slopes of fragrant meadow-land in front, over which the summer wind shivers lightly. Now and then a peasant, a quaint figure in short-waisted coat of some shining black stuff, and red vest, is to be met, suiting his pace to that of his slow oxen; and he is sure to give you a *Guten Abend* as he looks at you with friendly curiosity. Then there is a level space of road when you limit your vision on one side to the straggling hedgerow, bearing a burden of all sweet things, and to the rapid flow of the impetuous river on the other; but in a little while there are signs of men again; for here is the sawmill to drown the river's voice, and the farmhouse with its tangled garden and vine-colored trellis, set against the road. Soon these, too, are left behind; and, by a winding way over whose very margin the pines fling their broad shadows, you wander on, having deep glimpses into the heart of the wide forest, that gained for this dark land in Cæsar's time, its name of Silva Nigra. And it is, after all, quite suddenly that you come upon the half-dozen irregular, broad-eaved houses, standing a little apart from each other, that form the village you seek; an inn or two, which peasants frequent, the barber's shop, with its sign dangling above the door, and flowers in all the windows; the wide, black forge, holding its glowing heart of fire; children at shrill-voiced play by the river; men and women who straighten bowed backs to look and exchange friendly greeting as you pass. Then with a sharp bend to the left comes the narrow bridge that spans the wayward river, broken here into a hundred miniature cascades by the moss-grown boulders that impede its path; and while its voice is yet sounding in your ears, you have reached the *Gasthaus zum Ochsen*. Your pleasant pilgrimage is over, for this is its goal.

You stand a moment to look about you. In front of you lies the wide country, fair and still under the evening light. And yet it is a landscape made up of very homely elements. Sombre woods which climb and crown the hills, tinted here and there to a brighter green with the young growth of the spring; smiling slopes where the sunlight lingers; quiet homesteads where generations have lived out their simple uneventful lives; looking upon the same upland pastures where the cattle feed, hearing the same rushing waters. Under the ample roofs the beehives stand in a row; oxen loosed from their yokes, pass under the wide archways; the thin blue thread of wood-smoke curls upward and hangs in the still air. A little higher up the hill, beyond the pond which mirrors the placid sky, stands the little church, its white belfry clearly defined against the background of wood. You turn from it lingeringly to the low white house behind you, its many windows open to admit the evening freshness, and to the wide court where the pigeons plume themselves upon the sunny wall.

If former experience of hotel life has led you to expect and desire the attendance of obsequious white-neckclothed waiters and smart chambermaids, then the *Ochsen* is no home for you. But, if you care to abandon yourself for a little space to a life of very simple pleasures, among a people as yet unspoiled by contact with the outer world, then pass beneath the vine-cov-



QUERCUS PRINUS. CHESTNUT OAK.

ered porch. For come as you will, in hired carriage, in diligence, or on foot, you will find here a ready welcome. Mine host will advance to meet you, and reach a broad hand to clasp yours; his comely *Frau* awaits you on the threshold, and herself leads you to that pleasant chamber under the eaves, in at whose open casements comes the scent of the linden tassels. Sons and daughters of a house will anticipate with smiling readiness the wants which your stammering tongue refuses to translate for you. Here you may experience the rare and pleasant sensation of being received for your own sake, not for the amount of gold with which you may swell the landlord's coffers—a guest whom he delights to honor.

They wait upon you themselves, those handsome, friendly young people, while you sup in the brown, low-roofed room, adorned with gaily-colored prints of saints and martyrs. Between the courses, while you sip your glass of white wine, they will sit beside you and entertain you in kindly fashion. Very soon you are able to distinguish between Karl and Fritz, and have even a dim suspicion that other eyes than those of her brothers have found out that Fräulein Gretchen is very fair. Before your meal is ended you will have had an outline of their uneventful history; and unless you have more than your share of reticence, they will have learned something of yours. Presently, they will show you the visitors' book, where, among crabbed and twisted hieroglyphics which you cannot hope to decipher, you discover the signature of a former Smith or Brown who lodged here, and recorded his sentiments in awful German; but the date is eight or ten years back, and out of the photograph of your fellow countryman which Fräulein Grete brings you, there looks at you an unknown face.

If, while you lean back for a moment to enjoy your sense of comfort and well-being, your eyes stray to the dark corner where the old square piano stands, one of the bright faces near you will certainly kindle into sudden enthusiasm, and if you so will it, the rest of your evening may be spent in the rare company of Beethoven and Händel and Bach. As the quick, firm touch falls upon the notes, the sweet strains seem to act as a magnet; for, presently, the host enters, cigar in mouth, and seats himself in the wooden armchair; the good *Frau*, the sleeves of her cotton jacket still rolled up, comes forth for a moment from the dark recesses of the kitchen; and about the open door there gathers a dim and shadowy company; stray passers on the highway, perhaps, or the village folk who drop in of an evening to drink their half-bottle of red wine in the *Gaststube* across the passage. Sometimes it is Fräulein Grete who sings; and then the refrain of the *Volkslied* is unfailingly taken up by the outer listeners, and swells into a pleasant wave of melody. Time in this quiet place glides by to the sound of music. The hostler sings as he rubs down his horses; Fritz sets the coffee-cups to a refrain of Schubert's; you are wakened in the fresh, early morning by the strains of a waltz, which some one thumps out merrily in the guest-room beneath you. And, as you rise and throw open your casement to let in the new brilliance of the day, you feel that the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places. Here, for a smaller sum than is spent upon a single meal in a large city, you may live from day to day upon the fat of the land. Your weekly bill is so modest that you pay it with almost a sense of shame; it leaves you a debtor still for many kindnesses which gold cannot pay.

As you linger on beneath the lindens, you watch the slow procession of events that make up the daily life of this forest village. While you drink your coffee, the school children troop past, bright-eyed little lads and maidens, bare-headed, and for the most part bare-footed, too, their quick tread falling almost noiselessly on the white road. With a slow creak, come the ox-carts, burdened with a load of pine-logs; the blue-bloused peasant cracks his whip, and they cross the bridge at a quicker pace. From an upland meadow a woman drags a load of fresh-cut grass; the priest in his long robes strides down the hill, and pauses a moment to lay his hand on the head of the child who clings to his skirts. Now and then, on Sunday or feast day, there is a procession. At these times, when the bell in the little belfry set against the wood, sends out its one thin note, the crowds begin to thicken on the white road. From the meadows by the river, from the heart of the forest, from distant houses hidden among the hills, they come. There is a gleam of blue and purple and scarlet as they pass; the uplifted banners are stirred by the soft air,

and the slow, monotonous chant fills all the valley. Sometimes there is a sadder pilgrimage to the church on the verge of the wood, where stands a new coffin with lights burning about it, and thence to the sloping hillside, sown thick with little iron crosses, but lying very pleasantly to the sun. At eleven o'clock comes the great event of the day, when with a jingle of bells and a sudden crash of wheels, the diligence draws up before the door of the *Ochsen.* Then you may begin to speculate on the number of letters it has brought for you; or, if these fail you, you glean news of the outer world through the pages of the *Kölnische Zeitung,* which Fritz brings you. When your interest in German politics flags, you concentrate it on the new arrivals, who share with you the shade of the cloudy linden foliage, and are already clinking their beer-glasses.

You will find them very ready to be friendly, these young students from Carlsruhe, to whom the *Ochsen* is familiar ground. At the early dinner table they will introduce themselves in manly fashion, stating name and occupation and dwelling-place; and then, if you will and dare, you may venture beyond the *Guten Appetit* and the *Gesegnete Mahlzeit,* which it is incumbent on you to utter at the beginning and end of each meal.

When you tire of the talking—and certainly there is a great deal of it—you may wander out into the woods, of which you never weary. Under these straight trunks you pass from lavish sunshine to intensest shade, broken rarely by a gleam that travels down the gray stems and flickers on the moss. Here you may linger for hours, and hear no sound but your own footfall, or the soft murmur of the wind far above you. Once and again you come upon signs of a charcoal-burner's deserted encampment; but if you would see the woodcutters at work, you must mount upwards by the winding forest paths that lead to the crown of the hill. After having emerged from these green aisles, and reached this freer air, you may well forget your sense of weariness, for here on all sides of you, like the billows of a frozen sea, rise the green-clad hills, wave upon wave, black in the hollows, but emerald in the sunlight. The village lies at your feet, warm and sheltered; and on the other side where the valley widens, there stretches in the far distance a wide reach of level land, which you know to be the fair plain of Alsace, but which in the noontide heat you dream to be a glistening summer sea, with islands and jutting shores and sailing ships.

And so with the June days you linger on in this pleasant land, where, surely, the sunsets are rosier and the day dawns fairer than elsewhere. On midsummer day they begin to cut the first crop of meadow-hay. It is a pretty sight to see the long ranks falling before the mower's scythe, though you grudge the death of the flowers, that made all the wayside a bright mosaic of blended colors. From this time you see less of your hosts, unless you choose to take part in that busy scene by the river, where the women—bare-armed and footed—toss the hay, while the men rake it together and fill the great wooden carts. A boy stands with a green branch in his hand to shield the patient cattle from the flies. Then when the last load is hoisted, and the ropes made fast, with many an objurgation, the team gets under way; the deep ruts are safely passed, and, with a sigh of relief, the owner sees his wealth pass onward to the great barn. When the last precious load is safely stored, and the workers are set free, you may join the young people in one of the many excursions with which they enliven the quiet days. Perhaps you scramble into the *Leiterwagen,* and are jostled merrily over the sunny roads to some other hidden village nestling among the woods, where *Grossvater* and *Grossmutter,* who have a *Wirthschaft* of their own, receive you with simple dignity, and set before you the best the house can offer.

You are familiar by this time with these peasant homes—the dark, low-roofed rooms, with the polished wardrobe in one corner, and the stove with quaint Scripture scenes—the sacrifice of Isaac or the judgment of Solomon—represented on it in relief. You remember them all: the farmhouse high upon the hill, where you had many a draught of new milk out of a blue two-handled jar, and ate of black bread on which the housewife had devoutly made the sign of the cross; the *Burgomeister's,* with the deep-thatched eaves and narrow windows, whence you had that fair prospect of climbing vineyards and distant wood. You remember them all, and think with regret that you have seen them and their simple, kindly owners for, perhaps, the last time. For as the June days lessen one by one, you feel that

you, too, must turn your steps from this quiet spot. With July and August will come grave professors and merry students and households set free for a space from city life, and there will be dancing and merry-making in the guest-room of the *Ochsen*.

After a time you turn sadly from these new-old friends, who crowd about the door to wish you God-speed, and you climb the dusty way, leaving them behind. The orange light lies in long level bands between the dark hills; the woods are growing sombre-tinted; and, as you turn for one last backward glance, the first star burns in the pale sky above you. Night has come o'er the forest village. *Au revoir*.

A. C.

COLEGIO DE LORETO,
ZALLA, VIZCAYA, Spain.

DEAR RAINBOW:

We have heard that you wish to know something more about the progress of our College in Zalla. There is not anything of much interest to relate. You know already all about its birth, infancy, etc., and now that it is toddling on to childhood and beginning "to stand alone," its history is much the same as that of most struggling foundations, except, indeed, in its abnormal growth. Just two and a half years ago, the first stone of the building was laid. The following year the nuns took up their abode in it, and now there is a well-filled school, and everything going on as if the house had already celebrated its "Boda de Plata" or Silver Jubilee.

Last Christmas, midnight Mass, followed by two others, was celebrated by the Rev. F. Obeso, S. J., Professor of Mathematics at the University of Deusto. He comes to Zalla every Christmas Eve to hear the confessions of the nuns who do not understand Spanish very well, for he speaks English perfectly.

During Holy Week we had all the ceremonies carried out with ritual solemnity. Then the May processions every Saturday in honor of Our Lady. Toward the end of the month there was a Reception of Children of Mary and a number of children made their First Communion, on which occasion Father L. de Guevara, S. J., the children's director, preached a very beautiful and touching sermon, which moved even the parents of the little ones to tears. But our next was the greatest "funcion" of all—solemn procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament around our own grounds. Mother Evangeline obtained the great privilege from Rome—and for all time—to have a procession on Corpus Christi. Two altars were erected, one on the hillside at the rear of the house, the other in the front lawn. Several priests attended, those of Zalla, our chaplain, and all who could manage to come from the neighboring villages, the Marist Brothers, who now live in our former convent, on the other side of Zalla, the Mayor and Corporation, and many of the pupils' parents, who came especially from Bilboa to be present. Six gentlemen were invited to carry the canopy—a custom in Spain. The children of our Free School walked first, then those of the Boarding School, all in white, then the Religious, just preceding the clergy. The calm loveliness of the evening enhanced the beautifully solemn procession, and, as we knelt in a double semicircle on the grass in front of the altar, one could not fail to be impressed by Nature's homage to its Creator. The sweet, subtle scent of crushed mint and countless wild flowers, the song of the birds, especially a pair of rival thrushes that joined in the "Tantum Ergo,"—indeed, it seemed as if all the birds in the oaks upon the mountainside wished to swell the chorus—lent an additional charm to the scene.

Our gymnasium display was a grand success, and a source of great pleasure to the parents, who were enchanted with the precision, skill, and grace displayed by the performers in their various manœuvers. Those who took part wore navy blue sailor suits, crimson silk sashes, ties, and the same color in their hair, also red shoes. All their bars, clubs, &c., were decorated with rosettes and streamers in the national colors—yellow and red. The effect was extremely pretty, set off by the tender green of the meadows in the background.

During the last days of school there was a charming soirée, to which the pupils' relatives were also invited—a most amusing French comedy, also a Spanish one, which the people greatly enjoyed, and some lovely English songs and choruses were the crowning events. The youngest children sang their action song, "Merry Little Japanese Girls," in costume; they did the fan part to perfection, for every baby in Spain

is an adept in fluttering her fan. It was surprising to hear how sweetly and distinctly they pronounced English—Spanish children seem to have an extraordinary facility in learning languages.

School closed on the fourteenth of June and the students left in excellent spirits. As our other Colegios close long before this date, some of the more delicate novices and nuns hurry away from scorching Seville and sultry Madrid to spend the vacation with us. They are charmed with our famous mountains and revel in a ramble amongst the oaks, knee-deep in ferns, heather, broom, and all kinds of prickly, perfumy things.

As the writer has been only a short time on this mission and therefore has had no share in the splendid work done here, she can safely praise all those who have labored so successfully, especially the Superior, who planned everything and realized all her ideals. It is simply marvellous when one considers the difficulties that had to be overcome.

Now, dear RAINBOW, it is really time to close my letter, which is already too long. With the hope that you will like the enclosed views of Zalla, I remain,

Your affectionate correspondent,

M. J. ELIZABETH.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich.

DEAR KATHLEEN:

Must we begin by quoting those oft-repeated words, "The days are gone when beauty bright," &c., now even more than usually significant? Ah, yes, they are gone, those happy schooldays, so replete with the sweetest pleasure Nature can bestow. Now it is, indeed, that "memories cluster, memories sweet, of long ago," but while we so fondly cherish these pleasant reminiscences, let us not altogether reject the enchanting allurements found outside of convent gates, for a few may really be discovered, even in such a secluded spot as the "Indian" settlement at the "Soo." Having been here only till June, each year, our ideal summers are unknown to you. Then come with us just once for a sail down St. Mary's. Every time we go, new beauty is discovered, just as when we were looking for hidden gems in our literature. Many picturesque spots will meet our view, such as Garden River, a delightful camping ground; and Desbarats, famed, not so much for its scenic beauty—though this is really striking—as for the fact that Longfellow's *Hiawatha* has been played repeatedly and successfully here by real "Indians"—our cousins, by the way. About two miles farther we come upon the most interesting feature of our excursion, "Devil's Gap"—do not be frightened, the place is not as bad as its name would have us believe. While the boat is making its way in and out among a dozen little islands, one cannot help being impressed by the sublimity of the scene. In some places the space through which the boat passes is so narrow that we can touch the rocks on either side—they are merely separated by the river.

On the return trip, we have a splendid view of the two delightful resorts, Aquaquaning and Beaver Parks. While the vessel is moored, why not walk about, so that none of the points of interest may be overlooked, and admire the cottages along the river, almost completely vine-clad, and the glittering water with its rowboats, canoes, and launches, crowded with pleasure-seekers—oh, the sight makes us wish for a perpetual summer!

A few moments' sail farther up the river brings us to Neebish. Some of our "Indian" friends may remember trips across the dike in search of wild roses and birch bark, obtained only at the cost of badly-scratched fingers. We will pass this place in deep thought, our minds filled with recollections of days when a happy group of maidens with their dearly-loved teachers enjoyed this same excursion.

To return to local events. I wish you had been here a few weeks ago: you would surely have been delighted. To quote from one of Mme. de Sévigné's letters, it was something "la plus triomphante, la plus extraordinaire, la plus grande, la plus rare, la plus brilliante, la plus digne d'envie. Devinez—la? Il faut donc vous la dire." So here it is. I know you must have enjoyed the suspense, if you have not done what some little people do—looked at the last page in the book to see how the story ended. It was simply this—we had two superb garden parties on our magnificent Rectory lawns. Like our inimitable "Pink Tea," everything was carried out to perfection. Description does not at all add to the beauty of the affair, so you must just try to

imagine how such extensive, well-kept grounds would look in "full evening attire." To begin with, a large "Welcome" in electric lights, hung over the front balcony, could readily be discerned at a great distance. The grounds were also illuminated by numberless electric lights and Japanese lanterns—one of which occasionally burned up to amuse the crowd. Booths and tables abounded everywhere, and ice cream was lavishly dispensed by pretty volunteer waitresses—do not think I was one. At the end of the first day, the party was deemed such a success, both socially and financially, that it was decided to have it the next night. An Italian band was engaged, our own being out of town, and the sweet music discoursed by the dark-eyed sons of Italy was one of the most enjoyable features.

You are wondering, meantime, what has become of our famous class of '06. Has our ship anchored yet? Have any of the eight passengers left it? "Sail forth into the sea, O ship!" we said. This it has done, ploughing its way onward—onward—till one of its passengers left to impart knowledge to—little savages! We will leave her in the semi-wilderness, teaching the red man's son to shoot and take his part in the war-dance. In the latter, she will be an efficient mistress. Another has left the broad upper deck, and finally, the whole stately ship behind her. For what? In the distance we see our youthful poetess bending over the plague-stricken in a far-away hospital, murmuring snatches of verse to soothe pain and beguile the weary hours. With a blessing on her and her work, we seek our "clever girl." It is evident that she loves children, for the Kindergarten and its interesting developments have claimed her attention. Another has chosen a life of study. The musicians of the class, not deeming it advisable to stop at anything short of perfection in the divine art, are still in pursuit of that elusive quality. All American girls love study, so why should not our typical one have a predilection for letters? We hear she has already begun the "First Book" for the "School of Life." It does not require much penetration to locate our "dear little girl." Mistress of a pretty home, the idol of admiring brothers and sisters, she pursues the even tenor of her existence. There are still three on the great ship. Let us hope that when these ladies of leisure reach a favorable port, their landing may be as safe and pleasant as ours.

ELIZABETH M. COX.

PENSION BRÜMMER,
SCHILLINGSTRASSE,
MÜNCHEN, Bayern.

DEAR FRIEND:

You cannot know how glad I was to receive your letter, which I have read for the third time. It is hard to live in an entirely foreign atmosphere, but here Americans are in the majority, the English come next, then we have Germans, also a Russian violinist, an Italian opera singer, a Greek philosopher and three Orientals from Constantinople. France is the only nation not at present represented in Pension Brümmer. The atmosphere is very musical here. The Wagner Festspiel is just over and now the regular opera season has commenced. I cannot begin to tell you of the wonderful music—the more I hear it the more I wish to hear. These Germans have every opera on the tip of their tongue—a part of their lives, as it were. I shall never be able to appreciate our home efforts again. They will be utterly void of meaning, I fear.

Some time in November I shall leave for Italy, where I intend to visit Venice, Verona, Bologna, Florence, Naples and Rome. I know I shall love every inch of Italy, and I know now why I am so in love with München. There is so much of the poetry of the South here, and such an absence of the stiff prose of the northern part of Germany. The Ludwigs, who were great lovers of the beautiful in art, made Munich what it is to-day. The Royal Palace is a copy of the Pitti Palace, the Feldherrnhalle is almost an exact reproduction of the Loggia dei Lanzi, of Florence. The Sieges Tor is Roman, the Propylaeum is Greek, and so on all down the line. The streets are beautifully wide and clean—by the way, women are the street-cleaners—and they are constantly cleaning. I shall send you some of my favorite postals, and you will, I am sure, agree with me that no trip abroad is complete if one has not lived in Munich. The galleries contain masterpieces of the world's greatest artists, and there are many beautiful churches, but none to compare with the marvellous cathedrals of Cologne and Strasburg—in the latter I saw the world-famous clock.

I am now studying German—three lessons a week—china-painting and ivory-painting. In Rome I shall take ivory-painting only, as I am told opportunities are excellent there.

In February I shall go to France and Holland, and then home. Meanwhile, remember in prayer

Your affectionate,

GERTRUDE MEYER.

HASTINGS, SUSSEX, England.

DEAR RAINBOW:

A few lines in continuation of a previous letter descriptive of a tour through the west of Ireland, will be timely just now, I think.

After leaving Sligo, we arrived at Ballina, a small town, although of very considerable importance, on the banks of the lovely River Moy. For the first time in all my life, I have really experienced the delicious effects of a contiguous bog. Often had I heard and read of the odor of turf. In Black's "Princess of Thule," I confess I had thought, in my ignorance, that the pleasure was overdrawn, but those lovely white, coarse linen sheets and pillow-cases, from which emanated the soothing, sleep-inducing perfume of turf at Koutledge's Railway Hotel, Ballina, were a revelation to me and completely exonerated Mr. Black.

No one can realize the deliciousness of turf odors from merely having seen sods procured from a vendor for fire-lighting purposes. The whole atmosphere and water and all things in Ballina seemed to breathe this deliciousness, which must be felt in order to be believed. The water made me imagine that I could taste perfumes of past ages of luxuriant growths of herbs and flowers which, perhaps, were the ancient history of bog-lands. I was not alone in this idea. My friend agreed that she never had had so delightful an experience—and oh, the kindliness of heart evinced everywhere! Surely, one feels, when in the west, that it is real old Ireland, and, when off the beaten tourist track one has a better opportunity to study the natural characteristics. I remember at one station en route to Ballina, where we had to change trains and cross a bridge, there were few porters, and we looked in vain for assistance to carry our shawl-straps; a young fellow, who had alighted from the train, saw our predicament and walked up to us, requesting to be allowed to help. We thanked him, but said, "Oh, no, we will find a porter." However, this was impossible, and our train was arriving on the other side of the platform; so we took them up and were hurrying on, when the same young fellow from half way across, seeing us, returned and repeated his offer of assistance, which we, this time, gladly accepted. He put them in our carriage, and, raising his hat, walked away. This, of course, is something which might happen in any country, but it would *nearly always* happen in Ireland, where the desire to be of use and the natural courtesy of the people are everywhere conspicuous.

We could scarcely induce any of the servants to accept a tip when we were leaving Ballina. "Oh, shure, Miss, what would yez be given me that for? Shure I didn't do anything at all for yez." The fact was, they were never tired of doing, and never allowed an opportunity to escape of ministering to our comfort, in every respect.

Our first rainy day was the one after our arrival at Ballina. We devoted the time to reading and writing letters. It was in June and the weather had been gloriously warm, but the rain sent a chill through the atmosphere, so we sat in the drawing-room with wraps close by. A maid entered, and, noticing that we had decided to remain indoors—for which Irish people rarely consider rain a sufficient cause—took in the whole situation at a glance, and at once asked: "Shure an' wouldn't yez like a fire?" This rather astonished us, being more accustomed to the cut and dry observances of away-from-home life—once a certain day arrives in—May, I think—no more fires are possible until the following October; we declined the favor, wondering how a mere employee could have ventured such a proprietor-like suggestion, but she insisted. The day was damp, and we'd be more cosy with a fire, so she brought up a basket of turf, and, in a few moments, we had another of the most delightful experiences of our lives—a glowing turf fire—and oh, it was so cheerful and altogether so cosy and home-like that we were almost wishing there might be a regular downpour next day, only so many places in and around beautiful Ballina had yet to be seen and enjoyed. Our windows looked out upon the old ruins of Ardnaree, of unique interest to all of my name.



A Breath of Irish Air.

Our next trip was to Bunree Falls and River, where we saw, for the first time, men washing sheep. It was very funny to see the wee lambs trying to follow their dams into the water, and their delight when they were restored to them, dripping but safe, and then their desire to help in drying their fleece. In some instances their expressive faces turned upward to us standing on the bridge and seemed to say: "Can you calmly look on and see our mothers dragged through the river in such a manner? Do come and help us!"

One day, we watched some men hauling the salmon nets. They declared we had brought them good luck, as they took in the best draught of the season. My friend, who rejoices in a fine appearance, told this to our landlord when we returned. With an Irishman's characteristic chivalry came the ready reply: "Well, Miss, if you didn't bring them good luck, you brought them good looks, anyway."

From Ballina we went to the beautiful old Abbey of Moyne, which, personally, holds great historic and traditional interest for me. The old caretaker regaled us with many familiar legends and stories. Near Moyne Abbey is the town of Killala, where stands the finest specimen of an ancient round tower that I have seen, in splendid preservation. At the station we met an aged man with whom we entered into conversation. He appeared to be in excellent condition, and confessed to having seen close on one hundred summers, living in a neighboring district, which he declared to be more healthy and altogether delightful than Killala. He seemed surprised when we stated that we had not decided to pay it a passing call. Then I saw my friend's eyes twinkle and a look of prophetic anticipation came over her face, which had its realization when he calmly and solemnly declared it to be "the loveliest place in the world." This oft-expressed verdict was admitted by us to be a just one, but, it became so familiar to our ears that we recognized Sir Boyle Roache's bird, if one may be allowed the comparison. It shows how devoted the people are to their native spot of earth and how hard is the lot, at least in its initial stages, of the Irish emigrant.

After leaving Ballina, we proceeded to Westport, but we did not remain there, having changed the course of our route in order to visit kind friends near Louisburg, where we were charmed by our surroundings and most hospitably entertained. We drove by lovely Clew Bay, where the noble Croagh Patrick rises majestically, and from the top of which St. Patrick banished all the venomous reptiles then existing on Irish soil, and where at present a church is being erected in his honor. Clew Bay is magnificently wild and picturesque. Achill Island, just opposite, is, I believe, wonderfully interesting in caves and rocks, but we had not time to cross to it. The ruin of Grace O'Malley's castle is supposed to be here, although another ancient one on the shores of Clew Bay, near Croagh Patrick, claims a similar distinction. In all probability, both are correct.

From Louisburg our kind host's father, Mr. J. O'Dowd, J. P., Mayo, drove us to Leenane, a distance of eighteen miles of the most beautiful mountain scenery I had ever seen. The mountains of this part of Mayo are most peculiar in being covered with a lovely green moss, or some kind of soft verdure, which gives the effect of perfect contours with a total absence of ruggedness. Never have I seen anything so velvety; no trees, but all green carpet. The wonderful Dhu Lough Pass, or Pass of the Black Lake, was, to my mind, the finest point of our journey, with its emerald-hued mountains on both sides, and beautiful lakes, studded with miniature islands. We crossed by boat to the Leenane Hotel, where we bade good-bye to our hospitable friend, whose influence we experienced even after we missed his genial presence—that is, if anything could make Leenane Hotel more comfortable and attractive than it always is. Few persons who seek restful and fascinating spots, realize how rich Ireland is in such resources. Indeed, all that modern improvements and luxury can devise is to be found here, for the hotel is in itself and its benevolent proprietor, Mr. McKeown, a marvellous power for good throughout this part of Galway. Mr. McKeown has organized, around Leenane, several new industries, such as the manufacture of tweed, the carving of curios from native material —all native, and all much admired and appreciated by King Edward and his suite, when he, as the first English monarch on record, paid his surprise visit to this part of Connaught, a few years ago.

Having passed a most enjoyable week at Leenane, we drove by long-car to Clifden. Nothing could have been more in contrast to the softness of the Mayo mountains than the rugged gran-

deur of its sister county. No sooner is Galway entered than the mountains assume a gray, gaunt, wild aspect, just as if one had gone to another continent. Here we find the twelve Bens, or Pins, as some erroneously style them, wonderful in their massive grandeur, and all around chasms and rocks and marble inland cliffs, while the roads are embowered in huge hedges of fuchsia. For miles and miles there is not a breach in this luxuriant passage, and, as we revel in the fascination of the views—mountain, cataract, lake and sea, all mingled—we do not realize that we are gradually ascending those huge mountains until we finally miss them and look down from our seat upon the car on the marvellous heights at which we had wondered in the beginning of our journey.

From Clifden we took a train to Galway, and once more travelled through that diversity of scenery, which meant stern ruggedness softened now and again by the most lovely oases of lake and greenwood that any tropical land could glory in. Galway is very interesting, particularly the Claddagh and its spacious harbor and bay—in which no vessels of any account lay at anchor—where Nature seems to have built her protection everywhere and whence the Atlantic flows unintercepted to that distant America on whose shores flourish, and within whose bosom lie, undisturbed, so many of that old race who made Galway what it once was in those now forgotten, far-off ages.

A unique experience of Galway was the sight of myriads of salmon lying in the bed of the river, which is spanned by the new bridge. I thought at first they were masses of tangled seaweed and could scarcely believe it possible that they were fish until I saw them leap and occasionally move about. The water is so clear you can almost count them.

We visited a lovely old convent there. The garden doors were open and we were gazing admiringly, when a nun who saw us sent a messenger to invite us to enter. The garden was very pretty, and the chapel beautiful. Galway is remarkable for its handsome old churches. We visited several, all very fine. I believe I quite forgot to mention that the Ballina cathedral is one of the sights of the town, and also the view from Leenane Hotel of the sunset glow on the Mayo mountains, exactly similar to the much-talked-of Alpine glune of Switzerland, with the exception that the roseate hue in Mayo is on the mossy green of those lovely mountain tops, while in Switzerland it rests upon the snow. The reflection on those green hills is something exquisite, and I do not think it has ever been noticed or considered unusual.

From Galway we returned to Dublin, and, after a week's sojourn there in the Royal Hibernian Hotel, we bade farewell to dear old Ireland and our many friends in the Emerald Isle.

Thus ended our tour of 1906.

MARIE JOSEPHINE O'DOWDA.

COLOGNE, Germany.

DEAR GLADYS:

It seems a very long time since we parted at the Union Station in Toronto, and I can hardly realize that I am so far from my old friends. I suppose you would like to know how I am daily occupied.

I presume that you have heard that boarding-school was the final decision made for my benefit, so here I am, and, although I dreaded the separation from home and its associations, I am, through the kind attentions of my schoolmates, not feeling as homesick as I anticipated.

You ask, dear Gladys, for a résumé of one day's work, therefore, I shall begin with the early dawn, when the sonorous sounds of the morning bell awake us to the fact that it is six o'clock. Although we feel it is very early, the twittering and singing of the birds, the market-women with their faithful friend, the dog, scarcely visible under his heavy load of market-produce, passing under our window, remind us that their day has long begun.

Twenty-five minutes to seven finds us assembled in the prayer-hall, from which we repair to the much-longed-for repast, consisting of rolls and coffee. Simple as it may seem, it is always appreciated.

At seven studies begin. For the first few days you can imagine my bewilderment. Then, when recess came, with its accompaniment of rolls and coffee, my embarrassment was increased by the chatter of my companions, but this has now, fortunately, become intelligible.

Dinner gong sounds at a quarter to one, and it is welcome to everyone. Although not suited

to Epicurean tastes, the repast is wholesome and strength-giving, for, after this meal, we walk over two hours, in the military discipline of two and two. This outing is often varied by trips to the swimming-baths, which are built on the Rhine. Tennis is also a favorite pastime. In the vicinity of Cologne there are many picturesque villages, to which excursions are made, and in which one comes in contact with peasant life and quaint homes, though the latter are fast becoming modernized, much to the regret of the tourist, or lover of the good old days when simplicity reigned. To other towns farther away, such as Mainz, Eisenach, Deutz and Marienburg, we take the Rhine boat and spend a pleasant half-day, often enlivened by bands of other parties, also enjoying an excursion. I could tell you interesting legends connected with these places, but will withhold them for another letter.

Although thoroughly enjoying these changes, so pleasant in the monotony of school life, we come home weary, but refreshed in mind. Sleep, that great restorer, makes us ready to respond next morning to the early summons to duty and school work.

Music has many advantages here, but, as elsewhere, it depends on the pupil. Still, I think the Germans have a natural talent for technique, for their fingers seem so soon to acquire the much-longed-for velocity.

After our two hours' walk, study, music and drawing occupy the time until four o'clock coffee, after which we continue studying till supper.

On Sunday we attend mass in the grand old cathedral, our devotion being greatly aided by the magnificent organ as it peals forth again and again, and the notes resound in the lofty arches.

In the afternoon we are allowed to correspond with our friends and relations, or, if we are fortunate enough to have invitations, to go to the zoo, Flora, or some other garden, where the military band plays. Here we sit at little tables and have refreshments, or promenade in the intervals between the selections. I regret that I have not some of my friends here to enjoy the novelties of European life.

I hope before long to receive a letter from you, telling me of yourself and your studies. With love and best wishes, I am,

Yours as ever,

JOSEPHINE CARLYLE.

RAINBOW LAND, October, 1906.

DEAR GIRLS:

Do you not hear the gentle but persistent knocking of acorns, butternuts and beechnuts as they drop from their summer homes? The sound is peculiarly familiar and brings you once again under the shadow of your Alma Mater. In her well-remembered autumn splendors your artistic instincts may revel without limit.

Under our feet leaves are rustling in a tempting way, and we would gladly return to childhood joys and once more lie buried beneath their feather-like covering. A glance overhead tells of the silent work of an artist whose studios in northern lands possess treasures sought elsewhere in vain. With a background of pines, spruces and cedars, our oaks, birches and maples are as a woodland rainbow. Now and then brilliant bits of coloring drop down to greet us and we lovingly store up the choicest to place them with our cherished wild flowers of spring and summer.

Autumn winds have come to add their weird melodies to Niagara's orchestra, but their music this afternoon gives scarcely a hint of the wailing so sure to follow. Quickly we interpret the persuasive chant, "Stay with us, for the day is now far spent," and to our ears and hearts nothing could be sweeter. Eagerly we enter into our dearly-loved Lotus-Land to taste as of old the sweets of its blossoms. Soon we are safe in our tower, the cupola, and may enjoy at our leisure the unrivalled beauties around us. How familiar all looks, though years have intervened since these scenes were part of our daily delights. Here the spirit of history has many a favorite haunt, from the spot where the legendary Maid of the Mist was sent on her last great journey, to the distant monument crowning the Heights that witnessed the death-struggle of many a hero. On our right is Chippewa, where the Stars and Stripes were victorious; on our left, Lundy's Lane, where the Union Jack held its own.

Sunset is near with all its old brilliancy. Nothing intervenes to hide the smallest portion of its grandeur. How its crimson and yellow and purple and green blend again and again in farewell salute to the wonders of Nature it is leaving. Gradually the Rainbow withdraws to the abyss. Now and then pieces of the arch are tossed here and there by the wind. We are so intent on hav-

ing a last look at this old friend as another day of its genial reign is ending, that the nearness of twilight is unnoticed. Slowly it comes, as if loth to rule where day held sway so triumphantly, and quietly it withdraws, as a star here and there heralds the approach of night. Niagara's requiem for the day just ended changes to a song of greeting to the new sovereign. It is the old story, "The king is dead, long live the king." We, too, join in the refrain, for "The heavens show forth the glory of the Lord" here as nowhere else. The Rapids still toss their spray as proudly as if it were glittering with gems of sunlight. From invisible depths below the Falls, cloud upon cloud arises and floats overhead, serenely proclaiming "There is no joy but calm." Shall we dispute the statement? Could we not tell of joys found only in the midst of struggles? Even so, influenced by present surroundings, we accept the philosophy of the clouds, and "lend our hearts and spirits wholly" to the raptures of the hour. How caressingly the moonlight transforms the scene, as it clothes trees and shrubs and falling waters with a radiance all its own. The matchless lunar bow soon stretches over the tumult, and Niagara wears a diadem that night alone can give.

Unexpectedly, another chant than Nature's is heard. From the nearby shrine of Our Lady of Peace, the grand old Gregorian invites us anew to lift up our hands to the holy places and bless the Lord for He has been mindful of us and has filled our hearts with happiness. The perfect harmony of the double chant, the sublimity of the scene before us, and our own responsive attitude bring such a foretaste of heaven, we wish to prolong our stay indefinitely. Nevertheless, we are but too well aware this reunion must end like others, so, strengthened and refreshed by our brief sojourn with our Alma Mater, we once more bid her a regretful farewell, and carry with us some of the peace that is brooding over all.

MARY T.

In living agreeably together we must not too strenuously insist on our rights. People who are extremely tenacious in small matters, which they think important, are the pests of social intercourse.

School Chronicle, Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

September fourth—How inviting the invigorating atmosphere of Niagara and the welcoming portals of Loretto seem after the well-nigh torrid heat of the past summer! And if autumn is sadly fair, with its golden glow, the dying grandeur of its tinted woods, and its ghostly evening mists; if the profuse and fragrant splendor of the blossom has passed, the fruit remains, and the anticipation of the soft warmth and ripened richness of the Indian summer.

We cordially welcome to the ranks those who are to be our companions during the coming year in scaling Parnassus' rocky heights, within sound of the mighty Cataract, thrilling the soul with its flooded glory and proclaiming its solemn secrets to the listening earth.

September sixth—A trolley ride—that panacea for home-sickness, which rarely fails in its effect, and which to-day produced such a wonderful transformation when the spirit of beauty had vanquished the darker spirit, and the clouds began to disappear from the brows of the erstwhile downcast maidens, that before the end of the journey their spirits rose with the exhilarating whirl, and gradually found transmission in song.

September tenth—Our first promenade to the *Metropolis* since the re-opening of school. What beauties and surprises in store for the "new girls" who have never before travelled the historic road that leads to Drummondville, the Mecca of every Loretto girl's heart!!

But for us there are no surprises, everything is familiar, from the gaudily-attired inhabitants who flaunt their gorgeous apparel in our envious eyes, to the ragged, dark-eyed children who stop in their play to regard us with looks of undisguised wonderment. It is related that, on one of these memorable occasions, as we were passing with all the dignity characteristic of Seniors, one of these "enfants terribles" remarked cautiously, "Giacomo, is it a circus?" Our indignation may be imagined. These and the many other objects of interest, which we are sure to encounter, are all deeply imprinted on the tablet of memory, and, from appearances, the changes during the summer months have been few and far between.

Yet, as I write of these little rambles, certain threads of association, too impalpable, perhaps, to be made evident, connect them with the dear past. Certainly, the suggestion of repose and the sufficiency of life's simple means to life's simple needs could hardly find happier expression than in this quaint village home.

September twelfth—First meeting of St. Catharine's Literary Club. Plans for the coming year discussed and the following officers elected: President, Jane Hefferan; Vice-President, Veronica Altenberg; Secretary, Edith Garneau; Treasurer, Georgia Cannon; Librarian, Frances Coffey.

September thirteenth—Among the visitors of the past week were—Rev. E. Walsh, C. M., accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell, Philadelphia; Rev. W. J. Dullard and Rev. J. D. Coyle, New Haven, Conn.

September fourteenth—Niagara is still true to its old tradition for attracting bridal parties, as was evidenced to-day by the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Kirby—née Alice Lawlor—and Mr. and Mrs. T. Burchill, to whom we had the pleasure of offering our warmest congratulations.

September twenty-fifth—Rev. Giuseppe Tonello, Joliet, Ill., affords us a delightful treat. The mandolin, although not an orchestral instrument, in the hands of such a master appealed to us just as much as any more pretentious instrument, and the selections were not above our critical (?) ears. The following were among the number—"Cavalleria Rusticana," "Serenade" by Coegli, Gems from *Faust*, including the "Waltz Song," and last, but not least, "The Last Rose of Summer."

September twenty-seventh—The echo of the Niagara University Golden Jubilee bells reached us yesterday, and to-day some of the dignitaries who attended the celebration honored us with their presence. We joyously welcomed Right Rev. Monsignor Quadrini, Secretary to His Eminence, Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, Rome; Rev. D. W. Hearn, S. J., Rector of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York; Rev. F. X. Ludeke, Rev. G. H. Mandelein, Rev. K. E. Carroll, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. B. Murray, Rev. D. T. Conway, Rev. W. M. Foley, Rev. B. Heeney, Rev. L. A. Campbell, Rev. F. J. Temani, Chicago; also Mr. and Mrs. Duncan of Chicago. Mrs. Duncan spoke in glowing terms of the many happy years she had spent within Loretto's sheltering walls, and of the pleasure it gave her to revisit the scenes of unnumbered happy memories.

Father Murray and Father Conway—whose keen sense of humor is quite apparent—entertained us with some very amusing stories which, judging from the peals of laughter they elicited, were thoroughly enjoyed.

Amid exclamations of surprise and envy, our reverend friends gave a graphic account of the banquet at the University the previous evening. What a marvel of the confectioner's art that wonderful cake must have been with its ponderous weight and ornamental gold bell that rang fifty! And how pleased we were to hear that Rev. Mother Ignatia's Jubilee gift from Loretto Abbey, Toronto—a large oil painting of Archbishop Lynch, the first President of the University, in a magnificent Florentine gold frame—brilliantly illuminated with electric light, had the place of honor at the banquet.

Father Heeney, who is the fortunate possessor of a fine tenor voice, gave two very beautiful selections—a Serenade by Schubert, and Tosti's "Good-bye."

It was with sincere regret that we saw our honored guests depart. Before leaving they obtained a holiday for us, and the delightful trip to Brock's Monument, the following day, we owe to their kindness.

September twenty-ninth—A visit from Miss N. K. Maddox, Washington, D. C., one of this Loretto's most loyal former pupils, and who was cordially welcomed in every house of the Institute in Canada, at which it was her pleasure to call, during her brief sojourn in the country.

It is a joy to converse with Miss Maddox, for, in addition to her strong personality and thoroughly well-informed mind, there clings to her that subtle, indefinable grace, refinement, and gentleness, characteristic of the true convent girl.

September thirtieth—A Song Recital by Mr. Joseph Harvey, the well-known Buffalo tenor. Among the numbers were—

1. (*a*) "The Message of the Rose"..... .....Louis Gottschalk
   (*b*) "If I But Knew".....Wilson Smith
2. "The Violet" .....A. Meldinbey

3. (*a*) "Sweetheart" .....F. Lynes
   (*b*) "Love" .....Maud White
   (*c*) "The Heart that Sings Always"...
   .....C. B. Hawley
4. "Under the Rose".....William Fisher
5. "Sing Me to Sleep".....Edwin Green
6. "Good-bye" .....F. Paolo Tosti

October third—An afternoon of rare enjoyment, afforded us by Miss Williams' artistic and brilliant rendering of the Immortal Bard's comic masterpiece—*Much Ado About Nothing.* In her interpretation we realized, as perhaps many of us never realized before, the deep knowledge of the human heart possessed by the poet-dramatist, the careful and perfect analysis of passions and characters, and the splendid color of place and time. Indeed, Miss Williams seems to appreciate fully the comprehensive instruction given by the great poet himself for the guidance of the impersonator—"to hold the mirror up to nature"—for the most delightful thing about her reading of the Comedy was an entire absence of affectation, a refinement and poise of manner, and a thorough acquaintance with the particular traits of character which she was called upon to represent.

The foundations of the great bard's attractiveness lie so deep that we are constantly "discovering" him, hence we always welcome a presentation of Shakespearean drama, no matter how often we may have seen the play before, for one can see Shakespeare as one can read him, over and over again, finding in each approach fresh charm and beauties which had hitherto been unobserved—and, as an eminent critic has remarked: "Shakespeare's stage-cradled genius calls for the interpreter's art to crown its glories with vivid human illumination."

Miss Williams' ripe experience has long since identified her with several of Shakespeare's heroines, and to the matchless characterization of these creatures of fancy she brings, besides a magnetic personality, a rich, flexible voice, varied and excellent facial play, and clean-cut enunciation. How charmingly life-like was her portrayal of the witty, vivacious Beatrice! And what a wealth of genuine goodness of heart she revealed, underlying the bright repartees and fondness for satire and raillery of this forceful young woman!

The gentle, grief-stricken Hero also appealed to us, and for her sake we rejoiced in the final scene that all the trouble caused by the cruel Don John was *Much Ado About Nothing.*

EDITH GARNEAU.

School Chronicle—Loretto Convent, Hamilton.

September fourth—Vacation days are over—summer and its roses have fled—and the old familiar sound of school bells calling us to duty, falls once more upon the ear. How irksome, at first, the daily routine appears to those who, during the past two months, had enjoyable rest in wooded vale, on breezy mountain, or by dreamful sea; but, fortunately, assiduous occupation has ever proved a potent antidote for the restless and distracting spirit of midsummer fancies.

There are many new faces—and renewed enthusiasm depicted on the old, to make this a successful year.

September tenth—The "little ones," ever fertile in resource, and evidently intent on banishing dull care, organized an Entertainment, for which elaborate invitations had been issued the week before. The one to Mother Superior was strikingly original, and ran as follows: "Mother Victorine: Dear Sister, You are kindly requested to attend a concert at *7.30 a. m. Friday evening.*"

The performance, needless to add, was a brilliant success, notably the number announced as "chorus by Phyllis McIntyre," and the prima donna, Vera Macdonald, and the conductor, Mabel Green, richly deserved the laurels that wreathed their brows.

September twelfth — Evelyn and Muriel ffolkes enjoy a trip to Toronto, to meet their uncle and aunt, Sir Vere and Lady Foster, previous to their departure for an extensive fishing tour, followed by a return to their home, Clyde Court, Dublin, Ireland; where the Misses ffolkes hope to spend the summer of next year, amid the unrivalled beauties of the Emerald Isle.

September thirteenth—The appearance of Father Brady in the grounds to-day, was the signal for many a joyous outburst, for, like the Master, he suffers the "little ones" to come unto him, and has the art of redressing all their grievances

and gratifying many of their desires. And when these little daughters of Eve are tempted to follow in their mother's footsteps, regardless of consequence, and would fain find ingress to the garden of—not Eden, but another garden—to Father Brady they go to smooth the way, and his fatherly hand and generous heart provide fruit that is not forbidden, and thus the difficulty is surmounted.

Nor do we forget the truly royal hospitality received at the hands of this good Father when, more than once during the past, his home and the best in his larder were placed so unstintedly at our disposal.

To the worthy pastor of St. Lawrence's Church we say with one accord—come when you will, we've a welcome for you!

September sixteenth—Feast of the Seven Dolors of Our Lady—an impressive sermon, appropriate to the occasion, by Rev. A. Savage, our esteemed chaplain, who brought home to the mind of the youngest child a realization of the unutterable anguish of our Blessed Mother, and her claim to our filial gratitude, as he led us on from dolor to dolor, exhorting us to have recourse in all our trials to the Sorrowful Mother, who so generously co-operated with her Divine Son in the work of our redemption.

September twenty-third—Mrs. Burns and Miss Walsh of Toronto, are spending a few pleasant days with Sr. M. Joachim, in whose happiness many of the Religious share, for Mrs. Burns' name is a household word at Loretto, and her friendship and many kindly deeds are a treasured memory. We hope to have the pleasure of welcoming her again in the near future.

September twenty-fifth—The first month of our new school year was nearing its close when, suddenly, there came borne to us on a bright September day a murmur that foreboded something unusual—and something unusual it certainly was to many of those who but a few weeks since had joined the ranks of pupils at the Mount. It was whispered by some who had almost grown old—not gray—in the knowledge of such events, that we were to be honored by a visit from His Lordship our Right Rev. and beloved Bishop, and need we tell our readers how much pleasure even the anticipation afforded us.

At seven o'clock, on Tuesday evening, His Lordship, accompanied by Rev. T. Mahony, Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, entered the concert hall. The "Laudate" was sung in thanksgiving for the restoration to health of our beloved Bishop, after which the pupils were presented in turn. Soon we were all gathered round in a happy circle, expressing our delight at seeing His Lordship again in our midst, for the joy of our homegoing had been marred by his serious illness, and listening to the entertaining stories of His Lordship, who at all times has the happy faculty of arresting the attention of his hearers, but especially those at Loretto. For more than an hour, anecdotes of the early days of the diocese, its progress, Golden Jubilee, and the different Golden Jubilees at which His Lordship had assisted,—notably those of Pope Pius IX. and Pope Leo XIII.—held us spell-bound, and when the big bell above began to sound the hour for retiring, we all felt that we had spent one hundred and twenty golden minutes set with diamond thoughts.

Before leaving, His Lordship distributed medals, struck to commemorate the Golden Jubilee of the diocese,—and when in after years we look at these little souvenirs, they will recall to the memory of the pupils of the Mount that September evening when, long ago, they were honored by His Lordship's visit.

After we had sung an *Ave Maria,* Father Mahony, who seems to know so well how to give pleasure, very graciously obtained for us a "long sleep" the following morning, and two half holidays, when agreeable to our teachers. Had we been of the sterner sex, three cheers would have rent the air, but, since His Lordship had referred more than once during the evening to the advantages we are enjoying in being educated by the Loretto nuns, who are proverbial for imparting not alone book knowledge but refinement and culture, we, in our sweetest tones, thanked our kind benefactor, and silently wended our way to our alcoves to dream sweet dreams.

September twenty-seventh—The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated by Very Rev. P. S. McHale, C. M., Germantown, Pa. After breakfast a delightful visit and a most interesting account of the travels of our reverend guest in many lands. Indeed, the world appreciably widens in the light his conversation casts, for in it there is much that has a claim upon our knowl-

edge and sympathy, and which scarcely seemed within our horizons before.

A Religious in the noblest sense of the word, an accomplished scholar and brilliant conversationalist, there runs through Father McHale's discourse the continuous eloquence, the vein of geniality, the inimitable charm, the magnetic humor of the native of the Emerald Isle, which have made this ambassador of Christ so justly beloved and esteemed—an honor to the Congregation he represents.

September twenty-eighth—The annual celebration of thanksgiving in acknowledgment of the singular interposition of Divine Providence, through the intercession of the glorious Archangel St. Michael in protecting the Religious of St. Mary's Convent, Micklegate Bar, York, in 1696, from a mob of infuriated fanatics, armed with deadly weapons, and bent on the destruction of the house and its inmates.

Rev. Mother Bedingfield, who had been warned by friends of the impending peril, full of confidence in God, yet unprotected by human aid, while awaiting the coming of the storm, ordered a picture of St. Michael to be hung over the front door, and solemnly placed the convent under the protection of this Archangel and all the Heavenly Host. This was scarcely accomplished when the mob surrounded the building. She, availing herself of the permission she had received for cases of emergency such as this, took from the tabernacle the pyx containing the Blessed Sacrament, and, placing it in her bosom, knelt in the midst of her religious sisters in the passage leading to the street door; and whilst the street without resounded with the shouts of their enemies, she calmly and confidently thus addressed her Hidden Treasure, "Great God! save yourself, for we cannot save you!"

Suddenly all was still. As if they had been ordered by some one in authority, the mob began to move off in a body without even touching a brick or breaking a pane of glass. Many persons had gathered together to watch the issue of their proceedings, and some gentlemen of credit among them afterwards assured the Religious that no one was heard to give a word of command, or even seen to make a sign to the mob to disperse, but that they saw them suddenly desist from their purpose, and turn their steps quietly through the Bar into the city. The persons, however, who lived in the house opposite the convent, which remains almost unaltered to this day, declared that at the moment of the threatened attack, they saw over the convent a tall personage on a white horse, brandishing a sword, whose appearance appalled the crowd and caused them to retreat; and an unbroken tradition to this effect is still widely circulated in the city. The Religious at prayer within saw nothing of this; for them the reality was accomplished; their safety was secured; and no attempt of the kind was ever afterward made.

Rev. Mother Bedingfield established the devotion which, year by year, has ever since been practised not only at the "Bar" Convent, but in every Loretto Convent the world over. On the eve of Michaelmas Day, the picture of St. Michael is taken from its place over the front door, and placed in the hands of the youngest child in the school, who between the two next in age carrying lighted candles, and followed by all the rest in processional order, bears it through the house to the chapel, where the sacristan receives it at the rails of the sanctuary and places it near the altar on a pedestal prepared for its reception. Here it remains during the octave of the feast.

For some years past, this little ceremony has been invested with additional solemnity. The children are veiled in white, and chant the *Gloria Patri* repeatedly from the starting point of the procession in the hall to the door of the chapel, where their youthful strains give place to the full notes of the organ and the voices of the Religious, who intone the *Tibi omnes Angeli,* while the children form round the sanctuary a semi-circle, within which stand the little bearer of St. Michael's picture and her two attendants.

On the following day, the *Tibi omnes* is repeated after midday, and is followed by other devotions to the Holy Angels, which are performed by the assembled household every day during the octave. At its close, the picture is taken back to its place over the hall door, there to be unceasingly a reminder of angelic protection in the past, and a pleader for its continuance in the future.

The privileged little ones in our procession were Olive Donohue, who carried the picture, and Phyllis McIntyre and Vera Macdonald, candle-bearers. We trust that ministering spirits may ever guard Loretto's children, and

keep these "little ones" as pure and guileless as they are to-day.

September thirtieth—An election of officers for the Sodality of the Children of Mary. President, Hilda Murray; Vice-president, Helen Coughlan; Sacristan, Elizabeth MacSloy; Treasurer, Rita Tracey; Secretary, Elizabeth Robinson.

Rev. J. P. Holden, ever zealous in promoting our spiritual interests, has made religious instruction particularly interesting this month, by introducing "The Method of Saying the Rosary, with the Mysteries by St. Alphonsus Liguori, and Illustrations from World-Famous Paintings by Inspired Artists." Although Father Holden generally uses pictorial illustrations in his catechetical instructions, this method seems especially timely, in view of the approaching month of the Rosary, during which—and indeed, every day of our life—he enjoins us to recite and love our Lady's Chaplet, thus uniting our *Aves* with those of Mary's clients in every clime.

October twelfth—Miss Williams' masterly recital of *Hamlet*—which was an interpretation as well as a recital—and, best of all, it was done without forced dramatic effects, even in the expression of varying and intense passion.

For intellectual enjoyment there is no richer source than Shakespeare, who, with the magic of imagination fascinates, and with the thoughtfulness and ripeness of his judgment offers inexhaustible food for the mind, who teaches us at once to love and to disregard the world, to hold it under our control and to renounce it. No marvel that the master-poet of human life is an unfailing inspiration to all who come under his spell, for literature and the drama both have their ideal expression in him whom Coleridge so eloquently styles "the myriad-minded."

Hamlet has aptly been called "the idealism of humanity incarnate"—does not Shakespearean drama appeal to us because of the humanity that pervades it? Is not the most striking feature in the genius of Shakespeare the way in which his work remains ever fresh, ever applicable to our own time, in spite of all our progress and advancement, in spite of all the great changes in our language? "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, his infinite variety."

In rendering Shakespeare, verbal music intelligently directed is not all. The supreme importance is psychological. It is human nature, wonderfully varied, which has to be translated—in what manner must rest with the reader. Miss Williams' superb technique enables her with voice, facial expression and gesture, admirably to interpret the spirit of the poet.

FRANCES DANIELS.

Personals.

"What is a mountain pass?"

"A ticket to go up the mountain."

"It's a confounded (profound) secret, but I'll tell *you*. I'm going down in chips to the sea."

"She's gone mad over Bach and Beethoven, and I wouldn't give you tuppence for the two of them put together."

"Breathe, if you want to. I'm too tired."

"I couldn't move. I was pulverized with fright. I thought it was a *man* coming up to terrify us."

"Which is farther away, England or the moon?"

"England, because you can't see it, and you can see the moon."

"Papa, couldn't you get me an earthquake like the one they had in San Francisco?"

"What ancient King played the violin while Rome was burning?"

"Hector."

"No, no—not Hector."

"Then it was Dook."

"Duke? What do you mean?"

"Well, then it must a' been Nero—I knew it was somebody with a dog's name."

"Oh, I'm tire wit yure Ireland—de *Irish go braw!*"

"Suzerainty isn't in the dictionary, Sister. There's only suzerain."

"Well, what is the meaning of suzerain?"

"It means lord—then does suzerainty mean *lordy?*"

"There will be no one at supper except myself, and I will not be there."

"Does Mr. Christine live here?"

"The next time you write an exercise like that you need not write it at all."

"I'm not an epicure by any means, I assure you."

"What kine of a fish is dat?"

"*Miss Hamlet* is coming next Friday, isn't she, Sister?"

"I did have the grippe and it fell on my liver."

"There's a concert coming to town next week and a grand man is to play *batch* (Bach) at it."

"I wonder if we'll ever get out of this world alive with all these bombs and Czars and things?"

Our Friends.

'Tis said to hearts elect are given
The varied attributes of heaven;
And gather'd round the great white throne
The circles number ev'ry one,—
Some greater, some in less degree,
But all reflecting deity.

This thought my waking fancy 'tends,
And to my dreams a sweetness lends.

The friends our pilgrimage may know
—Like beauteous landscapes come and go—
Are on life's canvas, band by band,
Depicted by the Master Hand!
The Artist gives to each dear face
Its own bright charm, its crowning grace:
This picture dear, throughout the years,
Is vivid seen thro' smiles and tears.

And never two appeal the same;
One's right another may not claim.
Then let us here in rev'rence tread,
'Mong virtues to be perfected:
The pleasing charm by nature given,
Is grace the saint will wear in Heaven!

IDRIS.

FRED. C. SCHOTTIN
BOOK BINDER
Books Bound in all Styles at Moderate Rates
62 East Huron St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Royal Insurance Company
OF ENGLAND.
Assets exceed $65,000,000.
W. A. LEE & SON, General Agents,
14 Victoria Street, TORONTO.

WHEN IN BUFFALO
A QUIET PLACE FOR A DAINTY LUNCH OR ICE CREAM
McGERALD'S
FANCY BAKERY & ICE CREAMS
627 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.



NEW YORK
Underwriters' Agency.
ESTABLISHED 1864.
Policies Secured By
ASSETS, $18,061,926.87.
JOSEPH MURPHY, Ontario Agent, 16 WELLINGTON ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT.
WM. A. LEE & SON Toronto Agents, 14 VICTORIA STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

St. Mary's Convent
THE ELMS, CAMBRIDGE
A BRANCH CONVENT OF ST. MARY'S, MICKLEGATE BAR, YORK
Pupils are prepared for the University Local, Royal Academy of Music, and South Kensington Examinations.
Every facility is afforded the elder pupils for attending lectures and visiting the numerous places of interest in and around Cambridge.
The staff consists of registered Religious assisted by duly qualified Masters and Mistresses.
Special arrangements are made, and separate rooms provided for students over seventeen years of age who wish to follow a particular course of study.